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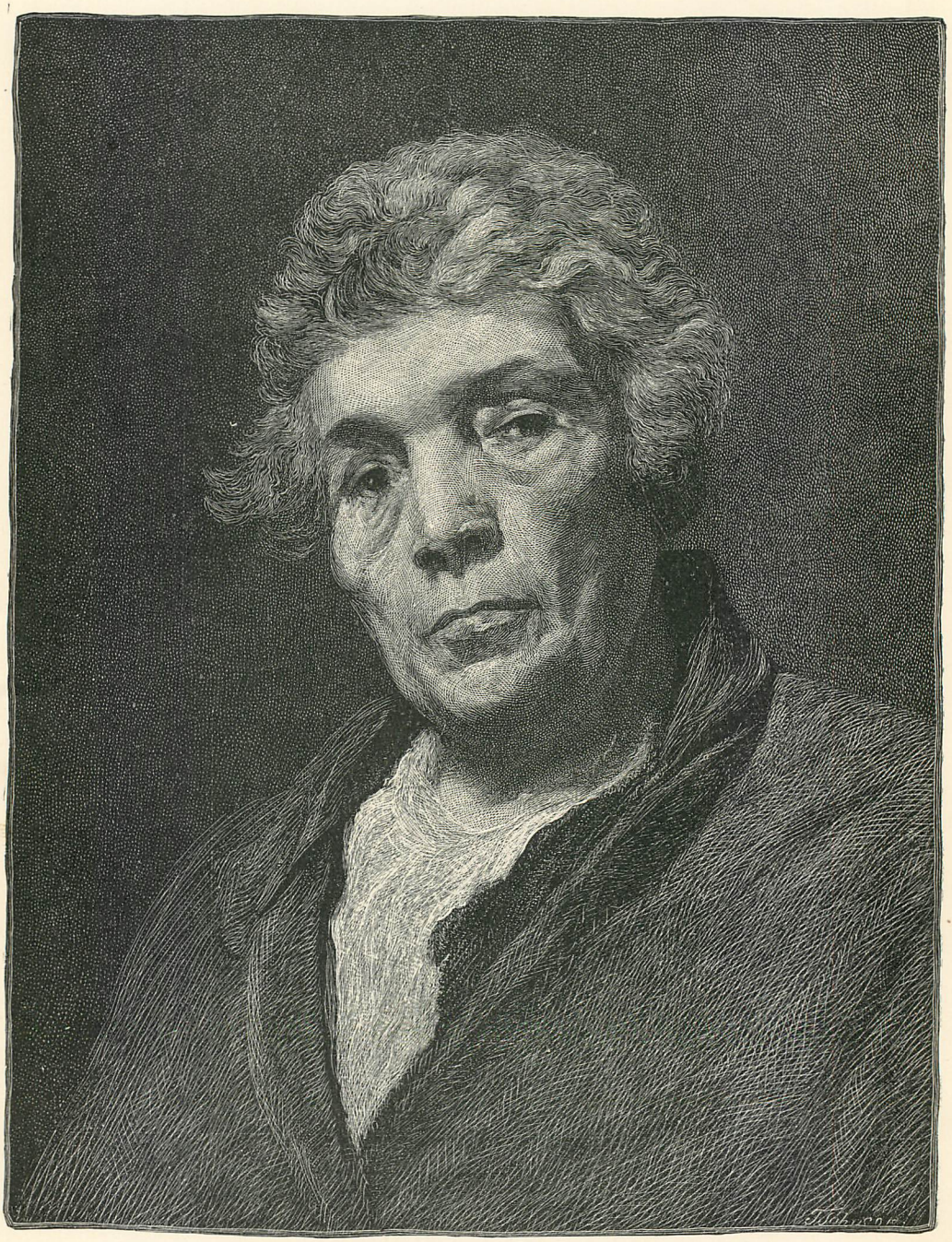

HEAD OF ÆSOP, BY VELASQUEZ.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN & CO. OF THE PAINTING IN THE MUSÉE DU PRADO, MADRID.

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

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### I.

### MY FIRST PLAYHOUSE.

I MAY almost say that I was born in a theater. At all events, my earliest recollections are entirely connected with one: it was a rickety old frame building with a broad gable, facing on a wide avenue, and situated in the city of Washington. The door from our back entry opened upon the stage, and as a toddling little chap in a short frock I was allowed full run of the place. So "behind the scenes" was my first playhouse. And what a playhouse it was, filled with all sorts of material for the exercise of my youthful imagination. At the back was the bay of Naples, with its conventional blue sky just faintly clouded with the distant smoke of slumbering Vesuvius. Upon one side stood long and stately rows of Corinthian columns, a triumphal arch, and next to that a Roman palace. These marvels of ancient architecture were all leaning up against the wall, not only in an uncomfortable position, but at a dangerous angle, looking as though they had been toppled over during the last days of Pompeii. Upon the other side, heaped in a compact mass, were many scenes of various countries — there a five-storied brown-stone front with modern improvements, and here a tiny thatched cottage of the eighteenth century, with a lovely little door in it just large enough for me to go in and out of, slamming it after me and pretending it was mine. Then there was that dear little white paling fence, exactly two feet high: no legitimate theater of the old school could possibly be complete without this curiosity, and nobody ever saw such a thing anywhere else. Then came the throne-steps, with two Gothic arm-chairs set thereon for the king and queen, and in front of these the old familiar green bank from which stray babies are usually stolen when left there by affectionate but careless mothers. Upon the top of this were two flat swans hitched in double harness to a shell for traveling fairy queens. A little farther down there stood a low and dismal vault having a square, dark opening with some mysterious letters painted over it, setting forth, as I learned in after years, that it was the private "Tomb of the Capulets." Close to this was another piece of real estate belonging to the same family and known as "Juliet's balcony." In a dark corner stood a robber's cave with an opening through which old Ali Baba used to lug the bags of gold he had stolen from the Forty Thieves. Through the narrow and secluded pathways of "behind the scenes" I have often wandered out upon the open stage and wondered at this grove of wings and flats, and I could see that many ropes were hanging from above to which were fastened boats and baskets, tubs and chandeliers, and those sure tokens of bad weather, the thunder-drum and rain-box.

These were the kind of objects that my childish eyes were wont to look upon, and in this huge and dusty toy-shop, made for children of a larger growth, I got my first experience. I had seen many rehearsals, and sometimes got a peep at the play, having been taken on "in arms" as a property child in groups of happy peasantry. Naturally, therefore, I was stage-struck at an early age; and as I had a theater stocked with scenery and properties, I could indulge my passion at a small expense, especially as my stock company were volunteers consisting of two little boys and their sister, who used to play with me on

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Saturdays. This was before the star system had set in, and at a period when combinations were unknown.

Of course I was stage-manager by the right of possession, and had to compile all of the plays. The plots were very simple and made to conform with what set pieces we could get at, or what properties we could secure and hide during the absence of the property man. If the set cottage was handy I would come out of the door as an old man (the age represented by a spinal affection) with a daughter and a market-basket: old man cross, daughter rebellious; old man locks daughter in cottage, goes off to market shaking his fist (spine still weak). The favored lover enters, claps his hands three times, daughter appears at window, kisses her hand; old man coughs outside, favored lover conceals himself; enter old man with market-basket full of gilded pasteboard goblets, accompanied by unfavored lover; they sit down and drink wine out of goblets till overcome. Favored lover steals key from old man's pocket, releases rebellious daughter; the sleepers awaken, general pursuit; favored lover and rebellious daughter escape over bridge, old man and unfavored lover fall into the water. Curtain.

Then there were the private boxes to play hide-and-seek in, with mysterious nooks and ample curtains to creep into, and such chances to kiss the little girl in the dark. I am quite convinced that there is no such playground as a deserted theater in the daytime.

In the green-room there was a noble mirror. I loved to stand in front of it and act. But I was not alone in this. Many of the great players, long since passed away, have stood before this stately glass; and often in the evening, when clad in my night-gown, I have escaped from the nurse, and stealing on tip-toe to the green-room door have peeped in and beheld these magnates with dignified satisfaction surveying themselves in their kingly robes: now a small man with piercing steel-gray eye, possibly the elder Booth; then a tall, gaunt figure, weird and majestic, Macready most likely; at another time a young and beautiful queen in white satin — this must have been Fanny Kemble; again a tall and graceful figure in a scarlet military coat posing with an extravagant swagger and evidently admiring himself — undoubtedly Tyrone Power, the great Irish comedian.

As a matter of course, being the son of the manager, and almost living in the theater, I was always pressed into the dramatic service whenever a small child was wanted. Even before I can remember I was taken on to do duty in long clothes; in fact, such was the histrionic ambition of my mother that I believe if Tilly Slowboy had existed in those days I should have been confided to her tender mercies at the risk of colliding my head with the tea-kettle.

The first dim recollection I have of a public appearance comes before me as a startled child in a white tunic beautifully striped with gold bands, and in the grasp and on the shoulders of an infuriated tragedian crossing a shaky bridge amid the deafening report of guns and pistols and in a blaze of fire and smoke. To me the situation seemed perilous, and in order to render my position more secure I seized Rolla by the hair of his head. "Let go," he cried; but I was obeying the first law of nature, not Rolla, so I tightened my grasp upon his tragic top-knot. The battle was short but decisive, for in the next moment I had pulled off his feather-duster head-dress, wig and all, thereby unintentionally scalping the enemy; and as he was past the prime of life, the noble Peruvian stood baldheaded in the middle of the bridge before an admiring audience. This story has the flavor of an old anecdote, but I am credibly informed that I was the original scalper.

About this time — I was three years old — there dawned upon the public a new entertainment in the shape of the "Living Statues," by a Mr. Fletcher. I was much taken with these novel tableaux, and became so statue-struck that I could do nothing but strike attitudes, now posing before the green-room glass as "Ajax defying the lightning," or falling down in dark corners as the Dying Gladiator. These postures appear to have been so successful with the family that they were, as usual, tried upon the public. I am in the dark as to whether this entertainment was the "talk of the town" or not, but I fancy not: an attenuated child representing Hercules struggling with a lion could scarcely excite terror; so I presume I did no harm if I did no good.

To go from white to black, "Jim Crow," in the person of T. D. Rice, now burst upon the town. The legitimate drama has at all times been subject to startling innovations, and surely here was a great blow. The success of this the first and certainly the best knight of the burnt cork was quite marvelous; he drew more money than any star of the season. It is reported that his first hit in Washington was repeated in all the great cities of the country, and his advent in Europe even surpassed his career here. In London he acted in two theaters nightly, the same people in many instances following him from one theater to the other.

Of course this fantastic figure had a great influence upon me, and I danced Jim Crow from the garret to the cellar. The comedian saw my imitation of him, and insisted that I should appear for his benefit; so on that oc-

TYRONE POWER AS "CORPORAL O'CONOR." (FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY GOODING & GULLIFORD, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY WAGEMAN.)

casion I was duly blacked up and dressed in a complete miniature likeness of the original. He put me in a bag, which almost smothered me, and carried me upon the stage on his shoulders. No word of this proceeding had been mentioned in the bills, so that, figuratively speaking, the public were as much in the dark as I was. After dancing and singing the first verse he began the second, the following being the two lines which introduced me:

O Ladies and Gentlemen, I 'd have you for to know
That I 've got a little darky here that jumps Jim Crow;

and turning the bag upside down he emptied me out head first before the eyes of the astonished audience. The picture must have been a curious one; it is as vividly before me now as any recollection of my past life.

Rice was considerably over six feet high, I was but four years old, and as we stood there, dressed exactly alike, the audience roared with laughter. Rice and I now sang alternate verses and the excitement increased; showers of pennies, sixpences, and shillings were tossed from the pit and thrown from the galleries upon the stage. I took no notice of this, but suddenly the clear, ringing sound of a dollar caught my ear, and as the bright coin was rolling from the stage into the orchestra I darted forward and

secured the prize. Holding it triumphantly between my finger and thumb I grinned at the leader of the orchestra as much as to say, "No, you don't." This not only brought down the house, but many half-dollars and dollars besides. At the fall of the curtain twenty-four dollars were picked up and given into my delighted hands. For years afterwards I was given to understand that this money was placed in bank to my credit, and I fear that I often borrowed small sums on the strength of my prospective wealth.

Our family about this time consisted of father and mother, my half-brother, Charles Burke, and myself; but there was one other member of the household who deserves special mention. She was not one of the family, certainly, but the group would be very incomplete without her. Her name was Mary. She was that strange kind of woman who, while housekeeper, nurse, friend, and attendant, will never take any wages — which I think must have been rather fortunate in this case — and whom everybody depends upon. We would not have parted with her for all the world, and could not have driven her away if we had tried — a faithful, loving, truthful friend, with no ambition or thought for herself, living only for us, and totally unconscious of her own existence. I have no doubt that there are some such beings attached to many families, but I know that our family was just that queer sort of party that could not have done without one. This lady (for she was a lady) was my foster-mother, — dear Mary, — always taking my faults on herself, finding excuses for my badness, and spoiling me, of course.

A year or two rolled by and I find we were in Baltimore, where my sister was born. She divided the honors with me then, and I was, in consequence of this new arrival, not made quite so much of. I remember as a boy I was always being injured, — at least, according to my account, — so that people were rather suspicious of me; and I find this theory holds good as we grow older: that whenever a man comes to us with a tale of his injuries we look on him with distrust, and as he recounts the details of his persecution the question revolves itself in our mind, "I wonder what rascality this fellow has been up to." The world has no time to injure any one; these unfortunate people injure themselves, and so turn into some other channel the current of happiness that might have flowed to them.

But to return to my early persecutions. A neighbor whose weak points I had discovered bestowed on me one day a smooth sixpence. I showed it to my brother Charlie, who, looking at it with some disparagement, said that in its present obliterated state it would pass for only about four cents, but that if I would bury it for an hour the original figures would show themselves and it would pass for its full value; or, what would be better, let it remain in the ground for a day and it would grow to a shilling. This announcement struck me with wonder and delight, so off we started for the garden to plant this smooth sixpence. After making the interment and carefully marking it with a small headstone we departed. I went back to the house and whispered the whole affair into the ears of Mary; she denounced the operation as a fraud, and bid me hurry and get my sixpence if I ever expected to see it again. I started off at a full run for the garden. The headstone was there, but the sixpence had gone. The body-snatcher had accomplished his cruel work. Throwing myself on my back and kicking my heels in the air, I soon made the neighborhood ring with my frantic yells. The family rushed out and I detailed to them the dark plot of my guilty brother. I determined now that nothing short of a shilling should calm my feelings, and I yelled till I got it.

I am not quite sure as to dates, and many incidents come up before me in a confused form, while a number are traditional; but there are certain facts connected with my early life about which there can be no mistake, and it is quite clear that I was what is understood to be a bad boy and hard to manage. If I heard an oath I cherished it as a newly-found treasure and would practice it in private. All this was no fault of my bringing up, for both father and mother were very particular and exacting in the conduct of home. I was made to say my prayers every night, a good example was always set before me, and sound moral principles were continually instilled into my youthful mind. The prayers I used to rattle off — usually thinking of something else while I was saying them — as quickly as religious decorum and my mother would permit, and the sound moral principles and good examples seemed to have the effect of making me the champion executioner of all the stray cats in our neighborhood. The banging of a tin kettle tied to the tail of an unlucky dog was music to my childish ears; and much as I love animals now, in the innocence of childhood I pursued them with such energy that had Mr. Bergh held his commission in those days I should have been oftener seen in the police court than at Sunday-school.

## II.

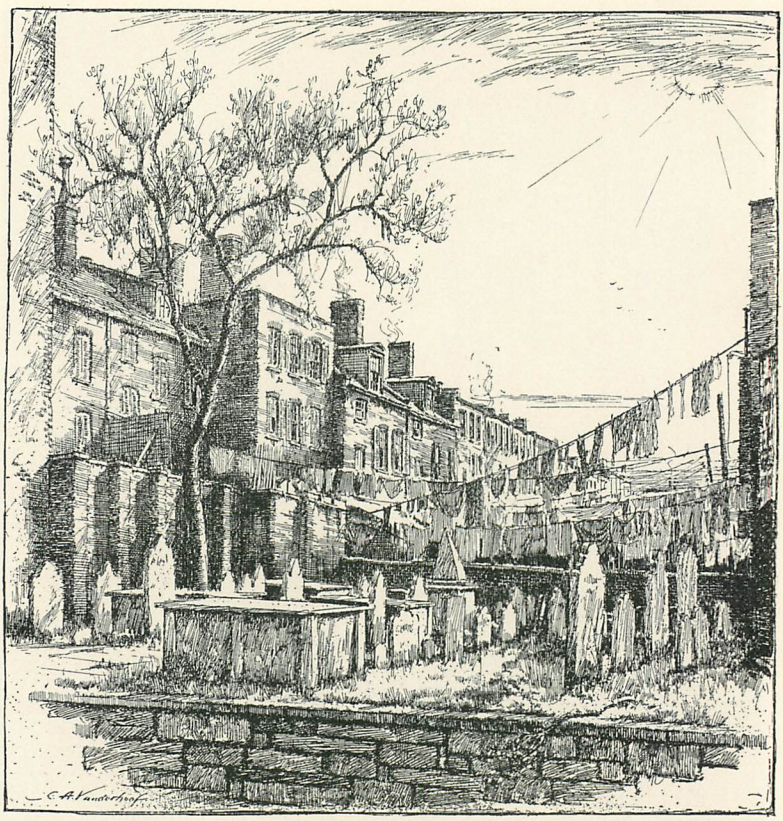
### FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

My mother had a friend in Philadelphia, a Mrs. Neal, who kept a bookstore in Sixth street, near Chestnut; she was the mother

TYRONE POWER. (AFTER THE STEEL PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. TURNER FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN SIMPSON. PUBLISHED BY W. KENNETH.)

of Joe Neal, the young author of the "Charcoal Sketches." I was a great favorite with her. She always wore a black dress with a white cap; the cap had a little fluted frill around it, very prim, and very much starched. She was a dear old lady, with a sweet smile and large, wide blue eyes, just the credulous and confiding sort of person that a boy of seven could wind around his little finger; consequently I could make her believe anything.

My imagination was wonderfully fertile: I could at the shortest notice get up a harrowing tale of woe that would make the stiff frills on her cap fairly tremble with benevolent agitation. Now it so happened about this time that I was in a state of insolvency, being heavily in debt at the candy-store, and sorely pressed by an exacting peanut-man at the corner. If I was short of a penny or two — usually the case with me — I would dishevel my hair, rush through the store into the back room, and, sinking in an exhausted condition into a little chair by the fireplace, call for a glass of water. The startled old lady would jump up crying, "What's the matter, Joe?" "Don't ask me — water, water!" "Yes, in a moment, my dear boy." Then in a feeble voice, "Put some raspberry syrup in it, please, Mrs. Neal." "Yes, my darling." And now having been refreshed with this stimulant, I would in a tremulous voice — a little overacted, perhaps — relate some dire calamity that I had just witnessed, giving the full particulars; in fact, the greater the fabrication the more minute I was as to the details. I would perhaps tell her that I had just seen a lovely little girl with blue eyes and golden hair run over by fire engine No. 6; her head, severed from her body, had rolled from the middle of the street into the gutter, and lay smiling at my feet; or perhaps I had pulled the little girl from under the wheels just previous to decapitation and saved her life — refusing a large reward from her father. The shock had been so great that nothing short of an im-



OLD JEWISH BURYING-GROUND, PEARL STREET, NEAR CHATHAM, NEW YORK CITY.

mediate supply of peppermint drops would ever obliterate it from my mind — and where was I to get them? I was in disgrace at the candy-store and had no money. "My dear child," the old soul would say, "there is a penny for you." "Oh, no, I could n't take it" — knowing very well that she would force it upon me. "Ah, Mrs. Neal, I do not deserve all your kindness," — the only true words I had spoken to her, — "indeed I don't." I 'm not at all sure that she swallowed all my romantic stories, and it is quite possible that she liked to draw me out just to enjoy my exaggerations.

I was one of those restless, peevish children who, no matter what they had, always wanted something else. The last new toy was always dissected to see what made it go, and the anticipated one kept me awake all night. "When will it be sent home?" "About two o'clock." "Well, what time is it now?" — and so on, musing, fretting, discontented, and rude. Mother said it was badness, Mary said affection.

As I look back many strange images appear that puzzle me. Some of these scenes I know are real, and others appear to have been dreams. At times this confusion resolves itself into a chaos, and I fancy that I shall not be able to disintegrate the shadows from the realities. For instance, I perfectly well remember walking through the smoky ruins of New York with my father, after the great fire of 1835. While we were looking at this charred mass and watching the busy people hunting for half-consumed treasures, and firemen pouring streams of water on the smoldering rafters, two Indians in theatrical costumes began dancing a war dance which they terminated by tomahawking each other in the most friendly way, and then bowing to the people, who applauded them. Now I am quite sure that the first part of this recollection was a reality, and it seems pretty clear that the latter part of it was a dream. It is quite possible, therefore, that in relating many of my juvenile adventures I may be led, or misled, into some unintentional exaggerations.

In referring to Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage," I find the following notice of my first appearance in that city:

Master Titus, whose songs and dances were much applauded, took a benefit on the 30th, when he appeared with Master Joseph Jefferson in a celebrated combat, it being this lad's first appearance out of

Faithfully Yours

J. J. Ingalls

(DRAWN BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.)

the juvenile supernumerary ranks. This little fellow was the grandson of the great comedian of the same name, and is the third Joseph Jefferson known to our stage. He was born at Philadelphia, February 20, 1829.

I remember this circumstance quite well — not the birth, but the combat. Young Titus was attired as an American sailor, I being dressed to represent a Greek pirate. I was much smaller than my antagonist, but as the fight was for his benefit, good taste naturally suggested that he should overcome and slay me,—which he did,— and as the curtain came down I was flat on my back, and the American sailor, waving a star-spangled banner over me, placed his foot magnanimously on the chest of the vanquished Greek. The fight was encored, so I had to come to life again — quite a common thing with stage pirates — and die twice. I rather delighted in being the vanquished foe: nothing could possibly be more manly than a slain pirate. Mr. Ireland mentions that the combat was "celebrated"; for what, I am at a loss to conjecture. In the accounts of our last war with the Greeks there is no mention made of this circumstance. If, therefore, the combat was "celebrated," it must have been for historical inaccuracy. I remembered this battle with pride for years. The beneficiary must have remembered it too, as it was traditional in our family that I came near cutting off a big toe of little Titus in the conflict.

In New York we lived in the third story of No. 26 James street, next to the Catholic church, and opposite to the "Bunch of Grapes," a hotel kept by one George Bickford. The second floor was occupied by John Sefton, the comedian and manager, and the lower part of the house by a Mr. Titus and his family. Our fence in the rear joined on to an old graveyard. How this curious old cemetery ever got wedged in between the buildings that surrounded it is a mystery. Perhaps in times gone by an old church may have stood at the outskirts of the little village of New York, and beneath these stones "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Passing down the Bowery on the elevated railroad, by looking on the left-hand side, just after the train branches off towards Pearl street, this queer nook may be discovered, and if the inmates only had the power of noting the progress of the times, they would be considerably astonished to see their descendants whirled over their heads on a railroad in the air.

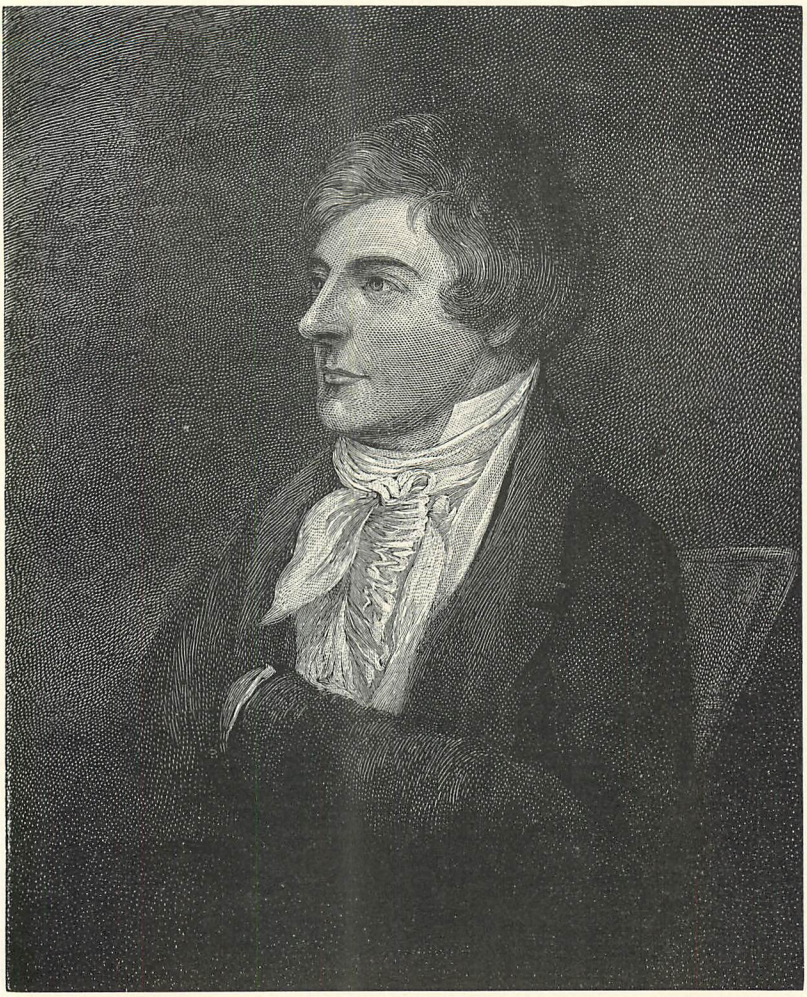
After school the boys with whom I fraternized would join me in this secluded spot for our evening games — the high tombstones for "I spy," and the flat ones to act on. The place had long since ceased to be used as a burial-ground, so our sports were uninterrupted. The boys in the neighborhood were like all other boys, in all neighborhoods — mischievous. My arrival had given a fresh impetus in this respect, and the graveyard offered a fine field for the indulgence of sacrilegious amusements. Ornamenting the tombstones was quite a specialty with one of our playmates. He had, previous to my advent, already painted a large red face, in a broad grin, on a headstone erected to the memory of the Rev. Jacob Boul. After consultation with the artist, I cocked a battered hat, sidewise, on the top of the face, and drilling a hole in its mouth, stuck a pipe in it, thus giving a cheerful tone to the monument, and almost robbing death of its sting.

Saturday, there being no school, was generally set apart as our "Decoration Day," and it was rare sport to get a marking-brush with a pot of black paint and embellish the virtues of the departed sinners. We were astonishingly brave in the daylight, even defying the dead bones to arise and face us if they dared, but as twilight set in our courage cooled, and we would talk lower. Sometimes, as one boy after another would scamper home, leaving the place "to darkness and to me," I would saunter slowly along with my hands in my pockets, whistling a nervous defiance to ghosts in general and these ghosts in particular, but taking care not to walk over the flat tombstones, upon which in the daylight I would dance with impunity. Now, as the shadows of night gathered around me, I would increase my pace, scampering faster and faster through the tall grass and rapidly climbing over the fence, fancying that the Rev. Mr. Boul would soon have me by the leg if I did not hurry.

## III.

### WESTWARD HO!

In the year 1838 the new town of Chicago had just turned from an Indian village into a thriving little place, and my uncle had written to my father urging him to join in the management of the new theater which was then being built there. As each fresh venture presented itself my father's hopeful nature predicted immediate and successful results. He had scarcely finished the letter when he declared that our fortunes were made, so we turned our faces towards the setting sun. In those days a journey from Albany to Chicago was no small undertaking for a large family in straitened circumstances; certain cherished articles had to be parted with to procure necessary comforts for the trip. I really do not know how, but we got from Albany to Schenectady, where we acted for a few nights with a company that



JOSEPH JEFFERSON, FATHER OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON. (FROM A PAINTING, ARTIST UNKNOWN.)

was playing there. Several of the actors, who had received no salary for some time, decided to accompany my father and seek their fortunes in the West.

As I remember it, our journey was long, but not tedious. We traveled part of the way in a fast-sailing packet-boat on the Erie Canal, the only smoke issuing from the caboose stovepipe. I can remember our party admiring this craft with the same enthusiasm that we now express in looking at a fine ocean steamer. She was painted white and green and enlivened with blue window blinds, and a broad red stripe running from bow to stern. Her name was the *Pioneer*, which was to us most suggestive, as our little band was among the early dramatic emigrants to the far West. The boat resembled a Noah's ark with a flat roof, and my father, like the patriarch of old, took his entire family on board, with this distinction, however — he was required to pay his passage, it being understood between him and the captain that we should stop a night in Utica and one in Syracuse, give a theatrical entertainment in each place, and hand over the receipts in payment of our fare.

We acted in Utica for one night, and the receipts were quite good. My father and mother were in high spirits, and there is no doubt that the captain had hopes that the next night's entertainment in Syracuse would liquidate our liabilities, for there was a visible improvement in the coffee at breakfast, and an extra piece of pie all around for dinner. The next night, unfortunately, the elements were against us; it rained in torrents and the attendance was light, so that we were short of our passage money about ten dollars.

The captain being a strict member of the —— church, he could not attend either of the performances, and as he was in his heart most anxious to see what acting was like, he pro-

CORNELIA JEFFERSON (MOTHER OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON) AS "JESSICA." (AFTER THE PAINTING BY NEAGLE.)

posed that if the company would "cut up" for him and give him a private show in the cabin he would call it "square." Our actors, being highly legitimate, declined; but my mother, ever anxious to show off the histrionic qualities of her son, proposed that I should sing some comic songs for the captain, and so ransom the rest of the actors. The captain turned it over in his mind,— being, I am afraid, a little suspicious of my genius,— but after due consideration consented. So he prepared himself for the entertainment, the cook and my mother comprising the rest of the audience. The actors had wisely retired to the upper deck, as they had been afflicted on former occasions. I now began a dismal comic song called "The Devil and Little Mike." It was not very brilliant but quite long, some twenty-five verses, each one containing two lines with a large margin of "whack fol de riddle." It was never quite clear whether the captain enjoyed this entertainment or not: my mother said he did, for though the religious turn of his mind would naturally suppress any desire to applaud, he said even before I had half finished that he was quite satisfied.

On our arrival in Buffalo we found another pioneer company, under the management of Dean and McKenney. Here we staid over two or three days, waiting for the steamer to take us up the lakes. Marble was starring there; he was one of the first and best of the Yankee comedians. In those days the stage New Englander was acted and dressed in a most extravagant manner. I remember seeing Marble play, and his costume was much after the present caricature of Uncle Sam, minus the stars but glorying in the stripes.

In a few days we steamed up the beautiful lakes of Erie, Huron, and Michigan. The boat would stop sometimes for hours at one of the stations to take in wood, or a stray passenger, and then the Indians would paddle out to us in their canoes offering their beadwork and

moccasins for sale. Sometimes we would go ashore and walk on the beach gathering pebbles, carnelians, and agates. I thought them of immense value, and kept my treasures for years afterwards. What a lovely trip it was as I remember it! Lake Huron at sunset is before me now — a purple sky melting into a golden horizon; rich green foliage on the banks; yellow sand with many-colored pebbles making the beach of the lake; the clear and glassy water; groups of Indians lolling on the banks, smoking their pipes and making baskets, their little villages dotting the hills with tents made of skins and painted canvas; blue smoke curling slowly up in the calm summer air; and all the bright colors reflected in the lake. I stood there as a boy skimming flat stones over the surface of the water, and now as I write in the autumn of my life these once quiet shores are covered with busy cities; the furnaces glow with melted iron, the locomotive screams and whistles along the road where once the ox teams used to carry the mail, and corner lots and real-estate agents "fill the air." When we think that all these wonderful changes have taken place within the last fifty years, it is startling to speculate upon what the next half-century may bring about.

## IV.

### CHICAGO IN 1839. — AN ADVENTURE IN SPRINGFIELD.

So day by day passed, till one night a light is espied in the distance, then another, and then many more dance and reflect themselves in the water. It is too late to go ashore, so we drop anchor. At sunrise we are all on deck looking at the haven of our destination, and there in the morning light, on the shores of Lake Michigan, stands the little town of Chicago, containing two thousand inhabitants. Aunt, uncle, and their children come to meet and welcome us. Then there is such a shaking of hands and a kiss all round, and "Why, how well you are looking!" and "Is this Charlie? How he has grown!" "Why, that 's not Joe! Dear me, who 'd have believed it?" And then we all laugh again and have another kiss.

The captain said he had enjoyed a splendid trip, such fun, such music and singing and dancing. "Well, good-by all," "Good luck"; and off we go ashore and walk through the busy little town, busy even then, people hurrying to and fro, frame buildings going up, board sidewalks going down, new hotels, new churches, new theaters, everything new. Saw and hammer, saw, saw, bang, bang, — look out for the drays, — bright and muddy streets, gaudy-colored calicos, blue and red flannels and striped ticking hanging outside the dry-goods stores; bar-rooms, real-estate offices, attorneys-at-law — oceans of them.

And now for the new theater, newly-painted canvas, tack-hammer at work on stuffed seats in the dress-circle, planing-boards in the pit, new drop-curtain let down for inspection, "beautiful!" — a medallion of Shakspere suffering from a severe pain in his stomach in the center, with "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" written under him, and a large painted, brick-red drapery looped up by Justice, with sword and scales, showing an arena with a large number of gladiators hacking away at one another in the distance to a delighted Roman public; though what Justice had to do with keeping these gladiators on exhibition was never clearly explained by the artist. There were two private boxes with little white-and-gold balustrades and turkey-red curtains, and over each box a portrait of Beethoven and Handel — upon unfriendly terms, glaring at each other. The dome was pale blue, with pink-and-white clouds, on which reposed four ungraceful ballet girls representing the seasons, and apparently dropping flowers, snow, and grapes into the pit. Over each season there floated four fat little cherubim "in various stages of spinal curvature."

My father, being a scenic artist himself, was naturally disposed to be critical, and when the painter asked his opinion of the dome, he replied:

"Well, since you ask me, don't you think that your angels are a little stiff in their attitudes?"

"No, sir; not for angels. When I deal with mythological subjects I never put my figures in natural attitudes; it would be inharmonious. A natural angel would be out of keeping with the rest of the work."

To which my father replied that it was quite likely that such would be the case. "But why have you made Handel and Beethoven frown at each other? They are not mythological subjects."

"No, no," said the painter. "But they are musicians, you know; and great musicians always quarrel, eh? Ha, ha!"

"Yes," said my father; "but as Handel died before Beethoven was born, I don't see how any coolness could have existed between them."

The foregoing dialogue, while it may not be verbatim, is at least in the spirit of the original. I could not possibly remember the exact words of the different conversations that will naturally occur through these chapters; but I have placed them in their present form, as I believe it is the clearest and most effective way to tell the story. Many of the conversations and incidents are traditional in my family; I have good reason to take them for

granted, and I must ask the reader to share my confidence.

The green-room was a perfect gem, with a three-foot wavy mirror in the center and cushioned seats all around the wall — traps under the stage so convenient that Ophelia could walk from her grave to her dressing-room with perfect ease.

With what delight the actors looked forward to the opening of a new theater in a new town where dramatic entertainments were still unknown — repairing their wardrobes, studying their new parts, and speculating on the laurels that were to be won!

After a short season in Chicago, with the varying success which in those days always attended the drama, the company went to Galena for a short season, traveling in open wagons over the prairie. Our seats were the trunks that contained the wardrobe — those old-fashioned hair trunks of a mottled and spotted character made from the skins of defunct circus horses: "To what base uses we may return!" These smooth hair trunks, with geometrical problems in brass tacks ornamenting their surface, would have made slippery seats even on a macadamized road, so one may imagine the difficulty we had in holding on while jolting over a rough prairie. Nothing short of a severe pressure on the brass tacks and a convulsive grip of the handles could have kept us in position; and whenever a treacherous handle gave way our company was for the time being just one member short. As we were not an express mail train, of course we were allowed more than twenty minutes for refreshments; the only difficulty was the refreshment. We stopped at farm-houses on the way for this uncertain necessity, and they were far apart. If the roads were heavy and the horses jaded, those actors who had tender hearts and tough limbs jumped out and walked to ease the poor brutes. Often I have seen my father trudging along ahead of the wagon, smoking his pipe, and I have no doubt thinking of the large fortune he was going to make in the next town, now and then looking back with his light blue eyes, giving my mother a cheerful nod which plainly said: "I 'm all right. This is splendid; nothing could be finer." If it rained he was glad it was not snowing; if it snowed, he was thankful it was not raining. This contented nature was his only inheritance; but it was better than a fortune made in Galena or anywhere else, for nothing could rob him of it.

We traveled from Galena to Dubuque on the frozen river in sleighs — smoother work than the roughly rutted roads of the prairie; but it was a perilous journey, for a warm spell had set in and made the ice sloppy and unsafe. We would sometimes hear it crack and see it bend under our horses' feet: now a long-drawn breath of relief as we passed some dangerous spot, then a convulsive grasping of our nearest companion as the ice groaned and shook beneath us. Well, the passengers arrived safe, but, horror to relate, the sleigh containing the baggage, private and public, with the scenery and properties, green curtain and drop, broke through the ice and tumbled into the Mississippi. My poor mother was in tears, but my father was in high spirits at his good luck, as he called it; because there was a sand-bar where the sleigh went in, so the things were saved at least, though in a forlorn condition. The opening had to be delayed in order to dry the wardrobe and smooth the scenery.

The halls of the hotel were strung with clothes-lines and the costumes of all nations festooned the doors of the bedrooms, so that when an unsuspicious boarder came out suddenly into the entry he was likely to run his head into a damp Roman shirt, or perhaps have the legs of a soaking pair of red tights dangling around his neck. Mildew filled the air. The gilded pasteboard helmets fared the worst. They had succumbed to the softening influences of the Mississippi, and were as battered and out of shape as if they had gone through the pass of Thermopylæ. Limp leggins of scale armor hung wet and dejected from the lines, low-spirited cocked hats piled up in a corner, rough-dried court coats stretched their arms out as if in the agony of drowning, as though they would say, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink." Theatrical scenery at its best looks pale and shabby in the daytime, but a well-worn set, after a six-hours' bath in a river, presents the most woe-begone appearance that can well be imagined; the sky and water of the marine had so mingled with each other that the horizon line had quite disappeared. My father had painted the scenery, and he was not a little crestfallen as he looked upon the ruins: a wood scene had amalgamated with a Roman street painted on the back of it, and had so run into stains and winding streaks that he said it looked like a large map of South America, and pointing out the Andes with his cane, he humorously traced the Amazon to its source. Of course this mishap on the river delayed the opening for a week. In the mean time the scenery had to be repainted and the wardrobe put in order: many of the things were ruined, and the helmets defied repair.

After a short and, I think, a good season at Dubuque, we traveled along the river to the different towns just springing up in the West — Burlington, Quincy, Peoria, Pekin, and Springfield. In those primitive days, I need scarcely say, we were often put to severe shifts for a theater.

In Quincy the court-house was fitted up, and it answered admirably. In Terre Haute a large warehouse was utilized, but in Pekin we were reduced to the dire necessity of acting in a pork-house. This establishment was a large frame building, stilted up on piles about two feet from the ground, and situated in the open prairie just at the edge of the town. The pigs were banished from their comfortable quarters, and left to browse about on the common during the day, taking shelter under their former abode in the evening. After undergoing some slight repairs in the roof, and submitting to a thorough scouring and whitewashing, the buildings presented quite a respectable appearance. The opening play was "Clari, the Maid of Milan." This drama was written by John Howard Payne, and his song of "Sweet Home" belongs to the play. My mother, on this occasion, played the part of *Clari* and sang the touching ballad.

Now it is a pretty well established fact in theatrical history that if an infant has been smuggled into the theater under the shawl of its fond mother, however dormant it may have been during the unimportant scenes of the play, no sooner is an interesting point arrived at, where the most perfect stillness is required, than the "dear little innocent" will break forth in lamentation loud and deep. On this occasion no youthful humanity disturbed the peace, but the animal kingdom, in the shape of the banished pigs, asserted their right to a public hearing. As soon as the symphony of "Sweet Home" commenced they began by bumping their backs up against the beams, keeping anything but good time to the music; and as my mother plaintively chanted the theme "Sweet Home," realizing their own cruel exile, the pigs squealed most dismally. Of course the song was ruined, and my mother was in tears at the failure. My father, however, consoled her by saying that though the grunting was not quite in harmony with the music, it was in perfect sympathy with the sentiment.

Springfield being the capital of Illinois, it was determined to devote the entire season to the entertainment of the members of the legislature. Having made money for several weeks previous to our arrival here, the management resolved to hire a lot and build a theater. This sounds like a large undertaking, and perhaps with their limited means it was a rash step. I fancy that my father rather shrunk from this bold enterprise, but the senior partner (McKenzie) was made of sterner stuff, and his energy being quite equal to his ambition, the ground was broken and the temple erected.

The building of a theater in those days did not require the amount of capital that it does now. Folding opera chairs were unknown. Gas was an occult mystery, not yet acknowledged as a fact by the unscientific world in the West; a second-class quality of sperm-oil was the height of any manager's ambition. The footlights of the best theaters in the Western country were composed of lamps set in a "float" with the counter-weights. When a dark stage was required, or the lamps needed trimming or refilling, this mechanical contrivance was made to sink under the stage. I believe if the theater, or "devil's workshop," as it was sometimes called, had suddenly been illuminated with the same material now in use, its enemies would have declared that the light was furnished from the "Old Boy's" private gasometer.

The new theater, when completed, was about ninety feet deep and forty feet wide. No attempt was made at ornamentation; and as it was unpainted, the simple line of architecture upon which it was constructed gave it the appearance of a large dry-goods box with a roof. I do not think my father, or McKenzie, ever owned anything with a roof until now, so they were naturally proud of their possession.

In the midst of their rising fortunes a heavy blow fell upon them. A religious revival was in progress at the time, and the fathers of the church not only launched forth against us in their sermons, but by some political manœuver got the city to pass a new law enjoining a heavy license against our "unholy" calling; I forget the amount, but it was large enough to be prohibitory. Here was a terrible condition of affairs — all our available funds invested, the legislature in session, the town full of people, and by a heavy license denied the privilege of opening the new theater!

In the midst of their trouble a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The case was brought up before the council. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of to-day. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter; his good-humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off.

This young lawyer was very popular in Springfield, and was honored and beloved by all who knew him, and, after the time of which I write, he held rather an important position in the Government of the United States. He now lies buried near Springfield, under a monu-

ment commemorating his greatness and his virtues—and his name was Abraham Lincoln!

## V.

### HARD TIMES.

At the end of our Springfield season my father dissolved partnership with McKenzie, and my next remembrance finds us in the town of Memphis. Bad business had closed the theater, and my father had turned from scene painter to sign painter.

There had been an ordinance passed by the fathers of the city requiring that all carts, drays, and public vehicles should be numbered. By some accident I heard of this, and as I was on the alert to get work for my father, I called at the mayor's office to apply for the contract. The mayor had seen me on the stage, and, to my no small delight, recognized me. I explained to him that my father was an artist as well as a comedian, and that, the theaters being closed, he devoted his time to sign and ornamental painting; not, however, as an amusement. It was natural that the mayor—a jovial, and possibly not a very dignified or dreadful person—should be interested in a youngster having the effrontery and the promptness to be the first to apply for the contract.

My interview with the mayor was a success, and ended in my getting the contract for my father to paint the numbers. How delightful it was to go home with such good news! Then the charm of unfolding such an agreeable surprise to the family—what lovely revenge for the scolding my mother had given me the day before; and, above all, the tremendous round of applause that such an achievement must bring down.

My father was too sensitive and retiring to have ever dreamed of doing such a thing, and perhaps when I arrived at his age I might, under the same circumstances, have shrunk from it myself. But I was young and rash, and perhaps desperate; for if I had not received many hard knocks myself, my family had, and feeling the blows through them, I experienced a ferocious delight in doing battle with the world, and, as I was generally victorious, my success made me bold. The new industry furnished my father and myself with a month's work, so we were indebted to this stride in South-western civilization for at least a small addition to our income.

One of my father's ornamental signs, on which was painted an amiable tailor measuring a handsome young man for a fashionable suit of clothes, came under the notice of Mr. McAllister. This gentleman was the owner of a large billiard-saloon and bar-room, to which was attached a mysterious apartment where late hours were kept. A large mahogany table covered with a suspicious-looking green cloth gave evidence of the kind of trade that was plied in this exchange, and strongly corroborated the popular tradition that Mr. McAllister's midnight visitors were "gentlemanly sports." The proprietor having, it seems, a turn for art, as well as for cards, arranged for my father to decorate his billiard-room first, and then his house. In the hall of the latter my father painted two landscapes from "The Lady of the Lake"—one representing Loch Katrine, with her ladyship paddling her own canoe in the distance, and a mountain torrent in the foreground with the bridge made famous by the combat of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu. The subjects had been chosen out of compliment to Mr. McAllister, as he was of Scotch descent.

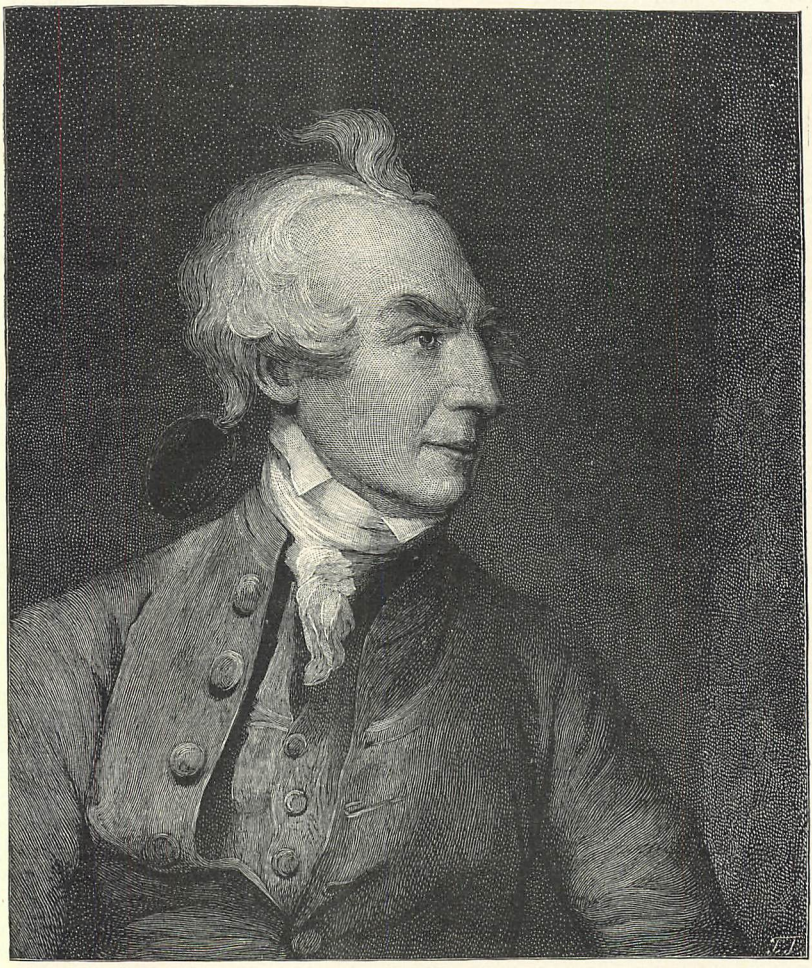
The time was drawing near for our departure from Memphis, as the season in Mobile was to begin in November, and the money due for decorating McAllister's house was necessary to defray the expenses of our journey down the river; but, to our great inconvenience, it was not forthcoming. Whether the "gentlemanly sports" had been more fortunate than the proprietor or not I am unable to say, but my father had written twice without receiving an answer, and I had been dispatched to make a personal appeal to him. We delayed our departure for two weeks, hoping to get some satisfaction; but no notice being taken of our demands, it was decided to wait no longer.

In our straitened circumstances we were forced to take a steerage passage on one of the steamboats between Memphis and New Orleans. This was both humiliating and inconvenient. But Mary was a host, and could, by her devotion and tact, have made us comfortable even under more trying conditions. I know that my mother's pride was wounded, and that in her mortification she wondered that my father could face the degradation with such fortitude; but from what I remember of him, and all that I have heard related in connection with his character, nothing short of sickness or death in his family could induce him to complain. This kind of philosophy can be learned neither from books nor from experience; it is a natural gift, and seems to come into the world hand in hand with the spirit that is to bear it company. No seed can sow it, and no soil can grow it; the quality is inborn, and is so deeply rooted that it defies cultivation or extermination.

After arranging ourselves as comfortably as we could, the mate gave notice that the boat would not start until late that evening. On hearing this my mother asked me some questions regarding Mrs. McAllister, whom, of course, I had seen and spoken with during the

time we had been engaged in the decoration of her house. My report of the lady being quite favorable, my mother started in company with myself to make an appeal. Mrs. McAllister, who had been out driving with her children, met us at the door. On my presenting my mother, we were asked into the house and proceeded with her to the drawing-room. My mother, after apologizing for our visit, explained the nature of it, calling the lady's attention to the hard and honest work of her artist husband, and contrasting the elegant surroundings of the lady and her children with the degradation of her own. In an hour afterwards the lady left the house and returned with the money. Placing it in my mother's hand, she bade us Godspeed, and away we went with heavier purse and lighter hearts.

We hurried to the boat with our treasure,—about two hundred dollars, I think,—and my mother was both delighted and triumphant. When she placed the money in my father's hands he looked at it in amazement, and, after declaring that his wife was the most wonderful woman in the world, suggested that we should at once adjourn to the cabin; but the most wonderful woman in the world would not hear of it, and urged my father to bear the discomfiture, so that we might arrive at our journey's end with some means of support, dwelling upon the fact that otherwise he would have to draw an advance from the manager on our arrival in Mobile, which not only would be humiliating, but might weaken his position. Of course he saw the force and wisdom of his wife's counsel, and I think rather reluctantly consented. As I reflect upon this situation, it seems strange that my mother, who felt most keenly this humiliation, was content to bear it rather than lose the means that would render our future position more secure; while my father, who could smile serenely at our con-



JOSEPH JEFFERSON (GRANDFATHER OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON) IN THE CHARACTER OF "SOLUS," IN THE COMEDY "EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULTS." (FROM THE PAINTING BY NEAGLE.)

dition, would willingly have parted with all the money to have given us present comfort. It can be accounted for only by the extreme contrast in their natures: he was hopeful, my mother was apprehensive. May not generosity spring from one of these causes, and caution from the other?

As usual, my father was soon contented. This novel and uncomfortable mode of traveling, instead of depressing him, seemed to raise his spirits; for I can well remember that while the boat was steaming down the river he employed the time in studying some new parts that he was to act during the approaching season, and when it stopped to take in wood he would get out his tackle and fish from the stern of the vessel. One would suppose that this indifference to really serious inconvenience sprung from weakness, but this was not so; for though there was nothing of the tyrant in him, when he felt that it was time to make a stand he made a bold one, and was as solid as a rock.

We arrived at Mobile in October, 1842. The yellow fever was raging in the town, but we were forced to come before the rest of the company, as my father was the scenic artist as well as the comedian of the theater, and his presence was required at an early date, as the scenery needed repainting.

We had for years been traveling about the country and my father and mother congratulated themselves upon this present permanent situation, as it afforded them not only rest, but an opportunity of sending my sister and myself to school. Sadly enough the last wish of this hopeful man was shattered, for two weeks after our arrival he was stricken with yellow fever, and died on the 24th of November, 1842. I will not describe the effect of this awful blow on our family, not desiring to cloud the narrative of my life with the relation of domestic sorrow. It is sufficient to say that by this sad event we were deprived of a dear friend upon whom we depended for counsel and support.

My sister and myself were now engaged at the theater to act such children's parts as our size and talent warranted the manager in casting us in; appearing in fancy dances and comic duets, added to which I was to grind colors in the paint-room — assistant artist, I was called in the play-bill — and make myself generally useful, for which services we were each to receive six dollars a week. It was understood that this employment was given to us as a charity; but when I consider the numerous duties imposed upon us, and the small sum we received, my conscience acquits me of our being anything like an incubus upon the theater, and if there was any charity in the matter, I think it was on our side.

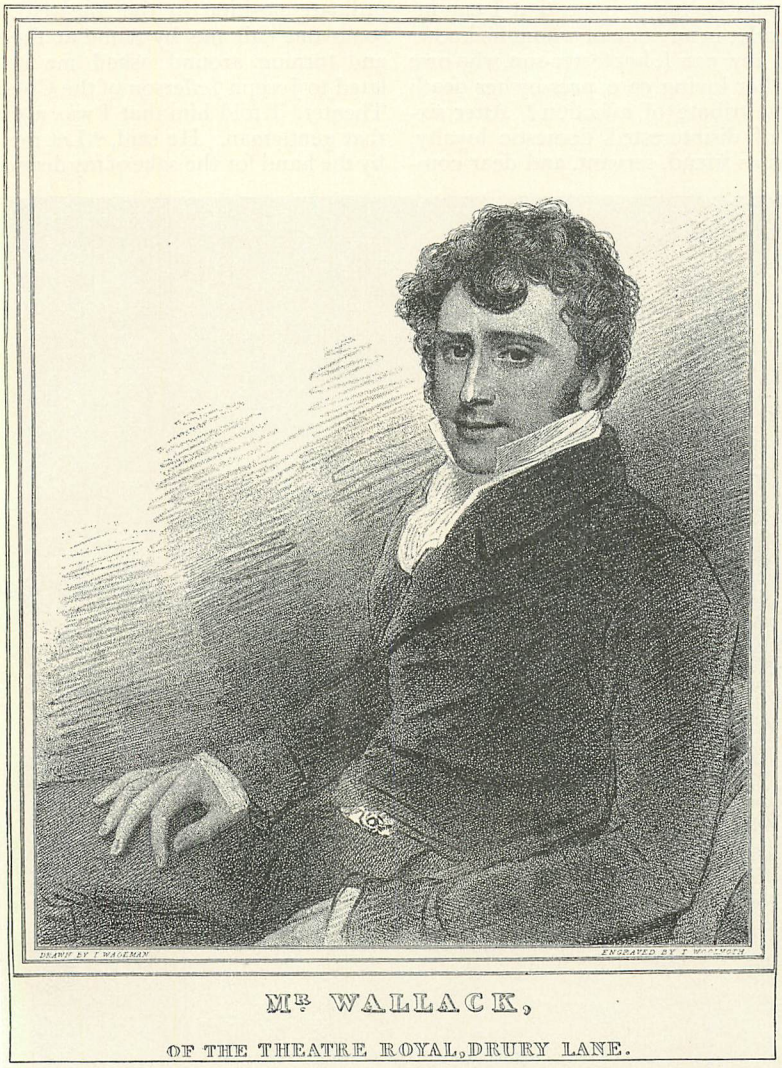
One of the programmes, I find, announces that after the play Master and Miss Jefferson were to "execute a fancy dance." Now, as our terpsichorean education had been rather limited, it is quite likely that the execution was complete.

It was soon apparent that our charity salary was not enough to support us, so my mother cast about for some means of increasing our income. She had no heart for acting now, and decided to open a boarding-house for the actors. From leading lady to landlady was rather a come-down for her; but my mother was a brave woman and endowed with that kind of pride that preferred the degradation of earning an honest living to the more elegant profession of getting in debt. A house had to be taken, a month's rent paid in advance, and furniture hired to fit up the establishment — but where was the money to come from?

It is said that in France, when the Government made a call on the people for a loan to pay off the war indemnity, thousands of patriotic Frenchwomen stood in line a mile in length at the treasury, each bearing a long worsted stocking filled with gold, ready to assist their native land in its great financial emergency; and I am told that in Louisiana this domestic bank is used by many of the French inhabitants as a receptacle for both small and large hoardings. My mother was a Frenchwoman, at least by inheritance, and I have no doubt came honestly by this national characteristic; for when matters were in a desperate condition the dear lady would mysteriously draw forth a long, dark-blue worsted stocking in which there was always "just one little gold piece left."

Unfortunately for my mother's venture, the theatrical season — following in the wake of all others I had as yet been familiar with — was a failure. Naturally the settlement of the board bills was consequent upon the payment of the salaries; and as the latter occurrence was fitful and uncertain, the weekly bills of my mother's landlord and butcher were both subjected to the same intermittent conditions.

At the time of which I write there lived in Mobile a talented and beautiful lady by the name of Madame Le Vert. She was the belle of the city and courted by the first in the land; her brilliancy and wit had placed her in the center of a rich setting of which she was the shining jewel. Added to her worth and elegance was a kind and beneficent nature, always seeking new objects to bestow its bounty upon. She was, moreover, a patroness of art and literature; nothing was too high for her understanding, or too lowly for her kind consideration. I think all who remember this fascinating woman will indorse my description of her character. It is natural that I should have




PORTRAIT OF JAMES WALLACK. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF T. J. McKEE.)

a grateful remembrance of this lady, as what I shall relate will show.

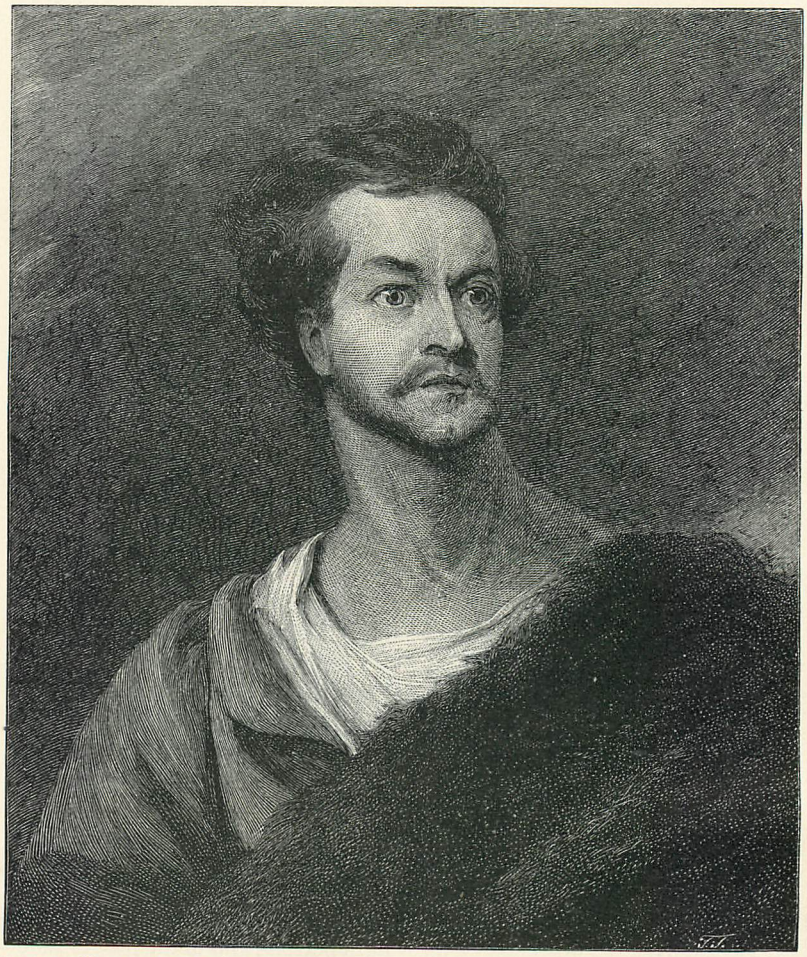
My father's death and the failure of the boarding-house had attracted Madame Le Vert's attention. She called on my mother, and hinted in the most delicate manner that as the season was about closed she would like to get up a complimentary benefit at the theater for her children (though I think the widow was uppermost in Madame Le Vert's mind). Now, as the "stocking" was on the eve of suspension, my mother readily consented; so the belle of Mobile aroused the enthusiasm of her many friends, the public caught fire, and the benefit was a success.

In after years I remember to have seen Madame Le Vert surrounded by a circle of callers, entertaining them with wonderful grace and tact, always saying the right things to the right persons, and at the proper time — a genius of society. But there came a day when this noble lady and her family were reduced in fortune; she whom I as a boy had known young and beautiful, surrounded by wealth and friends, was now an old lady in the unhappy condition of "genteel poverty." I am proud to say we were friends to the last.

During the war, or at its close, Madame Le Vert had made some enemies. It would have been impossible for a person of her prominence and ability to have done otherwise. I am not sure now which cause she espoused, and, in her case, I do not care. Her long and useful life has passed peacefully away, and her memory is honored by all who knew her.

And now we lost poor, dear old Mary. It

is perhaps vain for me to hope that I can interest the reader in any one of whom he knows so little; but how can I, her foster-son, who owe so much to her loving care, pass by her death without some tribute of affection? After sixteen years of disinterested domestic loyalty, attending us as friend, servant, and dear companion, this faithful creature died in my mother's arms. Who can say how high such a pure and loving spirit soars when it is released and takes its flight?



MACREADY AS "WILLIAM TELL." (AFTER THE PAINTING BY HENRY INMAN, OWNED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.)

## VI.

### JAMES WALLACK, SR., THE ELDER BOOTH, AND MACREADY.

JAMES WALLACK, Sr., played an engagement in Mobile, and one little circumstance occurred in connection with it that I have always remembered most pleasantly. He was an actor at the head of his profession and in the height of his fame. I was only a boy holding a subordinate position in the theater. He heard some one call me by name at the rehearsal, and turning around asked me if I was related to Joseph Jefferson of the Chestnut street Theater. I told him that I was a grandson of that gentleman. He said, "Let me shake you by the hand for the sake of my dear old friend." The remark was made with much feeling, and the remembrance of it has, I think, often prompted me to do the like for others. James Wallack, Sr., was an actor of rare attainments; as a legitimate tragedian and comedian he ranked very high. The parts that I remember him in are those of *Alessandro Mazzaroni* in "The Brigand," and *Don Cæsar de Bazan*.

Mr. Macready and the elder Booth both acted in Mobile during this season; and as the contrast between these tragedians was quite remarkable, I will introduce them here, although my judgment of them was formed upon a later experience.

The methods by which actors arrive at great

effects vary according to their own natures; this renders the teaching of the art by any strictly defined lines a difficult matter. Macready and the elder Booth offer striking examples of these distinctions. Macready depended upon the mechanical arrangement of the scene, while Booth relied almost entirely on the impulse of the moment, caring little for set rules. As soon as Macready entered the theater he began to assume the character he was going to enact. He would remain in his dressing-room absorbed with the play; no one was permitted to enter; his dresser was not allowed to speak to him, but stood outside ready to open the door just before it was time for the actor to go upon the stage. If the mechanism of the play remained intact, he became lost in his character and produced grand effects, but if by some carelessness he was recalled to himself, the chain was broken and he could not reunite it. He now realized that his acting would be tame, and then his rage knew no bounds; he would seize the unlucky actor who had "ruined him," shake him, throw him aside, and rushing to his dressing-room fall exhausted upon the sofa. This was not affectation, it was real; he could not conquer his unfortunate temper. In my youthful days it was the fashion of thoughtless actors to ridicule these "Macready tantrums," and I regret to say I often joined in the sport; but as I look back on his suffering and read the pages wherein he chastises himself for his ungovernable temper, and when I know how useful and benevolent he was in the closing scenes of his life, I feel a great sympathy for him. "He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once," but I forgive him.

I acted with Macready and Booth during this season, and an anecdote of each will serve to illustrate their different characteristics. Macready was acting *Werner*. I was cast for a minor part. In one scene a number of characters had to rush off, bearing lighted torches, in search of some delinquent. At rehearsal the tragedian particularly requested that we should all be sure and make our exit at night at just the same time and place, so that we might not disturb the arrangement of the scene. All went well up to the time for making our hurried exit, when to my horror I found *Werner* standing exactly in line with the place of my exit at rehearsal. I presume that when he had given his directions in the morning he had not observed me. What was I to do? The cue was given and there was no time for argument. I rushed past him, torch in hand. I heard his well-known groan; but as I flew by an unmistakable odor of burnt hair filled the atmosphere, and I knew that I had singed his wig. When the curtain fell I turned in horror to see the effect. The enraged *Werner* had torn his wig from his head and stood gazing at it for a moment in helpless wonder. Suddenly he made a rush in my direction; I saw he was on the war-path, and that I was his game. And now the chase began. I dodged him up and down the stage; then around the wings and over "set" rocks and gauze waters. He never would have caught me but that in my excitement I ran head first into the stomach of a fat stage-carpenter. Here I was seized. The enraged Macready was so full of anger and so out of breath that he could only gasp and shake his burnt wig at me. Of course I was disgraced and not allowed to act again during his engagement. To make matters worse, the whole affair got into the papers, and the next morning one of the critics remarked that he had never seen Macready act with so much fire! Now all of this could have been avoided if he had but moved six inches farther up the stage when he saw me coming; but no, he had never shifted from that spot before, why should he do so now? I believe if I had singed his very eyebrows he would have stood his ground.

Booth's whole nature was the reverse of Macready's. He would saunter into the theater just a few minutes before the play began; robe himself, sometimes quite carelessly; converse freely upon local matters in a plain, practicable way, or perhaps give some reminiscence of bygone years,—his memory was wonderful,—ending with an amusing anecdote, and in the next moment walk upon the stage in the full assumption of his character, overawing the audience by the fire of his acting. The following incident will serve to show the wonderful manner in which Booth could drop his character and instantly resume it.

I was acting *Sampson* in "The Iron Chest" to his *Sir Edward Mortimer*. During the play he spoke to me of my grandfather's playing the same part with him when he (Booth) was a young man. "He used," said he, "to sing the original song; it ran thus": and assuming a comical expression he began to sing in an undertone:

A traveler stopped at a widow's gate.

At this moment his cue was given and he rushed upon the stage, discovering *Wilford* at the chest. The scene is here very powerful, and I never saw him act it with more power. The audience was most enthusiastic, and as he rushed from the stage amid a storm of applause he met me at the wing, and, reassuming the comic expression of his face, began the song just where he had left off, while the approbation of the audience was still ringing in his ears.

It must not be understood by this that Booth never became absorbed in his character; on the contrary, he sometimes carried his intensity in this respect to an extreme. It is only meant to show that he had also the power of dropping his character in the midst of his concentration, resuming it again at will. Macready had no such faculty whatever. The beam once kicked, the balance was destroyed beyond recovery.

In his private character Mr. Booth was simple, unostentatious, and benevolent. I know of an instance of a curious and somewhat eccentric kindness that occurred many years ago in Baltimore.

An old and retired actor and manager had been ill for some time, and as he was held in high esteem his friends arranged for him a complimentary testimonial at the Holliday Street Theater. Mr. Booth was at that time manager of another theater, and, unsolicited, tendered a benefit at his establishment to the same gentleman. The house was crowded, Booth himself acting. After the performance he went to the box-office, collected the entire receipts, and, late as it was, took them to the house of the beneficiary, and spreading the money out on the table said to him, "There is your share."

"But will you not deduct the expenses?" said his old friend.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AS "RICHARD THE THIRD." (FROM A COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING AFTER A DRAWING BY C. SHOOSMITH. FROM THE COLLECTION OF EDWIN BOOTH.)

"The only expense incurred," said Booth, "has been the bringing of the money to you; but as I walked, the cost is merely shoe leather, and I will not charge for that." So saying he turned on his heel and left the room before he could be thanked.

## VII.

### OUR VOYAGE ON A FLATBOAT.

FROM Mobile we went to Nashville, Tennessee, and after a short season traveled through the State. Business was bad, and on one occasion the gentlemen of the company, myself included, walked from Gallatin to Lebanon — not, however, for the exercise.

Upon our return to Nashville it was time to think of going South, as most of the company had engagements in New Orleans, Mobile, and Texas, but the Cumberland River had fallen so low that no steamboat could navigate it. In this dilemma there was but one course left — the company must come together, buy a barge, fit up a cabin, caboose, and sleeping-apartments. This was done. Where the money came from to pay for the boat and the lumber I cannot tell, but this floating camp was put together, and we all departed down the river in the queerest looking craft that ever carried a legitimate stock company of the old school. To a boy of my age this was heaven. To stand my watch at night gave me that manly feeling that a youngster just before he grows his beard enjoys beyond everything.

We stopped at Clarksville and gave one entertainment, playing "The Lady of Lyons." I acted *Glavis*. This was another manly stride for me; I was getting on. The whole of this trip was to me delightful. It was in that rich and mellow season when the foliage seems to change from day to day. The river was full of ducks, which I could sometimes shoot from the deck of the flatboat; great flocks of wild pigeons filled the air for days together, so that I could supply our table well with game. There was a small set of scenery on board that had been brought in case of an emergency. We had used it only in Clarksville so far, but now the time came when it could be displayed and utilized in a manner "never attempted before in the annals of the stage." When we reached the Mississippi the river widened out, and some stretches were from five to six miles in length; so, if we had a fair wind blowing downstream, by hoisting one of the scenes for sail we could increase our speed from two to three miles an hour. A hickory pole was cut from the shore, and a drop-scene, with a wood painted on one side and a palace on the other, was unfurled to the breeze. The wonder-stricken farmers and their wives and children would run out of their log-cabins and, standing on the river bank, gaze with amazement at our curious craft. It was delightful to watch the steamboats as they went by. The passengers would crowd the deck and look with wonder at us. For a bit of sport the captain and I would vary the picture, and as a boat steamed past we would first show them the wood scene, and then suddenly swing the sail around, exhibiting the gorgeous palace. Adding to this sport, our leading man and the low comedian would sometimes get a couple of old-fashioned broadswords and fight a melodramatic combat on the deck. There is no doubt that at times our barge was taken for a floating lunatic asylum.

We would often tie up the boat for a day and go fishing in some lake in the interior, stopping perhaps at a farm-house to replenish our stock of butter and eggs. Our voyage was continued to Cairo, where the Ohio River joins the Mississippi, and so on until we reached Memphis; here we deserted the barge and took a steamboat for New Orleans.

This season I acted at the St. Charles, under the management of Ludlow and Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, and James H. Hackett were among the stars. At the end of the season — which does not seem to have been a very eventful one — our company, under the same management, traveled up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, acting there during the summer. The only occurrence worth noting so far as I was concerned happened on the night of the Fourth of July, when the company was called on by the management to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." I was in a feverish state of excitement all day, having been selected to give the first stanza. I had studied it and restudied it so often that I knew it backwards; and that is about the way I sung it. But I must not anticipate. The curtain rose upon the company partly attired in evening dress; that is to say, those who had swallow-tail coats wore them, and those who were not blessed with that graceful garment did the best they could. We were arranged in the old conventional half-circle, with the "Goddess of Liberty" in the center. The "Mother of her Country" had a Roman helmet — pasteboard, I am afraid — on her head, and was tastefully draped with the American flag. My heart was in my mouth as the music started up, but I stepped boldly forward to begin. I got as far as "Oh, say, can you see?" and here the words left me. My mind was blank. I tried it again: "Oh, say, can you see?" Whether they could see or not, I am quite sure that I could n't. I was blind with fright; the house swam before my eyes; the thousand faces seemed to melt into one huge, expressionless physiognomy. The audi-

ence began to hiss — oh, that dreadful sound! I love my country, and am, under ordinary circumstances, fairly patriotic; but at that moment I cursed our national anthem from the bottom of my heart. I heard the gentle voice of the Goddess of Liberty say, "Poor fellow!" The remark was kind, but not encouraging. The hissing increased. Old Muller, the German leader, called out to me, "Go on, Yo!" But "Yo" could n't go on, so "Yo" thought he had better go off. I bowed, therefore, to the justice of this public rebuke, and made a graceful retreat. My poor mother stood at the wings in tears; I threw myself into her arms, and we had it out together.

J. B. BOOTH AS "RICHARD THE THIRD." (AFTER THE ETCHING BY S. A. SCHOFF, PUBLISHED BY H. B. BULT. FROM THE COLLECTION OF EDWIN BOOTH.)

Of course I intend this anecdote to illustrate one of my early professional distresses, but it has another and a more important side

to it. The hissing and jeering that was so liberally bestowed on me will never be vented again in this country for so slight an offense. The well-dressed, decorous audience of to-day, when an accident occurs, sit quietly, bearing it with patience and consideration, and when it is righted they break forth in encouraging applause. Look at the decorum observed by the vast assemblages that go to witness our national games. Disturbances are very rare. It would have been indecorous, if not dangerous, when I was a boy, for ladies and gentlemen to visit any public grounds containing such large masses of people, whereas now they can do so with perfect safety. What lies at the foundation of this improvement? People went to church in those days as readily as they do now, and the laws were administered quite as rigidly. There is only one solution to this problem — the free school has done this work.

(To be continued.)

*Joseph Jefferson.*

## A DYING BUTTERFLY.

HERE in my path it struggling lies,
A small cloud made
To mar the crystal of my skies
With piteous shade.

Lie in my palm, frail creature, so;
Still the vain beat
Of thy poor heart, whose currents flow
So strangely fleet.

Ah, how it throbs! With that last throe
Of pain, it dies.
Think, for a butterfly to know
Such agonies!

How like a broken rainbow seems
Thy hanging wing;
Like the cleft promise of our dreams
On wakening.

Thy pinions' colors mock my dole,
They are so fair.
'T would seem, almost, thy brilliant soul
Were hovering there.

How mute, how pitiful the end
Of thy proud state!
Thou hadst not fallen so, fair friend,
Had I been fate.

Cannot proud Nature's power dare
Recall thy death?
Or the whole universe of air
Spare thee a breath?

Not one. Lie there upon the sod,
And that same hue
Will paint the summer flowers, as God
Hath painted you.

*Louise Morgan Sill.*

# PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.— I.

## THE PROBLEMS OF MODERN SOCIETY.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE undersigned have formed themselves into a Group, for the purpose of discussing certain sociological questions at present engaging attention, or of consequence to the well-being of the community. The paper which follows is one of a series which they purpose to publish from time to time. Each of these papers, like this herewith presented, will bear the signature of the writer, and will be the expression of his opinions — modified it may be, but not necessarily, by those who are associated with him; but in any case opinions for which he alone is responsible, although he will have had, before publishing, the benefit of critical discussion on the part of the Group. The aim of the Group, whose names here follow, is the discussion of subjects of living interest, with such advantage as the exchange of opinions, and so the widening of individual views, may secure. It is intended, so far as may be, to bring scientific methods, with a Christian purpose and spirit, to the study of the questions to be considered.

CHARLES W. SHIELDS. SAMUEL W. DIKE.
HENRY C. POTTER. SETH LOW.
THEODORE T. MUNGER. RICHARD T. ELY.
WM. CHAUNCY LANGDON.

AS every period has its own problems, every epoch its own issues, so our times are especially occupied with social questions. The best writing of the day is full of recognition of this fact, and of promise for the future. It is marked by a large outlook, by strong thinking, by practical purpose, and by spiritual energy.

The times are characterized, moreover, by a bold advance from an individualism, which had come to verge on disintegration, to a truer appreciation of the value of organic life. Our ablest moralists are now studying men in their mutual responsibilities and correlations; and public questions are more frequently approached from the standpoint of social loyalty and of unselfish public principle. The best religious thought of the day has begun to address itself earnestly to the social wrongs which remain the reproach of our professed Christianity; and there is good hope, therefore, of a social economy which proposes to itself something better than mere money-making, of a statesmanship which rises far above all mere party politics, of a philosophy which is at once carefully scientific and profoundly spiritual, and of a working Christianity which seeks less to bring others to share our convictions than to raise each individual to its own noblest standard and to bring both ourselves and others more directly under the overmastering influence of the one supreme personality of Christ.

Grounds for the gravest concern there most assuredly are: for the breach is widening between the rich and cultured and the poor and degraded; brutality and crime are, it is to be feared, on the increase among us; and political power has indeed been passing steadily into the hands of those who seek and find their support in the more ignorant and lowest classes. But if there be, as we have been told, reason to fear a "renaissance of barbarism," so also is there reason to believe that the highest intelligence and moral earnestness of the land are quick to recognize the facts and resolute to deal with them. In public affairs, then, there is reason to look for nobler political principles; in business and in economics, for a more unselfish social philosophy; in religion even, for enlarged ecclesiastical conditions; in everything, for a more exalted loyalty, a deeper sense of mutual responsibility and trust, a new inspiration and a purer spirit.

The present age is, moreover, working a Baconian change in the methods by which such ends are pursued. A new generation is beginning to apply to the solution of social and political problems the scientific processes which the last generation has applied so resultfully to the investigation of physical laws. The students of the physical sciences are, in consequence, abating much of their aggressive negation of Christianity, while the Christian

community is at the same time coming to realize, as Professor Shields has so tersely put it, that "nature is a divine revelation, as well as Scripture." The prophets of God's physical laws and the prophets of his spiritual dealings with us are coming, then, to recognize more frankly each other's prophetic ministry.

Yet, none the less, the times delight more to honor raw haste than patient study, to applaud the sensational rather than the real and the profound; and the distinctive value of the thinker is therefore in danger of being overlooked. In material problems, indeed, it is freely admitted that scientific research should establish the principles of which the artisan shall afterwards avail himself; but there has been little practical attempt to apply the same philosophy to social research. There is, as yet, no fully recognized science of society; although surely, as the late Dr. Mulford was wont to say, "sociology is the coming science."

The general direction from which such a sociology must be approached is already plain. Its problems are closely interrelated; and of that interrelation the master key can be furnished only by a Christian philosophy, for there is no one of them which does not derive its cardinal importance from its bearing on one or other of the three divine institutions, the Family, the State, and the Church, which involve, directly or indirectly, all the various issues of life.

Sociology resolves itself, therefore, into the study of these three institutions: the first, the generator; the second, the organizer; the last, the regenerator, of society.

The *Family* is the source and fountain of all larger social life. It is the mold in which are cast, it is the workshop in which are fashioned, the constituent elements of both the state and the church. Nay, more, it is itself the power by which are largely fitted for their several functions all the various agents by whom all results are to be accomplished, and by whom also all influence, as well for evil as for good, is to be put forth. That which a man is or may be, whether to the state or to the church, he is made, primarily and above all, in and by the family.

Under the head of the *State* are embraced, for the present purpose, alike economic and political society; for even the government is not something distinct from, so much as a function of, the community. Whether acting formally in its more organic character, or inorganically and less formally, it is the state or the community that brings forward the successive problems whose solution is demanded of the times, that marshals the forces engaged in that solution, and that regulates the general conditions under which, if at all, it is to be reached.

It is the *Church* that is — or should be — the great progressive, civilizing, ennobling, spiritualizing power of all society. Save when or where or so far as "the salt have lost his savor," it is the church that holds in trust the great inspiring, conserving, and, when needed, regenerating principles of all private and public life. It is through the church, normally, that alone comes to either that spiritual perception which recognizes all falling away from the ideal, and that spiritual energy which alone can resist the approaches of corruption or recover from it.

There is need, then, under the first head, of a searching revision of our shallow, individualistic, popular conceptions of the family.

It is here that a Christian and a reconstructive sociology must begin. For the cradle of society, so to speak, is the household hearth. Society is made up not merely of so many men, women, and children, but rather of so many families. The single person is not a social unit, but rather a constituent member of an actual, or a potential, or a frustrated family. Therefore any low ideas of marriage, any divorce legislation, any factitious claims for "women's rights," any narrow or perverted conception of education, or any abnormal conditions of living forced upon the working classes — any of these which tend practically to segregate the sexes one from the other, to relieve either from the mutual dependence which should unite them, to create distinct, and it may be antagonistic, interests, to weaken the sense of joint responsibility, or to make the home impossible, are essentially destructive and anarchic in their character; for the moral dissolution of the family which these threaten would sap the very foundations of all social order alike in state and church.

Even among intelligent people, there is too commonly a very poor realization of the meaning of sex and of the profounder responsibilities of marriage. A debased public opinion, finding expression in and confirmed by a raw and ignorant legislation, and, among the young, lamentably relaxed by a superficial and trashy literature, virtually assumes that marriage, if not a mere civil contract, is at all events a relation to be determined solely by mutual inclination or convenience. Comparatively few seem to be aware that it is based not only on divine commands, but also on laws of nature, both of which hold in force quite independently of human sanctions, and create a bond beyond the reach and competence of the laws of man to bind or loose at will. Much that regards itself as good society, thinking nothing essential to marriage but such civil sanctions, or at most solemnization, and allowed too frequently to hold even these in light esteem, knows therefore of no adultery but the violation of such formalities; and our

divorce legislation, which is the result of this ignorance and of our superficial ideas of the social and political significance of the family, is the scandal of Christendom.

So far as the popular estimate is concerned the whole current philosophy of marriage is empty and false; and even among the educated classes it falls far short of the requirements of a truly Christian sociology. There is need that its eternal laws, which no human legislature can repeal nor human willfulness escape, should be searchingly studied and taught in language which men cannot choose but hear.

Closely allied to this is the subject of education, which is not, certainly in its earlier stages, any part of the immediate responsibility of the political community. Sparta presents to us no illustration of an educational philosophy for a Christian people.

For real education is the development of distinct personalities, the fitting each one severally for his or her own life's work. This is not a result to be effected by contract or in the aggregate. In the family alone, and by or on the immediate responsibility of those parents by whom were imposed upon each child from before its birth the physical, mental, and spiritual conditions on which all true after education must be based, can an ideal early education be conducted. If, then, in practice it pass into other hands,—into those of the nursery governess, the school teacher, or the college, —it is and it can be only because of the inability, at some stage of the advance, of those individual parents or of that family for its best further discharge. The actual agent, whoever he may be,—even though it be the state assuming, for reasons of public policy, the partial discharge of a responsibility which would otherwise go undischarged,—can be regarded only as the representative deputy or the substitute for the family.

But no true and fully competent parents, united in the education of their children, would ever think of acting on the tacit assumption that there were no other than bodily differences between their sons and their daughters, no antitheses, no complementary characteristics to be regarded in such an education. It is therefore due to the fact that a purely political conception prevails, to the virtual exclusion of the family idea, that we have largely lost sight of the necessity for discrimination—for so emphasizing the education of the intellect of the boy on the one hand, and that of the intuitions and the moral sense of the girl on the other, as well in their respective highest as in their earliest training, that they shall still be unitedly one, and that "neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord."

Parallel considerations apply also to the Sunday-school. It is the duty of parents that *they* train their children in religious truth and righteousness, for they only can do this most effectively, illustrating and enforcing precept by example. It is the business of the Christian ministry to charge parents that they do this faithfully. For the young child, no pastor or other teacher can be an effective substitute for the priesthood of a Christian father in his own family; no other religious influence can so profoundly impress the inchoate character as that which surrounds the altar set up in the Christian household. So far as the Sunday-school has tended to supersede the family in this respect, and to relieve the parents of a due sense of their personal and immediate responsibility for the religious training of their children, it has been a notable loss to childhood and a serious wrong to the family itself.

The ideal education, therefore, whether secular or religious, and by whomsoever furnished, should adhere as closely as possible to the family idea. It should not only recognize the wholly distinct needs and characteristics of the sexes, but it should also, so far as possible, recognize the distinctions of personality, and, with due regard to those distinctions, educate the whole man—the eye and hand and the conscience, as well as the intellect and the reasoning powers. Certainly a merely political philosophy of education must logically result in the social obliteration of sex, in the gravest wrongs to women, called in grimmest sarcasm her rights, and, in the last analysis,—were it possible,—in the moral elimination of the family.

Such, at least, in the light of a Christian philosophy of the family, are some of the subjects which, for our future good and public safety, imperatively demand the most critical and profound sociological investigation.

It is but a single, though it seems a long, step forward, to pass from the scientific study of the family to that of the state.

Here there is little question of the need of an inductive treatment of certain great political problems which have thus far been left too largely to the platform, the committee-room, the legislative hall, and the cabinet; and which, in consequence, still press upon us all unsolved and, as it seems to many, almost unsolvable. It is now frankly admitted that the principles which underlie all public policy and true national prosperity, to be thoroughly understood and soundly applied, must be studied in a calmer and a more scientific temper than can be expected of those who are put in positions of influence and authority precisely because they are representative of conclusions already accepted, and to which they are pledged.

Political science has, therefore, in all its de-

partments, its already recognized place in the university proper, and it is there studied, as it will also be studied by more detached thinkers and sociologists; and the results of such thought and study will be given to the country, not as party but as abstract principles, for the practical statesman and politician, if he will, to take account of and to act upon.

If this is true of the whole range of political philosophy, no one need to be reminded of those distinct branches of that subject which at this time especially require such study; of those great politico-social problems which are now so imperiously demanding a solution. It is, for example, only sociological science which can furnish us the true principles upon which the analysis and synthesis of industrial society can be thoroughly mastered, and which can treat them on the basis of larger inductions than those furnished by economic considerations alone. The so-called labor question is surely quite as truly one of social ethics, if not one of Christian science. So also it is only an approximately exhaustive social analysis that can arouse the community to any real appreciation of the issues which are involved to society and to the state from a corrupt and corrupting foreign immigration which is forcing on us the realization that there is such a crime against posterity as political adultery.

To advance then still further.

The consideration of the social functions of the church leads us to recognize the essentially social character of another study, closely allied indeed to that of the family and of the state, but yet distinct from either; a science of which both the one and the other must take account, and which can, in either case, be neglected only at the cost of very serious errors in the conclusions to which we are brought.

We Americans are accustomed to separate church and state, even in our thoughts, so thoroughly, that we do not readily think of Christianity as having any necessary or direct bearing upon public affairs. We habitually regard religion as something that concerns only the individual; and when we seek for some public good we leave Christianity wholly out of the count — certainly if it be some perplexing problem of the labor question or of civil service reform. The late George P. Marsh once said that "in Italy, religion [is] an affair of state, the church a civil institution, to an extent which it is almost impossible to make intelligible to Americans." That either economic issues or those of civil policy should in this country ever come to be regarded as religious questions, or that the church should come to be regarded as after all a controlling factor in the solution of such problems, would be to most Americans quite inconceivable. But the Italians are a practical people; they have a genius for public affairs beyond any people of the present day. Is it not then possible that in the philosophy of the subject they may be right and we ourselves wrong?

Certainly no premises could more fatally betray us than those which assume that Christianity is not concerned in our investigation of social and political questions. Because the state refuses to be formally allied or distinctively identified with any one out of a number of distinct Christian bodies,— because society affects a calmly impartial, or rather an utterly indifferent, neutrality between them,— it by no means follows that it is within the power of society, whether as represented by the family or by the state itself, so to stand aloof from Christianity that the church does not remain a positive and even a more or less potentially directing influence as well in the evolution of the one as in the history of the other.

Whatever may or may not be their private or personal relations to religious teachers or teaching, there are probably very few educated men who will not, on due reflection, freely admit that Christianity — or, to exchange the abstract for the concrete, the church — is even now, as a matter of fact, an important element, and that, on its own principles, it ought to be and might become by far the most powerful factor in the social and political life of the land. The positions, therefore, which most perfectly command the approaches to these sociological questions are those of which the church places the thinker in possession; and leaving all consideration of personal religion, for the present, wholly apart, no social philosophy has any claim to scientific thoroughness which omits or even underrates the scientific study of Christianity in its relations, direct and indirect, with the family and with the state.

"The religious side of this [labor] question," says a late writer, "is the most vital of all. If able to live on the plane of its sublime verities, it can lift labor to its levels. . . . The precepts, provisions, and spirit of true Christianity are the solution and sublime functions of all that makes man equal to his duties and his responsibilities. The verities of conscience, justice, divine government, life, death, and judgment are the same under a monarch's crown and a miner's cap."

But when we come to consider Christianity thus from without, we find that, according as we regard it from the intellectual, the ethical, or the social and political standpoint, it presents itself to us as theology, as ethics, or as ecclesiology. Theology is studied as a science. Ethics is also beginning to be so studied and so taught. But it is ecclesiology — *by which is here meant the science of organic Christianity* —

that wields the other two. For it is the church which is, as it were, the organization of Christianity — Christianity present among men, in the midst of their daily lives and of all the varied relations and interests of those lives, as an organic working power.

Ecclesiology, then, is the science of Christianity in that form in which it enters as a factor into public life, and in which it brings both theology and ethics to bear upon social interests and politics.

"So far," writes an eminent scientist, "the ecclesiastical body appears to me to have refused to do its share in our modern life. . . . What we want now is a treatment of Christianity as an art of living. . . . If the church is willing to take scientific ground and give its thought to the conduct of society, I believe it can become stronger in human affairs than it ever has been."

There has been no period in all history in which the church has not been a leading factor in the family in proportion as the family has itself been strong in its own distinctive moral life, and in its relations as such with civil society. There has been no such period in which current ecclesiastical affairs have themselves been more closely associated with social issues and with secular politics than they have been, are, and will be in that of which the past twenty-five years are but the introduction. The ecclesiastical events and the tides of religious and irreligious thought which have characterized these years, and which especially characterize the present time, have influenced and are now influencing social thinking and public institutions everywhere, in this country no less than in Europe, to a degree deserving the closest observation and the profoundest study from the economist, the statesman, and the social philosopher. Only the unthinking will suppose that, because no one special type of Christian organization is formally recognized among us by the civil law as apart from other types, therefore there are *no* relations existing between our social issues and religious institutions. In fact, while Protestant Christians are, for the most part, ignoring these relations and suffering their potential functions in society to go by default, the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church among us are slowly and carefully, and with far-sighted prescience, gathering into their hands, as any opportunity permits, the reins of future social power.

The sure decadence and the steadily approaching downfall of Mohammedan authority in Eastern Europe; the Papal encyclical and the syllabus of 1864; the culmination of ecclesiastical absolutism at the Council of the Vatican; the rise of Latin reaction in the Old Catholic movements of Germany, Switzerland, and Austria; the convergent drawing, at once, in Greek, in Latin, and in Teutonic Christianity, which found its first distinct expression at the Bonn Conferences; the growing alienation of the secular power from religious institutions in Italy, in France, in Switzerland, in Germany, and even in England — an alienation which in some instances has already reached, and in others gives forewarning of, open hostility; and, on the other hand, the hope at least of closer relations and the beginnings of coworking in now divided Protestant Christianity; the so-called "All Saints' Encyclical" of Pope Leo XIII., accepting in principle that radical readjustment of the relations between civil society and the great church of which he is the head to which the course of politico-ecclesiastical affairs in Italy is inexorably forcing it; and, last of all in time, but far from least in significance, the great stirring of a common Christian enthusiasm which has been aroused by Cardinal Lavigerie — all these and many more events and utterances of scarcely lesser moment, considered in their interrelations and in their varied bearings, direct and indirect, upon the social and political life of the times, present a field for research, for scientific investigation, and for philosophic study the importance of which at this epoch can scarcely be exaggerated and cannot be safely ignored.

Such a study of the science of ecclesiology is a very different thing from that review of the sequences of religious history or the denominational use of that review which are common to all our schools of polemic divinity. Ecclesiology is, in this aspect, the science of tremendous moral forces of whose application to social and political issues sociology knows as yet almost nothing; for the applied mathematics and applied chemistry are no more distinct from the pure abstract sciences upon which they are based than such an ecclesiology as is here under consideration is distinct from the merely historic, or at most polemic, treatment of such subjects which is now provided for in the distinctively religious schools.

What, let us ask,— for these are practical questions of immediate and of social import,— what is the true relation of organic religion to the family, to society, and to the state? What were those relations in the Mosaic economy? What have they been in Christendom? How far have these relations been factitious, how far due to local and temporary causes, and how far were they a necessity of human society? Wherein is Christianity, how far is the Church of Christ to-day and in this land, a true guide, a warning, a saving power? How can it give, in terms of sociology or of political wisdom, a working exegesis of the dictum that "the nation or kingdom that will

not serve" God "shall perish"? What biological laws are involved in the second commandment of the Sinaitic summary? How far is the fourth a physiological and sociological revelation? What is the political philosophy of the fifth? What yet latent power has the church to lead us out of some inextricable maze of labor troubles or of party politics? How can Christianity be brought to bear, as an intermediate, to coördinate in one the now antagonistic and seemingly irreconcilable forces of the modern moneyed and the working classes?

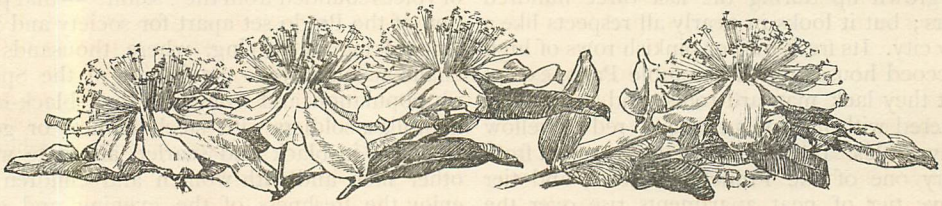
These are some of the questions which the scientific study of ecclesiology, in its social and political relations, should enable us to answer. These are some of the practical problems which a scientific mastery of social and political ecclesiology can, perhaps, alone enable us to solve.

But the general subject of the relations of the church to many of these questions brings before us that which is not merely the great ecclesiastical question of questions, but perhaps equally the most pregnant *social* necessity of the day — that of the restoration of Christian unity. That which the church might be and which it is entirely within her power and charge to be to society — that, as a matter of fact, she is not, and that she cannot possibly be, because of the wretched divisions which so fearfully weaken her moral power and scatter her energies in internecine contests for the advantages of social place and preference. These contests in turn involve the church, to a degree of which few realize the gravity, in a surrender to the worldliness around which often stops but little, if indeed any, short of a debasing of her ideals, the betrayal of her trusts, and the virtual abandonment of the charge committed to her by her Lord. If, then, it is the church which can alone so bring the social principles of Christ to bear upon the society of our day that the family shall be recovered to its integrity and the state guided through the perils and disorganizing influences which now beset her, it is imperatively necessary to put an arrest on our schismatic divisions and ecclesiastical strife, in order that as well the family as the state may so recognize the church that this service shall become once more possible.

Such, in its threefold aspects or departments, is the scope and practical importance of the scientific study of Christian sociology. If such a period as the present is preëminently one which stands in need of men who do not only their own thinking, but also much of the thinking for which the public and the "men of action" are waiting, it follows that the institutions which seek for and summon such thinkers to their chairs, and which contribute most to gather around them the children of the coming age, will be among the largest benefactors of that age itself. To establish such a school of Christian sociology would be to the lasting honor of any university in the land.

It would be a great and worthy ambition for any large-hearted, far-seeing, and patriotic steward of God's wealth to found such a school. Uniting in one faculty some of the first thinkers and students of the day, and placing itself in such relations to the ablest sociological thought and writing of the nation that it would become the working center of much of it — from such a school, and from the investigations of its staff and from their co-working, would go forth to the community lessons of scientific and social wisdom for which the leaders of many large social interests would have reason to be grateful and by which they would be largely guided.

*Wm. Chauncy Langdon.*



## MY 71*ST* YEAR.

AFTER surmounting threescore and ten,
With all their chances, changes, losses, sorrows,
My parents' deaths, the vagaries of my life, the many tearing passions of me, the war of '63 and '4,
As some old broken soldier, after a long, hot, wearying march, or as haply after battle,
At twilight, hobbling, answering yet to company roll-call, *Here*, with vital voice,
Reporting yet, saluting yet the Officer over all.

*Walt Whitman.*

# STREET LIFE IN MADRID.

THE unconscious life of a people, like that of individuals, is its most interesting expression; and habits and manners that are developed from the conditions of climate or of situation appeal more to the imagination than where costumes and peculiarities are accidental or factitious grafts from other races, or nations differently circumstanced.

In American cities the population is so complex that, beyond a few distinctive habits induced by climate, the people have as yet little that is picturesque in their out-of-door life. We see the Irish girl, who never before in her life had on a bonnet, walking off to church in the latest style from Paris, and the little Chinaman, with his pig-tail cut off or coiled out of sight, in as black a stove-pipe hat and polished boots as an English cockney or a Broadway "swell."

People complain even in the old cities of Europe of the disappearance of national costumes, and that everybody is getting to behave and dress like everybody else. This fact holds good in London, where the gay bonnet and flounced gown descend by degrees from the lady to the lady's-maid, next to the kitchen-girl, and so down to the lowest stratum of society, till the delicate hat has lost all color and nearly all form on the head of an old rag-picker.

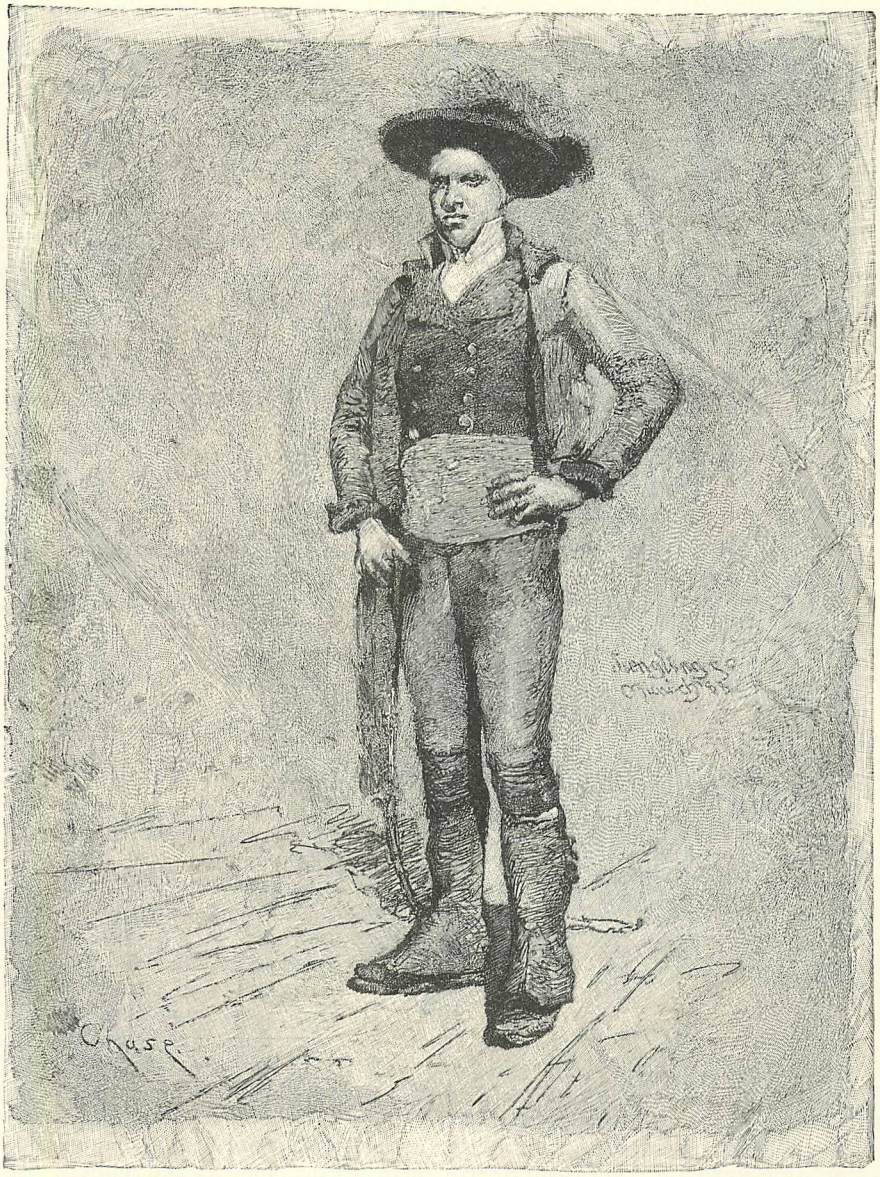
But this is by no means true of every city, and, especially to an American, many places are still full of picturesque charm.

Madrid is not an old place, for it has nearly all grown up during the last three hundred years; but it looks in nearly all respects like a new city. Its fresh buff or pinkish rows of high stuccoed houses much resemble Paris, except that they lack mansard-roofs, and are mostly covered with flat-roofs made of red or yellow convex tiles. Little iron balconies project from every one of the French windows, and tier above tier of neat apartments rise over the little shops which form the *rez-de-chaussée*. Winding streets, narrow, and up and down hill, alternate with the broad, level avenues of the Prado and the Alcalá, while openings of every shape and size, from the beautiful Puerta del Sol to some trifling plot of grass and trees, surprise one at every turn or in whatever situation. Here and there the pedestrian comes across an old arch standing up with its light masonry against a background of the pure heavens, and he observes that behind the arch heaps of brick or stone or the remains of an old cellar attest the fact that a convent has been removed or a palace destroyed. The churches, too, do not look like any others in Europe, except perhaps those in Italy, and with the flowing lines of their roofs stand jammed in among the other buildings, which they resemble only in size and color.

But while the city of Madrid possesses nothing very distinctive in its appearance, it is not so with the people who throng the streets at certain times of the day and evening.

One of the most significant sights of the population of Madrid is soon after sunset, and one night is much like another during the whole summer season. It was a warm Sunday evening when we first saw Madrid by gaslight, and in the brilliant heavens the full moon sailed with a luster and purity impossible in any climate less elevated and less free from moisture than that of the broad and lofty plateau in the midst of which Madrid is placed. A soft wind was blowing down the Prado, which is the great avenue of Madrid, and the air was dry and sweet. The shadows from the trees that line the footpaths in the center of the avenue lay black in the moonlight, while we saw the pale spires and domes about the city profiled in darkness against the silver shimmer of the night sky. On each side bright gaslights were dotted among the trees at the sides of the Prado, and in three or four directions, when other streets crossed this one, these gas-lamps marked their wide line as they dwindled away into a remote perspective. A very low murmur of voices sounded from the "salon" — that portion of the Prado set apart for society and not for walking or driving, where thousands of chairs accommodate the fashion of the Spanish population, and women in their black-lace mantillas, soldiers with steel helmets or gold lace and in black and scarlet, alternate with other men and with women and children to enjoy the freshness of the evening and one another's society.

The road at this point was also lined with open carriages, and the horses slowly passed, disclosing in one vehicle a couple of the black-eyed women of Spain with their lace head-dresses, in another three or four men with the bright spot of their lighted cigars glowing in the darkness, or again it was a family of children and their parents who were out to enjoy the night. Now and then a little




A DONKEY DRIVER.

tinkling of bells was heard and the rumble of a more rapid vehicle, and four or six little horses decked with red pulled along the fancy carriage of some young Spanish aristocrat.

In one part of the Prado, among the trees, was seen a festoon of gaslights as brilliant as those in the Champs Elysées at Paris, while a fountain of light poured down in some unaccountable way before the doors of a concert room which was hidden among the trees on one side of the Prado. A little farther along we were made aware of the presence of a Punch and Judy show by the striking of a bell which sounded like a hammer on an anvil. These shows, of which there are many about the city, are always announced by this peculiar bell.

Coming out at one end of the Prado, the carriage passed the church of the Atocha, where the young Queen Mercedes was married. This church is a large one, standing at the head of a bluff which rises from a valley at one end of Madrid. From this point, in the daytime, the eye reaches far away over the country; and on the outskirts of the horizon, blue and indistinct, one discerns the distant ranges of mountains, and follows with delight the rich and lovely hues of buff and pink and purple of the broad plateau,

AN OLD STREET.

which form a splendid mosaic of tints, though one realizes that the dry surface of the land can afford neither drink nor food. But in the night all these peculiarities escape observation, and it is only the quivering light that one sees over the landscape and in the sky — the soft light of the large stars, which here shine with a peculiar effulgence. Driving slowly here and there where great patches of clear moonlight shine on the stone fountains, we catch sight of groups of *aguadores* lying and leaning about as still as statues, patiently waiting their turn to fill casks, jugs, or strange-shaped earthern water-coolers. These aguadores are among the most picturesque classes of people in Madrid, and the dresses of both men and women are often brilliant with every strong hue. Nowhere do they show to greater advantage than in the evening, when gathered around the stone basin of the fountain in the square of the Puerta del Sol. An irregular circle of pink, buff, and gray houses surrounds this square, and their fronts reflect the dazzling glare of six immense electric-lights, which render the square, as well as the streets that diverge from it, as bright as day. The basin of the fountain, full of water to its brim, repeats the light of the lamps in its still surface, and one sees in its mirror the image of dozens of the aguadores in their pink, blue, and white dresses. Men and women stand out in almost magical relief in the brilliant light, which touches with an enchanting radiance the dark braids of hair of the women, or lights up the gold beads about their necks, or reveals a scarlet bodice or an embroidered petticoat. Goya's pictures are full of such scenes as this, only they want the full effect of nature produced by the intense blackness of the shadows, which relieve against these brilliant lights.

But what is this church on the avenue of the Alcalá? Hundreds of colored lanterns are festooned across its front, and the globe of each lantern, with its tiny star of flame at the top, gives the building a festive look. It is some saint's day, and in honor of the saint the interior of the church blazes with a thousand tapers. From the church-door all along the sidewalk of the Alcalá the houses cast one long, deep shadow. But, ranged as thickly as they can be set, multitudes of little booths edge the sidewalk, and in each of them a dull lantern is suspended. Heaps of fruit, flowers, nuts, and small confections cover the table of each booth, and crowds of people of the lower classes hover about and chat and fill the sidewalk densely. The booths are erected for persons who have arrived for the fiesta at the church, and who here buy their lunches and suppers. All visitors to Naples will recollect how, on the road from that city to Pompeii, one sees of a summer morning men, women, and children stopping at the corners of the streets of Resina and the other little towns along the way, to procure a handful of potatoes from a pot which is boiling over a brazier on the sidewalk; or the traveler sees a man with his fist full of macaroni that he has purchased from another pot, while fresh fruit, figs, plums, or melons complete the breakfast of these simple people.

In Spain the same habits prevail, and at an early hour of the day, when the workman is going to his toil, little stands are set up for an hour or two where breakfast can be eaten in

the streets. The stands quickly disappear as the day advances.

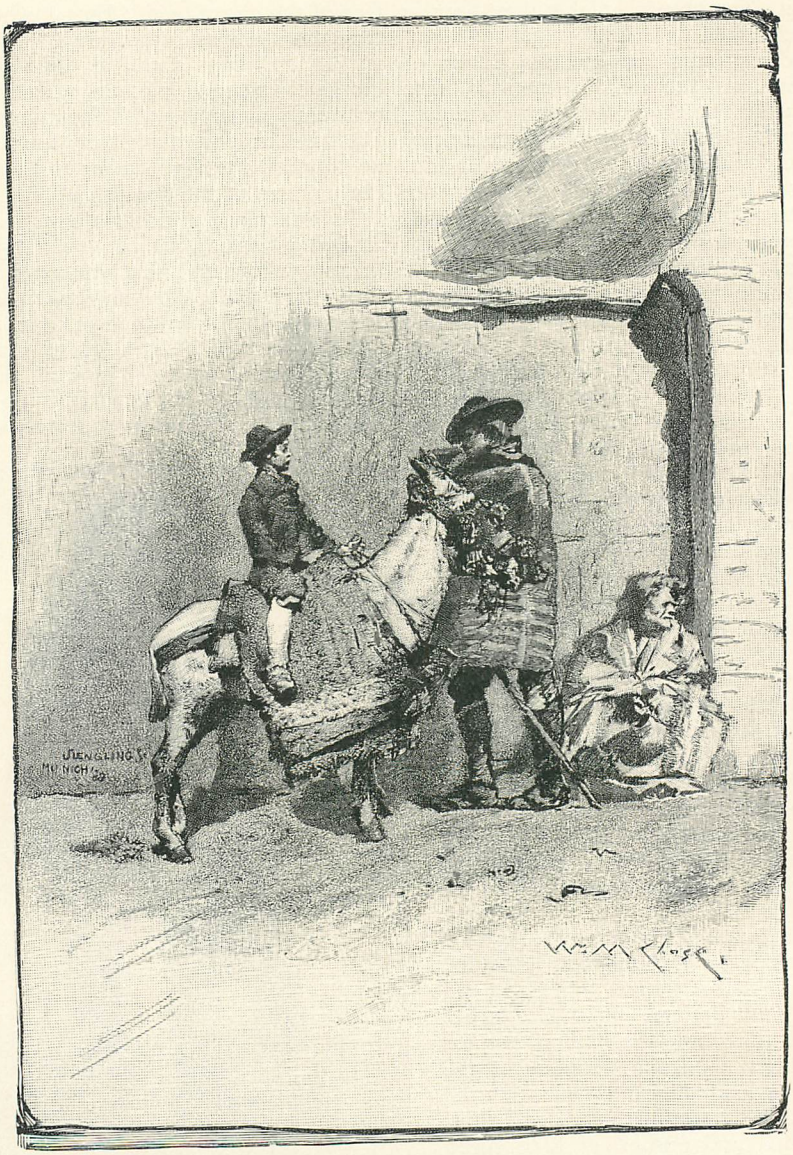
Most cities have a mixed population of nationalities, and these diverse persons bring with them to some extent their own costumes; but in few cities are there so varied sets among the native population as are seen in Madrid. The streets are rendered still more gay by many different kinds of animals—ponies, mules, donkeys, and very fine horses, with trappings as varied as the dress of the owners. Across the forehead of the large, heavy ox a sort of helmet of thick wool or sheepskin, with its deep rich colors, looks like a bit of tapestry. The donkeys are often fairly laced over with a network of gay cords, while red, yellow, and blue tassels dangle over their heads, legs, and even down their tails, and form, with the multitude of little brass bells about their bodies, a most elaborate harness. Besides their harness, the donkeys are generally nearly covered with their big straw panniers, which hang on each side of them and reach nearly to the ground. Sitting at my window one morning, I was much amused in watching a market-woman and her donkey. The day was hot and the glare in the sunshine very great, while, as is so usual under such conditions, the shadows were very dark. The woman sat on the back of the little donkey, a party-colored handkerchief bound round her head, and with her red apron, her skirt, and two very big straw panniers, that reached nearly to the ground on the donkey's sides, jumbled together. Over her head was a white umbrella, which jerked about as the donkey stumbled along or she hitched at his bridle. The woman was on her way to market, and by and by I saw her cross the square on her way home. This time she was on foot, for her purchases filled the panniers of the donkey and loaded him down; but the woman had her beast by the tail, and alternately pulled and pushed at it to speed him on his way. One is constantly amused and surprised to see that the habits and manners of the Spanish people, as well as their faces, are precisely the same to-day as when Velasquez painted his sharp wiry faces in the "Buveurs," or Murillo his dark children, with their loose straw baskets beside them, their bare, dusty feet, and the cunning look of their long, wide mouths, their narrow, sharp black eyes, and their bony chins. Coming out from a morning spent in the Museo del Prado, where one lingers, if not with delight, at least with admiration over Velasquez's broad and free painting of peasants in the picture called "The Forge of Vulcan," or examines with astonishment the brilliant drawing of the face of the old ragged "Æsop," whose prototype one finds at every turn in the street—an "Æsop" begs a *real* as the visitor leaves the gate, and men, women, and children are constantly met lying with their dark, Murillo-like faces supported on their arms or turned up towards the sky, similar to those seen in the pictures of the Spanish old masters.

In one place appears a group assembled around a fountain with their water-jugs; and the red, yellow, and blue handkerchiefs bound about the heads of the women, and the slouched sombreros and brown coats or capes flung over the shoulders of the men, make bright, Goya-like pictures against the glowing sky and the whitish colors of the road and the buildings near them. Hollyhocks and red oleanders give

A COUNTRYMAN.

an added glow to the landscape, and the dark green of the pines and other evergreens contrasts with the white flint of the roads and the light sky.

Each city has its own peculiar street-calls and sounds; but none can boast of a greater variety than Madrid. Long before day the notes of yellow-legged partridges, which are here tamed for pets, are heard with their hammering noise, while the see-saw of the donkey's braying, more or less remote, rasps the ear like



A STREET INCIDENT.

a saw cutting across the grain of a dry board. Guitars are played by blind beggar-men, and it is seldom that the strumming of one cannot be detected in the neighborhood. If street-calls teach nothing else, everywhere they all emphasize the fact that vowels are the only sounds we distinctly hear; and the dry air of Madrid seems to affect their particular intonation similarly to the climate of America. Often in an unconscious moment the ear is deceived by a call which in New York would be at once recognized as that of the boy with "Extras." Spanish voices are seldom sweet, and when a woman with her tambourine sings under the window some snatch of the opera or the music of a bolero, the notes are generally of rather a hard contralto voice, and are by no means as pleasing as the sight of the woman herself in a strong-colored petticoat, gay apron, and a square of red or blue cloth bound round her head.

If one finds the subjects of Velasquez, Murillo, and Goya everywhere out-of-doors, within doors a stranger often chances unawares upon some scene, the objects, colors, and chiaroscuro of which could be transferred without a change upon the canvas of either of these masters, and which resembles a picture two or three centuries old stepping from its ancient frame into the present. One of the most vivid

A SPANISH LADY.

of these pictures which I came across was the interior of an old curiosity shop.

From a narrow, winding street, whose whitish houses were closely shut up except where an occasional red or blue striped curtain kept the heat out from the little shop within, we entered a long brick passage-way, so dark it could hardly be seen by any one coming from the glare of the street. A narrow stairway led to the floor above, and here a door made of a great many little wooden panels, which latter indeed formed nearly the whole wall, led into the curiosity shop. A stout, pale Spanish woman received and conducted us into an inner apartment. The room which we entered was dusky, but our conductor drew up a Venetian blind that formed a roof over a very large French window, and through the slats of which the rays of sunlight straggled into the room, lighting it imperfectly. Here in the shop were a multitude of curious articles that were streaked by the sunbeams or were dim in the shadow; but yet the articles were scarcely more numerous than the furniture of many a parlor. On a low oblong table in the center stood a fine brass filigree clock with two tall figures of brass beside it. Pieces of old velvet embroidered with gold and floss formed a number of small covers to this table; while beside the table half a dozen tall-backed chairs with black stamped leather covering were enlivened with big brass nails. On the wall hung faded scenes in ancient tapestry, and some old mirrors and portraits of Spanish men and women were in fine deep carved wooden frames or frames of bright gilded open-work. Each of them was very wide in proportion to the size of the mirror or picture which it inclosed, which gave the effect of great richness. Italian cabinets of ivory and black inlaid work were here, with a multitude of little drawers and doors, and in one part of the room was a case filled with curious and rare glass and china. In some of the little amorini plates antique jewels glittered among the heads of loves and cupids on the old Majolica ware, while glass jars of sea-green color were as peculiar and beautiful in form and in tint as Venetian glass.

Hung all around the entrance to the room were a large number of plates of an iridescent luster enamel in Moorish, Persian, Spanish, and Arabic designs. My fancy turned to this pottery, which flickered, pink, green, and yellow, in the varying daylight and had an almost fairy-

like beauty. To exhibit her wares more perfectly, our cicerone first raised and then lowered the Venetian blind, and as the sun alternately went under the clouds or shone clearly, the old curiosity shop dimmed into gloom or glimmered with its gold and deep colors into splendor like a Rembrandt.

The owner of the shop was almost as amusing as her wares. She was about forty and her hair was thin and gray; but she concealed her scant locks very well and her bright black eyes shone beneath a "banged" bunch of black hair on her forehead, while plaited hair made a big coil on top of her head. Her teeth were good and her features regular, but her skin had the yellow, bloodless look so very common in Spain. The woman talked with animation, but did not urge us to purchase anything.

After a little while her husband came, a tall, good-looking Spaniard with a bald head and a long nose, and we went with him into a back room of a very picturesque kind. This chamber was a small one, and on one side was a big window that led out upon a narrow iron balcony and looked down into a court-yard. In addition to Venetian blinds, long curtains of queer patterns were hung like sheets against this window, and I saw that other balconies all round the court-yard were draped in the same way. A tall oleander in full blossom stood in the window, and pushing aside the curtain I stepped out-of-doors. Here was indeed a bit of old Spanish life.

The walls of the houses rose five or six stories high, and, wherever the numerous balconies with their varied hangings left spaces for them to appear, grayish-white plaster walls, spaced off irregularly by rough timbers, were seen in every direction. Where the curtains were drawn back quaintly furnished chambers became visible, with an occasional parrot or macaw and a flowering plant. The court-yard was not more than twenty feet across and the patterns on the queer curtains could easily be counted. One feature of these balconies was entirely new to me; for raised nearly to the top of each separate story a light lattice-work of canes or bamboo in Gothic shapes held the curtains in their places and prevented the strong winds of Spain from blowing them up into the next balcony or across to their neighbors. The court-yard below was not very neat and held old water-jugs, casks, and broken flower-pots. The curtain of the window where I was standing had caught my fancy, and I did not rest till I had bought this old piece of rough whitish linen, on which were embroidered in soft-colored flosses a handiwork of strange birds and flowers, queer and lovely hued.

While I was thus occupied, my companion was examining a most gorgeous gold cabinet inlaid with colored stones or enamel; and afterwards we went back to the front shop.

Here a most lovely effect met our eyes. In our absence the old curiosity shop had put on a semblance of light and shadow like one of Blaise Desgoffe's still-life pictures.

A long ray of sunlight lay across the center of the room in a brilliant golden band, and in the mirror in the side of the apartment I saw an image of the curiosity shop worthy of Rembrandt. In the looking-glass were reflected the brass clock and the vases that stood in the center of the room, with each bit of chasing sharp and clear, lighted as they were by the yellow sunbeam. This brilliant and charming effect relieved sharply against blackish colors where the old tapestry and cabinets could scarcely be discerned in the gloom, and the effect was yet further heightened by the bits of embroidery that lay on the table, whose half-shadows brought out vividly their scarlet and blue patterns.

But charmed as I was with this strong and lovely picture made without intention, my heart was in trade, and I did not leave the room till one of the old reddish-gold platters, a Hispano-Moresque dish, was my own, as well as the flapping curtain with its embroidered plants, that had screened the inner chamber from the queerest little court-yard I had ever seen.

But while these common scenes constitute such charming genre pictures, no city affords more dignified nor stately crowds, fit companions for the great historical subjects which Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto painted.

Chancing to be in Madrid on the occasion of the great requiem mass for Queen Mercedes, I was a spectator of the street crowd in the neighborhood of the church where the mass was celebrated. The day, as all summer days in Madrid are, was clear, and the sunshine sharply defined the lights and shadows in the light yellow streets and on the stuccoed houses, and glared upon the listless aguadores hanging round the fountains, and on the numerous little donkeys struggling under their heavy panniers of fruit, water-jars, or clothes-baskets.

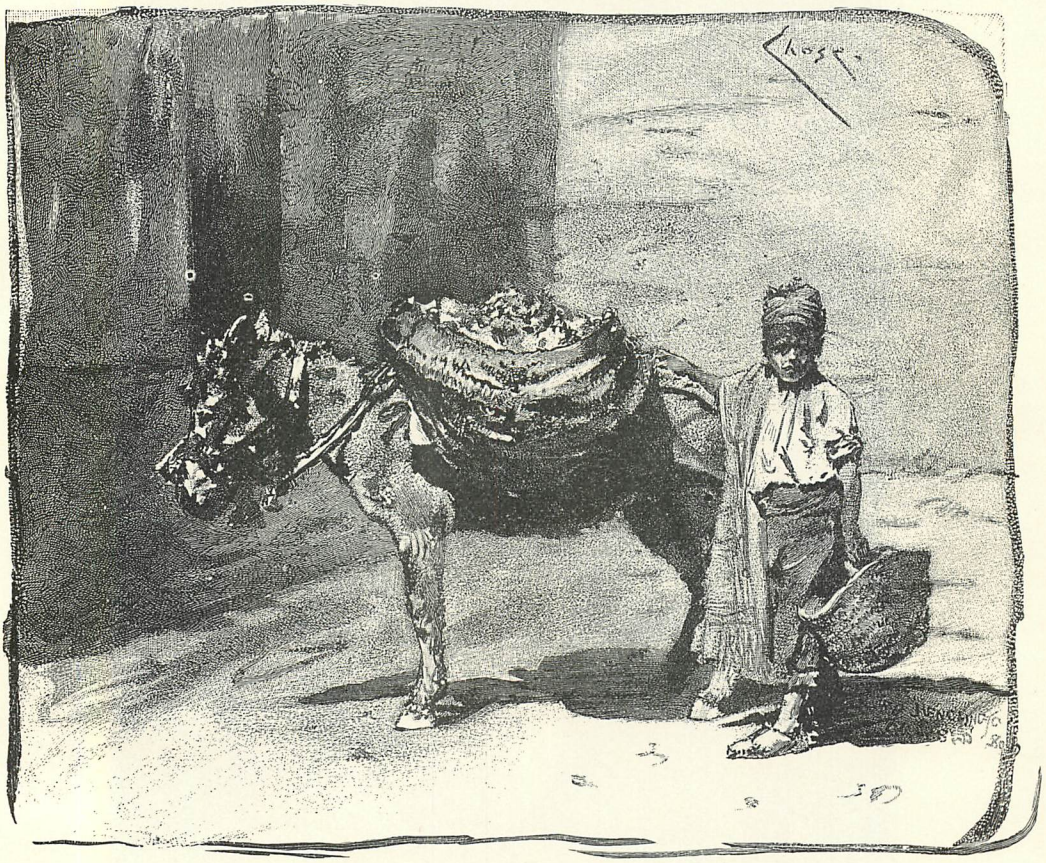
At an early hour great crowds of men, women, and children lined the principal avenues which lead to the Church of San Francisco, and nursing babies, dwarfs, men with one leg or with the stump of an arm, were crowded as a big background to the coaches of the nobles, the battalions of cavalry, and the liveried police who occupied the middle of the streets and the square before the church. The horses in Spain are fine, and on this occasion many of the best of them were attached to the carriages of the grandees who took part in the funeral celebration.

As we neared the church the crowd became more dense and also more interesting. A liveried driver on a coach with the arms of Portugal reined in his horses to allow a carriage filled with priests in purple robes to pass it, and I heard murmurs that these priests were the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo and the Bishop of Salamanca. The great prelates of Spain, with their priestly dresses, mitered heads, and diamond rings, grasped their coach-windows or gesticulated to their lackeys, and looked out of the windows with full as impatient and excited an expression as was visible on the faces of their worldly neighbors whose horses or whose carriage-wheels had become entangled with their own. But this whirlpool of carriages gradually ran into a smooth stream, and as each ambassador or other dignitary at length drew up before the church-door he quietly descended beneath the canopy of black velvet that covered the entrance to San Francisco.

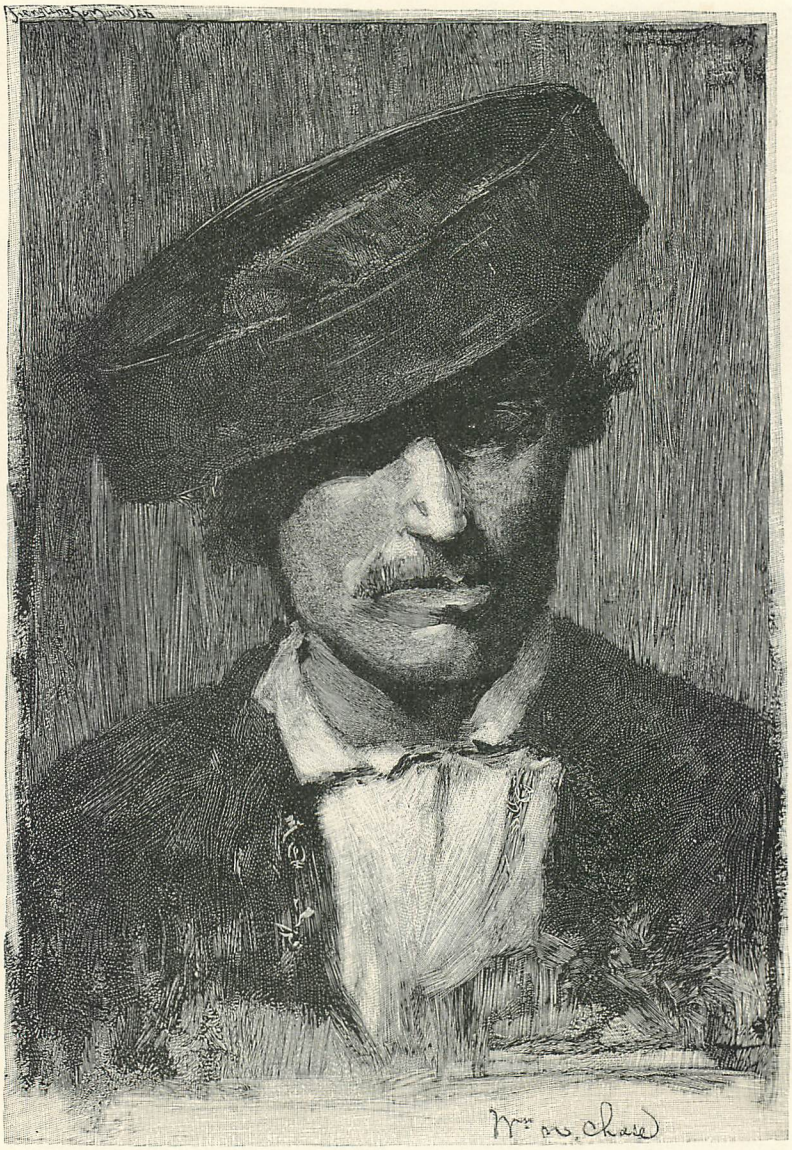
The group that was gathered in Madrid that day of the queen's funeral was very varied and brilliant. Here were diplomatists who had lived in every large capital in Europe. Their manners, as they stretched out their hands across one another or over women's shoulders to greet a comrade who had just arrived as especial ambassador for this occasion, had the heartiness and unconsciousness of men of the world, at home anywhere.

In our own country the women usually form the bright feature of any gathering where both sexes are assembled. But in Spain it is quite different; and on this day especially the wives and relatives of the "Excellencies" all appeared in black, while Spanish nobles and the special envoys showed uniforms covered with orders made of every blazing precious stone, and their red and blue coats were thick with gold ornaments and gold lace. The chapeau under the arm of each one might almost have been made of the precious metal, so covered was it with gold embroidery.

As can be easily imagined, the effect of the crowd was like that of a fine picture — its background of the interior of the church hung in black velvet, and with a thousand blazing candles; and this background threw into a



A SCAVENGER.



A SPANISH GIPSY.

vague and curious light the gathered crowd within the church. Near at hand daylight mixed with the artificial glare of the candles, and the strong lights and shadows from the sunlight and the black canopy above the crowd in the vestibule of the church and around its entrance formed a picture which Rembrandt or Rubens, and even more especially Titian or Tintoretto, might have loved to paint. Either of these artists would have found in the contrasts of the candles and the velvet, the helmeted soldiery with their horses, and the peasants fit accessories for the dark Spanish women in their black lace mantillas, the burly blonde northern ambassadors, and the slender Spanish noblemen covered with color, gold, and precious stones.

It is generally supposed that the special features of a face give it its beauty or ugliness; but artists are aware that charm lies in the general build and make-up of the countenance rather than in pretty eyes, nose, or mouth; to be pleasing the features must be set well. So far as we have seen, the faces of no nations are so harmonious as those of the Italians, the Turks, and the Moors of northern Africa. In them, and in the latter especially, the very ideal of beauty seems often to have been reached; and whether it be in the oval-eyed women of Perugia with their full eyebrows, oval cheeks, round

chin, gradual slope of ears, throat, and nose seen in the early pictures of Raphael, the noble and large sockets of the level-browed Roman women, or the heads of the Turks, each one of whom is fit to be cut in cameo, we find faces beautifully formed.

The Spanish type is quite different from any of these, and faces which might belong to the cunning Yankees are often met. Small eye-sockets, near together, and high, square cheek-bones, often inclose sharp little black eyes as cunning as a rat's; while the pointed and bony chin, the prominent nostrils, and the flattened forehead above the nose, which are the types of the peasants in the pictures of Velasquez and Murillo, are the prevailing forms here. These artists painted what they saw, and are no more to be blamed for their choice than are Leonardo and Raphael to be commended — they drew life as they found it.

But while such is the common type of Spanish face among all classes, many of the people are made in a different mold, or at any rate are modified from this one, and at the church that day I saw some beautiful women. If, as I said before, the Southern European faces have less intellect, and possibly less conscience, in them than appears in northern countries, here in Spain it was in the passions and not in the appetites that the characters of the people seemed to be developed. Watching the grand Spanish women that day, so graceful, so self-contained, and so elegant under the slight shadow of their black lace mantillas, which lay in easy folds above the massy tresses of their glossy black hair and gathered about their white arms, bare to the shoulders except for the slight lace sleeves of their dresses, I saw faces which might haunt one in bad dreams. The little white chins were often hard and grim, and though their lips were full and soft, the muscles of their mouths contracted at times,— it might have been with malice or it might have been with envy,— and the delicate thin nostrils of their small noses looked made more to show cruelty than fun. Often their eyes blazed with a brilliant glow, yet I felt they lived rather through the passions, such as love or hate, than for greediness of food, slothfulness, or the physical comfort which deaden or stupefy the German and English race so often.

*Susan N. Carter.*

## "IS THERE ANY WORD FROM THE LORD?"

(Jer. xxxvii. 17.)

DAYLONG a craven cry goes up:
"The people drink a bitter cup,
They languish, gathering stones for bread,
Brave faith is fallen, the old hope dead."
The babblers will not cease:
"The people have no peace."

Trust is outworn, naught can be done,
There is no good under the sun,
The blue sky fades, the old faiths fail,
The strong hand shakes, the warriors wail;
Daylong the craven cry,
"The people faint, they die."

Are we, forsooth, so helpless, we
That vanquish air, and earth, and sea?
The sun shines yonder; somewhere glows
The old first hope, bright as it rose,
The hope whose accent high
Shall brand this whining lie.

If doubts, risen idols of the Nile,
Again the hallowed land defile,
Thunder yet clothes green Horeb's crown;
Let Sinai speak, and smite them down.
Life nests yet in the clod,
Israel has still his God.

The seers, the prophets, poets — they
See yet the good gold in the day:
They of his line that conquered Saul
Can crowd small cowards to the wall,
They that were Athens' might
Can put pale wraiths to flight.

Poets, still red at heart, arise,
Sing back the blue into the skies,
Sing back the green into the grass,
And bid these skulking phantoms pass:
You, dauntless sons of song,
Can blast this dastard wrong.

Once more, blest messengers, declare
That love still lives, that life is fair;
Say knowledge knows not, trust is all,
And crush these wise which writhe and crawl;
Wake, wake, your strains of fire,
God 's for us — strike the lyre.

*John Vance Cheney.*

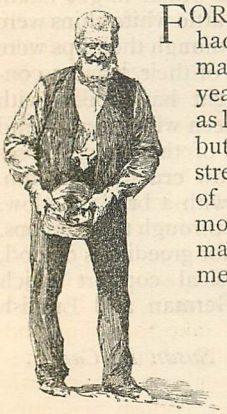
# THE "MERRY CHANTER."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc.

## I.

### MY CAREER IS ENDED.



CAPTAIN TIMON MUCHER.

FOR two years Doris and I had been engaged to be married. The first of these years appeared to us about as long as any ordinary year, but the second seemed to stretch itself out to the length of fifteen or even eighteen months. There had been many delays and disappointments in that year.

We were both young enough to wait, and both old enough to know we ought to wait; and so we waited. But, as we frequently admitted to ourselves, there was nothing particularly jolly in this condition of things. Every young man should have sufficient respect for himself to make him hesitate before entering into a matrimonial alliance in which he would have to be supported by his wife. This would have been the case had Doris and I married within those two years.

I am by profession an analyzer of lava. Having been from my boyhood an enthusiastic student of mineralogy and geology, I gradually became convinced that there was no reason why precious metals and precious stones should not be found at spots on the earth where nature herself attended to the working of her own mines. That is to say that I can see no reason why a volcano should not exist at a spot where there were valuable mineral deposits; and this being the case, there is no reason why those deposits should not be thrown out during eruptions in a melted form, or unmelted and mixed with the ordinary lava.

Hoping to find proof of the correctness of my theory, I have analyzed lava from a great many volcanoes. I have not been able to afford to travel much, but specimens have been sent to me from various parts of the world. My attention was particularly turned to extinct volcanoes; for should I find traces of precious deposits in the lava of one of these, not only could its old lava beds be worked, but by artificial means eruptions of a minor order might be produced, and fresher and possibly richer material might be thrown out.

But I had not yet received any specimen of lava which encouraged me to begin workings in the vicinity in which it was found.

My theories met with little favor from other scientists, but this did not discourage me. Should success come it would be very great.

Doris had expectations which she sometimes thought might reasonably be considered great ones, but her actual income was small. She had now no immediate family, and for some years had lived with what she called "law kin." She was of a most independent turn of mind, and being of age could do what she pleased with her own whenever it should come to her.

My own income was extremely limited, and what my actual necessities allowed me to spare from it was devoted to the collection of the specimens on the study of which I based the hopes of my fortunes.

In regard to our future alliance, Doris depended mainly upon her expectations, and she did not hesitate, upon occasion, frankly and plainly to tell me so. Naturally I objected to such dependence, and anxiously looked forward to the day when a little lump of lava might open before me a golden future which I might honorably ask any woman to share. But I do not believe that anything I said upon this subject influenced the ideas of Doris.

The lady of my love was a handsome girl, quick and active of mind and body, nearly always of a lively mood, and sometimes decidedly gay. She had seen a good deal of the world and the people in it, and was "up," as she put it, in a great many things. Moreover, she declared that she had "a heart for any fate." It has sometimes occurred to me that this remark would better be deferred until the heart and the fate had had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other.

We lived not far apart in a New England town, and calling upon her one evening I was surprised to find the lively Doris in tears. Her tears were not violent, however, and she quickly dried them; and, without waiting for any inquiries on my part, she informed me of the cause of her trouble.

"The *Merry Chanter* has come in," she said.

"Come in!" I ejaculated.

"Yes," she answered, "and that is not the worst of it. It has been in a long time."

I knew all about the *Merry Chanter*. This was a ship. It was her ship which was to come in. Years ago this ship had been freighted with the ventures of her family, and had sailed for far-off seas. The results of those ventures, together with the ship itself, now belonged to Doris. They were her expectations.

"But why does this grieve you?" I asked. "Why do you say that the coming of the ship, to which you have been looking forward with so much ardor, is not the worst of it?"

"Because it is n't," she answered. "The rest is a great deal worse. The whole affair is a doleful failure. I had a letter to-day from Mooseley, a little town on the sea-coast. The *Merry Chanter* came back there three years ago with nothing in it. What has become of what it carried out, or of what it ought to have brought back, nobody seems to know. The captain and the crew left it the day after its arrival at Mooseley. Why they went away, or what they took with them, I have not heard, but a man named Asa Cantling writes me that the *Merry Chanter* has been lying at his wharf for three years; that he wants to be paid the wharfage that is due him; and that for a long time he has been trying to find out to whom the ship belongs. At last he has discovered that I am the sole owner, and he sends to me his bill for wharfage, stating that he believes it now amounts to more than the vessel is worth."

"Absurd!" I cried. "Any vessel must be worth more than its wharfage rates for three years. This man must be imposing upon you."

Doris did not answer. She was looking drearily out of the window at the moonlighted landscape. Her heart and her fate had come together, and they did not appear to suit each other.

I sat silent, also, reflecting. I looked at the bill which she had handed to me, and then I reflected again, gazing out of the window at the moonlighted landscape.

It so happened that I then had on hand a sum of money equal to the amount of this bill, which amount was made up not only of wharfage rates, but of other expenses connected with the long stay of the vessel at Asa Cantling's wharf.

My little store of money was the result of months of savings and a good deal of personal self-denial. Every cent of it had its mission in one part of the world or another. It was intended solely to carry on the work of my life, my battle for fortune. It was to show me, in a wider and more thorough manner than had ever been possible before, what chance there was for my finding the key which should unlock for me the treasures in the store-house of the earth.

I thought for a few minutes longer and then I said, "Doris, if you should pay this bill and redeem the vessel, what good would you gain?"

She turned quickly towards me. "I should gain a great deal of good," she said. "In the first place I should be relieved of a soul-chilling debt. Is n't that a good? And of a debt, too, which grows heavier every day. Mr. Cantling writes that it will be difficult to sell the ship, for it is not of a sort that the people thereabout want. And if he breaks it up he will not get half the amount of his bill. And so there it must stay, piling wharfage on wharfage, and all sorts of other expenses on those that have gone before, until I become the leading woman bankrupt of the world."

"But if you paid the money and took the ship," I asked, "what would you do with it?"

"I know exactly what I would do with it," said Doris. "It is my inheritance, and I would make use of it. I would take that ship and make our fortunes. I would begin in a humble way just as people begin in other businesses. I would carry hay, codfish, ice, anything, from one port to another. And when I had made a little money in this way I would sail away to the Orient and come back loaded with rich stuffs and spices."

"Did the people who sailed the ship before do that?" I asked.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," she answered; "and they ran away with the proceeds. I do not know that you can feel as I do," she continued. "The *Merry Chanter* is mine. It is my all. For years I have looked forward to what it might bring me. It has brought me nothing but a debt, but I feel that it can be made to do better than that, and my soul is on fire to make it do better."

It is not difficult to agree with a girl who looks as this one looked and who speaks as this one spoke.

"Doris," I exclaimed, "if you go into that sort of thing I go with you. I will set the *Merry Chanter* free."

"How can you do it?" she cried.

"Doris," I said, "hear me. Let us be cool and practical."

"I don't think either of us is very cool," she said, "and perhaps not very practical. But go on."

"I can pay this bill," I said, "but in doing it I shall abandon all hope of continuing what I have chosen as my life work; the career which I have marked out for myself will be ended. Would you advise me to do this? And if I did it would you marry me now with

nothing to rely upon but our little incomes and what we could make from your ship? Now, do not be hasty. Think seriously, and tell me what you would advise me to do."

She answered instantly, "Take me, and the *Merry Chanter*."

I gave up my career.

## II.

### SHE IS HE, AND IT IS OURS.

A MAN and wife stood upon Asa Cantling's wharf at Mooseley, gazing with wide-open eyes at the *Merry Chanter*. All claims had been paid. The receipt was in my pocket.

"I will not look upon the ship," Doris had said, "until it is truly ours; until every taint of debt shall have been wiped away."

How long, how high, how big it was! It had two towering masts. As I gazed upon it my heart swelled. It was a career!

Doris suddenly seized me by the hand. "Come," she said, "there he is!"

"Who?" I exclaimed.

"The Merry Chanter himself!" she cried, running with me towards the bow of the vessel, which on our first approach had been concealed from us by a pile of barrels.

We went upon the narrow space between the barrels and the wharf and stood close to the Merry Chanter, the wooden figure-head which gave the name to the ship.

He was a stalwart fellow eight feet high, and so firmly fastened to the bow of the vessel that the waves of the sea and the winds of the air had never been able to move him. But long voyages in storms, in glowing heat, or in icy spray had had an effect on his physical organization. When young he had probably been of pleasing colors, but now every trace of paint had vanished; even the mahogany brownness of his nose and cheeks was probably due to the natural hue of the wood of which his head was formed. The rest of him was of a uniform weather-beaten grayness.

The rest of him must be understood to mean what remained of him; the whole of his original self was not there. His head was thrown back; his long hair hung upon his shoulders; and his mouth was open, as if in the act of trolling out some jolly sea song. His right arm had been stretched out after the manner of one who is moved by the spirit of the words he sings, but the greater part of that arm was now gone. Some wild, rollicking wave had rushed to meet him, taken him by the hand, and gone off with his arm.

His other arm held a short cloak about him and still remained entire, but he had no feet and one of his knees had been knocked away, but still he stood up, bold and stout, chanting his brave roundelays, which one could hear only when waves were tossing or winds roaring. What if his nose was split, his chin dented, and his beard broken — the spirit of the Merry Chanter was still there.

How many a wave crest must have swashed into that open mouth as the chanter boldly chanted, and the ship plunged! But how merrily he rose, all dripping, and sang on!

The eyes of Doris were glowing as she looked upon him. "He shall lead us to fortune," she said, taking my hand. "Shall he not?"

The spirit of the chanter and of Doris was upon me. "Indeed he shall!" I answered, warmly.

Asa Cantling, or as he was called in the village, Captain Asa, now came upon the wharf and asked us if we would like to go on board. Like to! Of course we would! To go on board was the dominant purpose of our souls.

Captain Asa was an oldish man, but reaching up to some iron bars which projected from the vessel he clambered up her side with the monkey-like agility which belongs to a sailor. In a few minutes he lowered a ladder with a hand-rail, by which Doris and I went on board.

"She 's a good schooner yet," said Captain Asa, as with swelling hearts we stood upon our deck. "She 's too big for us, but she 's got good timbers in her; and if you 'll have her towed to New Bedford, or Gloucester, or some such port, I don't doubt you 'd get more for her than you 've paid."

I looked at Doris. Her eyes flashed, and her nostrils dilated, but she made no answer to these cold-blooded words. We walked the length of our deck. How long it was! Captain Asa pointed out the various objects of interest as we passed them — windlass, galley, capstan, wheel; all nautical, real, and ours.

"I 've kept the hatches down," said Captain Asa, "skylights shut, and everything stowed away ship-shape. I 'd ask you to go below, but we must come again for that."

Almost with one voice we besought the captain not to let us keep him a moment from his dinner. We would remain on board a little longer. We were not ready for our dinner. We watched him as he went down the ladder and into the village, and then we sat down on a double-pointed log that was bolted to the deck. The bulwarks were so high that we could not be seen.

We did not sit long. Up sprang Doris. "Let us go below!" she cried. I followed her, and after entering the cook's galley by mistake, we found the door at the head of the stairs which led below, and hurried down.

The air below was close, and the ship's

smells were of an old and seasoned sort; but everything was excitingly interesting. We ran from one end to the other of this lower deck. We looked into what must have been the captain's cabin. It was cozy to an extreme that made Doris clap her hands. We looked into the sailors' bunks. We looked at the great masts which came from below and went up above — our masts!

We examined everything forward, amidships, and aft, and then I lifted a hatch and we looked down into the dark depths of the hold. We could not see much and did not dare to descend without a light, but the cool air which came up to us smelled as if all the odors of Araby and the spicy East had been tarred and salted and stowed away down there.

When at last we reascended to the deck Doris stood still and looked about her. Her face and eyes shone with a happy glow. Stretching out her right arm she exclaimed: "All hail to our *Merry Chanter!* We shall sail in him to the sunny seas of the south, and, if we feel like it, steer him into the frozen mysteries of the north. He shall give us fortune, and, what is better still, we shall go with him wherever he goes, getting all manner of fun and delight out of him while he is lifting us to opulence. And now I think it must be a good deal past our dinner-time, and we 'd better go and see about it."

As we walked through the village to the little hotel where we had taken lodgings, two ideas revolved themselves in my mind. The first of these I mentioned to my wife.

"Doris," said I, "as we own a ship, and intend to sail on it, we should be more nautical, at least in our speech. You should not speak of a ship as 'he.' 'She' is the proper expression."

"I don't agree with you," said Doris. "I think it is all nonsense calling ships 'she' without regard to their real gender. It is all very well to call the *Sarah Penrose* 'she,' or the *Alice*, or the *Mary H.*,"— pointing to fishing-vessels in the little harbor,— "but when you speak of the *Royal George* or the *Emperor William* as 'she,' it is silly and absurd. The Merry Chanter is a man. He gave his manly name to our ship. Our ship is not a female."

"But," said I, "every sailor calls his ship 'she.' It is tradition, it is custom; in fact, it has become law."

"It is all stuff and nonsense," she said. "I don't care a snap for such tradition and such law! Sailors ought to have learned better by this time."

"But you don't want to be laughed at, do you?" I asked.

"No, I don't," she answered promptly. "We cannot have proper authority in our ship if we are laughed at, and I will do this: I will consent to call the ship 'it,' but I will never consent to call it 'she.'"

And with these words we entered the hotel.

The other idea which entered my mind was a more important one. I had noticed, especially when we were on board the ship, that Doris was taking the lead in everything. It was she who had declared what we should do, where we should go, that one thing should be done or another left undone. Now this was all wrong. It was a blow at the just constitution of matrimony. Of course, in these early days of our married life I was glad to let my bride talk and plan as she pleased; but she was going too far. If this thing were allowed to continue it would become a habit.

What step I should take to nip in the bud this little weed which might grow until it overshadowed our happiness I could not immediately determine. It must be a quick, vigorous, and decided step. It must settle the matter once and for all time. Of course I would be tender, but I must be firm. As soon as possible I would decide what the step should be.

That afternoon we went to see Captain Asa to ask him what sort of marine traffic he thought we would better begin with.

"You see," said Doris, "we want to engage in some coastwise trading, in order that our profits may enable us to set out upon longer and more important voyages."

"That is the state of the case," said I. "My wife agrees with me entirely."

"Now, what shall we load with first," said Doris, "hay, fish, or ice?"

Captain Asa smiled. "As for fish," he said, "our own boats bring in all the fish that can be turned into money in this town, and if we send away any they 've got to get to market while they are fresh, and it may be the railroad 'll get 'em there quicker. And as for hay, we don't get much hay from along the coast— that is, if we want the cattle to eat it. That generally comes from the West, by rail. Ice? Well, this is n't the season to ship ice."

"But there must be other things," said Doris, anxiously.

"Yes," said the captain, "there is. Now I 'll tell you what would n't be a bad thing. Sail your vessel up to Boston and get a load of flour. You can afford to bring it down cheaper than the railroad can. There 'd be some took in this town. I 'd take a barrel. And a good deal might be sold along the coast if you put it cheap enough. Then, again, when you get to Boston you may have the good luck to sell your vessel."

"The *Merry Chanter* is not to be sold," said Doris, emphatically.

"All right," said the captain. "That point

sha'n't be touched upon ag'in. Well, if you 're goin' to set out on tradin' v'yages, you 'll want a crew."

"Yes," said I, "of course we shall want a crew."

"A crew costs a good deal, does n't it?" asked Doris.

"That depends," said Captain Asa, "on the kind of crew you get. Now an out-and-out crew for that schooner —"

"But we don't want an out-and-out crew," interrupted Doris; "and if you tell us what such a crew will cost it will simply drive us stark mad, and the whole thing will come to an end."

"You must understand, Captain," I said, "that we wish to make a very quiet and inexpensive beginning. We can spend but little money at first, and cannot afford to employ large bodies of men."

"It is the management of sails that occupies a good deal of the time of a crew, is n't it?" asked Doris.

"Yes," answered the captain. "That 's a good part of it."

"Well, then," continued Doris, "my idea is this: we 'll sail the *Merry Chanter* at first with as few sails as possible, and then we need only have enough men to work those sails."

"All right!" said the captain. "Things can often be done one way as well as another if you have a mind to. There 's many a good ship been sailed short-handed. You can't make quick v'yages that way; but as you are the owners, that 's your business."

We both agreed that we had no intention at present of making the *Merry Chanter* a greyhound of the sea; and, after some further consideration of the subject, Captain Asa said he would talk to some people in the town and see what he could do towards getting us a crew of the sort we wanted.

## III.

### WE SHIP A CREW.

EARLY the next morning an elderly personage introduced himself as Captain Timon Mucher. He was a man of medium height, gray hairs, and a little bowed by years; but he had sharp bright eyes, and a general air of being able to jump about a yard from the floor. His storm-beaten features were infused with a modest kindliness which instantly attracted Doris and me.

"Cap'n Cantlin'," said he, "told me that you 're lookin' for a crew for that schooner o' yourn. Now, sir, if you 're agreeable, I 'd like to go in her as skipper. Everybody in this town knows what sort o' skipper I am, and they 'll tell you. I did think I 'd about give up navigatin', but when I heerd yesterday that that schooner that 's been lying so long at Cantlin's wharf was goin' to sea, there come over me the same kind of hanker for outside rollin' and pitchin' that I used to have when I happened to be ashore without a ship. I 've got a good cat-rigged fishin'-boat and I go out in her every day that 's fit. And there is times when I get a good deal of outside pitchin' and rollin'. But pitchin' and rollin' in a cat-boat is n't what a man that 's been brought up to the sea lays awake more 'n half an hour and hankers for. If there had n't been no schooner goin' to sail from this port and wantin' hands I guess I 'd stuck pretty quiet to the cat-boat; but now there is a schooner sailin' from here and wantin' hands I 'd like to go in her as skipper."

Doris and I looked at each other, and then at the old man. Instinctively we both stretched out our hands to him. He was captain of the *Merry Chanter*.

It was plain enough that Captain Timon Mucher was delighted with our decision.

"Well, now," said he, "it just tickles me to sail with owners like you, who knows your own minds and settles a bargain as quick as a squall tips over a sail-boat full of young fellers from town."

I did not like to break in on the old man's satisfaction, but I felt bound to state that the bargain was not yet completed.

"Bother bargains!" said Doris. "We 're going to have the captain anyway! Did n't we say so?"

"But it is possible," said I, "that he may expect a — a salary larger than we can afford to pay."

"As to that," said Captain Timon, "there need n't be no words about that; I 'll go sheers with you if you like."

This was reasonable, and pleased the owners. We were very willing to give him part of the profits.

"What share would you require?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "we can divide what we make each v'yage into six parts, and I 'll take one of 'em. Does that strike you as fair?"

It struck us as quite fair.

We now had a long talk with our captain and got all sorts of information. At length he left us; but in about an hour he, with Captain Asa, came just as we were about to start out for the wharf, and brought with them three elderly men, evidently of the seafaring class. These were presented to us as Captain Retire Garnish, Captain Jabez Teel, and Captain Cyrus Bodship.

The three stranger captains gravely came forward and shook hands with us. As I have said, they were all elderly men; the youngest-

looking of them, Captain Cyrus Bodship, must have been sixty. Strange to say, my wife and I were both struck by a certain similarity in these men, a sort of family likeness. This must have been due to the fact, Doris afterwards remarked, that they were all sons of Mother Ocean, for, in fact, they were not at all alike. Captain Garnish was large and tall, Captain Teel was of a sparish figure, while Captain Cyrus Bodship was short, and inclined to be stout.

In one respect they were alike: each wore a very large and stiffly starched shirt-bosom with a black silk neckerchief, and each one looked uncomfortable in his suit of Sunday clothes. In this respect Captain Cyrus Bodship had a slight advantage over his companions, for he had on a pair of black velvet slippers embroidered with red.

"These gentlemen," said Captain Asa, "would like to ship as your crew."

Doris and I could not help smiling. "Crew?" said I. "I thought they were all captains."

"So they are, so they are," said Captain Asa. "But they can speak for themselves."

We now all seated ourselves in the little parlor, and Captain Garnish, without any hesitation, began to speak for himself.

"As for me, I 'm a captain if ever anybody was one. Since my thirty-second year I 've been skipper on one craft or another till four years ago last April I settled down here and took to fishin'. That 's my history. When I heard that Cap'n Timon here was goin' to be skipper of your schooner I says to myself: "I 'd like to sail with him. There ain't nothin' about a ship I don't know, there ain't nothin' about a ship I can't do. I 'd rather go to sea than fish, and I 'm ready to sign the papers."

"All that 's about the same with me," said Captain Jabez Teel; "only I did n't get to be captain till I was thirty-eight, and I came here nigh on to five years ago. Otherwise Cap'n Garnish and me is in the same boat, and I 'm ready to sign papers."

Captain Cyrus sat silent a moment with a jolly sort of grin on his face. "I 've been tryin' to think what year it was I was fust made captain, but it 's too fur back; I can't put my finger on it. As for other partic'lars I 'm pretty much in the wake of Cap'n Garnish and Cap'n Teel here. Perhaps I 'm a good ways astern, but I 'm younger than they is, and may overhaul 'em yit. I 'm ready to sign papers."

The situation was interesting and amusing. "Do you mean to say," I asked, "that you three will make a sufficient crew for our vessel?"

Captain Timon immediately spoke up. "Yes, sir. They are all the crew I want. With them three I 'll sail your schooner, and there won't be no complaint. Yes, sir; that 's what I say."

Engaging three old men as our crew seemed to us a serious matter, and I asked Captain Asa to step with me into a back room. Doris followed.

"Do you really think," I asked the captain, "that these three can work our ship?"

"Of course they can do it," said he. "Each one of 'em is worth three ordinary seamen; they 've got heads on 'em, they has! And they 're as lively as old cats besides. Now there 's Cap'n Garnish. He 's sailed vessels on every sea on this globe. He 's the man that run his vessel — a three-masted schooner she was — from the Straits of Malacca to Madras, nigh on to fifteen hundred miles, on one tack with a stiff nor'-easter, and a hole in her starboard quarter as big as that table. There wa' n't no time to have his ship docked if he wanted to save his cargo, and a hole like that could n't be patched up by him and his crew. And so twenty minutes after he was run into he set every inch of canvas there was a spar for, and drove her right slam across the Bay of Bengal, with her lee scuppers mostly takin' in water, but her weather-quarter with the hole in it high and dry. When he came into port at Madras they would n't believe that he 'd raced across the Bay, with his ship stove in like that."

Doris had listened with admiration. "But could he do that now?" she asked.

"Do it?" said Captain Asa. "Of course he could! He could do it with a hole twice as big! And there 's Cap'n Teel," he continued. "He was friz up two years in Melville Straits when he was commandin' of a whaler; and, more 'n that, he has had his ships wrecked under him eleven times, which is four more than anybody in this State can say; and he and his crew came out all right every time, either trampin' off on shore or bein' picked up. What he has n't been through is n't worth goin' through!

"And there 's Cap'n Cyrus. Now Cap'n Cyrus is the luckiest seaman that ever sat on a thwart. He never had nothin' happen to him. He 'd always run into his home port with the same old grin that he set sail with. Once, bound to Australia, — I think it was in '59, — he had his three top-gallant masts blown away by a typhoon. Now, Cap'n Cyrus said to himself that he guessed he 'd got it this time, and that he 'd be long overdue at port, for he did n't carry no spare spars along, havin' got out o' the way of carryin' 'em on account of his bein' so lucky and never havin' no need of 'em; but this did n't make him feel grumpy, for, as he said to himself, a little change would do him good. But, would you believe it?

when he anchored at an island to take in fresh water, he went on shore himself, and, climbin' a little hill, he saw, on the other side of the island, another ship takin' in water, and the skipper was his wife's cousin, Andrew Tinkey, with plenty of spare spars aboard; and Cap'n Cyrus's vessel bein' rigged up in double-quick time by both crews, she got into port a week before she was looked out for. I tell you what it is, an owner has got to hunt a long while before he finds three such cap'ns as them!"

In spite of my admiration of these noble fellows I could not help being practical. I could not believe that they would be able to do everything. But when I asked if some younger persons would not be needed on the ship, Captain Asa answered very decidedly: "No, sir; no young fellows nor boys won't be needed. If you shipped a bigger crew the profits would have to be cut up into smaller sheers, and the cap'ns would n't stand that."

"But suppose we don't make any profits," said Doris. "That would be a great loss to these brave old sailors."

"Oh, they won't lose nothin'," said Captain Asa. "They 've all got good houses, and they rent 'em out for the summer to city people. I 've got the lettin' of them. They 're all widowers, from two to three times over, except Cap'n Cyrus, and his wife has been livin' for nigh on to five year at West Imbury, so he 's as free as a sandpiper, and no funeral in the family nuther."

Again my practical mind asserted itself. "Look you, Captain," said I. "Is it expected that we are to furnish provisions for the crew as well as ourselves, and to supply money for the purchase of the cargo when we get to Boston? If that is the case, I think that two-sixths of the profits is but a poor return."

"Oh, bother the profits!" cried Doris. "I want to hoist anchor and put to sea!"

Captain Asa looked at her admiringly. "You 're just like them cap'ns," said he. "They 're all hankerin' to feel the ship heave and to smell bilge-water. But what you say is worth considerin', sir. I 'll go and speak to 'em about it."

In a few minutes he returned and stated that the captains allowed that what I said had sense in it, and that they all agreed to chip in and each pay one-sixth of expenses for stores and cargo.

"Good!" cried Doris. "Now everything is settled, and let us be on board and away."

But there was a good deal to be done before we could be "on board and away." The captains, however, were as anxious as Doris to be away, and lost no time in the necessary preparations. They knew just what to do and what to get, and naturally we left everything to them.

But the whole of the little town took an interest in the fitting out of the *Merry Chanter*, the stout old ship that had lain so long at Cantling's wharf. Doris received much advice and some small presents from the women, while the men gave a good deal of voluntary service which we well knew was all for the sake of their old mates, the four captains.

Some things I could not help thinking of, and standing by Captain Timon on the wharf, I asked him if a wooden ship lying so long in the water did not accumulate a great many barnacles on her side, which would impede her sailing.

A shade of uneasiness passed over the face of the old man. "Of course," said he, "when a vessel 's been tied up for two or three years in salt water it 's no more 'n nat'ral that she 'd have barnacles on. Natur' is natur' and there 's no gettin' round it, and of course if the barnacles was cleaned off her she 'd make more knots an hour than she would with 'em on her. But I tell you what it is, sir, if you begin with barnacles there 's no tellin' how fur you 'll have to go on, nor where you 'll stop. Why, sir, if she was my ship, and things was as they is, I would n't do as much as to paint the door of that galley. If you begin anywhere, barnacles or paint, you 're bound to go on, and there 'd be no v'yage made in that ship this year. It would be like old Tom Duffin of Scap's Neck. Tom was about as well off as anybody in these parts. He had a good house and a big sloop-rigged fishin'-boat. She wa' n't as fast as some, but she was so big and safe-lookin' that the city people who came down here always wanted to go sailin' with Tom, and he charged 'em high, he did, for in some ways he wa' n't no fool. But bein' with these fine people so much kinder twisted Tom's head, and one day he went off and bought himself a new shiny black silk hat. That was Tom's turnin'-p'int. With that hat on his head, his Sunday clothes, which ought to have lasted him all his life, wa' n't good enough, and he got new ones. Then his wife's clothes wa' n't good enough to go along with them, and she got new ones. Then the children's clothes wa' n't good enough to go along with them, and they got new ones. And then his furnitur' wa' n't good enough to go along with all them fine clothes, and new had to be got. And that made the house look mean, and Tom set to work to build a new one. There ain't no use carryin' the story all along, but Tom went straight from that new silk hat to the Bremport poor-house, where he is now; and his wife a nurse in the chronic ward, and his children out to service in Boston. Now, sir, I look upon them barnacles as just the same as that black hat. If you begin on them you may not bring up at the poor-house, but there 's no knowin'

"WE NOW ALL SEATED OURSELVES IN THE LITTLE PARLOR."

where you will bring up. The only thing anybody can know is that there will not be no v'yage this year."

I could readily understand Captain Timon's meaning and his anxiety to start on our voyage. If we undertook to put the *Merry Chanter* into good repair the chances of those four old captains feeling the heave of the seas and smelling bilge-water would be small indeed.

"From what you say I suppose you can sail the ship, barnacles or no barnacles," I said.

"Sail her!" he exclaimed. "Just you wait and see! And the best thing we can do is to hurry up her stores and get sail on her. The longer she lies here the more barnacles she 'll get."

When I repeated this conversation to Doris she declared that Captain Timon was exactly right. "We have no money to bedeck and adorn the *Merry Chanter*," she said, "and if we had I would n't do it. If we got her all into sleek and shiny ship-shape I suppose we 'd have to have a regular ship-shape crew, and I would n't have that for the world. Let us get on board with our four lively old captains and sail away before anything turns up which will positively have to be done."

## IV.

### THE "MERRY CHANTER" SETS SAIL.

As soon as possible Doris and I took possession of our quarters on the *Merry Chanter*. We occupied the captain's cabin, and our good skipper bunked forward with the crew.

"If they was common seamen," said he, I would n't do it; but as they 're all captains as well as me, I don't mind."

While busily engaged in arranging our cabin one morning we were informed that some one wanted to speak with us, and we went on deck. There we found a person whom for some days we had noticed walking up and down on the wharf, and showing an evident interest in our ship and our preparations. He was a fresh-looking, smooth-faced young man, over thirty perhaps, who stood up very erect and whose general air indicated that he was one who, having found out what was good and what was bad in this world, had been content to act upon his knowledge, but at the same time to give himself no airs of superiority to other people who had not found out what he knew. This was a good deal for anybody's air to indicate; but Doris told me afterwards that it was what she thought this man's air indicated. His manner of speaking to us was at the same time independent and respectful.

"Would it suit you," he said, "to take me on board your ship as a passenger?"

We were somewhat surprised. "Where do you wish to go?" I asked.

"I have been told that you sail for Boston," said he.

I replied that Boston was our destination.

"Very good," said he. "Then I wish to go to Boston."

"But, sir," said Doris, "you can go a great deal quicker by train, you know."

"I do not wish to travel by land," he said. "I

wish to sail by sea. I do not care very much to be in Boston, but I wish to go there on a ship."

"Are you a sailor?" I asked.

"No, sir," he said; "I am a butcher. For four years and a half I have carried on butchery in this neighborhood. You can inquire of anybody as to my character. I do not wish to butcher any more, at least for the present. I have saved some money and I intend to travel, and it struck me that I 'd rather begin my travels on your ship than in any other way. I do not wish to work, but to pay my passage. Of course, if there 's a wreck, or a man overboard, or the ship takes fire, I 'm willin' to do my part as man to man. But otherways what I want is to pay my way, and to be beholden to no man, nor to have him beholden to me, exceptin' in such things as are understood to be owed by man to man."

We asked for a little time for consideration, and retired to the cabin, whither we summoned Captain Timon.

"He speaks us fair," said Doris. "I think he would make a good passenger."

Captain Timon thought so too. "He 's a very respectable young man," said he; "straightforward and honest, and means what he says. If he wants to get the worth of his money travelin', I guess he knows as well as we do that he can get it on board this schooner; and the money he pays will be somethin' sure to count on."

"What shall we charge him?" asked Doris.

"Well," said Captain Timon, "if you make it somethin' that can be divided even into six parts I 'll be satisfied, and I know the others will."

I then made a suggestion based upon the ordinary fare to Boston, which, after some modification, was agreed to; and I went on deck to inform the young man that for so much money we would take him as passenger to Boston.

The butcher instantly agreed to my terms, consented to bunk forward with the crew, and went ashore to fetch his baggage. In two or three hours he returned, bringing his effects in a cart. They consisted of a large trunk, a small trunk, a square, leather-covered box, two long oblong boxes, a package wrapped in an oil-skin cloth, and a market-basket, the cover of which being slightly raised I saw to be full of boots and shoes. Besides these he carried in his hand a cage containing a sandpiper, with one wing carefully bandaged to its body.

"It looks like a good deal of baggage," he said to me, "just for a trip to Boston. But it is n't only to Boston that I want to go. I 've set out to travel just as long as I can keep it up. I 've sold my horse and wagon, and what 's here is all the property I have, and wherever I go I take it with me. As for this bird," he said, "I saw him on the beach with a broken wing, and I caught him, and now I 'm tryin' to cure him up. When animals is too small to butcher, I 'm fond of 'em."

And thereupon, assisted by his carter, he carried his property below.

Doris and I were getting very impatient to start on our voyage, but there seemed to be no end of delays, the principal of which was connected with the shipment of stones—cobble-stones of varied sizes. As the *Merry Chanter* could ship no cargo at Mooseley, for the reason that there was nothing there to ship, it was necessary that she should go to Boston in ballast, and these stones were her ballast.

"They are filling it up from one end to the other!" cried Doris. "I never saw anything like it! This waiting for bread and getting stones is more than I counted on, Captain Timon," she cried. "If there are so many barnacles on the ship I should think they 'd serve for ballast."

The skipper shook his head. "It won't do to trust to barnacles," he said, "though I don't doubt there 's a good many of 'em. But don't be afraid, ma'am. We 'll get her off before you know it."

It was on the morning of a Wednesday, the third of June, that Captain Timon came to us rubbing his hands and declared that the *Merry Chanter* was ready to sail. He called the ship the *Chanter*, but that was an abbreviation my wife and I never allowed ourselves to adopt.

"Hurrah!" cried Doris, before I could find words to express my satisfaction. "And now, dear Captain, let every sail be set, and hoist our ensign to the topmost peak."

A smile came over the face of the good skipper. "I guess we won't set every sail," said he. "They won't be needed with this wind; and as to ensign, I don't know as we 've got one aboard."

"That is too bad!" said Doris. "As soon as we are fairly off I 'll go to work and make one myself."

Everything being now all ready, and Captain Timon having done everything that should be done for a schooner clearing for Boston, we hoisted anchor; that is to say, we cast off the cables which for so long had held the *Merry Chanter* to Cantling's wharf.

It seemed to me as if the whole town had turned out to see us off and to help us get off. More willing hands than were really necessary helped the captains to hoist the foresail, the mainsail, and two jibs; and when this had been done the owners of the willing hands scuttled down into their boats, made fast to a line from the *Merry Chanter*, and vigorously pulled her bows around so that she might take the wind.

It was a long time before her bow got around or she took the wind; but Doris and I and the butcher scarcely noticed this, so busy were we waving our handkerchiefs and shouting good-byes to the women, the children, and the old men on the wharf, who in return waved their handkerchiefs, their hands, or their hats to us, wishing us a lucky voyage, fair winds, and smooth water.

At last the *Merry Chanter* was got around, the wind filled her sails, the boats cast off, and, pulling to a little distance, their occupants waved their hands and cheered; there was a slight inclination of the deck to leeward, and our ship was under way.

It is seldom, I think, that a ship goes to sea with a crew composed entirely of captains, but the consideration of the fact gave us great comfort. Here were men with long lives of experience. Whatever might happen, they would know exactly what to do. These noble seamen had been from pole to pole; they had known the desolation of the icy north; they had sailed through the furious typhoons of the tropics; and with sound ships, or ships with

THE OWNER OF THE "MERRY CHANTER."

battered sides, they had dashed in safety through maddened waves from port to port. And not only the best of good seamanship, but the best of good luck, we carried with us. In all his life Captain Cyrus had never had anything serious happen to his ships; and why should he begin now? It was especially consoling to me, as I looked at my lovely wife, to think of these things at the outset of our wedding trip.

Not only seamen of vast experience, but able and lively seamen, were our captains. No one could imagine that years hung heavy upon them. Captain Timon stood at the helm with the bold, bright eye of an old sea-king. Captain Garnish, acting as mate, strode tall and strong along the deck, looking up at the sails and rigging with the air of a man who knew exactly what each inch of canvas, each stick of timber, and each piece of cordage should at that moment be doing, and ready, if he saw the least thing amiss, to roar out condemnation.

Captain Teel had assumed the duties of cook, and was now shut up in the galley; but Captain Cyrus, as lively as a squirrel, and still wearing his embroidered velvet slippers, was here, there, and everywhere, stowing away this, coiling up that, and making things generally ship-shape, and always with a pleasant grin upon his face as if it were all an old story to him and he liked it.

Doris ran forward to see how the Merry Chanter himself was getting on, and I followed. We leaned over the bulwarks of the bow and looked at him. There he stood, part of his right arm still extended, his head thrown back, and his long hair appearing ready to float in the breeze, while his open mouth seemed drinking in the fresh salt air.

"Look at him!" cried Doris. "He is all ready for the tossing waves, the roaring gale, and the brave sea song. How grand it must be to stand there with nothing but the sea before him, catching everything first, and afraid of nothing!"

Seizing my hands, Doris danced away with me over an almost level deck. "Is n't this grand?" she said. "And treading our own deck! Let 's pipe all hands to grog!"

I entered into the enthusiasm, but demurred to the grog-piping.

On the opposite side of the deck walked up and down the butcher, clad in an immaculately clean white gown of the kind peculiar to his trade, and worn probably with the idea of keeping the dust off his clothes.

"How do you like the sea?" asked Doris as we passed.

"I think I shall like it when we get there," said the butcher.

"Get there?" she exclaimed. "Don't you call this the sea?"

"No," said he, "this is Mooseley harbor. When we get round that point, two miles below here, then we are really out to sea."

Captain Teel now appeared and informed us that dinner was ready. It had been decided that the butcher, as a passenger, should mess with us. Captain Timon was also to be one of our company, but he declined to leave the wheel for the present.

The butcher appeared at the table in a neat suit of new clothes, having removed his gown. He was, indeed, a very tidy and proper-looking fellow. As he was used to that sort of thing, I invited him to carve.

"No, sir," said he quietly, but with decision; "I have shut the shop door behind me."

We had fine sea appetites for our meal, but Doris ate hurriedly. "I am so afraid we 'll pass around the point while I am down here," she said. "I would n't for the world miss our actual passage out on the bosom of Mother Ocean!"

When we ran on deck we looked about and beheld the point still ahead of us.

"Why, Captain Timon," cried Doris, "have we sailed a bit?"

"Oh, yes," he said cheerily; "we 're gettin' on, we 're gettin' on. We have n't lost no headway so fur. This wind 'll freshen before long, and then you 'll see." And, leaving the helm in care of Captain Garnish, he went below.

Whether the wind fell off instead of freshening, or whether, as Doris surmised, we had become accidentally anchored, we certainly made but little progress, and there were times when it seemed as if the distant point were actually becoming more distant.

As there was no probability of an immediate rush out upon Mother Ocean, we went below to look over our little stock of literature; and while so engaged we heard a great sound of flapping and banging upon deck. Hurrying up, we found that the sails were loosely swinging and hanging, and that the crew, assisted by Captain Timon, were engaged in pulling them down.

"What is the matter?" we cried.

"Nothin' is the matter," replied Captain Cyrus, cheerily. "We 're goin' to fish."

"'LOOK AT HIM!' CRIED DORIS."

Doris sat down on something. "Fish!" she gasped.

Captain Timon now came towards us. "You see," said he, "it ain't no use tryin' to make headway against this flood tide; and so we thought we 'd a great sight better anchor and fish. The fish 'll be comin' in lively with the flood. The tide will turn about six o'clock, and then we can go out on the ebb and pass the p'int in just the prettiest time of the evenin'. And if you want to fish, there 's lines enough on board for everybody."

For some minutes we were disgusted to the point of not being able to say how disgusted we were. Then Doris, seeing the captains gathered at the stern all busy in preparing their lines, sprung to her feet and declared that she might as well make the best of it, and that she was going to fish.

Captain Cyrus took charge of her, baiting

her hook, and cheerily giving her all needful help and advice. As for me, I did not care to fish; and as for the butcher, he did not care to fish; and, together, we walked forward.

"It 's my opinion," said he, confidentially, "that this is a stone ship. I 'll lay two to one there 's barnacles on her like the foundation walls of a church, and inside they 've loaded her up with stone enough for a monument. If she ever sticks fast on a bar she 'll be solid enough to build a lighthouse on."

"You don't seem to have faith in the sailing qualities of our ship," said I. "You must be sorry you took passage with us."

"Oh, no," said he. "I 've come on board with all my belongin's, and I intend to stick to her as long as anybody else does. Stone ship, or wooden ship, I don't go back on my bargain."

The *Merry Chanter* was lying two or three miles from Mooseley and about a mile and a half from the point. The wind and tide together had swung her around so that she lay almost broadside to the distant town. Looking in that direction we saw, far away, a little boat.

The butcher gazed a few moments in silence, and then he said: "There 's a skiff comin' after us from town. Perhaps they think somethin' 's happened. I 'll go down and get one of the spy-glasses and see who it is."

When he returned with the glass he leveled it at the boat. For a few moments he gazed, and then he said, forcibly, but in an undertone, "I 'll be knocked in the head if that is n't Captain Cyrus's wife!"

"What do you suppose she wants?" I asked. "Why does she come?"

"No man can tell you that," he answered. "She hates sea air, and won't live with him. But since I 've been in these parts she 's come down four times to see him, and every time he has been away on a fishin' cruise or somethin'. You know Captain Cyrus goes for the luckiest man in the world. But, my conscience! she made it hot for the neighbors when she saw the way his house was kept. And now she 's found him off again; but bein' anchored, she 's come after us. I 'll go and report to the skipper."

So saying, he walked aft, and taking Captain Timon aside, he stated what he had seen. I followed, and I perceived that this intelligence had a wonderful effect upon our skipper.

"Don't say a word to Captain Cyrus," he whispered to us. "We must get out of this in no time." And, without a moment's delay, he piped all hands to haul up fishing-lines, weigh anchor, hoist sail, and get under way.

In these hurried preparations I did what I could to help; and the butcher looked as if he would like to follow my example, but was restrained by the proprieties of his position as a passenger.

"If there 's any danger of that boat catchin' up," said he, "I 'll lay hold and work like a good fellow; for her comin' aboard will be worse than a ship afire."

The skipper was now at the wheel. "We 're goin' to run her before the wind," he said, "and we won't try to double the p'int. That land off there makin' the sou'-west line of our harbor is an island, and there 's an inlet between it and the mainland that we can run through. Wind and tide will both favor us, and I reckon we can get away; and Captain Cyrus won't never know nuthin' about it. That boat can't pull across the bay after us; she 's huggin' the shore now on account of the tide. Them 's two colored men that 's been waiters at a hotel that 's pullin' her. There ain't a man belongin' to our town that would get out his boat to take Captain Cyrus's wife after him."

"But will not Captain Cyrus suspect something from your sudden change of plans?" I asked.

"He knows the fish would n't bite," said the skipper, "and that ought to be reason enough."

The situation had been explained to Doris, and she was wildly anxious to have every stitch of canvas crowded upon the *Merry Chanter* that she might speed across the bay, and away from that little boat.

"What she wants is to come aboard," said Doris, "and we can't have a woman like that on the *Merry Chanter*. If she wants to scold her husband let her wait until he gets home. It is n't far to Boston and back."

Captain Timon smiled at this remark. "We 're not on a straight line for Boston just now, but if we try to double that p'int she 'll catch us sure."

"Then let us forget there is a point," said Doris, who in this matter was exactly of my opinion.

It did not seem the *Merry Chanter's* habit to dash through the water, but with a good wind behind her and a tide more in her favor than against her she sailed across the bay at a rate considerably greater than that of a boat rowed by two inexperienced oarsmen. When the little boat saw what we were about she left the shore and steered as if to cut us off. But it was easy to see that the tide was carrying her back towards the town.

The tide also carried us in a somewhat retrograde direction, but by the aid of the wind we laid a straight course for the inlet of which Captain Timon had spoken.

Captain Cyrus was kept busy forward and suspected nothing of his pursuit by the little boat.

"She has about gin up the chase," said

Captain Timon, looking back at the boat. "Them fellows can't catch a schooner sailing afore the wind, and I don't believe they want to try much nuther. We was at anchor when they put out from town."

I had known oarsmen who, I thought, would be able to catch that schooner even were she sailing before the wind.

In about two hours we reached the inlet, and Doris and I were surprised to find how narrow it was. It was like a small river.

"Do large ships often go through here?" I asked of the skipper.

"'T ain't common," said he, "but me and the other captains knows every inch of this inlet and every stage of the tide, and you can rest sure there 'll always be a foot of water between her keel and the bottom."

The inlet, we were told, was three miles long and opened into Shankashank Bay. For a great part of this distance the incoming tide carried us through, and when we met the flood from the bay the inlet had widened so that we were enabled to take advantage of the wind for the rest of the way.

It was nearly dark when we emerged into Shankashank Bay, but we could see well enough to judge that it was a large expanse of water.

"We may as well anchor here," said the captain, "and make ourselves comfortable for the night. Even if she can get anybody to row her, it 's not likely she can come through that inlet after us. The tide runs in at both ends of it, and meets in the middle, and unless she strikes it just at high tide or low tide she 'll find a reg'lar mill-race ag'in' her fur half the way, no matter whether it is flood or ebb."

The captains were all busy anchoring the schooner and getting down the sails when the butcher came up the companion-way and beckoned me apart.

"Look here!" said he,—and I noticed that he appeared somewhat agitated,—"do you know that there is a stowaway aboard?"

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, there is," he continued; "a regular one. I was down below where it was pretty dark, bein' only one lantern, when I heard a voice comin' from I did n't know where, and sayin', 'Butcher, ahoy!' I give a jump and looked about lively, I can tell you. And directly I see a straw hat a-stickin' up from the edge of a hatchway. 'Look you, butcher,' says some one under the hat, 'can't you get me somethin' to eat?' 'Who are you?' says I. 'I am a stowaway,' he said; 'and as you are neither a captain nor an owner, I hope I may persuade you to get me somethin' to eat, for I am very hungry. When the ship is fairly out to sea I will come forth, but until then I beg you will keep my secret.' Now what sort of a stowaway do you call that, sir?" asked the butcher earnestly.

"A very odd one," I answered. "What did you say to him?"

"I did n't say no more, but come right upstairs to speak to you; and he don't know whether I 've gone to get him grub or to report him to the skipper."

"Of course we ought to tell Captain Timon," said I.

"I don't know about that," said the butcher, shaking his head. "Sea captains are mighty severe on shipboard. It 's ten to one they 'd drag him out and pitch him overboard, and it 's too dark for him to see to swim ashore. I think it will be better to give him somethin' to eat and let him stay aboard till mornin', and then we can put him ashore decently."

"But don't you think it will be dangerous to have such a man on board during the night?"

"You need n't be afraid of him," he said. "I 've brought my butcher tools along. And, what 's more, that fellow ain't got no call to come out. What he wants is to keep shady."

We talked a little more on the subject, and I then agreed that the butcher should give the stowaway something to eat, and that nothing should be said to the captains or to my wife until the morning.

I was ill at ease, however, and did not sleep well that night. After tossing about a good deal, I quietly arose and peeped out of the cabin door. By the dim light of the lantern I saw, not far away, the butcher, sitting on a chest. His arms were folded; his eyes were open, gazing thoughtfully into the surrounding darkness; and by his side lay a bright and heavy butcher's cleaver.

He did not see me; and I softly closed the door, got into my berth, and fell into a sound sleep.

(To be continued.)

# ODE TO A BUTTERFLY.

THOU spark of life, that wavest wings of gold!
Thou songless wanderer mid the songful birds!
With nature's secrets in thy tints unrolled
Through gorgeous cipher, past the reach of words,
Yet dear to every child
In glad pursuit beguiled,
Living his unspoiled days mid flowers and flocks and herds.

Thou wingèd blossom! liberated thing!
What secret tie binds thee to other flowers
Still held within the garden's fostering?
Will they too soar with the completed hours,
Take flight and be like thee
Irrevocably free,
Hovering at will o'er their parental bowers?

Or is thy luster drawn from heavenly hues,
A sumptuous drifting fragment of the sky
Caught when the sunset its last glance imbues
With sudden splendor; and the tree-tops high
Grasp that swift blazonry,
Then lend those tints to thee —
On thee to float a few short hours, and die?

Birds have their nests; they rear their eager young
And flit on errands all the livelong day;
Each fieldmouse keeps the homestead whence it sprung;
But thou art nature's freeman,— free to stray
Unfettered through the wood
Seeking thine airy food,
The sweetness spiced on every blossomed spray.

The garden one wide banquet spreads for thee,
O daintiest reveler of the joyous earth!
One drop of honey gives satiety,
A second draught would drug thee past all mirth.
Thy feast no orgy shows,
Thy calm eyes never close,
Thou soberest sprite to which the sun gives birth!

And yet the soul of man upon thy wings
Forever soars in aspiration; thou
His emblem of the new career that springs
When death's arrest bids all his spirit bow.
He seeks his hope in thee
Of immortality.
Symbol of life! me with such faith endow.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

# THE WINTER CAMP—A DAY'S RIDE FROM THE MAIL.

## PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—XI.

SINCE the West began to call for specialists the life of the frontier has offered peculiar inducements to young men of technical training. It combines the inspiration that comes of action with opportunities for practical experience and early responsibility. It would be surprising to note the ages of some of the men in positions of tried sagacity in the West, not to mention the phenomenal successes of those who have gone up on a wave of chance. It is also the life of conspicuous tests, moral and physical. A few months will effectually place a new-comer with one or the other of the primitive forces that divide the suffrages of every new community, or leave him on that modern pillory, the unhappy middle-ground of postponed issues and divided judgments.

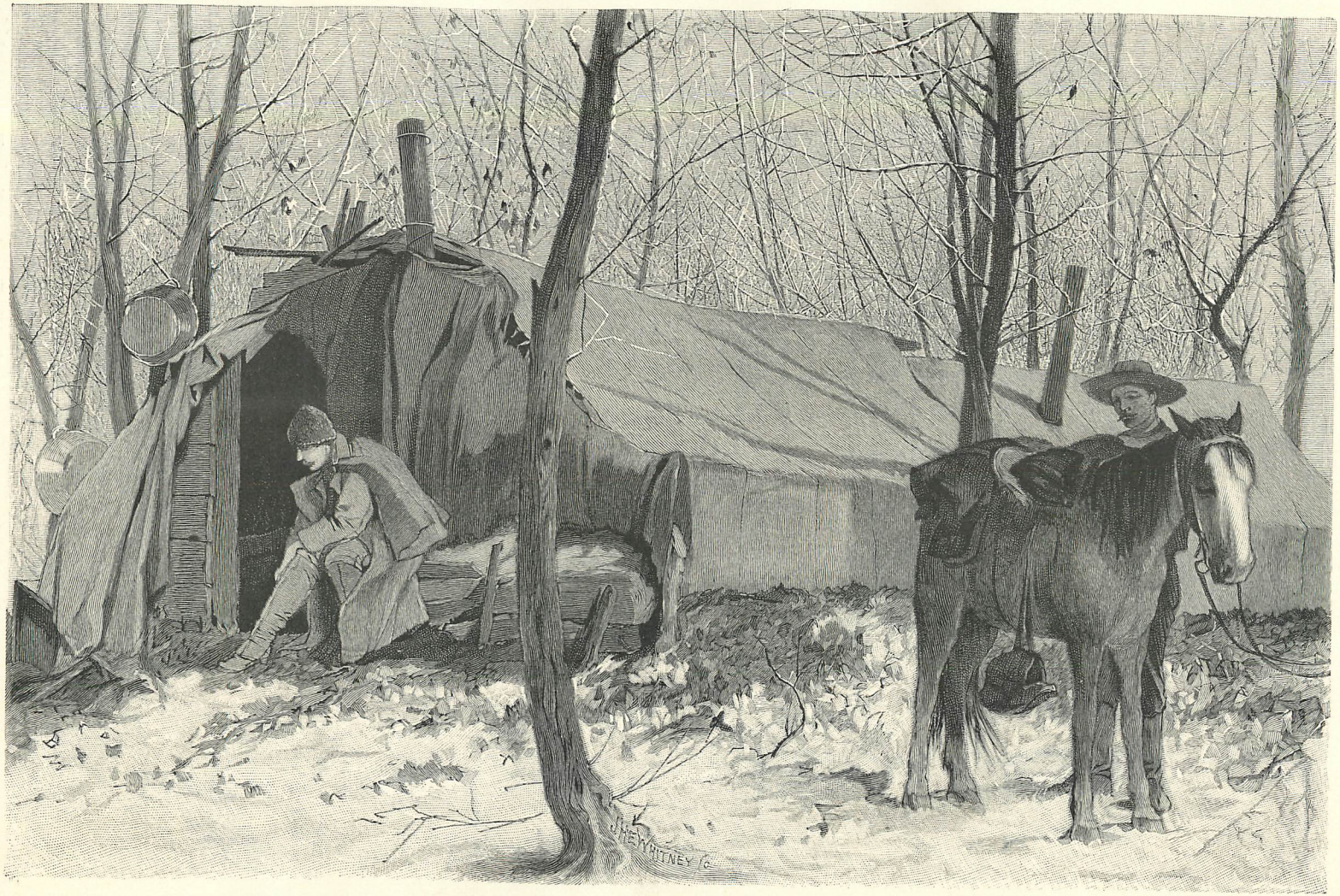
Of these tests there is one which might be given greater prominence in pictures of Western life. It is a very commonplace ordeal, to be met with anywhere by the least interesting of us; but it is a peculiarly searching experience under the conditions of life on the frontier. It is assumed that every person in these new communities has some practical reason for being there and does n't mean to "get left." But occasionally it happens that a man's life pauses in the West, even if he be not altogether "left." The pause may last for months or for years; in the course of it hope and faith in the purpose which brought him there alternate with a sense of absurdity and defeat. His situation is not unlike that of a man in the trenches on a field of battle. The balls are flying over his head; his part is to lie low and wait for orders. He jokes with the man next him; he shifts from one attitude of constraint to another; he wonders how long this sort of thing is going to last.

We enforce upon children the saying that one can always "find something to do"; but the capable man with his hands tied, in a community where life means nothing if not action, finds there is a bitter difference between the "something" that takes the place of work—that is invented, nursed, stooped to, as a sick man carves jack-straws or pastes scrap-books—and the divine gift of a man's own work that comes to him like the angel to Peter in prison, with the keys of deliverance.

We read in an engineering journal, a year or two ago, an account of the ceremonies at the opening of a canal for irrigation, unlocking to settlement an immense valley of rich but arid land. It was made a great occasion, with bands of music, and "tributes" to the persons chiefly concerned in the achievement. We learned that this great success had been fifteen years in coming, and that it had not come to all of those who were joined to its fate in the beginning. The originators had held it up for ten years, and when they could no longer support the burden a new combination carried it on to its completion. It did not appear what share the originators had in the triumph; but during those ten years of bondage to a scheme they must at least have got some experience, of the sort that all triumphs do not supply.

It would be too much to imply that always in the West success is the child of failure, and that back of every five years of fortunate activity one may look for ten years of unrewarded waiting. The best things are not always those that come hardest; but it may be accepted that a certain proportion of all the young men who rush into the fields of action west of the Missouri will have to wait for their success, without the privilege of laboring while they wait. In stories and pictures of the West we see these young men on horseback, on forced marches or exploring expeditions, engaged in exploits of love or war or money-making. A survey of the actual field of observation as regards the college graduate would find a good many of him much less picturesquely employed. He is quite as likely to be found "holding down a claim" in some sun-baked valley a day's ride from the mail, or in charge of a suspended mine or comatose smelter, or wearing out the winter in an engineer's camp waiting for orders—becalmed in heart-sick idleness. There is no prayer for him in the church service; he is not a sick person or a malefactor or in peril of his life. But mothers and wives know the peculiar nature of his trial, and pray that he may be remembered in the hour of the march forward, or that he may be loosed from the vow, the enchantment, the delusion—whatever the spell may be that keeps him, dreaming of activity, fast bound in the toils of suspense and enforced idleness.

* * *


J.H.E. WHITNEY &C.

# BENOZZO GOZZOLI (1420–1498).

## (ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

BENOZZO DI LESE, surnamed Gozzoli after his death, was a favorite pupil of Fra Angelico. Vasari's somewhat amusing commentary on him is that he was "of great invention, very fertile in animals, in perspective, in landscapes, and in ornament. He produced so much during his life that it is plain he cared for no other occupation; and although compared to others who surpassed him in drawing he was not very excellent, yet the amount of work he did placed him ahead of all his contemporaries, because, *in the multitude of his works, some turned out well.*"

At the age of twenty-four he became apprenticed to Ghiberti, to work for three years on the bronze gates of S. Giovanni in Florence, and either during these years, or before 1444, he painted an altar-piece for the Company of S. Marco, and another panel for the church of S. Frediano, both of which have perished. At about this time he visited Rome, where he decorated the chapel of the Cesarini with the history of St. Antonio of Padua, which has also disappeared.

From Rome, Benozzo went to Orvieto with Fra Angelico, his master, to paint the chapel of the Madonna of S. Brizio in the Duomo. In July of 1449 he was again in Orvieto, but alone. Of his work there nothing remains. In 1450 and 1452 he was painting at Montefalco in Umbria, in 1456 in Perugia, and in 1459 he was again at Florence, decorating the chapel of the Riccardi palace with a representation of a journey of the Magi, which occupied three walls of the chapel, the fourth being taken by an Adoration, which is now removed to make place for a window. We know the date of this painting from three letters addressed to Piero Cosimo de' Medici, at his villa of Careggi, in which the artist gives an account of the progress of the fresco.

This work is one of the most remarkable of its epoch, not only for its own qualities, but for the fortunate circumstances which have protected it. It occupies the two sides and entrance end of a small chapel which seems to have been partitioned off from a hall of the palace. Most probably there was originally no window and the chapel had its lighting from lamps, the window being modern; and the ceiling must have been put on after the fresco was done, as there would otherwise have been no light to do it in. Even with the present window it is difficult to see all of it. It represents the procession of the Magi to the stable of Bethlehem, the Adoration being given in the altar-piece, which occupied the place of the present window and is removed. The procession has moved from the right of the altar and ends with the crowd of all conditions of people which bring up the rear. The retinue includes probably all the Florentine personages of the day, in contemporary costume, on foot and on horseback; knights in rich, embroidered coats, valets and squires with hounds and hawks, a hunting leopard figuring among the accessories, camels, etc.,— an immense and gorgeous array, winding through a rich and well-invented landscape, up mountain paths, and around in a continual line to the other side of the altar, where they were supposed to offer their gifts. This order was broken by some barbarian of the Riccardi dynasty, who cut through the fresco to put in a passage-way and a door, destroying a portion of the procession and moving another, though the original door remains as Benozzo arranged for it.

The progress shown in this picture in the naturalistic movement, in the direction pointed out by Fra Filippo, is most remarkable. The landscape is still purely subjective and devoid of the qualities of outdoor work; but there appears a most noteworthy distinction of specific character in the trees, the evergreen and deciduous pines and cypresses especially being recalled with landscape feeling, and the foreground plants being done in the sentiment of a lover of nature. Though recorded as the pupil of Fra Angelico,— and so far as the processes of his art may be concerned he may have been so, as Fra Angelico was an admirable master of the fresco and tempera processes,— in the spirit of his work, his intellectual and artistic tendencies, Benozzo is the son and heir of Fra Filippo, and his successor in the line which Masaccio had pointed out and the Frate had walked in. There is not only the recognition of the individual type in all his personages, but there is the distinct and undeniable indication of the use of the model through drawings made for all the figures in his compositions. There is no advance towards realism, but a complete abandonment of the visionary and ecstatic type so marked in Fra Angelico. We come down

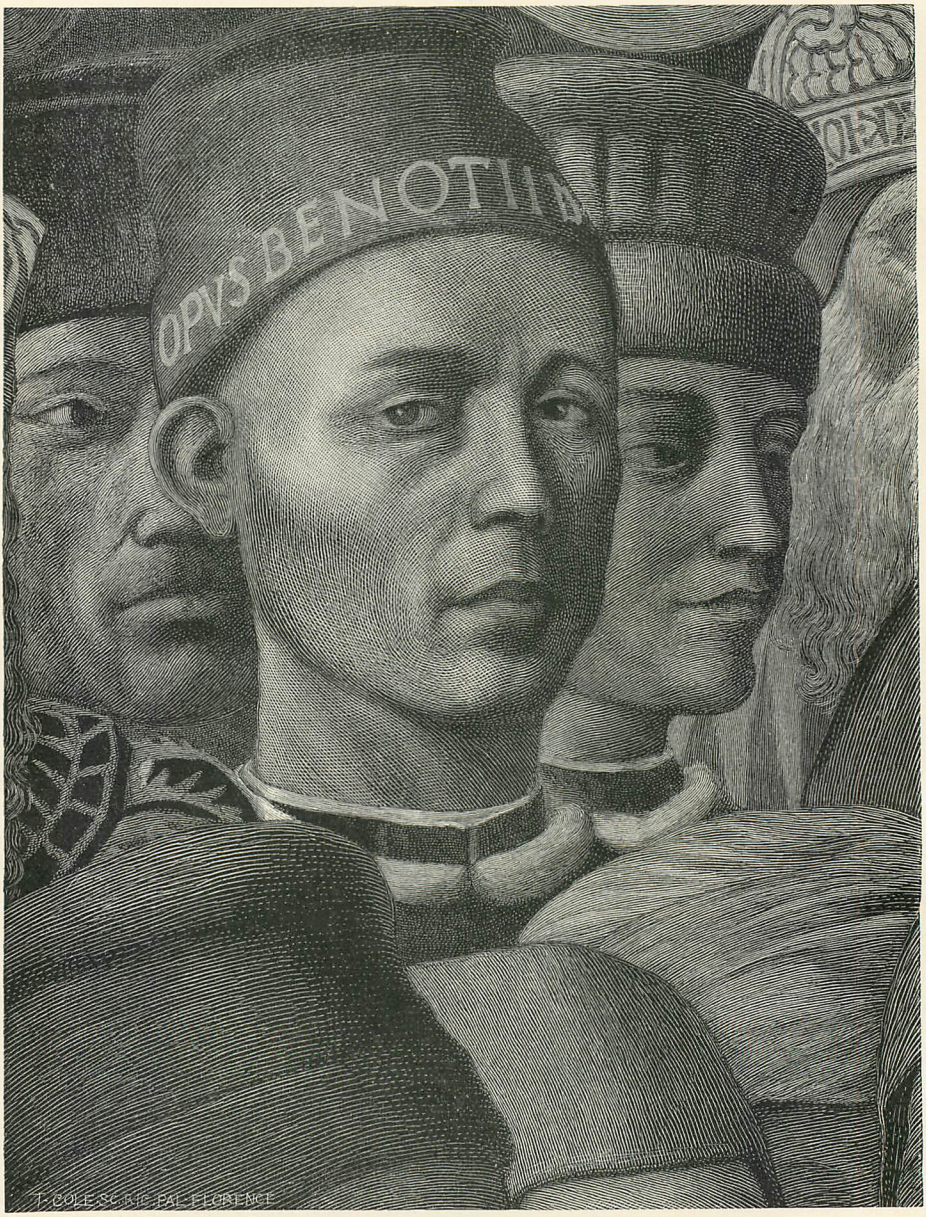
to plain flesh and blood, and every personage in this long procession has posed for the drawing made for it. It is the most extraordinary agglomeration of *pose-plastique* in all the range of these heads and all the principal figures careful drawings must have been made from life. Every figure says, "I am being drawn by Benozzo for his great picture of the Magi."

GROUP OF ANGELS, BY BENOZZO GOZZOLI. (FROM THE FRESCO IN THE CHAPEL OF THE RICCARDI PALACE, FLORENCE.)

of the Renaissance; and in the densest part of the crowd, and no matter what his action, every actor turns his face more or less so as to be seen and recognized by those who know him. There is no mistaking that for every one It is such a collection of unquestionable portraits as I do not know elsewhere in the world.

The groups of worshiping angels at the right and left of the altar are exquisite testimonials of the influence of Fra Angelico, and

their loveliness is rendered by Mr. Cole's selection, as the manner of portraiture is by the head from the crowd at the end of the procession which Benozzo marked as his own. One sees that it is caught from life, but in the way that a sculptor would have studied it, for pure form and character.




PORTRAIT OF BENOZZO GOZZOLI, BY HIMSELF.
(FROM THE FRESCO IN THE CHAPEL OF THE RICCARDI PALACE, FLORENCE.)

In color the work has neither the gaiety of Fra Angelico nor the elementary harmony of Fra Filippo; nor has it, from the very nature of the subject,—being a long procession trailing around the room,—the majesty of composition that he had learned from Masaccio. It is a work in all its qualities *sui generis*. The exclusion of light and weather from it has preserved this great work so completely that we probably see it much as it was when finished.

Gozzoli's frescos in the Campo Santo of Pisa are more deliberately planned and are works of a higher order; but unfortunately, owing to their exposed position and the want of care in

times past, they are comparative wrecks, and keep the record, not of their achievement, but of their intention. Here we recognize the influence of Masaccio in the studied and masterly composition, in which the "Noah," the first painted of the series of Bible histories which were his themes,—and which it is said he painted to show his hand,—is one of the most admirable examples in the range of Italian art, a classic for all the subsequent generations of painters.

In all we have of Benozzo's work there is a cheerful sense of the influences of nature, and a love for children and animals such as we have not before him; and in his painting of children he seems especially happy. In his Campo Santo series he introduces them on every convenient occasion. The individuality of his heads, and even the character of his figures, have that air of unmistakable likeness which belongs to earnest portraiture, and to a degree not indicated in any previous Italian work or in any contemporary prior to Giovanni Bellini, who was eight years the junior of Benozzo.

For the next eight years the artist seems to have been in Florence and its vicinity painting innumerable panels and frescos. For the Company of S. Zenobius he executed a panel; in the church of S. Agostino in San Gimignano a "St. Sebastian delivering the Land from Pestilence," seventeen frescos from the life of St. Agostino, and in the same town a fresco of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. In 1464 he was enrolled among the doctors and apothecaries of Florence. In 1466 he restored some frescos of Lippo Memmi in the town-hall of San Gimignano and painted various panels for churches in and near that town.

In 1468 Benozzo went to Pisa for the great series of frescos there and worked for sixteen years, but probably not continuously; and there is a popular tradition that he took only two years over the whole. There were twenty-four in number, and most of them are well enough preserved to follow the intention of the painter; two or three are defaced almost entirely. Vasari speaks most highly of them, though they were not of the taste of his time, and he mentions an ass in the sacrifice of Abraham which was very cleverly foreshortened. In recognition of his skill the Pisans placed an inscription of flattering purport in the midst of his work and gave him a place in the Campo Santo for his grave. As in the procession of the Magi, he introduced in these frescos many portraits, of which Vasari mentions those of Marsilio Ficino, Argiropoulo the Greek scholar, and the artist's own figure on horseback. In Pisa, Benozzo also painted many other frescos and panels, which have disappeared for the most part. One panel, which Vasari considered the best the painter had executed, and which was in the Duomo, a St. Thomas Aquinas disputing with many learned men over his works, is now in the Louvre.

Benozzo was sixty-one when he finished his great task in the Campo Santo. Of the last seventeen years of his life we know very little. In 1484 he was at work on a tabernacle at a place not far from Castel Fiorentino, and in 1497 he is recorded as being called on with other artists to give judgment on the works of Baldovinetti in the Gianfigliazzi Chapel, and in the next year he died, "to the great sorrow of the whole city," as Vasari says, and as one can well imagine; and we are told that during his residence there he had built himself a house which he bequeathed to one of his daughters, and that he had lived a godly and industrious life and was long remembered in the city. The following epitaph was engraved on his tomb:

Hic tumulus est Benotii Florentini qui proxime has pinxit historias
Hunc sibi Pisanorum donavit humanitas MCCCC-XCVIII.

*W. J. Stillman.*

# THE VALLEY OF THE WINDING WATER.

THE valley of the winding water
Wears the same light it wore of old.
Still o'er the purple peaks the portals
Of distance and desire unfold.

Still break the fields of opening June
To emerald, in their ancient way.
The sapphire of the summer heaven
Is infinite, as yesterday.

My eyes are on the greening earth,
The exultant bobolinks wild a-wing;
And yet, of all this kindly gladness
My heart beholds not anything.

But in a still room far away,
With mourners round her silent head,
Blind to the quenchless tears, the anguish,
I see, to-day, a woman dead!

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

# FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

"Breathe on us for the passing day
The charm of ancient story."

## I.

### THE KELDERS OF KELDERBY.

"Though God as one that is an householder,
Called these to labor in his vineyard first,
Before the husk of darkness was well burst:
. . . . . though the worst
Burthen of heat was theirs, and the dry thirst;
Though God has since found none such as these were
To do their work like them: because of this,
Stand ye not idle in the market-place."

WHEN Oliver Cromwell held the scepter of England, Odinel Kelder was baron of Kelderby and Swaffham. He was not ignorant of the ancestors who had mingled his clay and tempered the spirit within him. For seven hundred years he knew their names and their deeds. The furthest away of whom he had knowledge he spoke of as "my forefather Jahl," and owned the peculiar blessings of his lot to be the result of Jahl's nobility of nature and of his adventurous spirit.

For Jahl Kelder had been one of that earliest band of pilgrims who to escape the tyranny of Harald Haarfager sought liberty of mind and person among the eternal snows of Iceland. A few years later Jahl joined his friend Toddi, or Dodd, in that southward search for a fairer home which resulted in their settlement on the shores of Cumberland and in the dales of Westmoreland. Toddi found the Whitehaven, and bought from the monks of St. Bees the great woods and lonely dales stretching back to Ennerdale. Jahl reached the solitary seaward stretches of Silverdale, the very region of mystic forgetfulness, with its rounded hills and wooded wastes, and its great expanse of ribbed and wrinkled sand-flats — a dim, misty sea, where the flood glides up to the land swift and treacherous, or, beaten by conflicting winds, is white with phantom foam and vexed with spray and spindrift.

Behind him was a waste of sullen moss and craggy mounds, unfruitful solitudes so bare and desolate that he called them *Hardanger* — the old Norse name for a place of hunger and poverty. But Jahl asked little of the land; he looked to the sea. It raced round its numerous promontories and lay sleeping in its bays; and he saw the gray wings of his ships peopling the pallid waste. They were his hands. They would reach him the good things that were not within his grasp. He built his big stone hall on the height of Silver Scar, and the lonely land, and the misty waves bowling in and out of the fog, became dear to him.

Once his friend Toddi sailed southward to keep a feast with him, and he said, "Jahl, thou art not wise to build so high; every wind of heaven will smite thee."

But Jahl answered, "This is what I think, Toddi — the birds that build on the ground make very poor nests."

Jahl built for his generations. They sat in his place and trod in his footsteps and kept his memory green. They married into the great Saxon families of Swaffham and Millom, and twice the Norman De Burgs added the quicksilver of their race to the life stream of the Scandinavian stock; and as one or the other of the race distinctions predominated, so was the Kelder of his day. In the course of seven centuries the original stone hall had become a fine seat. Not that all the Kelders had been wise life-tenants of it, but that the potency of the Saxon element had been frequent enough to repair losses and accumulate capital. So that at the beginning of the seventeenth century the Kelders were one of the great families of the North Country.

Odinel, the nineteenth of his name, differed widely from his ancestor Jahl, but the differences were mainly in the inner man. Outwardly he had the great Norse frame, the lofty stature, and the blonde complexion of his northern kin. His mother had been a De Burg, but he owed nothing to her except the high-bred nose and the haughty upper lip of the Norman race. He had a large compact forehead, eyes like tempered steel shining with

a steady gleam, a square chin, a firm mouth, and a manner at once benignant and austere — the manner of a true liegeman of Duty, kind, faithful, and intrepid. If he clasped hands, it was with a flesh-and-blood warmth of grip; if he smiled, it was with the large, clear sincerity of a man without guile. He had the heartiness of the Norse nature, the breadth of the Norse imagination, and the refreshing atmosphere of one who lived in the open air, who went alone into the heart of the mists, and into the silence of the starry sky, who knew the visionary majesties of the mountains and the pale, pensive glooms of the valleys, and who loved the flavor of the brine and the damp fresh air of the northern ocean.

He was sixty years of age, and he had played the man in Israel on every battlefield for liberty from long Marston Moor to Worcester. Life had been a stirring story to him. He was sitting one evening very quietly on his hearthstone talking it over with the man within him. This mighty *I* was truth itself. It told him plainly that at Marston he might have been more merciful; that at Dunbar, in that great strait between the sea and the Lammermuirs, he might have been more trustful; that in the red streets of Worcester he might have been more just. And he was humbled amid his valiant memories, silently appealing from the accuser to Him who had made the atonement.

The tall black chair in which he sat had been the baron's own for generations. One foot was on its footstool, the other pressed down the soft white wool of the hearthrug. His left hand lay upon the basket hilt of his long rapier, his right hand shaded his eyes, his fine head drooped slightly forward. But though silent and motionless, he was not alone. On the opposite side of the rug Lady Kelder was spinning flax. The little black wheel, richly carved and tipped with silver, was at her knee, and between it and the snowy flax her white hands made monotonously graceful movements. She wore a dress of black silk with a lawn kerchief pinned across her breast, and a black-silk hood lined with white fell slightly backward from her white hair. A handsome woman of an unchanging countenance, compact and conscious, who knew what she meant and what she wanted and in what she believed.

But though she spoke not she glanced frequently towards her husband, and presently he caught her glance and a loving smile flashed echo-like from face to face. Then she said:

"Nathaniel stays away so much longer than was spoken of. What think you, dear heart?"

"I think, Joan, that he will have business to be his excuse. Between here and London are many hard miles."

"And also he may come by Kendal. Our cousin De Burg has a very fair daughter. I have heard that Anastasia has bettered all expectations of her beauty; she may be reason enough to stay even a wise man."

"Anastasia has Charles Stuart in all her thoughts. A Puritan gentleman is her mock, and nothing else. What agreement can there be between her and our son?"

"In troth and peace love has no politics. Any side will suit him."

"Nathaniel's politics are the complexion of his creed. Joan, think not evil of your son."

"As for creeds, he may take to one you think not of. There is a beaten path now between Kelderby and Sandys, and Mistress Prid—"

"Mistress Prideaux is a Quakeress. Dear Joan, keep a rein on your thoughts. Nathaniel will give you a betterly sort of daughter than that."

"I have the fear in my heart day and night, a fear unfaceable. There are things I would never submit to; that is one of them. A Quakeress in Kelderby! God forbid!"

"Calmly, Joan. 'T is said they have spiritual gifts."

"What is the Protector doing to suffer them? I would he were more faithful to the truth."

"A Quaker may privately enjoy his conscience, in both opinion and practice; sure that is but reason. As for Nathaniel, I think he is such a man as will take his own way if it sorts with his faith and duty."

He rose as he spoke and began to walk slowly about the long low room, for the housekeeper Jael and a serving-man had entered, and the woman put aside Lady Kelder's spinning, and the man began to lay the table for the evening meal. Jael was a noticeable woman fifty years old, fresh and sturdy, the right hand of her mistress in all domestic concerns, the loyal friend of the Kelders, bound so willingly by the kindly traditions of many generations. She pushed the logs together and added fresh ones, and then straightening herself watched for a moment the arrangement of the fine pewter service upon the table. This being satisfactory, she turned so as to face her mistress and said:

"My Lady, Susan of Lambrigg and Jock the second shepherd want to marry; it puts me about a bit."

"It is a fit marriage, I think, Jael."

"True, my Lady, but not a fit time, with the spring cleaning to do in Kelderby, and the sheep casting their lambs on every fellside. It is n't reasonable. But what signifies talking? You can't think what a couple of fools they be. They stand to wedding through thick and thin."

"Then wedding it will have to be. Dear me, Jael, how girls will run into trouble! Is it raining?"

"Dreeping wet, and very airy; the wind being nor'ard and west'ard. You can hear the billow-bluster at the foot of the Scar."

"Your young master is somewhere on the road between here and London. I pray God he come to no ill."

"Ill keeps its own road, my Lady, and my young master is never found on it. He 'll be here anon. Perhaps," and she stooped to move the logs as she spoke — "perhaps he is safe at Sandys."

"Jael!"

"Yes, my Lady; facts will be."

"Facts give way to stronger facts. See that all the men and maids come in to prayers. Some have made a breach in the good custom lately. I will have them all in."

"Speak to them yourself, my Lady; it will be a long way better. They have been backening badly in every right thing lately. I am often hard set to manage them."

At this moment supper was served, and Jael threw a lamb's-wool shawl around her lady's shoulders and placed her seat at the table.

In the midst of the meal she saw a sudden change on the face of the serving-man. The loutish chaos of his countenance colored into life, and a gleam of pleasure brightened his pale eyes. He had heard a footstep that no one else had heard, and the pasty in his hand was only saved from a fall by his mistress's look of sharp inquiry. Before a word could be said the door opened with a swift, noiseless movement, and Captain Nathaniel Kelder entered.

No one could have been more welcome; but there was a calm gravity in his manner which repressed any extravagant demonstration of feeling. Lady Kelder, however, had a kiss and a whispered word of tenderness which brought tears of joy to her eyes, and the baron such a grasp and glance as interprets the greeting of kindred souls. Then the meal was finished to that hurry of general conversation which usually follows an arrival. It flitted here and there, to persons and things and events, but touched none of the real subjects of interest until prayers were over and the servants dismissed with the usual blessing:

"God be with you, each and all!"

"And with you and yours, master."

The head-man lingered a few minutes to render his account and to receive orders for the following day, and during this interval Lady Kelder looked with a fond speculation at her son. She thought of his cousin Anastasia de Burg, and of lovely Mistress Prideaux, and wondered if he really was in love with either. She never doubted but both were in love with Nathaniel. If this opinion wanted any confirmation in her mind, she found it instantly in the beauty of the young man, leaning with unstudied grace against the high chimneypiece of black oak.

It has long been the false and silly fashion to ridicule the Puritan garb; it is now full time to acknowledge that Puritan gentlemen were dressed gracefully and picturesquely and in the most perfect sobriety of good taste. They thought that dark or black garments were fittest for grave and earnest men. We are now all of the same opinion. They thought laces, perfumes, and jewelry marks of vanity and foppishness. Every true gentleman in Christendom now thinks with them. They thought it more rational to cut their hair a comfortable length than to wear it in womanish curls down the back. What sensible man of to-day will contradict them? High Churchmen who still delight to nickname them "Roundheads" make a point of cutting their own hair much closer. Yes, even in the matter of dress, the Puritan was wise and brave beyond his time.

Nathaniel Kelder could have chosen no dress more becoming, even if dress had been a subject about which he was troubled. His jack-boots covered his knees. His breeches were of black leather dressed until it was as soft as velvet. His dark doublet showed undersleeves of white linen, and round his neck was a scarf of fine lawn broidered at the edge with a band of needlework done by his mother's fingers. He was very tall, and had a bright, spiritual face set in soft brown hair — a face so fine that it gave the impression of being formed of some rarer thing than flesh and blood. A smile made it luminous. His gray eyes were large and dreamy, the downward sweep of the eyebrows towards the lashes of the eyes when they were raised indicating not only a tender heart, but a disposition to melancholy. A mouth of great refinement, candid and loyal, softened the threat of his resolute chin, and he had an air of distinction which was not consequent alone to the condition of his good birth, but was partly the result of acquired self-restraint. Nathaniel Kelder had the mastery over his spiritual man. He could cross his will without a mutiny.

It was a relief to the family when the door was closed upon them and they could speak freely together, for servants if more faithful in those days were not less curious, and Master Nathaniel's journey to London had been a matter of speculation among them.

"There be a woman in it," the head-man said among his fellows; "there be a woman in it. I met De Burg's man in Kendal market, and I dilly-dallied an hour with him, talking

of Mistress De Burg and what gentlemen were her servants now; but at the long end, what signified? He let no light into things. I could make naught of him, back nor edge."

"You had much to do to name young master with Mistress De Burg—a proud-souled madam that is hey-go-mad for the Stuarts and their kind."

"There 's no need to be put about, Jael. It breaks no squares to say that whether Stuart or Cromwell be master, we be servants; and I do think that young master have been in London about the De Burgs. It 'll turn out so, you 'll see it will."

Primitive natures who trust to their natural instinct are rarely mistaken. Nathaniel Kelder had been to London in the interest of the De Burgs. For although the friendship between the families had been broken by political differences, the tie of kinship was of stronger stuff; and when De Burg was threatened by the law, and his lands in danger of confiscation, Kelder had voluntarily offered himself as his cousin's security.

"What success, Nathaniel?" he asked.

"Better than was to be hoped for, father. I had two interviews with the Lord Protector, and at the first moment he remembered you. He said, 'Kelder's word is bond for a dukedom'; and then he asked how you fared, and anon he turned to his desk and wrote somewhat concerning the business; afterwards he bid me dine that night at the palace."

"What think you of him now?"

"What I ever have thought. There is no man in England to stand beside him. The glance of his eyes pierced me like a spear. While I was present an officer entered with a report concerning the plot of the Fifth Monarchy Men. His anger was great, but he shut close his mouth, and I saw he was reining up by a strong effort the prancing passions within him."

Kelder was much moved by this information. In his own heart was a strong leaning towards these fervent visionary watchers for the visible coming of Christ the King and the reign of the saints on earth. Unknown to any soul he had cherished the same longing. There was a high hill behind Kelderby, and many a morning he had climbed it, and, looking towards the east, watched for the glory of the Second Advent. He was sorry that those who watched with him should take up carnal weapons and make divisions, and could hardly believe it until Nathaniel said:

"This officer brought with him the standard which they had prepared—a fine one truly. 'T was folded close, but Cromwell, with a strange power, shook it open. So I saw that it was a lion couchant, and the motto written, '*Who shall rouse him up?*' I would you had seen the Lord Protector as he stood holding the standard. His face was like a battle-cry, but oh, the sadness in his eyes! I shall never forget it."

"Sure 't is a wonder so great a man should think of dining; but I 'll warrant he kept his dinner-hour, plots and standards and all to them! And pray what palace honors he now?"

"He is at Hampton Court, mother."

"Those Cromwells at Hampton Court! Sure 't is a sight to make one think. Elizabeth Cromwell in the seat of the queen! I marvel not if she forget whence she came."

"Dear heart, let the women alone. Oliver holds the scepter of England by right divine, and Mistress Cromwell is a godly consort to him."

"He has long wanted the king's place; he has gotten it then, it seems."

"The place wanted him. I, and many of my judgment, know that England is pleased and well content that he should be there."

"Not all content, as these Fifth Monarchy Men show."

"Such out of a godly jealousy misunderstand him. In time he will make his work clear."

"But herein others are of a like dissatisfied mind," said Nathaniel. "Many Christians of good quality complain of the spiritual bondage in which he leaves them. A deputation of the people called Quakers was waiting at Hampton Court. I saw not its manner of reception, but they also say that 'Cromwell understands them not'; nor are they wiser concerning his way of dealing with them."

"'T is most likely," interrupted Lady Kelder, scornfully. "They are a silly set, so full of themselves that they have no room for the grace of God. Quakers, forsooth! God give us patience when we speak of them! And as for the Lord Protector being beyond their wisdom, 't is most likely. A down day for General Cromwell when he can fold himself to their size! If you will tell me shortly what is to be done with your cousins De Burg I will leave you to discuss the Cromwells. I find them not so pleasant a subject for my sleeping thoughts."

"De Burg has permission to remain within his domains. He is not to go beyond them."

"God knows he will cross seas whenever he has matter to carry the king. I mean Charles Stuart."

"He is to give his word not to cross seas."

"His tenfold oath would not bind him."

"Then you must know that my father is surety for his word. If it cannot be depended upon, we stand to lose ten thousand pounds forfeit."

"Baron, you have done a wicked thing.

Why should you endanger your own estate to save De Burg's? Conceive how merry a business it will be for him to cheat and mock his Puritan cousin! I say, it was ill done to pledge your land."

"Dear Joan, I pledged my word. I will pillar my word with my land. Is my land worth more than my word? I trow not."

"De Burg called you traitor, and in the beginning of this fight he did you many an ill turn. The Lord of Hosts has given our side the victory; 't is an open insult to his mercy to make friends with your foes."

"De Burg was my cousin before he was mine enemy. My mother was his mother's sister."

"David says—"

"Joan, I go not back to Sinai. He that came out of Nazareth said, Love your enemies; do good to them that do ill to you."

Then there was a little silence. Lady Kelder was trembling with anger. A verse of Scripture may bring a wise decision in a question of right or wrong, but it oftener comes like a sword than as a peacemaker. So though it was impossible for her at the moment to dispute so plain an order, she felt that there were ways of meeting it, and she held these in reserve.

Then Nathaniel leaned forward and took her hand, and his bright face drove away the gathering shadows on her brow. "We had a poor dinner," he said. "If I had been curious about my food, I should have wished myself at your table, dear mother."

"Mistress Cromwell knows neither how to cook nor how to let cooking alone. 'T is a strange ordering which puts her in royal rooms and royal dress; but many heads have learned to lift themselves not before used to it."

"She is very quiet, and her dress not so brave nor so becoming as your own. A black velvet she wore, but shabby; and the lawn broidery poor and darned, and wanting that spotless purity which is better in my eyes than broidered bands."

"I have heard that Mistress Cromwell was not too neat—a bad fault in a woman; and the Lord Protector was but a sloven ere the days of wearing steel corselets and of scepter holding."

"As for the room, there were some fine tapestry hangings, and window curtains of scarlet baize, and a couch covered with fly-colored damask. And the Lord Protector had an elbow chair, and there were backed stools for the rest of the company. But the long black table compares not with the carved oak table and chairs of this room; and the andirons were neither so heavy nor so bright as these"; and Nathaniel, as he laid a fresh log across them, lightly touched the brass hearth furnishings which were his mother's pride. So the brass andirons and the carved oak furniture, though but dumb comforters, softened the first stinging sense of the baron's improvident translation of the great Nazarene's command.

In the morning it was decided to inform De Burg as early as possible of the mercy shown him, especially as it was necessary to be explicit concerning the restraints and obligations upon which it was to be continued. "'T is only kind to ride over to Kendal at once, Nathaniel," said the Baron. "Suspense is ill company, and De Burg must be an anxious man."

"'T is you, Odinel, that should be the anxious man," said Lady Kelder. "De Burg counts the years of Cromwell's life, and assures himself that with Cromwell dies the Commonwealth. His estate is now loaded with debt. The king returning will cancel all claims. King or Cromwell, he need not fret himself very much. And why go not you yourself? 'T is but right he should take the favor from your hands, and the orders which bind it; right also that he should give you thanks for your kindness. I think not of his promises. I trow he will keep none that sort not with his interest and his inclination."

"De Burg hates an obligation, especially from me. Why force him to say words he means not? I have the approval I want already."

"Consider your own unreason, Baron. You will keep De Burg out of the temptation to say false words, and you will send your own son into snares laid by the flesh and the devil hard for any man to resist."

Nathaniel smiled. "Vainly is the net spread in the sight of any bird, mother. My cousin Anastasia is known to me. I acknowledge her beauty, but I feel it not."

"Nathaniel, the self-confident fall before they know that they are in danger. Anastasia suffers no man to escape her witcheries."

"I have seen her frequently; I am not bewitched."

"The pitcher goes often to the well, and gets broken at last."

"Anastasia will not break my heart, dear mother. I can watch all her wiles, and slip away from them."

"From afar things appear so easy to do. But if you are determined to try experiments with yourself, Nathaniel, at least do it with deliberate question and answer."

Then the horses were brought to the door, and Nathaniel kissed his mother's hand and mounted. His father was to ride part of the way with him, and the two men went slowly together across the moor and up the hill. A couple of lurchers flashed like gray snakes through the bracken around them; and the colts came whinnying with staring eyes and

streaming manes to watch and wonder at the splendid thrall of their bridled kind. Indifferent to all such matters, they went calmly forward, talking not so much of the business with De Burg as of the Lord's great dealings by General Cromwell.

And afar off Lady Kelder watched them winding round the fells. "I wish this day's work bring not misfortune and ruin," she whispered, and her heart sighed as she passed inside the door with that still, drawling step too often prelusive of sorrow. She was a brave woman by nature, and yet she tainted the sweet spring air with whispers of apprehension. Oh, how difficult it is to speak good-omened words!

II.

BLAME THYSELF.

"O woman, woman, woman! All the gods
Have not such power of doing good to men,
As you of doing harm."

"A generous fierceness dwells with innocence,
And conscious virtue is allowed some pride."

Who will pity a charmer that is bitten with a serpent, or any such as come nigh wild beasts? . . . An enemy speaketh sweetly with his lips, but in his heart he imagineth how to throw thee into a pit: he will weep with his eyes, but if he find opportunity he will not be satisfied with blood. —Ecclesiasticus xii. 13–16.

NATHANIEL entered Kendal early in the afternoon. It was then a very aristocratic town, full of fine houses built of the mountain limestone. The ripple of the swift running Kent, the pleasant stir of the fresh wind in the poplars, the jubilant notes of the church bells — all these sounds but deepened the silence and peace of the proud and beautiful city. It seemed to be a proper home for gentlemen and gentlewomen who lived at their ease and who had given their own air of serenity and spotlessness to the place.

In Stricklandgate Nathaniel met the great beauty Mary Bellingham. She was riding a superb Barbary mare, walking it slowly up the wide street, pleasantly conscious of her own loitering and of the creature's impatience at it. It lifted high its dainty feet and let them fall with distinct yet rebellious efforts to realize its rider's dreamy mood. Nathaniel passed her bareheaded, and the royalist beauty vouchsafed him the shadow of a cold smile. In the thoughtless days of childhood she had once chosen Nathaniel for her valentine. What heartburnings, what loss of life and love, lay between that hour and the present! Ere he reached De Burg Hall many sad thoughts had followed that glimpse of the lovely face of his boyish sweetheart.

De Burg was an old ecclesiastical house, and was built, as such houses were apt to be, in the snug shelter of a rich valley. High hills surrounded it, but the long, low building of gray stone spread itself among green meadows and under the shade of ancient sycamores. It had been granted to the De Burgs at the time of the great spoliation in the reign of Henry VIII., and hitherto they had gripped tight to it.

Even in this crisis of his family Stephen de Burg did not worry himself greatly as to his possessions. He had a firm belief in the downfall of Cromwell; a firm conviction that the science of government was impossible to the mechanical classes. A few years, more or less, and the king would come to his own, and be received gladly by them. A Puritan confiscation might be troublesome, an imprisonment in the Tower even more so, but at any rate they would be claims upon King Charles which he would abundantly pay.

Such ideas made him tolerably comfortable until the Puritan hand was upon his estate and the Puritan threat of imprisonment in his ear. Then he had found his kinsman Kelder to be sufficient for his necessity. He had, however, no gratitude for this gracious interference in his fate; for De Burg not only loved to go a motive-hunting, but he also deliberately hunted for the very worst motive he could find.

"Cousin Kelder has become my bondsman! Nathaniel has gone to London to get the old brewer's assurance of quit and safety! What of that? These godly fellows have plenty of worldly wisdom. Never trust me if Kelder sees not that the king must soon come back. Then he will expect De Burg to protect Kelderby and Swaffham. Will I? I never pretended to wisdom, but I should be the perfectest fool if I paid such back debts." And De Burg laughed with harsh amusement at the thought. "As for Nat Kelder, I 'll swear he has been in love with Asia since he was as high as my top-boots, and he thinks 't would be 'a comfortable dispensation' to add De Burg to Kelderby and Swaffham. Fair and softly, my young cousin. 'T will be a miracle if you compass it. Here he comes, with all the assurance imaginable. Lord, how I hate such complaisance!"

For to this mental criticism De Burg had been watching the approach of Nathaniel. He turned with the last exclamation and went to the gate to meet him. More anxious than he would admit, Nathaniel's promiseful face lifted an unacknowledged weight off his heart. He could not help reciprocating the smile of his visitor as he held out his hand, and said almost merrily:

"Well, sir, are you come to turn me out

of house and home? Am I to visit Tower Hill? Is my head wanted for Westminster or Temple Bar?"

"I come with no such unhandsome news, cousin. Your undoing is in your own hands, and in none other. In your house and within your boundaries and your native town you are as much lord as ever. Only cross not seas or hold communication with Charles Stuart; if you do, it will be at your life's peril."

"Faith! I would as lief hold life from Beelzebub as from Oliver. A pretty topsy-turvy world, when an old fen farmer and brewer says 'thus and so' to English nobles!"

"You offend uselessly, cousin. I dispute not that it is a large bill on your patience; but it must be discharged, or worse consequences. And for my father's sake sure you will carry yourself wisely."

"I will carry myself as suits myself. Fear not; I will make shift to endure it."

"Let me tell you soberly—"

"Nay, then, I swear I will have no sober talk from you. All your wisdom won't mend my humor. I am fallen out with the whole world to-day; but I am mightily obliged to my cousin Kelder, and for his sake—and yours also—I shall think better of a Puritan as long as I live. I pray you go in and refresh yourself. You will find Asia in the garden with two of her present servants. And we will meet at table for further discourse."

Nathaniel had in his mind a plan far more to his liking, but he did not care to provoke disputings about it. De Burg was bound for the hills. In their silent places he could safely swear out his passion at the world and the ruling of it. He stimulated his anger with memories of the days in which he had lounged about Whitehall and Hampton Court and drank deeply of every cup of sinful enchantment; when he had swaggered and bullied with all that mad crowd, and laughed himself into the belief that the solid Saxons of the fen country were a handful of clowns scarce worthy the swords of the courtly nobles.

He was a swarthy man, a little corpulent, fiery, credulous, and false, with the insolent manners which belong to natures so vulgar that they cannot endure any one above them, be it prince or God. There had been times when he had hated the late king as heartily as he now hated Cromwell—as heartily as he would hate any one who could put a check upon the license of his will and way. So it had been hard for him to assume any decent amount of gratitude, and Nathaniel, in spite of his lovable disposition, felt that he could have borne a real injury easier than this neglect of a self-evident right.

When De Burg turned away from him he entered the house. A servant took him to a chamber, and he washed his face and hands and put on a clean band, and then refreshed himself with some cold roast beef and a measure of ale. But it was not a satisfactory meal. The continued absence of Anastasia deepened his feeling of resentment, especially as he heard at intervals the shrill mockery of her laugh and the willful vibrations of her clear, resonant voice.

He ate with conscious deliberation. If his restless disappointment arose from any remembrance of love for his cousin, it was his duty to cross its demands. And he did so with an over-exacting fidelity. The servants wondered at his slow precision and his thoughtful dallying with a very ordinary dinner. He was really speculating as to whether Anastasia knew of his presence; he was listening for her step, he was involuntarily watching the door. Every time it moved he was expecting to see the dark, piquant, provoking face of Asia de Burg.

But she came not, and when his meal could be no further prolonged he walked with a slow indifference to the door opening into the garden. Really the indifference was not altogether affected; he had been telling himself that to go to Anastasia was to go deliberately into temptation, and he preferred the temptation to come to him. Somehow the folly that takes us unawares seems more excusable than the folly we premeditate. But why suffer himself to be tried in either way? De Burg had felt the commonest form of gratitude to be a trial. Anastasia had a pride equal to her father's. If she did not wish to express her obligation, why should he compel her to do so? It was ungenerous. He might at least try to emulate that noble not-caring of the Divine heart which sendeth rain and sunshine alike on the thankful and the unthankful. Thinking thus, he resolved to leave De Burg at once.

But even while Wisdom spoke to him, her words were silenced by a clear, peremptory call. It filled the chambers of his ear and the chambers of his heart. He blushed like a girl when she hears for the first time the call of Love, and he answered it as promptly as if it had been the Lord General's bugle on the battlefield. His feet seemed to move without his option; he stamped them on the gravel to assure himself of his own will in the matter, and as he went the same penetrating call urged him again and yet again:

"Nathaniel! Nathaniel! Nathaniel!"

There were three terraces, and she was on the lowest one, but the clear lingering syllables appeared to fill all the space around him. He went rapidly from terrace to terrace, taking the low broad steps he knew not how. On the outermost edge of the lowest there was a fish-pond surrounded by a wide margin of green turf,

bordered with sweetbrier now full of its spring-tide scent. The thyme's perfumed sprig and the delicious odors of wall-flowers and auriculas seemed to make a part of the voice. He could not separate sound and scent; nor did he try.

In a moment or two he saw Anastasia standing on the turf. She was playing battledore with two gentlemen, and with face and arm uplifted was bending slightly forward to catch the feathered toy. In the act she let the battledore drop to the ground and turned towards Nathaniel. Her face and throat and bosom were rosy with the exercise, her eyes glinting with mirth, her dark hair tossed into a picturesque mass of curls falling so low as to cover her shoulders and even partly veil her bosom. Her dress was of fawn-colored satin adorned with a great number of pink bows, and there were large pink rosettes upon the insteps of her shoes, and long streamers of pink ribbon upon the shepherdess hat which she had flung upon the grass.

She came to meet him radiant, wearing all her enchantments. The touch of her jeweled fingers, the scent of her garments, the darting light from her eyes, the slight pout of her beautiful lips, the caressing tones of her voice, took him captive at once. Squire Chenage and Captain Bellingham, with whom she had been playing, watched with a dark scorn a meeting so little to their liking from many points of view. Hating each other cordially, they still more cordially agreed in their hatred of Captain Kelder. With marked hauteur they went to the side of the pond and engaged in a meaningless conversation about the size of the pike and the tench. Nathaniel heeded not the movement; he was scarcely conscious of their presence until Anastasia dropped his hands and went to give them a courteous dismission.

"My cousin Kelder," she said, "has been to London on our affairs, and I am in the humor of being pleasant to him. As 't is the greatest conquest I shall ever make of my pride, you must give me leave to practice the new virtue."

Captain Bellingham took his discharge with good-humored raillery. Squire Chenage looked darkly at Kelder and avowed his intention of "playing the game out with him."

"You had better not, Squire," answered Anastasia, with snapping eyes and emphasis. "He is swifter than you dream of."

It was a trying situation for the two gallants, and they did not bear themselves to advantage in it. Nathaniel's beauty and air of confidence and Anastasia's cool indifference flustered and irritated them. It brought out the bravo in Bellingham and the bully in the ruder Squire; and somehow their satin doublets and their scented lovelocks gave to their mien of real anger an air of swagger and fanfaronade which was altogether unjust.

Dimly conscious of this effect, they hurried across the terrace, swinging their feathered hats and feeling in the hot passion of the moment their ribboned points and boots trimmed with ruffs of Flemish lace to be quite out of keeping with the rude greeting they would have been delighted to exchange with the young Puritan. Both of them glanced at Nathaniel as they passed him. He stood by one of the pillars which supported the lower steps, and against the white limestone his tall, dark figure was a graceful and conspicuous object. Their glance met an instant and courteous response. Nathaniel lifted the high, plain hat which was such an offense to courtly taste, and in so doing revealed more distinctly the strong yet delicate beauty of his countenance and the close clustering curls of his bright brown hair.

It is not necessary to record the few emphatic words with which Chenage and Bellingham expressed their feelings; those of Anastasia, though sweet and pleasant, had a deeper malice, a more enduring and far-reaching unkindness. She stood at Nathaniel's side the incarnation of mocking beauty, watching the two young men out of sight. It was not necessary for her to speak; Nathaniel understood the glint of her eyes, the almost unconscious rhythm of her body, caricaturing the ungraceful walk of the be-ribboned swains.

"I admire how these men dress like women," she said at length. "Give me, cousin, the privilege to ridicule them a little. For my own liking I would that men ever wore leather or steel. Chenage in his leather hunting-suit is very much of a man, and Bellingham in his uniform not so laughable as in purple and white satin. Upon my word, cousin," and she looked steadily in his face, "I find you extremely handsome and extremely well dressed. Come now, sit down, and you shall tell me how Mistress Cromwell lives in the king's house. 'T is said she goes into the palace kitchen, and is never so happy as when among the pots and pans. People that pretend to know say so."

Then Nathaniel spread his cloak upon the lowest step of the flight, and they sat down together. But he told her first of the Protector's clemency, and explained the easy terms upon which it was proposed to save the lands of De Burg. He passed by as lightly as possible his own and his father's share in the arrangement, and Anastasia was not generous enough to acknowledge it. Still it was easy to see that in spite of her affected recklessness she had been exceedingly anxious as to the result of the visit to London.

"It is simple salvation," she said. "I have

been planning a life for myself when I should be turned out of De Burg."

"You would have come to Kelderby. The house is big enough for six families. There are even rooms which I have never seen open."

"Haunted rooms, or my life for it. All the rooms in De Burg are haunted. I have seen the ghosts many a time and oft."

"Asia!"

"I 'll swear it. Old abbots and monks gliding about, looking for the souls they have lost. But I should not have gone to Kelderby. I should have gone to the king at Paris. 'T is but a beggarly court he keeps there; but he hath a gay heart, and by all accounts there are merry times. I can sing a song with any one. When women can't work, they can sing. Heigh-ho! 'T is a queer world, dear cousin." And she moved closer to him and gently stroked his hand.

Every caressing movement made life in its innermost room tremble with pleasure. He was speechless under her charming. If he could have spoken he might have broken her spell. But he sat passive, watching the rich carnation of her cheeks and the sensitive play of her tempting lips.

"Yes, I could have sung the king out of a dukedom; and though you sit dumb as an owl, I vow I will sing you out of a chorus." She darted like a bird across the band of turf and took from the margin of the pond a lute. "Listen!" she cried. Then a wild sylvan melody was flung into the air, a melody that seemed to be made of the glad rustling of trees and the gurgling of running waters. Her voice lifted the tinkling notes higher. She came forward slowly, singing as if her whole being was nothing but a song:

"'A North Country lass
Up to London did pass,
Although with her nature it did not agree;
Which made her repent,
And so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North to be.
Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in the North Country!'

"Sing, cousin,

"'Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree'—

"Sing, cousin, sweet cousin, sing,

"'Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in the North Country!'"

She was standing before him, her eyes were searching his, she stooped slightly forward, and the witchery of the bright impassioned face was irresistible. His lips parted at her next imperative glance, and, willing or unwilling, without any conscious consent, he was mingling his voice with hers, and telling all the flowers and birds around them,

"'Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in the North Country!'"

They sang the whole song through, and at every verse they drew closer together. When she laid down the lute her head was on Nathaniel's shoulder and his arm was around her waist. She had sung her soul into her face. It was gazing passionately from her eyes, it was beating at the door of her lips. For a few moments speech was the most impossible and the most unnecessary of things, the significant language of music had said so much more than common words would have ventured upon. That *Da Capo* of the last two lines had broken down the floodgates of feeling and let both hearts flow together.

The silence which followed was to Nathaniel even sweeter than the song. He did not venture to break it. But in a few moments Anastasia wearied of the tension, the light faded from her face, the enthusiasm of the strife was over. She felt that she had conquered, and she made haste to claim the spoils.

"Nathaniel!"

"Asia! I believe you have been playing upon my heartstrings. I am in a trance of—"

"You are going to say, 'I love you.' I swear you shall not say such foolish words. I am weary of hearing them."

"What then shall I say?"

"Say nothing. What will you *do* for me?"

"What is it you wish me to do?" He spoke almost in a whisper, and with a singular soul-reluctance.

"Ah, me! Help me about my brother John. If you help me not, he and I are both undone." Her eyes were brimming with tears, she gazed pitifully into Nathaniel's face, and then gave way to unrestrained weeping.

Nathaniel was shaken soul and body between his pity for the woman and his indignation at the thing she had asked him to do. From his earliest youth John de Burg had been a reprobate. Hating the discipline of his father's authority, he had fled to sea when but fourteen years old and joined the Turkish pirates who at that time ravaged the west coast of England. For the tyranny and extravagance of King Charles had left all the forts and castles of the west unguarded; their villages were frequently plundered, and many Christian men and women were captured and sold into a cruel and hopeless captivity.

And John de Burg had led these infamous pirates to the coasts of his own county. His boyish form had been recognized in several attacks. 'T was even said that he had lured four of his father's tenants to the ship, which

had carried them away. Such an apprenticeship to crime had brought forth its natural results. He was now a man of thirty-eight, and he had made his name a terror to all merchant vessels. For he attacked indifferently English or foreign crafts, and the dollars and doubloons of Spanish galleons, or the sugar and timber of Bristol and Colchester ships, were alike his prizes. He had even taken the spoils of the sea from the hardy fishers of Newfoundland. As for the sailors of the captured vessels, a miserable choice of fates was given them — they could join De Burg's fleet of pirates and slavers, or be sold into slavery, or die.

King Charles, whose clemency could generally be bought, had been compelled to pass sentence of outlawry on De Burg, and Cromwell had sent a ship to take him on the high seas and hang him at the yard-arm of his own vessel. It was evident, then, that he had been badly pressed. Nothing but a feeling of desperation could have driven him off the sea and back to a home in which he had not a friend but the half-sister who had seen him only twice, and then by stealth.

Yet Anastasia had never felt so true sympathy for any living creature as for this graceless brother. The tie of blood, now so much weakened by the selfishness engendered by civilization, had then its primitive strength; and upon this basis she had built up a wonderful and mysteriously romantic affection. For though she had seen so little of her brother, he had not suffered her, after their first stolen interview, to forget him. Strange men had brought her at intervals presents from him which she thoroughly appreciated — jewels and brocades and fine lace, curious boxes and scents, and not infrequently little leather bags full of gold pieces.

And John de Burg really had for his sister a feeling more akin to unselfish love than seemed possible in a nature so perverted. In their clandestine and dangerous interviews she had charmed him. He felt proud of the fair girl who gave him her heart without inquiries or stipulations, and who never reproached him with the past or asked anything for the future. He had frequently taken great risks to send her tokens of his remembrance, and when at last he found himself forced to fly from his enemies, instead of fighting them, he had thrown himself without a doubt upon her love and resources.

Hitherto she had defied suspicion by her very boldness. She had secreted him under his father's roof for six weeks. Nor had she found it very difficult to do, for she had ever ruled her household with careless prodigality. There was in De Burg Hall none of that methodical surveillance which was the custom and delight of the ladies of that time. De Burg lived for his outdoor sports, and was satisfied if the demands of his appetite were met in a way which his taste approved. His dining-room and his sleeping-room were the only apartments in his house he visited, unless there was company of sufficient degree or number to make it necessary to open the guest parlors and chambers. But during the last four years such occasions had been rare. The king in exile drained his loyal nobles and gentry of money; they had little left for private entertainments.

As for Anastasia, she lived only for her own delight. She ate delicately, and dressed beautifully, and read the ponderous romances of the day, or amused herself with the peculiarities of her lovers. She held the reins of the household in a very slack hand, and the servants naturally took their lives as easily as possible. None of them, at least, thought it necessary to clean rooms which were not to be used; and Anastasia was now thankful to herself for her indifferent housekeeping.

John de Burg had therefore unmolested possession of a chamber in the main wing, and he kept the key, so that it could not be carelessly entered from the outside. It also communicated by another empty room with a small corridor upon which Anastasia's own apartment opened. At first she had found difficulty in procuring a sufficiency of food; but she soon hit upon the plan of asking her lovers to eat with her, and then giving them the credit for the plenteous meals which disappeared from her table. And she made so many adroit suggestions and such merry talk about their able appetites that no one for some time suspected her sincerity in the matter.

But within the last week a strange uneasy feeling had been growing in the household. A personality cannot be long unfelt, and the personality of John de Burg was too potent not to find out and penetrate the human element surrounding it. De Burg was the first to become restless under this unseen influence.

"I 'll swear I heard a strange footstep last night, Anastasia — on the chamber's floor." And he looked at his daughter with a glance the deeper interrogatory of which she perfectly understood.

But she met his suspicious inquiry with a mocking raillery.

"None of my present servants have the spirit to venture so far. I was reading 'Polexandre,' the wearifullest of books, I think; and I heard nothing but the rats and the mice. I pray goodness they eat not up the velvet and leather furniture."

"Then concern yourself a little about it."

"I have a month's mind to do so — if one

only knew what might come of cousin Kelder's interference in our affairs."

This conversation had occurred a week previously, and since then first one servant and then another had either by look or word shown a sense of something unusual. They could not define, they could not localize, the influence, but they felt its presence.

So then it had become evident to Anastasia that her brother must remove, and as soon as she saw Nathaniel she fixed upon him as a proper person to rely on. She remembered his passionate adoration of her in days past; she believed that she could yet move him to carry out her will. But between those days and the present hour lay a lifetime of action and emotion. The youth had become a man. When she played with his heart nine years before, Nathaniel was but twenty-two, full of enthusiasms and unbroken faiths. And Anastasia, then in her sixteenth year, had still illusions left, and possible longings after things lovely and lovable.

She forgot the stern school in which her young lover had since been graduated. She had not seen him at that burial which thrilled the stoutest hearts in England, when the Puritan hosts marching bareheaded laid the great Hampden in the chancel of his parish church. As they carried the hero to his grave, thousands of human voices were uplifted together in the lofty melancholy measures of the ninetieth Psalm:

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

That psalm had been Nathaniel's consecration hymn. To its pathetic imploration he had given his heart to God and his sword for England's freedom.

But Anastasia could have no conception of such a scene; still less could she imagine that miraculous covenant between his soul and its Maker which made that hour the most solemn of Nathaniel's life. For he had been alone with God, though surrounded by an army; and through the mighty human chorus, rising and rolling like a flood until it was lost in the upper spaces and the farthest horizons, he had heard the still small voice of the Divinity.

Anastasia remembered only his youthful infatuation, his eagerness to do for her any impossible thing. She took no account of the fact that he had since known all the fierce joy of battlefields, where lofty enthusiasms fought in very deed against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places, and where piety, exasperated to warlike vehemence, bound "kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron," and contended to the death for "the faith once delivered to the saints."

The old Nathaniel was dead, and Anastasia knew not the one she was trying to mold to her wishes with blandishments and tears. He looked at her indeed with a kind of pity, but also with shame and anger. Had she come to him in grave and sorrowful womanhood, acknowledging her brother's crimes and pleading for some space for his repentance, he could have respected her claim and perhaps persuaded his conscience to err on mercy's side. But it humiliated him to be sought with fleshly enticements. Would he grieve the Holy Spirit within him for a wanton love? Would he sell his honor for a woman's kiss? He was in arms against her beauty even while she laid her hand in his and looked with bewitching entreaty into his eyes. Yet all his senses trembled to her touch; he knew that he could hold no parley with the temptress. He rose, and standing before her asked:

"What do you wish, Asia? Tell me plainly."

"For God's sake, take John back to Kelderby with you! You offered father and myself a home if — if that old knave in London had taken our own from us. Well, then, I have every reason to expect that you will give John a single room and find him bread and water till his ship comes for him. He has had word that within ten days it would be by Barrow. Nathaniel, hide him until he can get off to sea; and then if you want a loving heart, you will be sure to find it here."

"Do you know what you ask, Asia? John de Burg has been outlawed by both the king and the Commonwealth. Herein you would make me the aider and abetter of his crimes. Your father — "

"My father would kill John on sight. You pretend to religion; have mercy then. No one will suspect you; not even Old Noll."

"It is beyond belief that I should use the honor of my father's name to cover a villain. Nor will I so far wrong the clemency of the Lord Protector. I have indeed neither list nor leisure to meddle with John de Burg, for he is a high-sea robber, a man-stealer, a woman-stealer; he has committed more murders than he can remember."

"'T is the fashion of the time to steal and kill. John is no worse than many who gain honor by the trade." She spoke with a pointed emphasis that made Nathaniel tingle; she put tears scornfully away and looked with a blazing but beautiful defiance at him.

"You must know that your brother lured into hopeless slavery three men who had been his playfellows — betrayed them, like another Judas, with a kiss."

"Faith, they had once told lies on him. He owed them a grudge, and he paid it. He did right; and you will be wise not to put yourself in like danger. O Nathaniel!" and

she rose and placed her hands upon his shoulders, "dear Nathaniel, for my sake take John with you."

Her lovely face was close to his; he flushed and trembled and felt an almost irresistible desire to kiss the sweet pouting lips and fold the pleading woman to his heart. A moment's hesitation would have made him her slave; but he did not hesitate. Though troubled and quivering through all his being, he gently removed the small hands which would have bound him, lifted his hat, and without a word made her a parting salutation with it.

The high, uncompromising hat typified the man's determination. She looked at Nathaniel, and then gave up the battle. He was ascending the steps of the terrace; she realized that she had totally failed. Then a storm of anger and scorn overwhelmed her, and as she could not relieve herself in speech she followed Nathaniel's slow but determined steps with a railing song —

"A brewer may be a Parliament man,
For there the knavery first began,
And brew most cunning plots he can,
Which nobody can deny."

Nathaniel was but a few steps before her, but he neither hurried his pace nor looked behind, though the mocking words followed him with a shrill intensity:

"A brewer may be as bold as Hector,
Tipsy-bold with his own nectar,
A brewer may be a Lord Protector,
Which nobody can deny."

Nathaniel was as one who heard not. He turned from the terrace into the court-yard with the saucy tones ringing in his ears, and was thankful to find his horse saddled and ready to mount.

A great depression had fallen upon him. He galloped furiously from the place; he felt the stress of a man fleeing for his life. His heart ached for the woman he had just left; and his conscience, that unseen judge, accused, accused, and accused him. Of what folly and self-sufficiency he had been guilty! At that hour he understood why David asked to be delivered from "presumptuous sins." The Holy One had taught men to ask, "Lead us not into temptation"; but Nathaniel knew that he had defied and dallied with temptation, and if he had escaped, it was as a bird from the snare of the fowler. The fear of the struggle was still on him, and though he rode hard, conscience was never behind him. To all his excuses it had the one inexorable answer, "Blame thyself."

(To be continued.)

*Amelia E. Barr.*

## CLOVELLY AND TINTAGEL.

TENDEREST Clovelly, sweet of name and face,
Nursling flower-soft of Devon's balmiest airs,
With what a womanly port and witching grace
O'er those rich lawns remote from jars and cares
Thou look'st far forth! How well those rocky stairs
Descend that gorge! With what a soft embrace
Those pendent woods shadow yon cliff's gray base,
Yon sea that wooes the rose, the myrtle spares!
Westward, Tintagel's keep of Arthur's might
Bears record stern. Beauty holds banquet here:
Yon azure bay so gladdening and so bright
Smiles on us as with eyes of Guinevere
Ere yet her queenly front, a realm's delight,
Had known a guilty shade, her cheek a tear.

*Aubrey de Vere.*

NOTE.— Few spots so near each other stand in such singular contrast as Tintagel and Clovelly, the most remarkable scenes on the northern coast of Cornwall and Devonshire — Tintagel, a storm-beaten, almost insulated rock, descending in precipices to the waves, and crowned by the rude walls of King Arthur's castle, if we may trust the old romances; Clovelly, the Cumæ of England, cradled amidst woodlands above a bay as bright as that of Baiæ.

# A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[Here follow a few incidents from an impending book of mine which bears the above title.[1] The Yankee tells his own story, and in his own language, beginning with this brief description of himself.]

I AM an American. I was born and reared in Hartford, in the State of Connecticut — anyway, just over the river, in the country. So I am a Yankee of the Yankees — and practical; yes, and nearly barren of sentiment, I suppose — or poetry, in other words. My father was a blacksmith, my uncle was a horse-doctor, and I was both along at first. Then I went over to the great Colt Arms factory and learned my real trade; learned all there was to it; learned to make everything — guns, revolvers, cannon, boilers, engines, all sorts of labor-saving machinery. Why, I could make anything a body wanted — anything in the world, it did n't make any difference what; and if there was n't any quick, new-fangled way to make a thing, I could invent one — and do it as easy as rolling off a log. I became head superintendent, and had a couple of thousand men under me. Well, a man like that is a man that has got plenty of sand — that goes without saying.

[The first chapter explains how, by a curious accident, he was flung back thirteen centuries and landed, whole and sound and very much surprised, in the midst of the quaint and primitive England of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; the five succeeding chapters relate his first adventures at Arthur's court, and close with his escape from death at the stake by means of a "miracle" — at least he passes the thing off on those simple and superstitious people as a miracle. And of so mighty a sort is his miracle that it raises him at once to the dignity of chief minister and executive, and at the same time so damages Merlin's stock as an enchanter that Merlin becomes his enemy, and a bitter struggle for supremacy in magic ensues between the two which lasts to the end of the book, Merlin using the absurd necromancy of the time, and the Yankee beating it easily and brilliantly with the more splendid necromancy of the nineteenth century — that is, the marvels of modern science.]

Inasmuch as I was now the second personage in the kingdom, so far as political power and authority were concerned, much was made of me. My raiment was of silks and velvets and cloth of gold, and in consequence was very showy, also uncomfortable. But habit would soon reconcile me to my clothes; I was aware of that. I was given the choicest suite of apartments in the castle, after the king's. They were aglow with loud-colored silken hangings, but the stone floors had nothing but rushes on them for a carpet, and they were misfit rushes at that, being not all of one breed. As for conveniences, properly speaking, there were n't any. I mean *little* conveniences; it is the little conveniences that make the real comfort of life. The big oaken chairs, graced with rude carvings, were well enough, but that was the stopping-place. There was no soap, no matches, no looking-glass — except a metal one, about as powerful as a pail of water. And not a chromo. I had been used to chromos for years, and I saw now, that without my suspecting it a passion for art had got worked into the fabric of my being, and was become a part of me. It made me homesick to look around over this proud and gaudy but heartless barrenness and remember that in our house at East Hartford, all unpretending as it was, you could n't go into a room but you would find an insurance chromo, or at least a three-color "God Bless Our Home" over the door; and in the parlor we had nine. But here, even in my grand room of state, there was n't anything in the nature of a picture, except a thing the size of a bed-quilt, which was either woven or knitted (it had darned places in it), and nothing in it was the right color or the right shape; and as for proportions, even Raphael himself could n't have botched them more formidably after all his practice on those nightmares they call his "Celebrated Hampton Court Cartoons." We had several of his chromos; one was his "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," where he puts in a miracle of his own — puts three men into a canoe which could n't have held a dog without turning over. I always admired to study R.'s art, it was so fresh and unconventional.

[1] Now in press — Charles L. Webster & Co., publishers.

There was n't even a bell or a speaking-tube in the castle. I had a great many servants, and those that were on duty lolled in the anterooms; and when I wanted one of them I had to go and call for him. There was no gas, there were no candles; a bronze dish half full of boarding-house butter with a blazing rag floating in it was the thing that produced what was regarded as light. A lot of these hung along the walls and modified the dark — just toned it down enough to make it dismal. If you went out at night, your servants carried torches. There were no books, pens, paper, or ink, and no glass in the openings they believed to be windows. It is a little thing, glass is, until it is absent; then it becomes a big thing. But perhaps the worst of all was, that there was n't any sugar, coffee, tea, or tobacco. I saw that I was just another Robinson Crusoe cast away on an uninhabited island, with no society but some more or less tame animals, and if I wanted to make life bearable I must do as he did, invent, contrive, create; reorganize things, set brain and hand to work, and keep them busy. Well, that was in my line.

One thing troubled me along at first — the immense interest which people took in me. Apparently the whole nation wanted a look at me. It soon transpired that the eclipse had scared the British world almost to death; that while it lasted the whole country, from one end to the other, was in a pitiable state of panic, and the churches, hermitages, and monkeries overflowed with praying and weeping poor creatures who thought the end of the world was come. Then had followed the news that the producer of this awful event was a stranger, a mighty magician at Arthur's court; that he could have blown out the sun like a candle, and was just going to do it when his mercy was purchased, and he then dissolved his enchantments and was now recognized and honored as the man who had by his unaided might saved the globe from destruction and its peoples from extinction. Now, if you consider that everybody believed that, and not only believed it, but never even dreamed of doubting it, you will easily understand that there was not a person in all Britain who would not have walked fifty miles to get a sight of me. Of course I was all the talk; all other subjects were dropped; even the king became suddenly a person of minor interest and notoriety. Within twenty-four hours the delegations began to arrive, and from that time onward for a fortnight they kept coming. The village was crowded, and all the countryside. I had to go out a dozen times a day to show myself to these reverent and awe-stricken multitudes. It came to be a great burden as to time and trouble, but of course it was at the same time compensatingly agreeable to be so celebrated and such a center of homage. It turned Brer Merlin green with envy and spite, which was a great satisfaction to me. But there was one thing I could n't understand — nobody had asked for an autograph. I spoke to Clarence, the page, about it. By George, I had to explain to him what it was! Then the lad said nobody in the country could read or write but a few dozen priests. Land! think of that.

There was another thing that troubled me a little. Those multitudes presently began to agitate for another miracle. That was natural. To be able to carry back to their far homes the boast that they had seen the man who could command the sun, riding in the heavens, and be obeyed, would make them great in the eyes of their neighbors and envied by them all; but to be able also to say they had seen him work a miracle themselves — why, people would come a distance to see *them*. The pressure got to be pretty strong. There was going to be an eclipse of the moon, and I knew the date and hour, but it was too far away — two years. I would have given a good deal for license to hurry it up and use it now when there was a big market for it. It seemed a great pity to have it wasted so, and come lagging along at a time when a body would n't have any use for it, as like as not. If it had been booked for only a month away, I could have sold it short; but as matters stood I could n't seem to cipher out any way to make it do me any good, so I gave up trying. Next, Clarence found that old Merlin was making himself busy on the sly among those people. He was spreading a report that I was a humbug, and that the reason I did n't accommodate the people with a miracle was because I could n't. I saw that I must do something. I presently thought of a plan.

By my authority as executive I threw Merlin into prison,— the same cell I had occupied myself,— and I did n't thin out the rats any for his accommodation. Then I gave public notice by herald and trumpet that I should be busy with affairs of state for a fortnight, but about the end of that time I would take a moment's leisure and blow up Merlin's ancient stone tower by fires from heaven; in the mean time whoso listened to evil reports about me, let him beware. Furthermore, I would perform but this one miracle at this time and no more; if it failed to satisfy and any murmured, I would turn the murmurers into horses and make them useful. Quiet ensued.

I took Clarence into my confidence to a certain degree, and we went to work privately. I told him that this was a sort of miracle that required a trifle of preparation, and that it

would be sudden death ever to talk about these preparations to anybody. That made his mouth safe enough. Clandestinely we made a few bushels of first-rate blasting powder, and I superintended my armorers while they constructed a lightning-rod and some wires. That old stone tower was very massive, and rather ruinous, too, for it was Roman, and four hundred years old. Yes, and handsome, after a rude fashion, and clothed with ivy from base to summit as with a shirt of scale mail. It stood on a lonely eminence, in good view from the castle, and about half a mile away.

Working by night, we stowed the powder in the tower — dug stones out on the inside, and buried the powder in the walls themselves, which were fifteen feet thick at the base. We put in a peck at a time in a dozen places. We could have blown up the Tower of London with these charges. When the thirteenth night was come we put up our lightning-rod, bedded in one of the batches of powder, and ran wires from it to the other batches. Everybody had shunned that locality from the day of my proclamation; but on the morning of the fourteenth I thought best to warn the people, through the heralds, to keep clear away — a quarter of a mile away. They added, by command, that at some time during the twenty-four hours I would consummate the miracle, but would first give a brief notice; by flags on the castle towers if in the daytime, by torch-baskets in the same places if at night.

Thunder-showers had been tolerably frequent of late, and I was not much afraid of a failure; still, I should n't have cared for a delay of a day or two: I should have explained that I was busy with affairs of state yet, and the people must wait.

Of course we had a blazing sunny day — almost the first one without a cloud for three weeks; things always happen so. I kept secluded and watched the weather. Clarence dropped in from time to time and said the public excitement was growing and growing all the time, and the whole country filling up with human masses as far as one could see from the battlements. At last the wind sprung up and a cloud appeared — in the right quarter, too, and just at nightfall. For a little while I watched the distant cloud spread and blacken, then I judged it was time for me to appear. I ordered the torch-baskets to be lighted and Merlin liberated and sent to me. A quarter of an hour later I ascended to the parapet and there found the king and the court assembled and gazing off in the darkness towards Merlin's tower. Already the gloom was so thick that one could not see far; these people, and the old turrets, being partly in deep shadow and partly in the red glow from the great torch-baskets overhead, made a good deal of a picture.

Merlin arrived in a sinister mood. I said:

"You wanted to burn me alive when I had not done you any harm, and latterly you have been trying to injure my professional reputation. Therefore I am going to call down fire and blow up your tower, but it is only fair to give you a chance. Now if you think you can break my enchantments and ward off the fires, step to the bat; it 's your innings."

"I can, fair sir, and I will. Doubt it not."

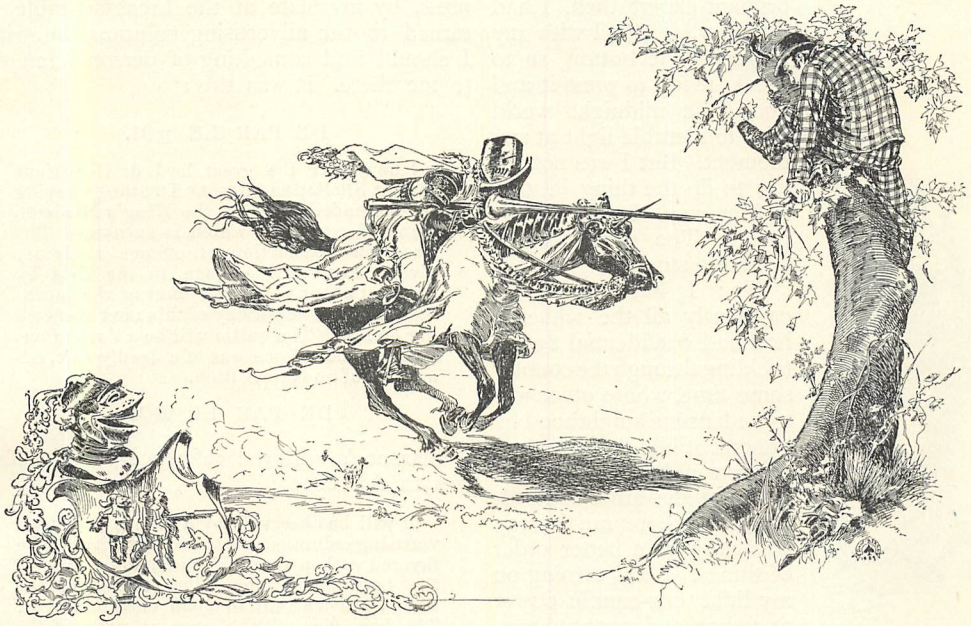
He drew an imaginary circle on the stones of the roof, and burnt a pinch of powder in it which sent up a small cloud of aromatic smoke, whereat everybody fell back and began to cross himself and get uncomfortable. Then he began to mutter and make passes in the air with his hands. He worked himself up slowly and gradually into a sort of frenzy, and got to thrashing around with his arms like the sails of a windmill. By this time the storm had about reached us; the gusts of wind were flaring the torches and making the shadows swash about, the first heavy drops of rain were falling, the world abroad was black as pitch, the lightning began to wink fitfully. Of course my rod would be loading itself now. In fact, things were imminent. So I said:

"You have had time enough. I have given you every advantage, and not interfered. It is plain your magic is weak. It is only fair that I begin now."

I made about three passes in the air, and then there was an awful crash and that old tower leaped into the sky in chunks, along with a vast volcanic fountain of fire that turned night to noonday and showed a thousand acres of human beings groveling on the ground in a general collapse of consternation. Well, it rained mortar and masonry the rest of the week. This was the report; but I reckon they added on a couple of days.

It was an effective miracle. That great bothersome temporary population vanished. There were a good many thousand tracks in the mud the next morning, but they were all outward bound. If I had advertised another miracle I could n't have raised an audience with a sheriff.

Merlin's stock was flat. The king wanted to stop his wages; he even wanted to banish him, but I interfered. I said he would be useful to work the weather, and attend to small matters like that, and I would give him a lift now and then when his poor little parlor-magic soured on him. There was n't a rag of his tower left, but I had the government rebuild it for him, and advised him to take boarders; but he was too high-toned for that. He was a



THE YANKEE'S RECEPTION IN ARTHURDOM.

rather hard lot, take him how you might; but then you could n't fairly expect a man to be sweet that had been set back so.

[A few chapters are here devoted to the events of the next two or three years. The closing incident is a misunderstanding at a tournament, where the Yankee makes a remark about Sir Dinadan the Humorist which Sir Sagramour le Desirous imagines was meant for him, wherefore he challenges the Yankee to mortal combat, this fight to take place when Sir Sagramour gets back from seeking the Holy Grail — an expedition which usually occupies several years and does n't result in any Holy Grail, either. Meantime the Yankee is very busy; for he has privately set himself the task of introducing the great and beneficent civilization of the nineteenth century, and of peacefully replacing the twin despotisms of royalty and aristocratic privilege with a "Republic on the American plan" when Arthur shall have passed to his rest.]

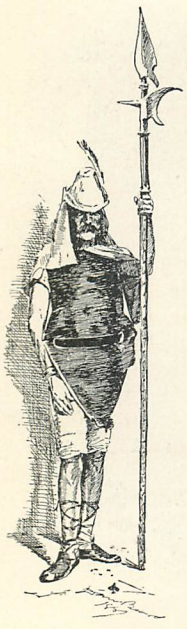
I was pretty well satisfied with what I had already accomplished. In various quiet nooks and corners I had the beginnings of all sorts of industries under way — nuclei of future vast factories, the iron and steel missionaries of my future civilization. In these were gathered together the brightest young minds I could find, and I kept agents out raking the country for more, all the time. I was training a crowd of ignorant folk into experts — experts in every sort of handiwork and scientific calling. These nurseries of mine went along smoothly and privately undisturbed in their obscure country retreats, for nobody was allowed to come into their precincts without a special permit.

Yes, I had made pretty handsome progress when Sir Sagramour's challenge struck me.

. . . . . .

Four years more rolled by — and then! Well, you would never imagine it in the world. Unlimited power *is* the ideal thing when it is in safe hands. The despotism of heaven is the one absolutely perfect government. An earthly despotism would be the absolutely perfect earthly government if the conditions were the same; namely, the despot the perfectest individual of the human race, and his lease of life perpetual. But as a perishable, perfect man must die, and leave his despotism in the hands of an imperfect successor, an earthly despotism is not merely a bad form of government, it is the worst form that is possible.

My works showed what a despot could do with the resources of a kingdom at his command. Unsuspected by this dark land, I had the civilization of the nineteenth century booming under its very nose! It was fenced away from the public view, but there it was, a gigantic and unassailable fact — and to be heard from yet, if I lived and had luck. There it was, as sure a fact and as substantial a fact as any serene volcano standing innocent with its smokeless summit in the blue sky and giving no sign of the rising hell in its bowels. My schools and churches were children four years before; they were grown-up now; my little shops of that day were vast factories now; where I had a dozen trained men then, I had a thousand now; where I had one



A MAN-AT-ARMS.

brilliant expert then, I had fifty now. I stood with my finger on the button, so to speak, ready to press it and flood the midnight world with intolerable light at any moment. But I was not going to do the thing in that sudden way. It was not my policy. The people could not have stood it.

No; I had been going cautiously all the while. I had had confidential agents trickling through the country some time, whose office was to undermine knighthood by imperceptible degrees, and to gnaw a little at this and that and the other superstition, and so prepare the way gradually for a better order of things. I was turning on my light one-candle power at a time, and meant to continue to do so.

I had scattered some branch schools secretly about the kingdom, and they were doing very well. I meant to work this racket more and more as time wore on, if nothing occurred to interrupt me.

Clarence was twenty-two now, and was my head executive, my right hand. He was a darling; he was equal to anything; there was n't anything he could n't turn his hand to. Of late I had been training him for journalism, for the time seemed about right for a start in the newspaper line; nothing big, but just a small weekly for experimental circulation in my civilization nurseries. He took to it like a duck; there was an editor concealed in him, sure. Already he had doubled himself in one way; he talked sixth century and wrote nineteenth. His journalistic style was climbing steadily; it was already up to the back-settlement Alabama mark, and could n't be told from the editorial output of that region by either matter or flavor.

[The next thirty chapters tell the adventures of a trip which the king and the Yankee make on foot through England disguised as peasants; the statesman's idea being to observe with his own eyes the condition of the masses, instead of putting up with doubtful, second-hand evidence in planning for their weal; and the king's idea being that here was a romantic new deal in the line of adventure, and doubtless a perilously good time to be got out of it. After long absence they at last wander back to the Capital, and find that Sir Sagramour, minus the Grail, has just got back too.]

Home again, at Camelot. A morning or two later I found the paper, damp from the press, by my plate at the breakfast-table. I turned to the advertising columns, knowing I should find something of personal interest to me there. It was this:

DE PAR LE ꝯOI.

Know thaT the great lord & illustrious knight, SIR SAGRAMOUR LE DESIROUS having c8ndescended to meet the King's Minister, Hank Morgan, the which is surnamed The Boss, for satisfaction of offence anciently given, thESe will engage in the lists by ↄamelot about the fourth hour of the morning of the sixteenth day of this next succeeding month. The qattle will be a l'ouTrance, sith the said offence was of a deadly sort, admitting of no composition.

DE PAR LE ROI.

Clarence's editorial reference to this affair was to this effect:

It will be observed, by a ȝlance at our advertising columns, thatthe community is to be favored with a treat of unusual interest in the tournament line. The names of the artists are warrant of good entertainme¶t. The box-office will be open at noon of the 13th; admission 3 farthings, reserved seats 5; proceeds to go to the hospital fund. The royal dair and all the Court will be present. With these exceptions, and the press and the clergy, the free list is $trictly sus3ended. Parties are hereby ᴍarned against buying tickets of speculators; they will not be good at the door. Everybody knows and likes The Boss, everybody knows and likes Sir Sag.; come, let us 7ive the lads a good send-off. Remember, the proceeds go to a great and free charity, and one whose broad benevolence stretcqes out its helping hand, warm with the blood of a loving heart, to all that suꝯer, regardless of race, creed, condition or color—the only charity yet established in the earth which has no politico-religious stop-cock on its compassion, but says Here flows the stream, let *all* come and drink! Turn out, all haNds! fetch along your doughnuts and youꝛ gum-drops and have a good time. Pie for sale on the grounds, and rocks to crack it with; also circus-lemonade—three drops of lime juice to a barrel of water.

N. ꝗ. *This is the first tournament under the new law, which allows each combatant to use any weapon he* ᴍay *prefer.* You want to ᴍake a noTe of that.

Up to the day set, there was no talk in all Britain of anything but this combat. All other topics sunk into insignificance, and passed out of men's thoughts and interest. It was not because a tournament was a great matter; it was not because Sir Sagramour had found the Holy Grail, for he had not, but had failed; it was not because the second (official) personage in the kingdom was one of the duelists; no, all these features were commonplace. Yet there was abundant reason for the extraordinary interest which this coming fight was creating. It was born of the fact that all the nation knew

that this was not to be a duel between mere men, so to speak, but a duel between two mighty magicians; a duel not of muscle, but of mind; not of human skill, but of superhuman art and craft; a final struggle for supremacy between the two master enchanters of the age. It was realized that the most prodigious achievements of the most renowned knights could not be worthy of comparison with a spectacle like this; they could be but child's play contrasted with this mysterious and awful battle of the gods. Yes, all the world knew it was going to be in reality a duel between Merlin and me, a measuring of his magic powers against mine. It was known that Merlin had been busy whole days and nights together imbuing Sir Sagramour's arms and armor with supernal powers of offense and defense, and that he had procured for him from the spirits of the air a fleecy veil which would render the wearer invisible to his antagonist while still visible to other men. Against Sir Sagramour, so weaponed and protected, a thousand knights could accomplish nothing; against him no known enchantments could prevail. These facts were sure; regarding them there was no doubt, no reason for doubt. There was but one question: might there be still other enchantments, *unknown* to Merlin, which could render Sir Sagramour's veil transparent to me, and make his enchanted mail vulnerable to my weapons? This was the one thing to be decided in the lists. Until then the world must remain in suspense.

So the world thought there was a vast matter at stake here, and the world was right; but it was not the one they had in their minds. No, a far vaster one was upon the cast of this die — *the life of knight-errantry*. I was a champion, it was true, but not the champion of the frivolous black arts; I was the champion of hard, unsentimental common sense and reason. I was entering the lists either to destroy knight-errantry or to be its victim.

Vast as the show-grounds were, there were no vacant spaces in them outside of the lists at ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th. The mammoth grand stand was clothed in flags, streamers, and rich tapestries, and packed with several acres of small-fry tributary kings, their suits, and the British aristocracy; with our own royal gang in the chief place, and each and every individual a flashing prism of gaudy silks and velvets — well, I never saw anything to begin with it but a fight between an Upper Mississippi sunset and the aurora borealis. The huge camp of beflagged and gay-colored tents at one end of the lists, with stiff standing sentinels at every door and a shining shield hanging by him for challenge, was another fine sight. You see, every knight was there who had any ambition or any caste feeling; for my feeling towards their order was not much of a secret, and so here was their chance. If I won my fight with Sir Sagramour, others would have the right to call me out as long as I might be willing to respond.

Down at our end there were but two tents — one for me and another for my servants. At the appointed hour the king made a sign, and the heralds, in their tabards, appeared and made proclamation, naming the combatants and stating the cause of quarrel. There was a pause, then a ringing bugle-blast, which was the signal for us to come forth. All the multitude caught their breath, and an eager curiosity flashed into every face.

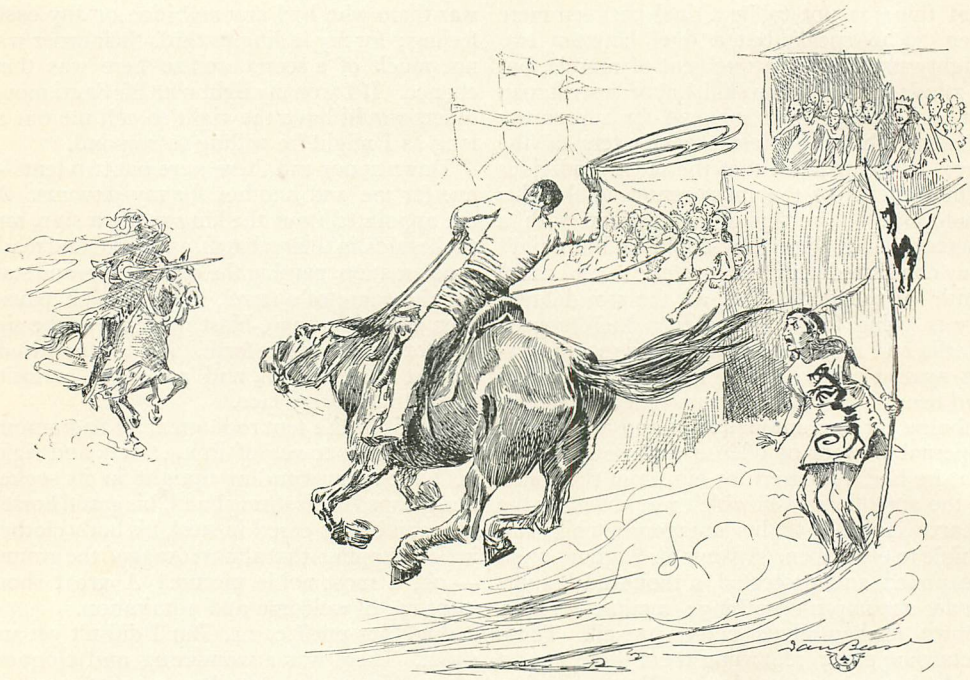
Out from the tent rode great Sir Sagramour, an imposing tower of iron, stately and rigid, his huge spear standing upright in its socket, and grasped in his strong hand, his grand horse's face and breast cased in steel, his body clothed in rich trappings that almost dragged the ground — oh, a most noble picture! A great shout went up, of welcome and admiration.

And then out I came. But I did n't get any shout. There was a wondering and eloquent silence, for a moment, then a great wave of laughter began to sweep along that human sea, but a warning bugle-blast cut its career short. I was clad in the simplest and comfortablest of gymnast costumes, flesh-colored tights from neck to heel, with blue silk puffings about my loins, and bareheaded. My horse was not above medium size, but he was alert, slender-limbed, muscled with watch-springs, and just a greyhound to go. He was a beauty, glossy as silk, and naked as he was when he was born, except for bridle and ranger-saddle.

The iron tower and the gorgeous bed-quilt came cumbrously but gracefully pirouetting down the lists, and we tripped lightly up to meet them. We halted; the tower saluted, I responded; then we wheeled and rode side by side to the grand stand and faced our king and Guenevere, to whom we made obeisance. The queen exclaimed:

"Alack, Sir Boss, wilt fight naked, and without lance or sword or —"

But the king checked her and made her understand, with a polite phrase or two, that this was none of her business. The bugles rang again, and we separated and rode to the ends of the lists, and took position. Now old Merlin stepped into view and cast a dainty web of gossamer threads over Sir Sagramour which turned him into Hamlet's ghost; the king made a sign, the bugles blew, Sir Sagramour laid his great lance in rest, and the next moment here he came thundering down the course with his veil flying out behind, and I went whistling through the air like an arrow to meet



"GREAT SCOTT! BUT THERE WAS A SENSATION."

him, cocking my ear, the while, as if noting the invisible knight's position and progress by hearing, not sight. A chorus of encouraging shouts burst out for him, and one brave voice flung out a heartening word for me — said:

"Go it, slim Jim!"

It was an even bet that Clarence had procured that favor for me — and furnished the language too. When that formidable lance-point was within a yard and a half of my breast, I twitched my horse aside without an effort and the big knight swept by, scoring a blank. I got plenty of applause that time. We turned, braced up, and down we came again. Another blank for the knight, a roar of applause for me. This same thing was repeated once more; and it fetched such a whirlwind of applause that Sir Sagramour lost his temper, and at once changed his tactics and set himself the task of chasing me down. Why, he had n't any show in the world at that; it was a game of tag, with all the advantage on my side. I whirled out of his path with ease whenever I chose, and once I slapped him on the back as I went to the rear. Finally I took the chase into my own hands; and after that, turn, or twist, or do what he would, he was never able to get behind me again; he found himself always in front at the end of his manœuver. So he gave up that business and retired to his end of the lists. His temper was clear gone now, and he forgot himself and flung an insult at me which disposed of mine. I slipped my lasso from the horn of my saddle, and grasped the coil in my right hand. This time you should have seen him come! It was a business trip, sure; by his gait there was blood in his eye. I was sitting my horse at ease, and swinging the great loop of my lasso in wide circles about my head. The moment he was under way I started for him. When the space between us had narrowed to forty feet, I sent the snaky spirals of the rope a-cleaving through the air, then darted aside and faced about and brought my trained animal to a halt with all his feet braced under him for a surge. The next moment the rope sprung taut and yanked Sir Sagramour out of the saddle. Great Scott! but there was a sensation.

Unquestionably the popular thing in this world is novelty. These people had never seen anything of that cowboy business before, and it carried them clear off their feet with delight. From all around and everywhere the shout went up:

"Encore! encore!"

I wondered where they got the word; but there was no time to cipher on philological matters, because the whole knight-errantry hive was just humming now, and my prospect for trade could n't have been better. The moment my lasso was released and Sir Sagramour had been assisted to his tent I hauled in the slack, took my station, and began to swing my loop around my head again. I was sure to have use for it as soon as they could elect a suc-

cessor for Sir Sagramour, and that could n't take long where there were so many hungry candidates. Indeed, they elected one straight off—Sir Hervis de Revel.

*Bzz!* Here he came, like a house afire. I dodged; he passed like a flash, with my horse-hair coils settling around his neck; a second or so later, *fst!* his saddle was empty.

I got another encore; and another, and another, and still another. When I had snaked five men out, things began to look serious to the iron-clads, and they stopped and consulted together. As a result, they decided that it was time to waive etiquette and send their greatest and best against me. To the astonishment of that little world, I lassoed Sir Lamorak de Galis, and after him Sir Galahad. So you see there was simply nothing to be done, now, but play their right bower—bring out the superbest of the superb, the mightiest of the mighty, the great Sir Launcelot himself!

A proud moment for me? I should think so. Yonder was Arthur, King of Britain; yonder was Guenevere; yes, and whole tribes of little provincial kings and kinglets; and in the tented camp yonder renowned knights from many lands; and likewise the selectest body known to chivalry, the Knights of the Table Round, the most illustrious in Christendom; and, biggest fact of all, the very sun of their shining system was yonder couching his lance, the focal point of forty thousand adoring eyes; and, all by myself, here was I laying for him. Across my mind flitted the dear image of a certain hello-girl of West Hartford, and I wished she could see me now. In that moment down came the Invincible with the rush of a whirlwind, the courtly world rose to its feet and bent forward, the fateful coils went circling through the air, and before you could wink I was towing Sir Launcelot across the field on his back, and kissing my hand to the storm of waving kerchiefs and the thunder-crash of applause that greeted me.

Said I to myself, as I coiled my lariat and hung it on my saddle-horn, and sat there drunk with glory, "The victory is perfect, no other will venture against me; knight-errantry is dead." Now imagine my astonishment, and everybody else's too, to hear the peculiar bugle-call which announces that another competitor is about to enter the lists! There was a mystery here; I could n't account for this thing. Next, I noticed Merlin gliding away from me; and then I noticed that my lasso was gone. The old sleight-of-hand expert had stolen it, sure, and slipped it under his robe.

The bugle blew again. I looked, and down came Sir Sagramour riding again, with his dust brushed off and his veil nicely re-arranged. I trotted up to meet him, and pretended to find him by the sound of his horse's hoofs. He said:

SIR SAGRAMOUR'S DISCOMFITURE.

"Thou 'rt quick of ear, but it will not save thee from this!" and he touched the hilt of his great sword. "An ye are not able to see it, because of the influence of the veil, know that it is no cumbrous lance, but a sword—and I ween ye will not be able to avoid it."

His visor was up; there was death in his smile. I should never be able to dodge his sword, that was plain. Somebody was going to die this time. If he got the drop on me, I could name the corpse. We rode forward together and saluted the royalties. This time the king was disturbed. He said:

"Where is thy strange weapon?"

"It is stolen, sire."

"Hast another at hand?"

"No, sire; I brought only the one."

Then Merlin mixed in:

"He brought but the one because there was but the one to bring. There exists none other but that one. It belongeth to the King of the Demons of the Sea. This man is a pretender, and ignorant; else he had known that that weapon can be used in but nine bouts only, and then it vanisheth away to its home under the sea."

"Then is he weaponless," said the king. "Sir Sagramour, ye will grant him leave to borrow."

"And I will lend," said Sir Launcelot, limping up. "He is as brave a knight of his hands as any that be on live, and he shall have mine."

He put his hand on his sword to draw it, but Sir Sagramour said:

"Stay, it may not be. He shall fight with his own weapons; it was his privilege to choose them and bring them. If he has erred, on his head be it."

"Knight," said the king, "thou 'rt overwrought with passion; it disorders thy mind. Wouldst kill a naked man?"

"An he do it he shall answer it to me," said Sir Launcelot.

"I will answer it to any he that desireth," retorted Sir Sagramour, hotly.

Merlin broke in, rubbing his hands and smiling his low-downest smile of malicious gratification:

"'T is well said, right well said! And 't is enough of parleying. Let my lord the king deliver the battle signal."

The king had to yield. The bugle made proclamation, and we turned apart and rode to our stations. There we stood, a hundred yards apart, facing each other, rigid and motionless, like horsed statues. And so we remained, in a soundless hush, as much as a full minute, everybody gazing, nobody stirring. It seemed as if the king could not take heart to give the signal. But at last he lifted his hand, the clear note of the bugle followed, Sir Sagramour's long blade described a flashing curve in the air, and it was superb to see him come. I sat still. On he came. I did not move. People got so excited that they shouted to me:

"Fly, fly! Save thyself! This is murther!"

I never budged so much as an inch till that thundering apparition had got within fifteen paces of me; then I snatched a dragoon revolver out of my holster, there was a flash and a roar, and the revolver was back in the holster before anybody could tell what had happened.

Here was a riderless horse plunging by, and yonder lay Sir Sagramour, stone dead.

The people that ran to see him were stricken dumb to find that the life was actually gone out of the man and no reason for it visible, no hurt upon his body, nothing like a wound. There was a hole through the breast of his chain-mail, but they attached no importance to a little thing like that; and as a bullet-wound there produces but little blood, none came in sight because of the clothing and swaddlings under the armor. The body was dragged over to let the king and the swells look down upon it. They were stupefied with astonishment, naturally. I was requested to come and explain the miracle. But I remained in my tracks, like a statue, and said:

"If it is a command, I will come; but my lord the king knows that I am where the laws of combat require me to remain while any desire to come against me."

I waited. Nobody challenged. Then I said:

"If there are any who doubt that this field is well and fairly won, I do not wait for them to challenge me, I challenge them."

"It is a gallant offer," said the king, "and well beseems you. Whom will you name first?"

"I name none, I challenge all! Here I stand, and dare the chivalry of England to come against me—not by individuals, but in mass!"

"What!" shouted a score of knights.

"You have heard the challenge. Take it, or I proclaim you recreant knights and vanquished, every one!"

It was a "bluff," you know. At such a time it is sound judgment to put on a bold face and play your hand for a hundred times more than it is worth: forty-nine times out of fifty nobody dares to "call," and you rake in the chips. But just this once—well, things looked squally! In just no time five hundred knights were scrambling into their saddles, and, before you could wink, a widely scattering drove were under way and clattering down upon me. I snatched both revolvers from the holsters and began to measure distances and calculate chances.

Bang! One saddle empty. Bang! another one. Bang-bang! and I bagged two. Well, it was nip and tuck with us, and I knew it. If I spent the eleventh shot without convincing these people, the twelfth man would kill me, sure.

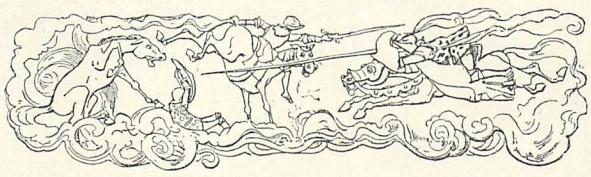
And so I never did feel so happy as I did when my ninth downed its man and I detected the wavering in the crowd which is premonitory of panic. An instant lost now could knock out my last chance. But I did n't lose it. I raised both revolvers and pointed them; the halted host stood their ground just about one good square moment, then broke and fled.

The day was mine. Knight-errantry was a doomed institution. The march of civilization was begun. How did I feel? Ah, you never could imagine it.

And Brer Merlin? His stock was flat again. Somehow, every time the magic of fol-de-rol tried conclusions with the magic of science, the magic of fol-de-rol got left.

[However, it is only fair to the late Merlin to say that he got one more chance at the Yankee — and made exceedingly good use of it, too.]

*Mark Twain.*



## A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

FOR bud and for bloom and for balm-laden breeze,
For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas,
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon,
We praise thee, gracious God.

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,
That by thee in the lap of the nations were poured,
We praise thee, gracious God.

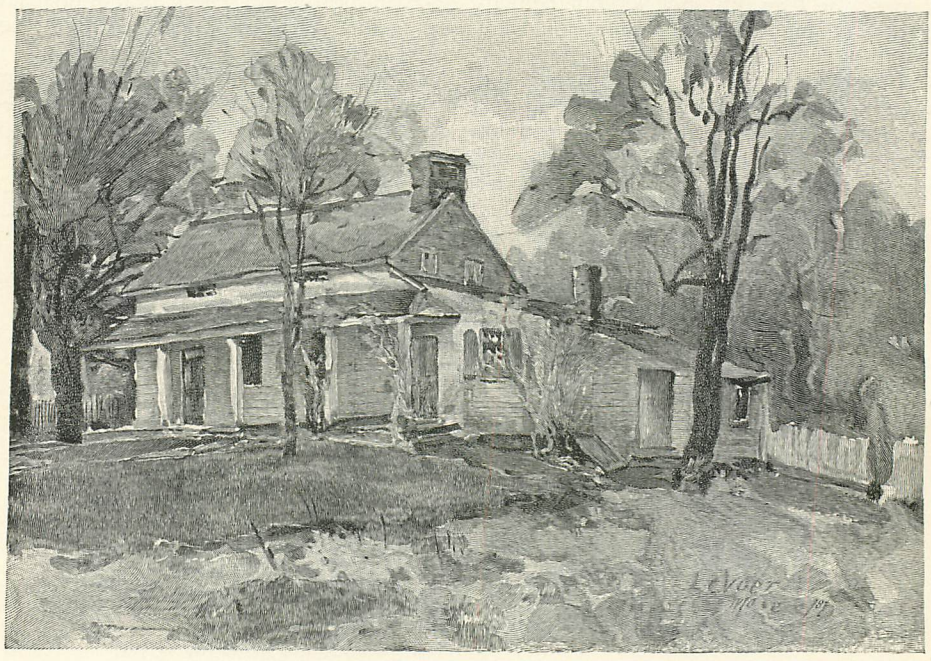
For the blessing of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye
That warms with a welcome and glooms with good-bye,
We praise thee, gracious God.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,
That the sick may be comforted, nourished, and fed,
That the sorrow may cease of the sighing and sad,
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,
We pray thee, pitying Lord.

That brother the hand of his brother may clasp
From ocean to ocean in friendliest grasp,
That for north and for south and for east and for west,
The horror of war be forever at rest,
We pray thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky,
That fall on us all from the Father on high,
For the crown of all blessing since blessing begun,
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of thy Son,
We praise thee, gracious God.

*S. E. Adams.*



## POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

HERE lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
The dying firelight blew
While he whose song was peerless
Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
And hopeless vale of Dis;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir
Or flashed with Israfel.

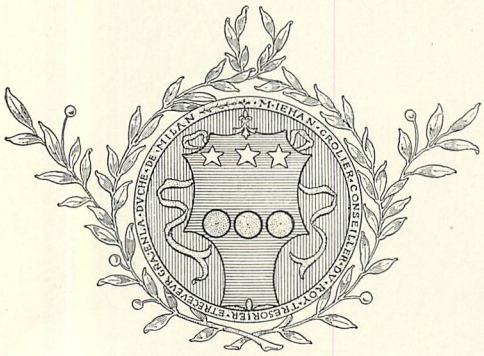
No singer of old story
Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame.

*John H. Boner.*

"BESSARION ON THE CALUMNIATOR OF PLATO," VENICE, 1516. FOLIO, 13 × 8 INCHES; BROWN CALF.
(FROM TECHENER COLLECTION. OWNED BY MR. ROBERT HOE.)

# THE GROLIER CLUB.

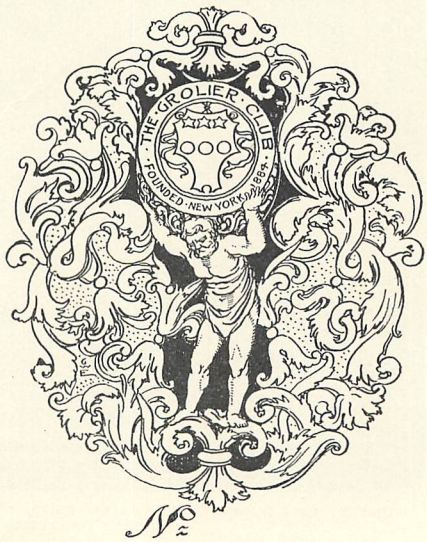


THE GROLIER ARMS.

ONCE upon a time M. Francisque Sarcey, wishing to express his abhorrent contempt for a poor play, doubted whether it would please even the inhabitants of Carpentras or of New York. I think we New Yorkers may fairly protest against this likening of our fellow-citizens to the dwellers in the Bœotia of France, even though we do not dare to call our city the Athens of America. In the noisy and futile discussion as to the future literary capital of these United States, one agreement was clear above the din, that this country had not as yet such a focus of intellectual, political, and material activity as London was in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and to the want of one such here Mr. Lowell attributes much of the "backwardness and provincialism of our own literature." Although there is, fortunately, a centrifugal tendency in our system of politics and education, aiding in the starting of little literary centers here and there throughout the land, it is clear also, I think, that there is quite as strong a centripetal tendency towards the concentration of a large portion of the intellectual, material, and political activity of the United States here in the city of New York. And it will be well for us if the intellectual activities are not pushed aside and thrust under by the overmastering stress of material or political activities.

The fact that most of the leading American publishing houses are in New York may bear witness chiefly perhaps to the material activity of the city; but the fact that most of the best magazines and reviews (weekly and monthly) issue hence, and that most of the exhibitions and sales of pictures are held here, goes to show that the intellectual movement is not sluggish. This movement is strengthened and sustained by many clubs and associations of all sorts and for all purposes, made up of little knots of men interested in one or another manifestation of literature or art. I need not refer to the Authors Club, housed, oddly enough, over the Fencers Club, and having so many members in common with it that the fighting editor is no myth and the quarrels of authors under this roof are briefer and more pointed and less acrimonious than those recorded by Disraeli. I need do no more than note the disputatious Nineteenth Century Club; the venerable Century and the revived University Clubs; the Tile Club; the kindred Salmagundi and Kit-Cat Clubs; the old Greek Club and the new Library Club; the Architectural League and the Fellowcraft Club; the Aldine Club of the men who make books, now established in Lafayette Place; and the Players (the Garrick Club of New York), with its beautiful home in Gramercy Park and its fine gallery of histrionic portraits, both presented by Mr. Edwin Booth. A rare wealth of material will lie ready to the hand of the Dr. Francis of the twentieth century who may write about old New York clubs; but I doubt if he shall find anywhere in his catalogue a more interesting association than the Grolier.

The Grolier Club is a gathering of those who love books for their external beauty — for the choice quality of the paper, for the graceful firmness of the type, for the even




GROLIER CLUB BOOK PLATE.

"HISTORY OF ETHIOPIA," BASLE, 1552. FOLIO, 7¾ × 12¾ INCHES; BROWN CALF. (FROM LIBRI, DOUBLE, AND TECHENER COLLECTIONS. OWNED BY MR. ROBERT HOE.)

Thursday Evening

A CARD OF INVITATION FOR WHIST.

clearness of the press-work, for the harmonious elegance of the illustrations, and for the decorative skill bestowed on the binding. Its constitution declares that "its object shall be the literary study and promotion of the arts pertaining to the production of books." That is to say, the Grolier Club is interested in books not as literature but as works of art. It is with the art and mystery of the book-maker, the printer, the engraver, and the binder, and not with the secrets of authorship, that the members of the Grolier Club concern themselves, although many of them are scholars and students of literature. They are true book-lovers, and not mere book-hoarders; they are bibliophiles, not bibliomaniacs; they love a book for its intrinsic beauty, not for its accidental rarity; they cherish a volume because of its charming vignettes or its vigorous press-work, not because it belongs to "the good edition—the one with the two misprints":

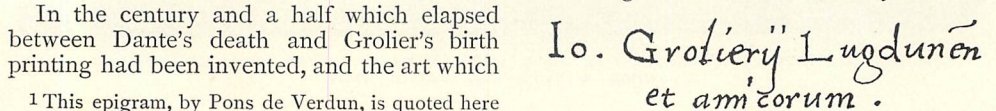
> Ah, je la tiens! — Que je suis aise!
> C'est bien la bonne édition
> Car voilà, pages quinze et seize,
> Les deux fautes d'impression
> Qui ne sont point dans la mauvaise.[1]

The Grolier Club is named after Jean Grolier de Servier, Viscount d'Aguisy, Treasurer-General of France, who was not, as many imagine, a bookbinder by trade, but a book-lover choosing the best impressions of the best editions of the best books and having them bound by the best binders under his own supervision. Grolier was one of the earliest of the great bibliophiles of France. The French have always been first in their affection for choice tomes, and they have been foremost also in the skill and the taste of their book-making. Mr. Lang, in his delightfully easy and learned treatise on "The Library," has quoted Dante's reference to "the art that is called illuminating in Paris":

> L'onor di quell' arte
> Ch' allumare è chiamata in Parisi.

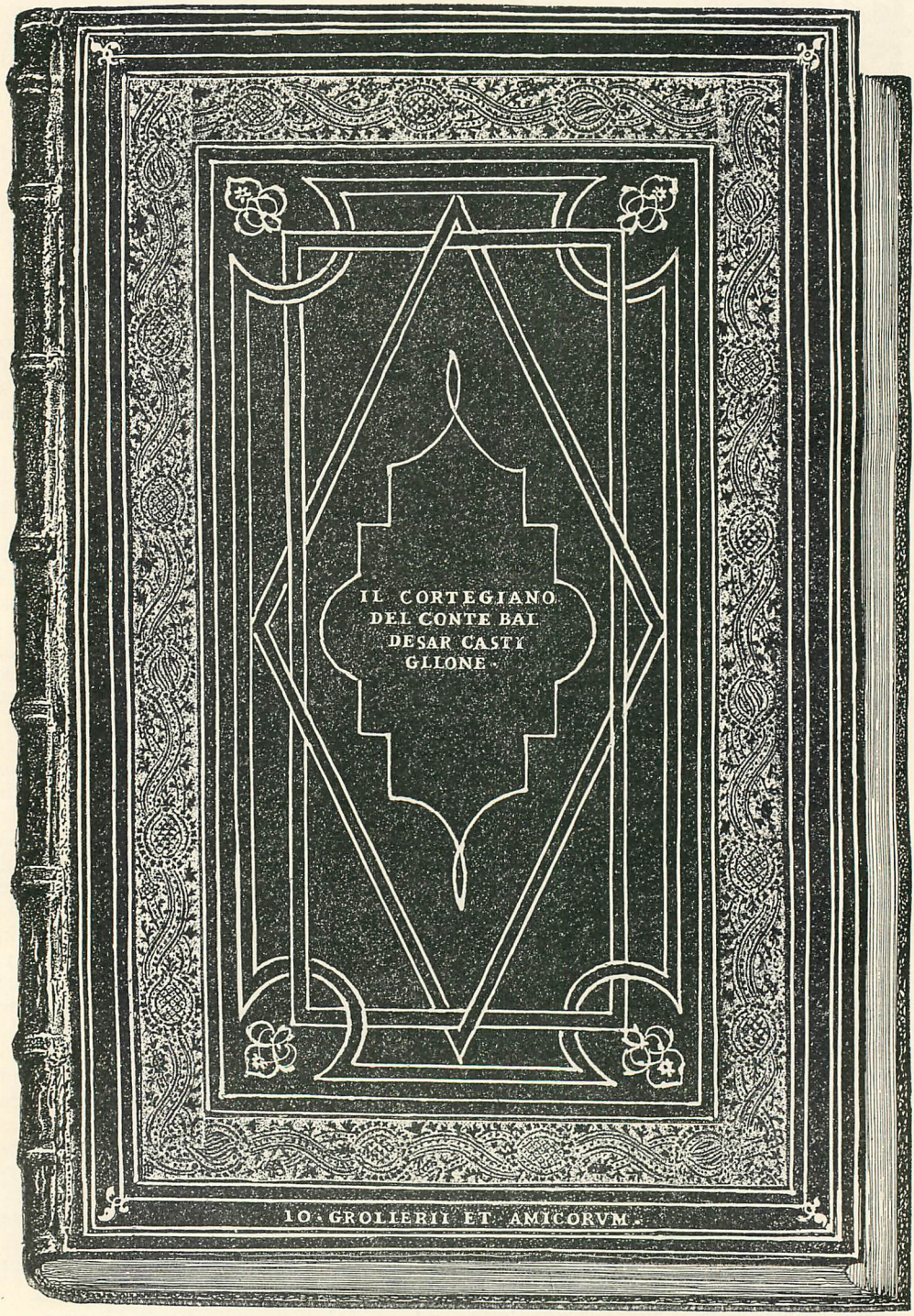
In the century and a half which elapsed between Dante's death and Grolier's birth printing had been invented, and the art which is called illuminating had begun to be neglected, but without impairing the supremacy of Paris. Grolier was of Italian origin and he served for years in Italy, at Milan first and then at Rome. In 1534 he had been appointed French ambassador to Clement VII., and it was then that he began to collect books. After his return to his own country he held several high offices, and he was Treasurer-General of France when he died in 1565 at the age of eighty-six. His library remained intact until 1675, when it was sold and scattered. The researches of M. Le Roux de Lincy, Grolier's biographer, enable us to declare that it was the library, not of a collector of literary varieties, but of a scholar who wished to have at hand the best books of his time. Apparently there were on Grolier's shelves few or none of the books which, in M. Alphonse Daudet's sharp phrase, are "intended for external use only." Unlike many modern collectors, Grolier read the treasures he had garnered; and their contents were worthy of the artistic casing he gave them. He was the comrade of the chief scholars of his time. Erasmus praised him; and Aldus Manutius, the great printer, dedicated a book to him. A friend of authors, editors, and publisher-printers, Grolier was not like the man scornfully referred to in Dr. Burton's "Book Hunter" as knowing nothing at all about books—unless, it might be, their insides. Grolier knew the insides of his books; perhaps he knew them inside out, but he knew the outsides also; and it is by the outsides of his books that he is now best remembered. He was wary in his picking of copies, and he had a provision of fine paper whereon a special impression was made for him alone where the common edition did not satisfy his fastidiousness. These chosen sheets were then clad in leather suits by the best binders of the day, who decorated them with designs full of the delightful freedom of the richest period of the Franco-Italian renascence.

It is small wonder that a library called into being with such exceeding care and so adorned by the cunning of the most adroit workmen should have high repute, and that when it was dispersed, a hundred years and more after Grolier's death, the separate books were eagerly purchased at what in those days seemed full prices. But in the two centuries since the sale the value of these volumes has been rapidly rising, until a single tome has been sold by auction for




AUTOGRAPH OF GROLIER FROM CAPELLA'S "ANTHROPOLOGY." (OWNED BY MR. SAMUEL P. AVERY.)

[1] This epigram, by Pons de Verdun, is quoted here from M. Octave Uzanne's lively and amusing "Nos Amis les Livres" (Paris, 1886).

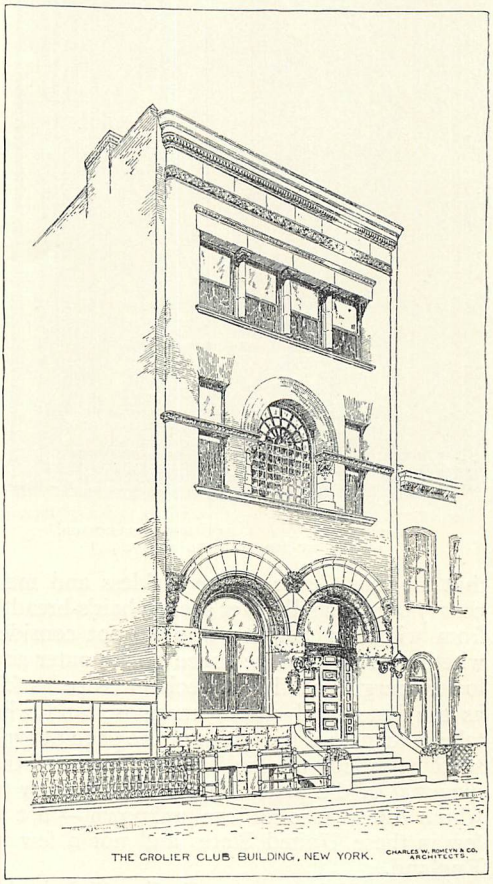



"IL LIBRO DEL CORTEGIANO," VENICE, 1528. FOLIO, 12¾ × 8⅝ INCHES; BROWN MOROCCO. (FROM LIBRI COLLECTION. OWNED BY MR. BRAYTON IVES.)

nearly six thousand dollars—this is the noble copy of Heliodorus owned by Mr. Hoe and reproduced herewith. In Paris the National Library, and in London the British Museum, are fortunate in the possession of books bearing Grolier's philanthropic motto; and in New York others may be seen in the library of Columbia College and in the Astor Library. Of a few which are owned by members of the Grolier Club engravings are here given; and these plates will show far better than any wandering words of mine the characteristics of the famous Grolier bindings. But although these reproductions reveal the grace and the delicacy of the design, they cannot revive the noble richness of the gildings nor the artful contrast of the colors.

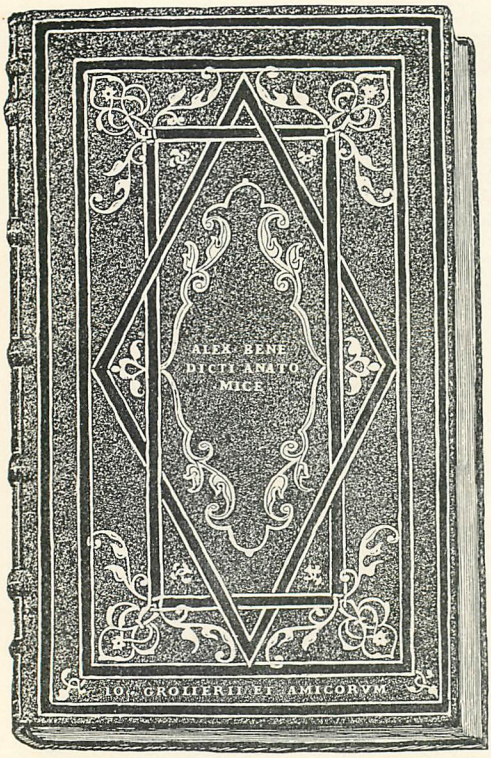
THE origin of the Grolier Club of New York is recorded in the first volume of its transactions. A little gathering of men interested in the arts "entering into the production of books" was held at the house of Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr., in January, 1884. They determined to organize a club, and to that end they appointed committees to present a name and to prepare a constitution. Early in February the members adopted a constitution which declares that the founders of the club are William L. Andrews, Theodore L. De Vinne, Alexander W. Drake, Albert Gallup, Robert Hoe, Jr., Brayton Ives, S. W. Marvin, Edward S. Mead, and Arthur B. Turnure; and then they elected Mr. Hoe, President, and Mr. Brayton Ives, Vice-President. A club device, including the arms of Grolier, was provided a fortnight later. Then the club, having a name, chose a local habitation at No. 64 Madison Avenue, where the council first met about the middle of April—less than three brief months after the first conference. Here, in rooms simply and most tastefully decorated and furnished, the Grolier Club has made its home ever since; here it has taken root and flourished and brought forth fruit; here its members have listened to a series of lectures as instructive as they were interesting; and here they have held separate exhibitions of etchings, of manuscripts, of original designs for book illustration, of bindings, and of early printed books. The President is now Mr. William L. Andrews, and Mr. De Vinne is the Vice-President; and the club is about to move into a house of its own, No. 29 East 32d street, where it will have more ample accommodation for its many new members. The architect, Mr. Charles W. Romeyn, has considered the special needs of an association of this sort: that he has succeeded in giving the club-house a dignified and characteristic physiognomy of its own, the accompanying sketch will show plainly enough.

Of the founders of the club, some were merely book-lovers from taste and some were book-makers by trade—printers and publishers; and thus the club began with a novel and fertile alliance of the dilettante and the professional, an alliance likely to be of lasting benefit to both. The object of the club was in reality twofold—to bring together those interested in the arts of book-making, that there



THE GROLIER CLUB BUILDING, NEW YORK. CHARLES W. ROMEYN & CO. ARCHITECTS.

might be a stimulating interchange of suggestions and experiences; and also to further these arts in the United States. Although there are an increasing few in America who know a beautiful book when they see it, there are also, alas! not a few who dwell in outer darkness, and in whose eyes the simple typographic beauty of the American edition of Mr. Lowell's "Democracy," or of the English edition of Mr. Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors," is no better than the ill-made tawdriness of the American edition of Mr. Locker's "Lyra Elegantiarum"—a most feeble attempt at bespangled splendor. There are not a few, I fear me greatly, who know not the proper proportions of a printed page, and who do not exact




"BENEDETTI'S ANATOMY," 1537. OCTAVO, 4 × 6¾ INCHES; BROWN CALF. (FROM SAUVAGE COLLECTION. OWNED BY MR. SAMUEL P. AVERY.)

that the cruel knife of the reckless and mercenary binder shall never shear a hair's-breadth from width or height; who do not consider whether the fair white space of the outer and lower margins shall be precisely twice as full as the inner and upper margins; and who take no care that the width of the page of type shall be strictly one-half of the length of the diagonal of the page. There are not a few to whom these niceties are unknown — not a few in these United States and not a few in England.

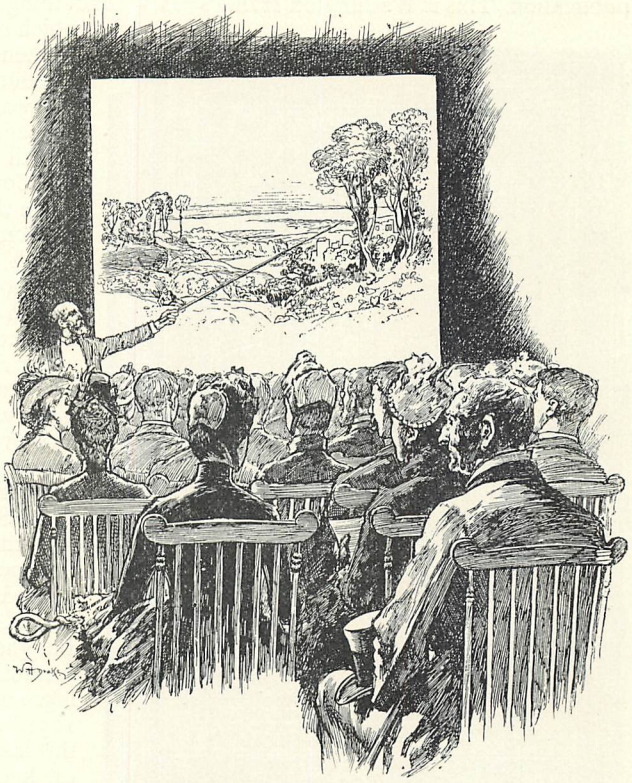
So far as I know, the Grolier Club is the first society founded to unite book-lovers and book-makers and to gratify the needs and wishes of both classes of its members by collecting and exhibiting the best works of the great artists of the past and by producing new books which may serve as types of the best that modern skill and taste may do. This double function of the Grolier Club I do not find in any other organization either in America or in Europe. Neither in England nor in France is there any society exactly equivalent to this New York club. In London, the Burlington Fine Arts Club was formed "to bring together amateurs, collectors, and others interested in art; to afford ready means for consultation between persons of special knowledge and experience in matters relating to the fine arts; and to provide accommodation for showing and comparing rare works in the possession of the members and their friends"; and during the past twenty years it has held nearly forty special exhibitions of works of art, and perhaps ten of these special exhibitions have been akin in subject to those held at the rooms of the Grolier Club. But the Burlington Fine Arts Club extends its interest over all the fine arts, and it is as likely to gather and display bronzes or ivories, porcelains or paintings, as it is to show wood-cuts, etchings, or illuminated manuscripts; while the Grolier Club confines its attention solely to the arts pertaining to the production of books.

In Paris the Société des Amis des Livres declares that its aim is "to publish books, with or without illustration, which, by their typographic execution, or by their artistic selection, shall be an encouragement to the painters and to the engravers as well as a motive of emulation to the French printers," and also, "to create a friendly feeling among all bibliophiles by means of frequent reunions." The Society of the Friends of Books is limited to a membership of fifty with an addition of twenty-five corresponding members non-resident in Paris. Ladies are eligible for membership, and the first name on the list in alphabetical order is that of Madame Adam. Among the other members are the Duke d'Aumale, M. Henri Beraldi, M. Henri Houssaye, M. Auguste Laugel, M. Eugène Paillet, Baron Roger Portalis, and M. Octave Uzanne. The sumptuous tomes prepared with loving care and untiring toil by the Society of the Friends of Books are known to all bibliophiles through the world as examples of the highest endeavor of the art of book-making in France to-day.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club does not publish books, and only a few of its valuable exhibitions are devoted to the arts pertaining to the making of books. The Société des Amis des Livres publishes books and holds no exhibitions. The Grolier Club unites the three qualities to be found in differing degrees in one or the other of these European clubs: it has frequent meetings at which its members may talk shop and free their souls; it gives exhibitions; and it prints books. (I open a parenthesis here to note that there is an unpretending little Book Fellows' Club here in New York which prints a tiny tome now and again; and to record that there is a dining club in London called the Sette of Odde Volumes, for whom a few pretty books — mostly of a personal interest and of varying value — have already been printed. But neither of these can fairly be called a rival of the Grolier Club.)

I am forced to consider the meetings of the Grolier Club before discussing the books it has published, because certain of its publications have had a previous existence as lectures delivered before the members. During the winter of 1884–85, the first whole season that the club was in full possession of its rooms, Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne lectured on "Historic Printing-Types," Mr. Hoe on "Bookbinding Artistically Considered," and Mr. William Matthews on "Practical Bookbinding." In 1885–86 Professor Chandler lectured on "Photo-Mechanical Processes," Mr. Elbridge Kingsley on "Modern Wood-Engraving," and Professor Knapp on "Thierry Martens and the early Spanish Press." In 1886–87 Mr. W. J. Linton spoke on the "Wood-Engravers of the XVth and XVIth Centuries," Professor R. R. Rice on "The Etchings of Storm van 's Gravesande," Mr. Brayton Ives on "Early Printed Books," and Mr. Heromich Shugio on "Oriental Books." In 1887–88 Professor West discussed the "Philobiblon," Professor R. Sturgis "Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,'" and Mr. W. Lewis Fraser considered "Nearly Two Hundred Years of Book-illustrating in America." In 1888–89 Mr. George Hannah lectured on "Early Printed Books Relating to America," and Mr. H. Mansfield on "The Etched Work of Alphonse Legros."

The first publication was aptly chosen; it was a reprint of "A Decree of Starre-Chamber, concerning printing, made the eleuenth day of July last past. 1637." By declaring it unlawful, without special authorization, to make, buy, or keep types or presses, or to practice the trade of a printer, publisher, or bookseller, the men who were misruling England sought to render printing too full of risk to be profitable, and they hoped thus to prevent the expression of the discontent with which the people were boiling. As it is neatly put in Mr. De Vinne's vigorous and lucid preface to this reprint: "Annoyed by a little hissing of steam, they closed all the valves and outlets, but did not draw or deaden the fires which made the steam. They sat down in peace, gratified with their work, just before the explosion which destroyed them and their privileges." This decree was issued in 1637; four years later the Court of Star Chamber was abolished; and in 1649 King Charles was beheaded. The reprinted decree is an admirable piece of book-making. The type is an old style great primer, with Dutch capitals for the italic letter. The paper is Dutch also, as becomes the first publication of the organized bibliophiles of the city which was once New Amsterdam. The cover is of Japanese paper, folded in the style made popular in Paris by M. Jouaust, and having imprinted on it in gold a facsimile of a book cover designed by Roger Payne.

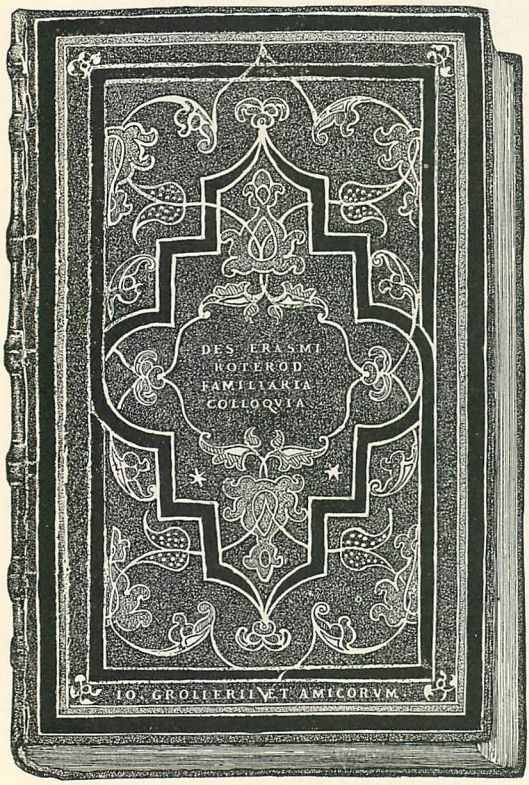


AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE AT THE GROLIER CLUB.

The second publication is less interesting because the reason of its choice is not apparent. It is a reprint of Edward Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." It is not unlike the "Decree of Starre-Chamber" in make-up, differing chiefly in that it is on Japanese paper and adorned with head-bands printed in colors from Persian designs. The cover, also from an Oriental model, was also printed in colors. Beautiful as this book is, it is less satisfactory than its predecessor, because there was no imperative need for it. Although Oriental art in verse and decoration is profoundly suggestive, the issuing of yet another new edition of the "Rubaiyat," however worthy it may be of the noblest setting, might seem rather the task of an English Burlington Fine Arts Club than of an Amer-

ican Grolier Club. The French Society of the Friends of Books confines its labors to the reproduction and adornment of French books, and there is no apparent wisdom in the departure of the American Grolier Club from a like rule to reprint chiefly those books of American authors which lend themselves best to appropriate decoration.

No better choice could the Grolier Club have made than the work selected as its third publication. This is Washington Irving's "History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, by Diedrich Knickerbocker." Here was a most happy solution of the claims of locality and the claims of literature. Most fitly could the Grolier Club bend its energies to the preparation and production of a rich and worthy edition of a book about New York by the greatest of New York authors. By good fortune the humorous chronicle of the learned and gentle Dutch antiquary lends itself easily to abundant illustration and decoration; and of the opportunities offered by the late Diedrich Knickerbocker the present Grolier Club has been swift to avail itself. No better piece of book-making has ever been sent forth by an American publisher. It seems to me that this cheerful issue of "Knickerbocker's 'History of New York'" is worthy to stand beside M. Conquet's noble editions of Stendhal's two great novels, "Le Rouge et le Noir" and "La Chartreuse de Parme"—the models of modern book-making, and altogether the best that French taste and French skill can accomplish in this difficult art. I do not say that the American volumes are quite equal to the French; they lack, for one thing, the tender and brilliant etchings which serve as head-pieces for every chapter of Stendhal's stories; and again, they are without the final refinement of the recurring title water-marked in the lower margins of the page. Perhaps the American books have not all the soft richness and easy grace of M. Conquet's masterpieces, but yet they brave the comparison boldly.




"COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS," BASLE, 1537. QUARTO, 7 × 4⅝ INCHES; BROWN CALF. (FROM BLENHEIM COLLECTION. OWNED BY MR. BRAYTON IVES.)

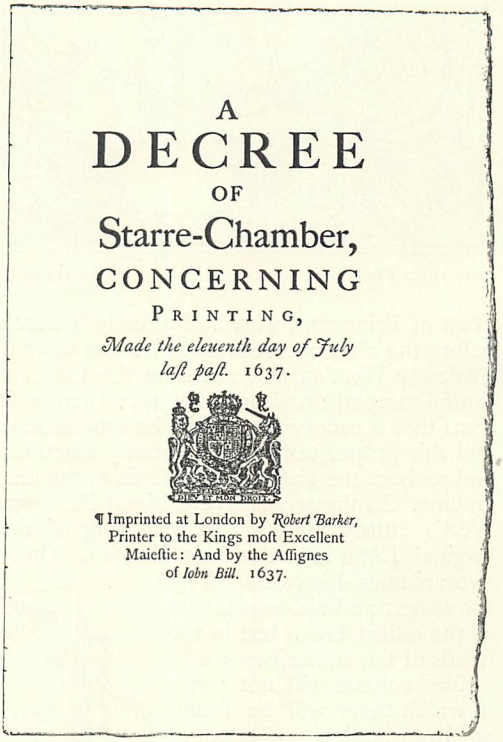
From cover to core there is a delightfully Dutch flavor in these two comely tomes. The boards in which they are bound are clad in orange, as befits the garb of the only true account of the decline and fall of Dutch rule in America. The paper within is Dutch; and Dutch, too, are the types, facsimile of those used by Elzevir at Leyden in 1659—only five years before New Amsterdam experienced a change of heart and became New York, after Colonel Nichols, taking Peter Stuyvesant by surprise, had captured the city. The frontispieces to the two volumes are etchings from drawings of "The Battery in 1670," and "The Governor's Representative," by Mr. George H. Boughton, who was once a schoolboy in the Aurania of the Dutch. The other two etchings are views of "Fort New Amsterdam, 1651," and of "New Amsterdam in 1656," this last being a reproduction of the earliest known print of New York. The half-titles, head-bands, tail-pieces, and initial letters are some of them from Dutch models and all of them are most pleasantly Dutch in spirit; two of them were designed by Mr. Howard Pyle and the rest were drawn by Mr. Will. H. Drake. It remains only to note that the original manuscript of Irving's careful and elaborate revision of "Knickerbocker's 'History of New York'" is now owned by a member of the Grolier Club, and that advantage was taken of this to indicate in an appendix the minor and yet always interesting changes and suppressions of the author.

Except a useful pamphlet of "Transactions," the "Knickerbocker's 'History of New York'" was the only publication of the Grolier Club during the season of 1885–86; and during the next winter the club confined itself to the printing of certain of the lectures delivered before it. The first of these had been by the

President, Mr. Robert Hoe, on "Bookbinding as a Fine Art," and it was the first to appear as a book. When Mr. Hoe spoke before the club, he illustrated his remarks by specimens of the work of many of the most noted binders, all selected from his own library, photographs of which were thrown on a screen by the stereopticon; and the published lecture is made more valuable by sixty-three "Bierstadt artotypes" of these bindings of Mr. Hoe's. Although the plates reveal the extraordinary richness of the lecturer's collection, not all the examples were worthy of reproduction; and, no doubt, more characteristic illustrations might have been procured had a call been made for the best specimens obtainable from other members of the club.

The second lecture was on "Historic Printing-Types," by Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne. Delivered in January, 1885, it was published by the Grolier Club with additions and with new illustrations. As all know who have read Mr. De Vinne's "Invention of Printing," he is a master not only of his own trade, but also of the more arduous art and mystery of authorship. Mr. De Vinne's style as a writer is as clear and as simple, as firm and as vigorous, as is his press-work as a printer. His wide and deep knowledge of the subject has been so thoroughly digested and it is so pleasantly presented, that I think a merely casual reader, having a Gallio-like indifference to type-setting and type-founding, would find his interest aroused at the beginning of Mr. De Vinne's essay. It is the more fortunate that the subject should have fallen into hands so accomplished, as there is, so we read in the introduction, "no popular treatise about book-types; nothing that gives us in succinct and connected form information about their designers and makers, and that tells us why styles once popular are now obsolete." It is the want of such a treatise that Mr. De Vinne has filled, all too brief as his paper is. As the author is his own printer, it is needless to say that the book in which the lecture appears is a masterpiece of American book-making, a marvel of the most admirable simplicity. The paper, the type, the press-work, the size and the shape of the page, the adroit arrangement of the marginal notes, the due subordination of the foot-notes, the ample and properly proportioned margins, even the novel and dignified binding — all these testify to the guiding touch of a master of the craft.

In 1888 the club published, "as a sort of New Year book," so a report calls it, a dainty edition of the late Charles Reade's histrionic tale, "Peg Woffington," suggesting in its mechanical execution the book-making of the century when the lovely Mistress Margaret



A
DECREE
OF
Starre-Chamber,
CONCERNING
PRINTING,
*Made the eleuenth day of July laſt paſt.* 1637.

¶ Imprinted at London by *Robert Barker*, Printer to the Kings moſt Excellent Maieſtie: And by the Aſſignes of *Iohn Bill*. 1637.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF GROLIER CLUB EDITION OF "A DECREE OF STARRE-CHAMBER, CONCERNING PRINTING."

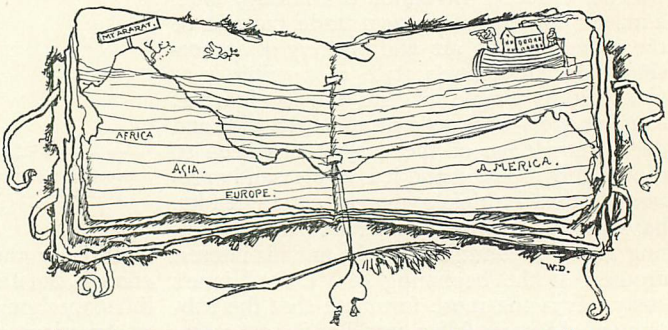
flourished; the two little tomes were pretty enough, but one wonders exactly why this English story should be chosen for reproduction by an American club. In 1889 the first book of the year was far more appropriate; it was Mr. De Vinne's delightful account of the Plantin printing-house, reprinted from this magazine with additions and notes, all Mr. Pennell's picturesque sketches being printed in varying tints.

The most important publication of the club, even more important than the "Knickerbocker," is that which it has now in hand, and which is no less than the "Philobiblon" of Richard de Bury. The good bishop of Durham holds perhaps the foremost place among all British book-lovers, just as Grolier holds the foremost place among all French book-lovers; and it is most fit and appropriate that a company of American book-lovers named for the Frenchman should choose for reverent reproduction the masterpiece of the Englishman. The task was honorable but laborious; and it has been undertaken not lightly or in a spirit of levity, but with courage, determination, and forethought. The mechanical execution was confided to Mr. De Vinne, than whom no one was worthier. The literary labor was undertaken by Professor Andrew Fleming

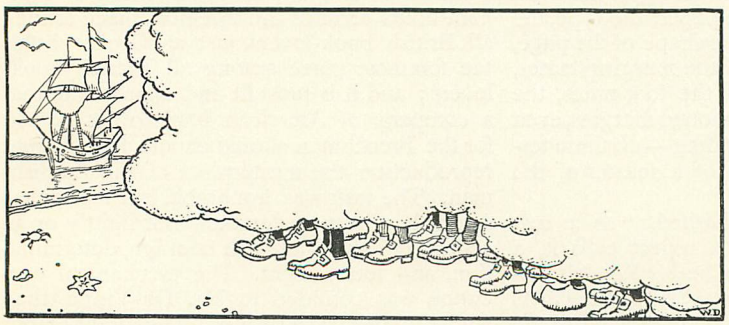
HEAD-PIECE FROM GROLIER CLUB EDITION OF "KNICKERBOCKER'S 'HISTORY OF NEW YORK.'" (DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.)

West of Princeton, who had already lectured before the club upon the book he was to edit. Professor West shrunk not from the toil of a dutiful comparison of manuscripts and early editions that a proper text might be established; and this proper text, most devoutly amended and revised, the club has sent forth as the first volume. In the second is contained Professor West's sturdy and precise rendering of the original Latin into our later English. These two volumes, long delayed by the ardent and arduous labors of the editor, are at last in the hands of the subscribers; and a third volume will not tarry, in which there will be found an introduction, an account of the author, and such notes as may be needful for the elucidation of the work.

The edition is limited to two hundred and ninety-seven copies on paper and three on vellum, one of which latter is properly reserved for the library of the club. The volumes are clad in pure vellum covers, stamped with the gold seal of the good bishop, while within there is a novel lining-paper, rich in color and congruent in design. The form is a small quarto, with a page six inches wide and a little less than eight inches long. The paper, a so-called "white antique," is American hand-made by the Brown company, and Mr. De Vinne regards it as whiter, clearer, and better than any English, Dutch, or Italian printing paper. The typography is not merely decent and seemly; it is as exact and as beautiful as the utmost skill and loving care could make it. The type of the first volume, which contains the Latin text, is a pica black-letter; the second volume, which contains the English translation, being set in modern Roman (not old style) small pica. The black-letter types were got out of the vaults of Sir Charles Reed's Sons for Mr. De Vinne by Mr. Talbot Baines Reed, and they are drives of punches believed to have been cut in France in the first half of the sixteenth century. There are rubricated initials, of a full-bodied vermilion not often seen nowadays. There are head-pieces and tail-pieces, some of them, and the more ingenious, having been devised by Mr. G. W. Edwards. There is a page of fair proportion (as we have seen), and there is a type rightly adjusted thereto; and there is the very perfection of press-work, alike impeccable in impression and in register. Herein indeed we see the final superiority of the best modern printing by improved machines when guided by a fine artistic sense; such registry as this would be absolutely accidental, not to say impossible, on the hand-presses of the early printers.

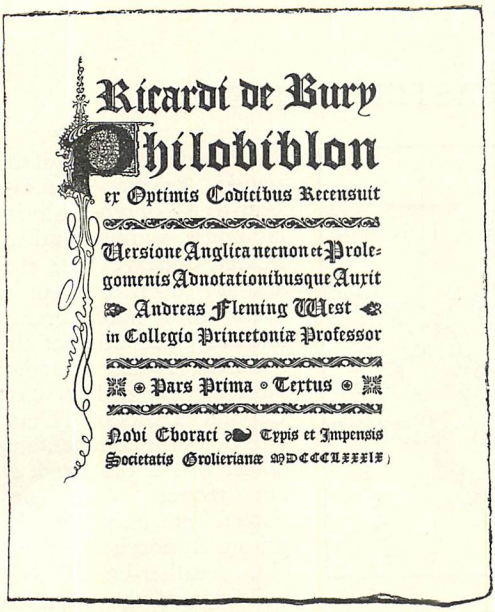



NOAH'S LOG-BOOK — HEAD-PIECE FROM GROLIER CLUB EDITION OF "KNICKERBOCKER'S 'HISTORY OF NEW YORK.'" (DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.)

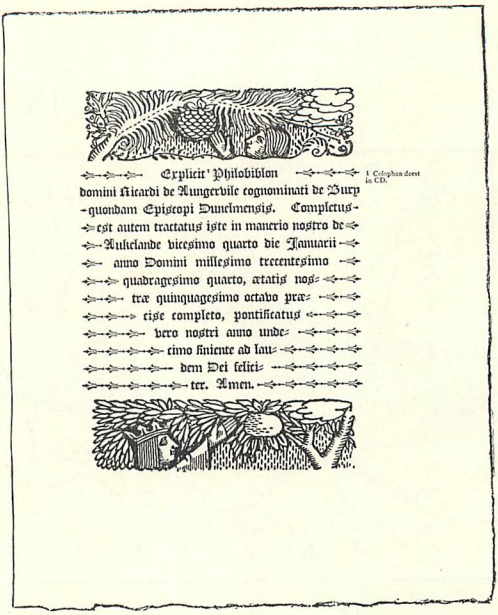



MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A GREAT METROPOLIS IN A FOG — HEAD-PIECE FROM GROLIER CLUB EDITION OF "KNICKERBOCKER'S 'HISTORY OF NEW YORK.'" (DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.)

In the manufacture of this edition of the "Philobiblon" there is the full harmony which comes from a union of knowledge, skill, and taste. It is a delight to the eye, to the hand, and to the mind. At last the book of Richard de Bury has a goodly outside, as becomes the words of wisdom within.


Ricardi de Bury
Philobiblon
ex Optimis Codicibus Recensuit
Versione Anglica necnon et Prolegomenis Adnotationibusque Auxit
Andreas Fleming West
in Collegio Princetoniæ Professor
Pars Prima · Textus ·
Novi Eboraci Typis et Impensis
Societatis Grolierianæ MDCCCLXXXIX

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF GROLIER CLUB LATIN EDITION OF "PHILOBIBLON."


Explicit' Philobiblon 1. Colophon dcest in CD.
domini Ricardi de Aungervile cognominati de Bury
quondam Episcopi Dunelmensis. Completus
est autem tractatus iste in manerio nostro de
Auckelande vicesimo quarto die Januarii
anno Domini millesimo trecentesimo
quadragesimo quarto, ætatis nos
træ quinquagesimo octavo præ
cise completo, pontificatus
vero nostri anno unde
cimo finiente ad lau
dem Dei felici
ter. Amen.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF LAST PAGE OF GROLIER CLUB LATIN EDITION OF "PHILOBIBLON."

To love books and to own a book like this is to have a foretaste of the book-lovers' heaven. To study a book like this in an edition like this leads away from vice and conduces to virtue. Indeed we read therein (cap. xv.) that "no man can serve both books and mammon."

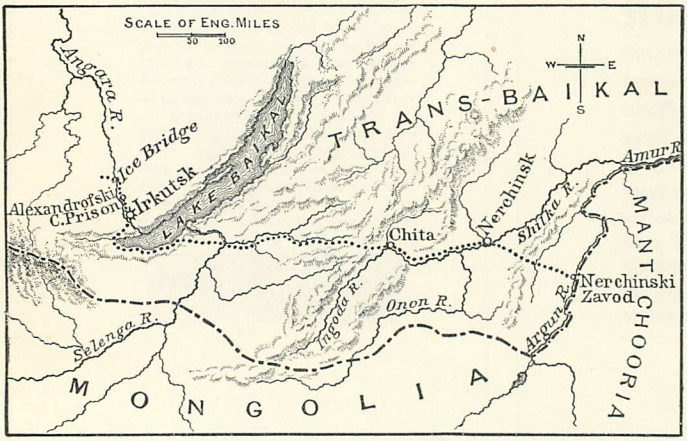
The membership of the Grolier Club was at first limited to one hundred (it has now been enlarged to allow of two hundred and fifty resident members), but the editions of its publications have generally somewhat exceeded the smaller number, and the unfortunate outsider has sometimes been able to acquire these treasures by the aid of a friend at court. This liberality is in proper accord with the spirit of the inscription stamped on Grolier's own books, — *Io. Grolierii et amicorum*,— setting forth that they belonged to Grolier and his friends. Surely an altruism like this is as rare as the selfishness of Scaliger, who quoted Scripture on his book plate,— *Ite ad vendentes*,— bidding his friends to "go rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves." To grant or to withhold, the question is equally difficult — *æque difficulter*. When all book-owners shall freely lend and send their most precious tomes with ungrudging speed, then will be the book-lover's millennium, which the founding of the Grolier Club here in New York may haply help to bring to pass. And in the meanwhile its members may pine for that book-man's Paradise:

> There treasures bound for Longepierre
> Keep brilliant their morocco blue,
> There Hookes' "Amanda" is not rare,
> Nor early tracts upon Peru!
> Racine is common as Rotrou,
> No Shakspere Quarto search defies,
> And Caxtons grew as blossoms grew,
> Within that Book-man's Paradise.

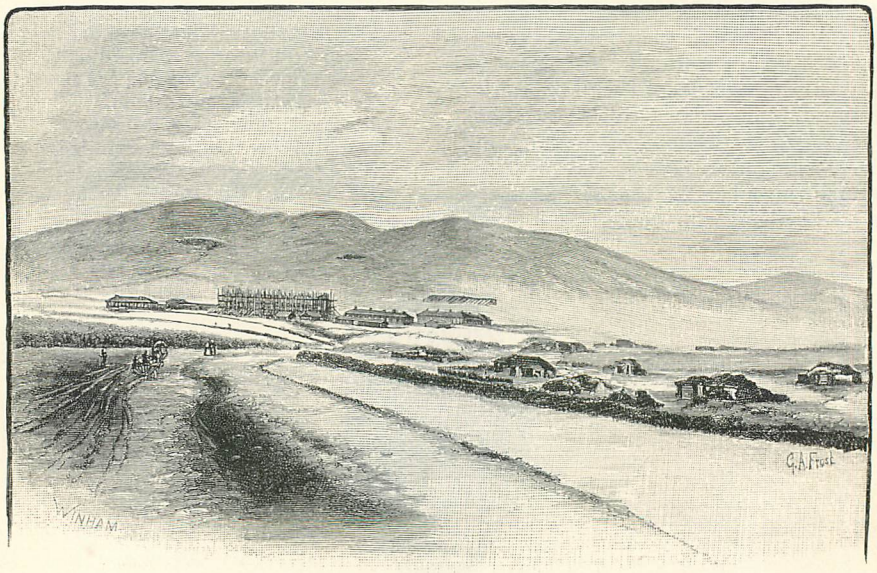
*Brander Matthews.*

SEAL OF RICHARD DE BURY ON THE OUTSIDE COVER OF "PHILOBIBLON."

# ADVENTURES IN EASTERN SIBERIA.

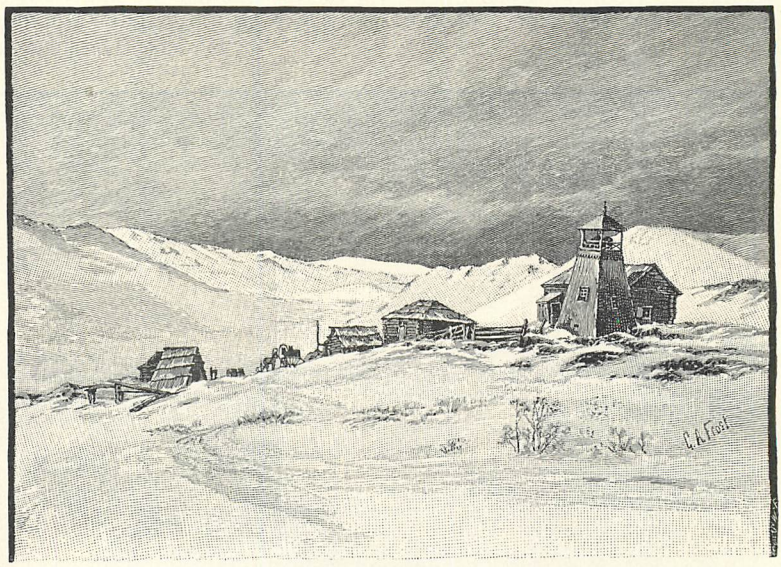



AFTER having visited and inspected the gloomy mine and the wretched, dilapidated log prison of Kadaiya (Kah-dy'yah), Mr. Frost and I proceeded across an apparently interminable series of bare, snowy mountain ridges to the mining settlement of Gorni Zerentui (Gor'nee Zer-en-too'ee), which is situated in a wide, treeless valley about forty miles north of the Kadainski (Kah-dy-in'skee) mine, and thirty miles from the boundary line between Eastern Siberia and Mongolia. We reached our destination at a late hour in the night, awakened the inmates of the zemski kvartir (zem'skee kvar-teer'), or official lodging-house, warmed and refreshed ourselves with tea, and lay down to sleep, as usual, on the hard, vermin-infested plank floor of the travelers' room. Monday morning we called upon Captain Demidof (Dem-mee'doff), the commanding officer of the post, and, at our request, were conducted at once to the prison. It consisted of two old, weather-beaten log buildings of the common East-Siberian type, and presented nothing that was either new or interesting. One hundred and eighty convicts were confined in the two buildings, and about as many more, who had finished their terms of probation, were living outside in the free command. A new three-story brick prison was in process of erection a short distance away, but work upon it had apparently been suspended or abandoned. It was already ten years old, and in view of the corrupt, shiftless, and inefficient management of prison affairs throughout Eastern Siberia, it




THE HUTS OF THE FREE COMMAND AND THE PRISONS AT GORNI ZERENTUI.

seemed to me altogether likely that work upon it would drag along for five or six years more. At the time of our visit the structure had neither floors nor roof and was still surrounded with scaffolding. Meanwhile 180 idle convicts were being slowly poisoned to death by bad air in the overcrowded kameras of the log prison that the brick building was intended to replace.[1]



THE SAVENSKI MINE.

It is hard for an American to understand or make allowances for the shiftlessness, indifference, and inefficiency that are everywhere manifested throughout the Nerchinsk silver-mining district. The mines themselves are not half worked; hundreds of hard-labor convicts lie idle, month after month, in dirty, overcrowded cells; plans and estimates for new buildings go back and forth, year after year, between the mines and St. Petersburg; and when, at last, a prison like that at Gorni Zerentui is authorized, work upon it drags along, in a lazy, shiftless fashion, for a whole decade, without the least apparent reason. I said one day to the resident mining engineer at the Kutomarski Zavod (Koo-to-mar'skee Zah-vod'): "Why don't you provide yourself with suitable iron machinery, furnish your laborers with improved modern tools, set up steam pumping, hoisting, and ventilating apparatus,

1 Upon my return to St. Petersburg in the spring of the following year, I had an interview with Mr. Galkin Vraskoi (Gal'kin Vrass'koy), the chief of the Russian Prison Administration, in the course of which I ventured to call his attention to the condition of the prisons in the Nerchinsk (Ner'chinsk) silver-mining district, and to the unfinished prison at Gorni Zerentui in particular. He admitted that the necessity for new places of confinement at the Nerchinsk mines was evident as early as 1872, and said that in 1874 a special construction committee was appointed to investigate, report, and submit plans. When he (Galkin Vraskoi) made a tour of inspection through Siberia in 1881 — seven years later — he found that this specially appointed committee had spent 74,318 rubles in the erection of two or three small log buildings and in temporary repairs to a few others, had pocketed 61,090 rubles for salaries and expenses, and had not furnished to the Prison Administration a single plan or estimate. (These facts were set forth in the annual report of the Prison Administration for 1882, pp. 72, 73.)

"Well," I said, "what was done in view of this state of affairs?"

"I recommended," he replied, "that the construction committee be abolished."

"And was it abolished?"

"It was."

"I did not see anything at the Nerchinsk mines," I said, "to show for the 74,000 rubles that the committee is supposed to have expended, except one small log prison that appeared to be new at the mine of Pokrofski (Po-kroff'skee) and the unfinished brick building at Gorni Zerentui. Why has the latter been so long — ten years — in process of erection?"

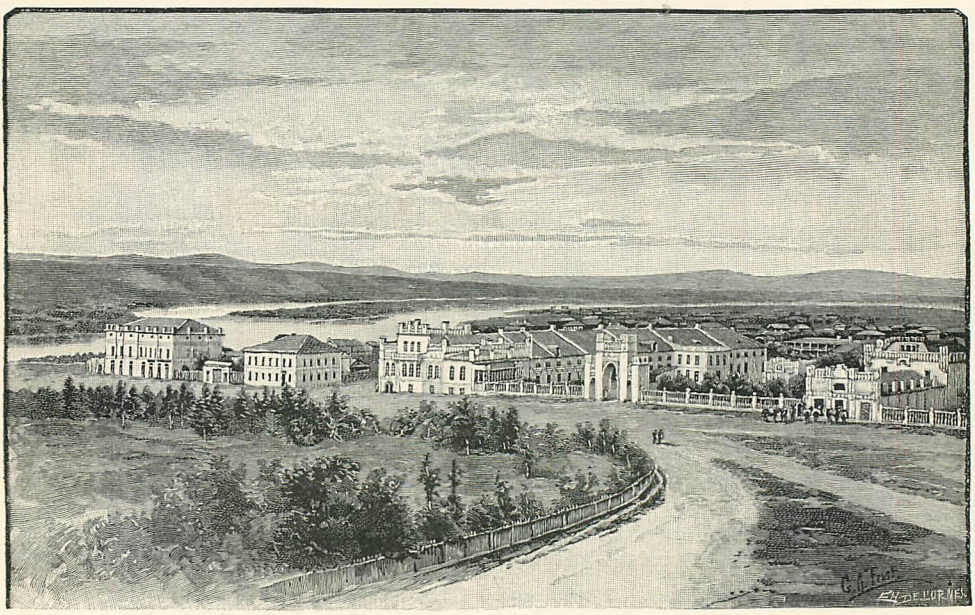
"The delay has been due in part," he replied, "to repeated changes of plan. The building ought not to have been made of brick, in the first place. Careful estimates show that a brick prison for 300 convicts will cost at the mines about 160,000 rubles, while a good log prison, to accommodate the same number of men, can be built for 52,000 rubles. A brick prison has no advantage over a wooden one in point of permanency, because when the mine near which it stands has been worked out, the building must, of necessity, be abandoned; and it is less wasteful, of course, to abandon a log prison than one made of brick. The prison at Gorni Zerentui, however, was so far advanced when I assumed the direction of the prison department that it hardly seemed worth while to suspend work upon it and begin another."

Neither Mr. Galkin Vraskoi nor his assistant, Mr. Kokovtsef (Ko-kov'tsef), gave me any satisfactory explanation of the delays, mistakes, and bad management generally that seemed to me to characterize the administration of prison affairs in the mining district of the Trans-Baikal. They were doing, they said, all that they could do to improve the situation; but they had inherited most of the existing evils from their official predecessors, and time enough had not elapsed for complete and sweeping reforms. It is possible that I did not fully appreciate the difficulties and embarrassments with which they had to contend; but it seemed to me that many, if not most, of the evils of the exile system in general, and of the prison administration in particular, were the result of indifference, inefficiency, and a complicated bureaucratic method of transacting public business.

and work your mines as they ought to be worked? What is the use of pottering along in the way you do?"

"My dear sir," he replied, "do you know what iron costs here? We have to bring it with horses from Petrofski Zavod (Pe-troff'-skee Zah-vod'), a distance of more than 600 versts, and it costs, delivered here, 5½ rubles a pood [about 7⅔ cents a pound]. We can't afford to put in iron machinery."

miles from the village. The buildings at the mouth of the shaft were cheap and insignificant, as usual, but one of them contained a small steam engine—the first and only machine of the kind that I saw in the Trans-Baikal. While Mr. Frost was making a sketch of the buildings and of the dreary arctic landscape, I went through the mine, but found little to reward me for the labor of climbing up and down the icy ladders. The shaft was less than a hundred



BUTIN'S HOUSE AT NERCHINSK.

"But," I said, "is n't there iron ore in this vicinity?"

"Yes," he replied; "but it has never been gotten out."

"Why don't you get it out, set up smelting furnaces, and make your iron here on the ground where you need it? More than half of your convicts lie constantly idle in their cells — why don't you utilize their labor?"

"We can't open an iron mine," he replied, "without a *razreshenia* [a permit or an authorization] from St. Petersburg."

"Then why don't the proper authorities give you a 'razreshenia'? What is the reason that a useful and necessary work of this kind cannot be accomplished? I don't see how the present state of affairs can be profitable to anybody."

His only reply was a shrug of the shoulders, which I interpreted to mean either that he did not know or that it was not his business.

From the prisons of Gorni Zerentui we drove in Captain Demidof's droshky to the Savenski (Sah'ven-skee) mine, which we found on a snowy, desolate mountain slope about two

feet in depth; the galleries were so low that I could not anywhere stand upright; the atmosphere was damp and chilly; and the roofs and walls were thickly incrusted with frost or ice. Only thirty-five convicts were at work in the mine, and most of them seemed to be engaged in carrying ore in small wicker baskets to the hoisting shaft, emptying it into square wooden buckets holding about a bushel each, and then raising it to the surface, a bucketful at a time, by means of a clumsy old wooden windlass. I doubted whether methods more primitive were employed even by the aborigines who worked these silver veins three centuries earlier. Certainly none more primitive had ever come under my observation. I said to the ustavshchik (oo-stav'shchik), or overseer, who conducted me through the mine, "Why don't you set more men at work here? I have just come from the prison, where I found at least 150 convicts idle."

"We have n't room for more than thirty-five or forty men in the galleries," he replied soberly.

"But you can extend the mine, can you not?"

I inquired. "Fifty or a hundred more laborers could soon make room for themselves by digging and blasting. If the ore is there, why not extend your operations and get it out as rapidly as possible? You ought to widen and heighten your galleries, lay down tramways in them, improve your hoisting apparatus, employ horse power, and work on a larger scale."

The ustavshchik made no reply, but looked at me in a surprised way, as if he regarded my ideas as utterly wild and impracticable.

The number of hard-labor convicts in the Nerchinsk silver-mining district at the time of our visit was approximately 952, distributed as follows: at the Alexandrofski Zavod, 188; at the mine of Algachi, 150; at the Pokrofski mine, 70; at the Kadainski and Smirnovo mines, 184; and at the Savenski and Gorni Zerentuiefski mines, 360. Probably not more than one-third of these men, and certainly not more than half of them, were actually engaged in hard labor. The rest lived, month after month, in enforced idleness, notwithstanding the amount of work that there was everywhere to be done. The only reasons I could get for this state of affairs were, first, that room could not be found for the idle men in the mines; secondly, that the convoys of soldiers were not strong enough to guard large parties of convicts on the roads or in the forests; thirdly, that it would cost more to erect new prisons with convict labor and under official supervision than to have them built by contract;[1] and fourthly, that the convicts could not be set at work in any of the ways that I suggested without a razreshenia, or authorization, from St. Petersburg. None of these reasons had, to my mind, the least force or validity. The idleness of the convicts, and the failure of the authorities to do any one of the scores of things that needed doing, were the direct result, it seemed to me, of official indifference, incapacity, or lack of enterprise. An energetic American with plenary powers and a capital of $10,000 or $15,000 would take the 950 convicts imprisoned in the Nerchinsk silver-mining district, and in less than two years would have a new prison built at every mine in the whole region, and in less than five years would double, if not quadruple, the productive capacity of the mines themselves, without calling upon the imperial treasury for a single dollar in the shape of extraordinary expenditure. Such, at least, was the opinion that I formed on the ground, after as careful an examination as I could make of the working methods of the local officials.

The Savenski mine was the last one that we visited in Eastern Siberia. Monday afternoon, November 23, we drove to the Nerchinski Zavod, or Nerchinsk Works, a large village about ten miles from Gorni Zerentui, and Tuesday morning we set out on our return journey to the Shilka River and the town of Nerchinsk, distant about two hundred miles. It is not necessary to describe in detail our long, tedious, and exhausting ride. The country through which we passed was a dreary desert of low, rolling mountains, thinly covered with snow; the thermometer ranged constantly from zero to twenty-seven degrees below; the roads were generally rough, hard-frozen, and bare; the telegas and tarantases furnished us were the worst, most uncomfortable vehicles of their kind in all Eastern Siberia; and we suffered from cold, hunger, jolting, and sleeplessness until we were reduced to a state of silent, moody, half-savage exasperation, in which life — or at least *such* a life — seemed no longer worth living, and we were ready to barter all our earthly rights and possessions for a hot bath, a good dinner, and twelve hours of unbroken sleep in a warm, clean bed.

At four o'clock Thursday morning, a little more than forty hours after leaving the Nerchinski Zavod, we reached the post station of Biankinskaya (Byan-kin'skah-yah), on the bank of the Shilka River, and, transferring our baggage for the first time from a wheeled vehicle to a sledge, we continued our journey to Nerchinsk over the ice in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero. We had had for several days very little to eat, and in the absence of nourishing food the intense cold forced me to put on, one over another, no less than three heavy sheepskin shubas, which extended from my neck to my heels and transformed me into a huge perambulating cotton bale surmounted by a fur cap and a dirty, unshaven, frost-bitten face. Even under all my furs I was cold to the very marrow of my bones; and Mr. Frost, who had only two warm coats and wore only one, suffered much more than I did. When we reached Nerchinsk, late that forenoon, we found that there was no snow in the streets, and as our underfed and feeble horses could not drag us over bare ground, we alighted from our sledge and waddled ingloriously behind it into the city,

1 This reason was based on the admitted incompetence and dishonesty of the local officials under whose supervision the work would have to be done. There are cases on record in which the local Siberian authorities embezzled the whole of the sum appropriated for the erection of a government building and reported such building as completed and occupied when even its foundations had not been laid. Such a case — that of the Ukirski étape — is cited in the Verkhni Udinsk correspondence of the St. Petersburg "Eastern Review," No. 2, January 12, 1884, p. 8. A well-known photographer in Siberia showed me a photograph of a new government building which he had just taken, he said, upon an order from St. Petersburg, and which he was about to send to the higher authorities in that city as a proof that the structure, which had been ordered and paid for, was really in existence and had been built in accordance with the plans.

like stiff-jointed arctic mummies marching after the hearse in a funeral procession.

At Nerchinsk, for the first time in a month, we stopped in a hotel; but in point of cleanliness and comfort it was far inferior to the zemski kvartirs in which we had slept at the mines. It was, in fact, the very worst hotel that we had seen in Siberia. The main hall, which divided the one-story log building into halves, was dark and dirty, and had been fitted up with shelves in order that it might serve also as a butler's pantry; the room to which we were shown was chilly and bare, and its stale, heavy atmosphere was pervaded by a faint odor of "ugar" (oo-gar'), or charcoal gas; half of the paper had fallen or been torn from the walls and was hanging here and there in ragged strips; yellow, dirt-incrusted paint was peeling in flakes from window sashes and casings that apparently had never been dusted or washed; the rough, uncovered plank floor was not only dirty, but had sunk unevenly in places and was full of rat-holes; cockroaches were running briskly over the tea-stained, crumb-besprinkled cotton cloth that covered the only table in the room; there was no bed upon which the tired wayfarer might repose, nor mirror in which he might have the melancholy satisfaction of surveying his frost-bitten countenance. The only servant in the establishment was a half-grown boy in top-boots and a red flannel shirt; and the greenish-yellow brass pan that he brought us to wash our hands and faces over had evidently been used habitually for another and a much more ignoble purpose, and had never been rinsed or cleaned. Tired, cold, and hungry as we were, and accustomed as we were to dirt, disorder, and discomfort, we regarded this cheerless, neglected hotel with dismay; but it was the only one that the place afforded, and we were compelled to make the best of it. The proprietor was an exiled Pole named Klementovich (Klem-en-to'vitch), and I could not help thinking that if he kept in Poland such a hotel as he maintained in Nerchinsk, there were reasons enough, based upon sound public policy and a due regard for the general welfare, to justify his banishment by administrative process to the most remote part of Siberia, regardless of his political opinions. After a breakfast of tea, sour rye bread, and greasy pancakes, we set our dress to rights as well as we could before a diminutive mirror that the proprietor finally brought us, and walked out to take a look at the town and deliver one or two letters of introduction.

The town of Nerchinsk, which has about 4000 inhabitants, is situated on the left bank of the Nercha (Ner'chah) River, two or three miles above the junction of the latter with the Shilka, and about 4600 miles east of St. Petersburg. In point of culture and material prosperity it seemed to me to compare favorably with most East-Siberian towns of its class. It has a bank, two or three schools, a hospital with twenty beds, a library, a museum, a public garden with a fountain, and fifty or sixty shops, and its trade in furs and manufactured goods from European Russia amounts to about $1,000,000 per annum. The most striking feature of the town to a new-comer is the almost palatial residence of the wealthy mining proprietor Butin (Boo'tin), which is shown in the illustration on page 100, and which would compare favorably not only with any house in Siberia, but with most houses in the capital of the Empire. The Butin brothers were in financial difficulties at the time of our visit to Nerchinsk, and all of their property was in the hands of a receiver; but we had a note of introduction to the latter from the younger member of the firm, and upon presentation of it we were allowed to inspect the deserted but still beautiful mansion. Going into it from Klementovich's hotel was like going into Aladdin's palace from an East-Siberian étape; and as I entered the splendid ball-room and caught the full-length reflection of my figure in the largest mirror in the world,[1] I felt like rubbing my eyes to make sure that I was awake. One does not expect to find in the wilds of Eastern Siberia, nearly 5000 miles from St. Petersburg, a superb private residence with hard-wood marquetry floors, silken curtains, hangings of delicate tapestry, stained-glass windows, splendid chandeliers, soft oriental rugs, white-and-gold furniture upholstered with satin, old Flemish paintings, marble statues, family portraits from the skillful brush of Makofski (Mahkof'skee), and an extensive conservatory filled with palms, lemon trees, and rare orchids from the tropics. Such luxury would excite no remark in a wealthy and populous European city; but in the snowy wilderness of the Trans-Baikal, 3000 miles from the boundary line of Europe, it comes to the unprepared traveler with the shock of a complete surprise. The house had not been occupied for several months, and of course did not appear at its best; but it seemed to me that I had rarely seen more evidences of wealth, refinement, and cultivated taste than were to be found within

[1] This huge pier-glass was bought by Mr. Butin at the Paris Exposition in 1878, and was then said to be the largest mirror in existence. It was taken half around the world by sea to the East-Siberian port of Nikolaievsk (Nik-o-ly'evsk) and was thence transported up the rivers Amur (Am-moor') and Shilka to Nerchinsk in a barge made expressly for the purpose. It is now in the ball-room of Mr. Butin's house, and does not look at all out of place or out of harmony with its surroundings.

its walls. The ball-room, which was the largest room in the house, was about sixty-five feet in length by forty-five in width, and over it, in a large semicircular gallery reached by a grand stairway, there was an orchestrion, as big as a church organ, which played sixty or seventy airs and furnished music for the entertainments that the Butins, in the days of their prosperity, were accustomed to give to the people of the town. The library, which was another spacious apartment, was filled with well-selected books, newspapers, and magazines, in three or four languages, and contained also a large collection of Siberian minerals and ores. Adjoining the house were the offices and shops where the Butins carried on the various branches of their extensive and diversified business, and where they had accumulated the wealth that the house partly represented or embodied. In addition to gold mining, they were engaged in trading, distilling, iron manufacturing, and the construction of steamers, and their business operations extended to all parts of Eastern Siberia, and gave employment to many hundreds of men.

After thanking the receiver, Mr. Pomazkin (Po-maz'kin), for his courtesy in going through the house with us, we returned to the hotel, and later in the afternoon called upon Messrs. Charushin (Chah-roo'shin) and Kuznetsof (Kooz-net-soff'), two political exiles who had served out terms of hard labor at the mines, and had then been sent as forced colonists to Nerchinsk, where they were living with their families in comparative comfort. We found them both to be intelligent, cultivated, and very companionable men, and during our three-days' stay in the town we passed with them many pleasant hours. They had had a very hard experience at the mines of Kara, but after their arrival at Nerchinsk they had been treated with reasonable courtesy and consideration, and had even been permitted to engage in branches of business, such as teaching and photography, that by law are closed to political offenders. All of their correspondence was still "under control," — that is, subject to official supervision and censorship,— but they were not constantly watched, regulated, and harassed by the police, as political exiles are in so many other parts of Siberia, and it seemed to me that their life, although hard and lonely, was perfectly tolerable. Mr. Charushin, before his banishment, spent four years and a half in solitary confinement, and for two years and a half lay in one of the bomb-proof casemates of the Petropavlovski (Pet-ro-pav'lov-skee) fortress. His offense was carrying on a revolutionary propaganda among the factory operatives in one of the suburbs of St. Petersburg. When he was finally sent to Siberia, in 1878, his wife voluntarily accompanied him, and at the mines of Kara she lived alone in a wretched little cabin at the Lower Diggings until, upon the expiration of his term of probation, Mr. Charushin was permitted to join her. He was one of the nine political convicts of the free command sent back to prison by order of Loris Melikof (Mell'ee-koff) on the 1st of January, 1881, and it was in his house that poor Eugene Semyonofski (Sem-yon'of-skee) committed suicide on the eve of that day.

Sunday morning, November 29, after bidding good-bye with sincere regret to Mr. and Mrs. Charushin, whose warm hearts and lovable characters had won our affection and esteem, we left Nerchinsk in a sleigh for Chita (Chee'tah), the capital of the Trans-Baikal.

The icicles that hung from the nostrils of our frost-whitened horses, the sharp metallic creaking of the crisp snow under our sledge-runners, the bluish, opalescent tints of the distant mountains, and the high, slender columns of smoke that stood, without waver or tremble, over the chimneys of the houses, were all evidences of a very low, if not an arctic, temperature; and I was not surprised, when I looked at our thermometer, to find the mercury stationary at twenty-seven degrees below zero. As night came on, the intensity of the cold increased until it was all that we could do to endure it from one post station to another. We drank three or four tumblers of hot tea every time we stopped to change horses; but in the long, lonely hours between midnight and morning, when we could get no warm food and when all our vital powers were usually at their lowest ebb, we suffered very severely. We had no difficulty in getting post horses until just before dark Monday evening, when we reached the station of Turinopovorotnaya (Too-rin-o-po-vo-rote'nah-yah), about fifty miles from Chita, and found the whole village in a state of hilarious intoxication. Sleighs filled with young men and boys were careering hither and thither with wild whoops and halloos; long lines of peasant girls in bright-colored calico dresses were unsteadily promenading back and forth in the streets with their arms around one another and singing *khorovod* songs; the station-house was filled with flushed and excited people from neighboring settlements, who had evidently been participating in a celebration of some kind and were about starting for their homes; the station-master, who perhaps had not finished his celebration, was nowhere to be found; there was not a driver about the stables; and the "starosta" (stah'ro-stah),[1] a

1 A "starosta," or elder, is the head of a Siberian village.

short, fat old man, who looked like a burgher from Amsterdam, was so drunk that even with the aid of a cane he could hardly stand on his feet. In vain we tried to ascertain the reasons for this surprising epidemic of inebriation. Nobody was sober enough to explain to us what had happened. From the excited and more or less incoherent conversation of the intoxicated travelers in the station-house, I learned that even the village priest was so drunk that he had to be taken home in a sleigh by the soberest of his parishioners. If the station-master, the starosta, the village priest, the drivers, and all of the inhabitants were drunk, there was evidently no prospect of our being able to get horses. In fact we could not find anybody who seemed sober enough to know the difference between a horse and his harness. We therefore brought our baggage into the crowded station-house and sat down in an unoccupied corner to study intoxicated humanity and await further developments. Every person in the house was drunk, except ourselves and one small baby in arms. The father of this baby, a good-looking young Russian officer in full uniform, wandered unsteadily about the room, animated apparently by a hazy idea that he ought to be collecting his scattered baggage so as to be in readiness for a start; but the things that he picked up in one place he dropped feebly in another, and every minute or two he would suspend operations to exchange with his intoxicated companions fragmentary reminiscences of the day's festivity. Finally he seemed to be struck by a happy thought, and making his way in a devious course to one corner of the room he took up his saber, which was leaning against the wall, and carrying it to his intoxicated wife committed it solemnly to her care with directions to take it out to the sleigh. She was sober enough to remark, with some asperity, that as she had a young baby in her arms, and as the temperature out-of-doors was twenty degrees below zero, he had better take the saber to the sleigh himself. At this he clasped the sheathed weapon dramatically to his breast, rolled his eyes in a fine frenzy upward, and declared with emotion that the saber was his first bride, that he never would forsake it, and that, in view of all the circumstances, he *would* take it out to the sleigh himself. A moment later, however, he dropped it, and but for the supervision of his second bride would have forgotten it altogether.

About eight o'clock, after watching for an hour or two such performances as these, I succeeded in capturing the starosta, and addressing to him some very energetic remarks I sobered him sufficiently to make him understand that we must have horses at once or there would be trouble. While I stood over him with a verbal club, he entered us in the station-house book as "Mr. Kennan and companion, citizens of Neighboring States";[1] and then going out on the front steps he shouted, as every sleigh-load of drunken men went past, "Andre! Nikolai! Loshedei sei chas!" ["Horses, this moment!"] The only replies that he received were wild howls of derision. At every such outburst of hilarious contempt for authority, he would raise his shaking hands as high as his head with a feeble and comical gesture of helplessness and despair, and exclaim in maudlin tones: "Fsei pyánni! Shto prikázhtie dyélet? Chisto nakázánia!" ["They 're all drunk! What do you order done? It 's a regular punishment!"]

About nine o'clock the noise, tumult, and shouting in the village streets began to subside; the station-master, whose intoxication had taken the form of severe official dignity, suddenly appeared, and in a tone of stern menace wanted to know where the post drivers were and what all this disorder meant; the young Russian officer, who by this time had reached the affectionate stage of inebriation, kissed all the women in the room, crossed himself devoutly, and meandered out to the sleigh, followed by his wife with the baby and the saber; two intoxicated priests in long gowns, and high, cylindrical, brimless hats draped with black crape, alighted from a droshky in front of the door, allowed their hands to be reverently kissed by the inebriated young officer and his friends, and then rode off in a post sleigh driven by a peasant who could hardly keep his seat on the box; and finally, when we had almost abandoned the hope of ever getting away, a really sober man in a ragged sheepskin coat emerged from the darkness and reported in a business-like manner to the station-master that the horses were ready for us. The drunken and irate official, who seemed desirous of vindicating his dignity and authority in some way, overwhelmed the unfortunate driver with abuse, and ended by fining him fifty kopecks — whether for being sober or for having the horses ready, I do not know. We piled our baggage into the sleigh, climbed in upon it, and rode out of the intoxicated settlement with thankful hearts. As the last faint sounds of revelry died away in the distance behind us, I said to the driver: "What 's the matter with everybody in this village? The whole population seems to be drunk."

"They 've been consecrating a new church," said the driver, soberly.

[1] The Russian words for "neighboring" and "united" bear a superficial resemblance to each other, and the poor intoxicated starosta had never heard, evidently, of such a country as the United States.

"Consecrating a church!" I exclaimed in amazement. "Is that the way you consecrate churches?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Sometimes they drink. After the services they had a *gulainia* [a sort of holiday promenade with music and spirituous refreshments], and some of them crooked their elbows too often."

"*Some* of them!" I repeated. "*All* of them, you mean. You 're the only sober man I 've seen in the place. How does it happen that you 're not drunk?"

"I 'm not a Christian," he replied, with quiet simplicity. "I 'm a Buriat."[1]

As a Christian — if not a member of the Holy Orthodox Church — I was silenced by the unconscious irony of the reply. The only sober man in a village of three or four hundred inhabitants proved to be a pagan, and he had just been fined fifty kopecks by a Christian official for not getting drunk with other good citizens and thus showing his respect for the newly consecrated edifice and his appreciation of the benign influence of the Holy Orthodox Faith!

About ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, December 1, we drove into the town of Chita and took up our quarters in a small, one-story log-hotel kept by a man named Biachinski (Byah'chin-skee) and known as the "Hotel Vládivostók." There was in Chita, as I have said in a previous article, a tolerably large and very interesting colony of political exiles. We had made their acquaintance and had had some conversation with them on our outward journey; but as we were then making every effort to reach the mines of Kara before the setting in of winter, we could not spend as much time with them as we wished to spend, and we therefore decided to stop for ten days or two weeks in Chita on our return. Most of these exiles were forced colonists who had already served out terms of hard labor at the mines and who belonged to the class that the Government regarded as particularly dangerous. In view of this fact, and of the official attention that our investigations had already attracted at Kara, it seemed to me necessary to proceed with more than ordinary caution and to cultivate the most friendly possible relations with the authorities. It was more than likely that Captain Nikolin (Nee-ko'lin), the gendarme commandant at the mines of Kara, had informed the acting-governor at Chita of our surreptitious visits to the politicals of the free command, and, if so, it was quite probable that our later movements would be watched. What would be the result of a discovery that we were visiting the politicals in Chita every day, I did not know; but as we were still apprehensive of a police search, it seemed prudent to take every possible precaution. I called at once upon Colonel Svechin (Svay-chin'), who was then acting as governor in the absence of General Barabásh (Bar-a-bash'), gave him a tolerably full account of our experience at the mines,— omitting, of course, the episode with the political convicts,— and outlined to him our plans for the future. He was very pleasant and courteous, asked no inconvenient questions, and when I bade him good-day and bowed myself out of his reception-room I felt quite reassured. Either he was not aware of the extent of our intercourse with the political exiles in his province, or he regarded such intercourse with indifference as a matter of little consequence.

Two or three days after our arrival, a wealthy merchant of the town named Nemerof (Nem'er-off), whose acquaintance I had made through a casual call at his place of business, invited us to go with him to an amateur theatrical entertainment to be given for some benevolent object in the small theater connected with the official club. Hoping to make a few useful acquaintances, and desirous, at the same time, of showing ourselves in public as much as possible with "trustworthy" people, we accepted the invitation. Between the acts of the rather clever and creditable performance we promenaded in one of the lobbies, made the acquaintance of a number of civil and military officials, received a pleasant greeting from the acting-governor, and attracted general attention as "distinguished Americans," well known to the higher authorities of the place and upon friendly terms even with the acting-governor and chief of staff. No one, we hoped, would suspect that these distinguished foreigners had stopped in Chita for the express purpose of extending their acquaintance with political convicts, nihilists, and terrorists.

Among the army officers to whom I was introduced between the acts was a certain Colonel Novikof (No'vee-koff), who, accompanied by several other officers in full uniform, was walking back and forth in the lobby. As soon as he caught my name he looked at me curiously, and, without any preliminary leading up to the subject, said, "I hear that you have been at the mines of Kara."

"Yes," I replied, with some surprise and uneasiness; "I have just come from there."

"What did you find good there?" he inquired, looking sharply into my face.

I hardly knew what reply to make to such a question as this; but I thought that it would be safe at least to speak well of the officials, so far as I could conscientiously do so, and I

1 The natives in Siberia known as Buriats are nearly all Lamaists.

therefore replied promptly that I found a good man, namely, Major Potulof (Po'too-loff).

"Humph!" grunted the colonel, contemptuously. "I suppose he showed you everything in the most favorable light?"

"There are some things that cannot be shown in a very favorable light," I replied, feeling more and more uneasiness, but determined to take the bull by the horns.

"Did you go through the prisons?" he demanded.

"Yes," I said; "we saw most of them."

"Did they show you the 'naked command'?"

"No; I don't even know what you mean by the 'naked command.'"

"I mean a cell full of prisoners without clothing. When I first went to Kara and made a visit of inspection to the prisons, I found a kamera in which there were twenty-five convicts stark naked. This body of men was then known as the 'naked command.'"

"What was the explanation of it?" I inquired.

"I don't know," replied the officer, with a shrug. "They simply had n't any clothes to wear.[1] Did your *good man* [a contemptuous reference to Major Potulof] show you the solitary-confinement cells in the Middle Kara prison?"

"He did not," I replied. "What is there remarkable about them?"

"Oh, nothing," said the colonel, with assumed indifference, "except that they are not high enough to stand up in nor long enough to lie down in. You evidently did n't see anything except what they wanted you to see. I wish that I had been there; I would have shown you things as they *are*, not as your *liubeznoi khozain* [amiable host] showed them to you."

By this time I was in a state of some bewilderment and perplexity. Could Colonel Novikof be sincere? Or was he merely laying a trap for me in order to ascertain what I really thought of the Kara prisons and the prison administration? I hardly dared say anything, for fear of making a mistake. Without waiting, however, for any remarks from me, Colonel Novikof said, "I lived at Kara as commander of the Cossack battalion for three years and a half; and when I was finally relieved from duty there, a few months ago, I was so glad that I had a special thanksgiving service read in the church.

"Do you see my beard?" he demanded abruptly after a moment's pause. "It is all sprinkled with gray, is n't it? That 's the result of the human misery that I was compelled to witness at the mines. When I went there, there was n't a white hair in it. How old do you think I am?"

I replied that I should take him to be about fifty-five.

"I am only forty-five," he said bitterly; "and when I went to Kara I was as young-looking a man as you are."

He paused for a moment, as if in gloomy retrospection, and I ventured to ask him what was the nature of the misery to which he referred.

"Misery of all kinds," he replied. "The wretched convicts are cruelly treated, flogged with rods and the *plet* [a sort of heavy cat], and worked for the benefit of their overseers, who enrich themselves at the convicts' expense. As for the suffering and injustice, I will give you an instance of it. While I was there the wife of the warden of one of the prisons accidentally discovered that her lover — a convict of the free command — was carrying on an intrigue with one of her servants, a good-looking girl belonging also to the criminal class. Enraged by jealousy, she made such representations to her husband the warden as to induce him to have the servant girl flogged. The girl received 150 blows with the stick on her bare body, and then when she went to the *zaveduyushchi* [the governor of the penal establishment] and complained of the cruel treatment to which she had been subjected, she got 90 blows more with the plet,— 240 blows in all,— and I stood by and saw those executions carried out. Do you think that 's a pleasant thing? I have n't much hair left [stroking the top of his head], but all that I have has stood on end at the sights I have been forced to witness at those accursed mines. To see what one must see there one ought to have nerves of iron wire."[2]

The reader must not suppose that these extraordinary statements were made to me

[1] I subsequently learned that the "naked command" was composed of convicts who made a regular practice of selling the clothing furnished them by the Government, in order to get money with which to gamble and buy liquor. As a punishment for this offense they had been shut up together in a large cell and deprived of clothing altogether. Of course the prisoners could not have disposed of their garments and bought liquor with the proceeds unless they had been aided in so doing by the prison officials. The existence of a naked command, therefore, showed the corruptibility, rather than the cruelty, of the prison administration. Colonel Novikof seemed desirous of giving me a contrary impression.

[2] I think I quote Colonel Novikof's words with almost perfect accuracy. They made upon me, of course, a very deep impression, and I wrote them down in my note-book as soon as I returned from the theater. Some allowance must be made, however, for personal animus on the part of the speaker. His relations with other officers at the mines, and particularly with Major Potulof, had evidently been unpleasant, if not hostile, and he may have exaggerated, or thrown into undue prominence, evils for which they were responsible. The remarks that I have quoted are, nevertheless, interesting and significant as coming from an officer of high rank who had the best possible means of knowing the truth, and I give them for what they may be worth. Colonel Novikof is the same officer who told me that he would punish political offenders with the *shpitzruten* — a barbarous running of the gauntlet in the course of which the sufferer receives from two thousand to seven thousand blows from light rods.

quietly and confidentially in a corner. We were walking back and forth in the crowded lobby of a theater with three or four other officers, and Colonel Novikof talked excitedly and loudly enough to be heard not only by them, but by any one who cared to listen. It may seem strange that a Cossack officer of Colonel Novikof's prominence should make, voluntarily, to a stranger and foreigner, such damaging admissions with regard to the working of the Russian penal system; but this was not the only time that I was surprised and puzzled by such frankness. At a later hour that same evening another officer came to me between the acts, introduced himself, and began to question me about our experience at the mines of Kara. In less than five minutes he made the same inquiry that Colonel Novikof had made, viz., whether we had seen the solitary-confinement cells in the Middle Kara prison. I replied as before in the negative, whereupon he gave me the same information with regard to their dimensions that I had already received, and added that these horrible cells had been used as places of confinement for political offenders, and even for cultivated women. Madame Rossikova (Ross'ee-ko-vah), he said, had languished in one of those dungeons until the prison surgeon had pronounced her dying. He invited me to call upon him, and said that if I was interested in prisons and the exile system he thought he could furnish me with some material. I am not at liberty to name this officer, nor to indicate the position that he held; but I can say, without breach of confidence, that I did call upon him, and that I am indebted to him for many of the facts set forth in the four preceding articles. He confirmed most of the statements made to me by the political convicts at Kara, gave me an account of the shooting of Governor Ilyashevich (Ill-yah-shay'vitch) that did not differ in any essential respect from the narrative of Madame Kutitonskaya (Koo-tee-ton'ska-ya) herself, and permitted me to see official documents of the utmost interest and value. If he had in view any other object than the establishment of the truth, I do not know what it was.

During our stay of nearly two weeks in Chita I spent a large part of every day with "trustworthy" citizens and officials, in order to avert suspicion, and then devoted the greater part of every night to the political convicts. We met the latter, as a rule, in a carpenter-shop maintained by some of them as a means of self-support in a large two-story log-house once occupied by the famous Decembrist exiles of 1825. About nine o'clock every evening, ten or fifteen politicals would assemble in a spacious upper room over this carpenter-shop, and there, at a somewhat later hour, Mr. Frost and I would join them. Fanny Morenis (Mo-ray'-niss), a bright and very pretty girl about twenty years of age, generally acted as hostess; Madame Géllis presided over the samovar; and by half-past ten o'clock every evening we were all grouped about a big table on one side of the room, smoking, drinking tea, relating our adventures, and discussing all sorts of social and political questions. Among the exiles in Chita were some of the brightest, most cultivated, most sympathetic men and women that we had met in Eastern Siberia; and I still remember, with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness, the hours that we spent with them. We were not always depressed and gloomy, nor did we always look on the dark penal side of Russian life. Sometimes Mr. Lazaref, or Mr. Valuief (Val-loo'yef), would take up an old battered guitar, and sing, to its accompaniment, a melodious Russian romance; sometimes Mr. Frost and I gave the exiles a spirited if not a finished rendering of "Bingo," "The Bull-dog," "Solomon Levi," or some other rollicking college melody; and sometimes we all sang in chorus the stirring words and music of the "Little Russian Marseillaise," the quasi-revolutionary and prohibited song "On the Volga there is a Cliff," or the martial strains of "John Brown."

Sooner or later, however, we invariably reverted to the topics that most interested us all — the condition of Russia, the Russian revolutionary movement, and the life of political exiles in prison, on the road, or at the mines. Here I obtained many of the facts that I have set forth in previous articles, and here I heard, for the first time, the terrible history of the Kharkoff Central Prison, and the narrative of the desperate hunger-strike of the four women in the prison at Irkutsk.[1] Stories more ghastly and pathetic I had never read nor imagined; and night after night I went back to the hotel in a state of emotional excitement that made it impossible for me to sleep, and equally impossible to turn my thoughts into any other channel. All that I could do was to lie for hours on the floor, picturing to myself in imagination the scenes and events that had been described or related to me with such torturing vividness. It is one thing to read in cold, expressionless type such narratives of suffering, injustice, and bereavement as those that I have tried to reproduce in the present series of articles. It is another and quite a different thing to hear them from the trembling lips of the men and women who have been actors in the tragedies described, and who have themselves gone down into the valley of the shadow of death. If, while listening to such stories, my eyes

[1] Mesdames Kavalskaya, Rossikova, Bogomolets, and Kutitonskaya.

filled with tears and my hands were clenched in fierce though silent and helpless indignation, I am not ashamed of it — it would have been a relief to me sometimes if I could have cried.

The emotional strain of our East-Siberian experience was perhaps harder to bear than the mere physical suffering. One can endure cold, hunger, jolting, and fatigue with a certain philosophic cheerfulness; but emotional excitement — the constant appeal made by suffering to sympathy — exhausts nervous strength with great rapidity and eventually depresses all the vital powers. In our case there was not only the emotional strain, but the strain of constant anxiety and apprehension. We were liable, at almost any moment, to be arrested and searched; and what the consequences of such a misfortune would be we could only conjecture. No attempt had yet been made to watch or follow us, so far as we were aware; but the room adjoining ours in the hotel was occupied by four officers, including a captain or colonel of gendarmes, and Mr. Frost thought that he had more than once heard, through the thin intervening partition, a conversation among these men with regard to the real object of our Siberian journey, and a discussion of methods by which our papers might be secured, or at least subjected to police inspection. One night, during our second week's stay in Chita, I came back to the hotel about two o'clock in the morning from a visit to the political exiles' carpenter-shop. There was not a sound nor a suggestion of life in the deserted streets of the little provincial town, the windows of the hotel were all dark, the servant who admitted me was only half awake, Mr. Frost was slumbering peacefully on a wooden bench in our room, and perfect stillness prevailed throughout the building. Everybody had apparently been asleep for hours. The room occupied by the four officers was separated from ours by a thin paper-and-lath wall only, through which there happened to be an intercommunicating door. Under this door was a vacant space of three or four inches, which, with the flimsiness of the partition, permitted sounds to pass from room to room with almost perfect freedom. Excited by the ghastly story of the murder of the political offender Somof (So'moff) in the Odessa prison, which I had just heard from one of the exiles, I could not sleep, and lighting a candle, I lay down on the floor with my head to the partition wall and tried to divert my thoughts by reading. For at least half an hour the only sound that came to my ears was Mr. Frost's soft, regular breathing. Suddenly the stillness, which was so profound as to be almost oppressive, was broken by the loud "Bang!" of a revolver almost opposite my head, on the other side of the partition. Surprised and startled, I raised myself on one elbow and listened. Nothing could be heard except a faint rustle, made apparently by plaster-dust falling from the partition wall where the bullet had pierced it. Mr. Frost, roused from sound sleep, sat up and inquired, "What was that?"

"Somebody has just fired a revolver at our partition," I replied in a low tone.

"What time is it?"

"About half-past two. Keep quiet and listen."

With strained attention we waited fully two minutes without hearing the faintest sound. The hotel had become as still as before, and yet I knew that there were four men in the room from which the pistol shot had come. If one of them had committed suicide — which was the first thought that flashed through my mind — why did not the others get up and strike a light? The report of the revolver was loud enough to rouse the whole hotel, and the perfect stillness that followed it was even more extraordinary and mysterious than the shot itself.

"Let 's call to them and find out what the matter is," whispered Mr. Frost.

"No," I replied in an undertone; "let somebody else find out. We 're not hurt."

I had great fear of becoming involved in some mystery or tragedy that would give the police an excuse for taking us into custody and overhauling our baggage or summoning us as witnesses, and it seemed to me best to "lie stiller than water and lower than grass," as the Russian peasants say, and await developments. Whatever might be the significance of the pistol shot, it was none of our business unless the weapon had been aimed at us — and that seemed extremely improbable.

After the lapse of perhaps three minutes, I heard in the officers' room the clicking made by the cocking and uncocking of a revolver, followed in a few seconds by low whispering. Then one man in an undertone asked another how many more cartridges he had. Some inaudible reply was made, after which there was whispering again for a moment or two, and finally silence. We did not hear another sound from the officers' room that night. Why that revolver shot was fired through our partition from a perfectly dark and still room at half-past two o'clock in the morning, we never ascertained. My own impression is that somebody desired to experiment upon us for fun; and if any one had questioned me about the incident on the following day, I should have said that pistol shots in the night were so common in American hotels as to excite little or no remark, and that the only thing

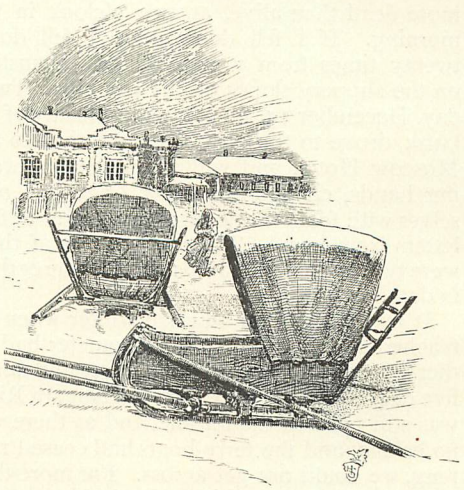
EAST-SIBERIAN FREIGHT SLEDGES.

which surprised us was the absence of a dead body in the morning.

Whether or not the police discovered, during our stay in Chita, that we were visiting the political convicts every day, I have no means of knowing. That they became aware of it afterward, I infer, from the fact that the only letter I subsequently received from there, a perfectly innocent communication from the merchant Nemerof, was delivered to me open —the end of the envelope having been cut off with a pair of scissors.

Up to the time of our arrival in Chita I had carried the most important and compromising of my papers and documents in a leathern belt around my body; but they finally became so bulky and burdensome that it seemed necessary to make some other disposition of them, and in view of the possibility, if not the probability, of a police search, I determined to conceal them. The greater part of them I put into the hollow sides of a wooden box that I made for the purpose, and that was ostensibly intended to keep our dishes and tea-things in. Such a box I could carry from our sleigh to the house at every post station without appearing to set any particular value upon it, and I could thus keep it constantly under my eye without exciting either the suspicion of the police or the cupidity of thieves. All travelers carried such boxes, and it was highly improbable that anybody would ever wonder what was in it. It explained itself. The remainder of my documents, and a few letters from political exiles to their relatives in European Russia, I bound into the covers of books. As we were traveling with very little baggage, I had no books of my own; but the exiles in Chita furnished me with an English copy of "David Copperfield," a bound volume of a Russian magazine which contained an article upon the exile system, and an old book of logarithms. We felt sure that "David Copperfield" and the logarithms would excite no suspicion, even if our baggage were overhauled, and we hoped that the article upon the exile system would carry the Russian magazine. Finally, I put one very important letter into a small square piece of board, upon which was mounted an oil portrait of one of the Decembrist exiles of 1825. This portrait had been found in one of the houses of the Decembrists at Chita, and as I was a collector of curious and interesting relics, it was natural enough that I should be in possession of it. Altogether it seemed to me that my papers were very skillfully and successfully hidden. The police certainly could not find them without breaking or tearing to pieces nearly everything that I had.

Wednesday night, December 9, we sang with the political exiles in Chita for the last time the plaintive but beautiful song of the Russian revolutionists, "On the Volga there is a Cliff," distributed among them as mementos all the trinkets and small articles of value that we had, and then, with deep and sincere regret, bade them good-bye forever. Twelve hours later we were posting furiously towards Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. For five days and nights we traveled westward at the rate of eight miles an hour, stopping only to change horses, and suffering from cold, hunger, and sleeplessness until it seemed to me that I could endure no more. We found Lake Baikal still open, but the last steamer for the season had gone, and we were forced to take the high, picturesque cornice road around the lake at its southern end. Monday evening, December 14, we were stopped only fifty or sixty miles from Irkutsk by the absence of post horses. For almost three months we had been cut off



SIBERIAN POST SLEIGHS.

from all communication with the civilized world, for ten weeks we had not received a letter nor read a newspaper, and furious with impatience at finding ourselves stopped so near the capital, we hired a peasant to carry us and our baggage on a low sledge to the next station. We little knew what a night of misery we were preparing for ourselves. The cold was intense; the road ran across a series of high, massive, and densely wooded mountain ridges; the peasant's horses proved to be half dead from starvation, and after the first three miles absolutely refused to draw us up hill; we walked almost the whole distance, in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero, and finally reached the next station, more dead than alive, at two o'clock in the morning. If I fell down once I fell down twenty times from weakness and exhaustion on the slippery slopes of the last hills. Tuesday, December 15, we reëntered the city of Irkutsk, drove to the post-office and then to the Moscow Hotel, and without waiting to wash our hands, change our dress, or refresh ourselves with food, sat down to read forty or fifty letters from home. The most recent of them were two and a half months old, and the earliest in date nearly six.

It was late in the Siberian winter when we reached Irkutsk, and the thermometer had indicated temperatures as low as thirty and thirty-five degrees below zero; but the Angara River was still open in the middle, and as there was no bridge, and the ferry-boats had ceased running, we could not get across. For more than three weeks we waited impatiently for the rapid stream to close; but as it then showed no disposition to do so, we resolved to descend its right, or eastern, bank to a point about a hundred miles nearer the Arctic Ocean, where, according to the reports of the peasants, a gorge had occurred and an ice bridge had formed. On Friday, January 8, having sold our old tarantas (tar-an-tass′) and purchased with the proceeds a comfortable pavoska (pah-voss′kah), or winter traveling sleigh, like that shown in the illustration on page 109, we sent to the post station for a troika of horses and set out by way of the Alexandrofski (Al-ex-an-drof′skee) Central Prison for the ice bridge across the Angara.

The Alexandrofski Central Prison, which at the time of our visit had the reputation of being one of the best as well as one of the largest institutions of its kind in Eastern Siberia, is situated on the right bank of the Angara River about forty miles below Irkutsk, and was built and occupied for a time as a distillery. It was remodeled and turned into a prison in 1874, and since then has been used as a place of confinement and of nominal hard labor for about a thousand convicts. I was particularly anxious to see it, because acting-governor Petrof (Pe-troff′) in Irkutsk had described it to me as "almost a model prison," and I had not thus far seen any prisons in Siberia to which such a description would apply. After a pleasant and comfortable ride of eight hours from Irkutsk we reached the prison settlement about half-past nine o'clock Friday night, drove at once to the post station, and, after having warmed ourselves with three or four tumblers of hot tea, went to bed on the floor, as usual.

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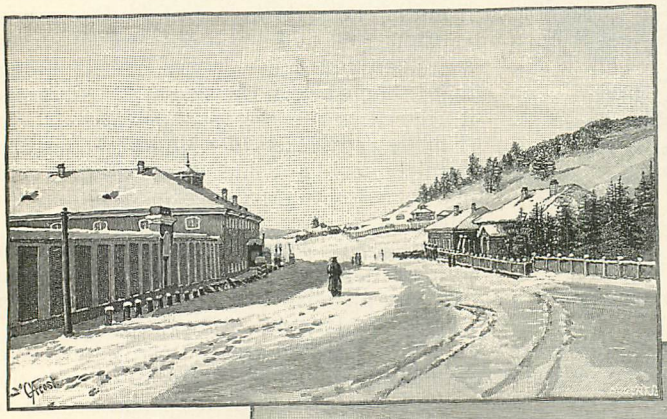

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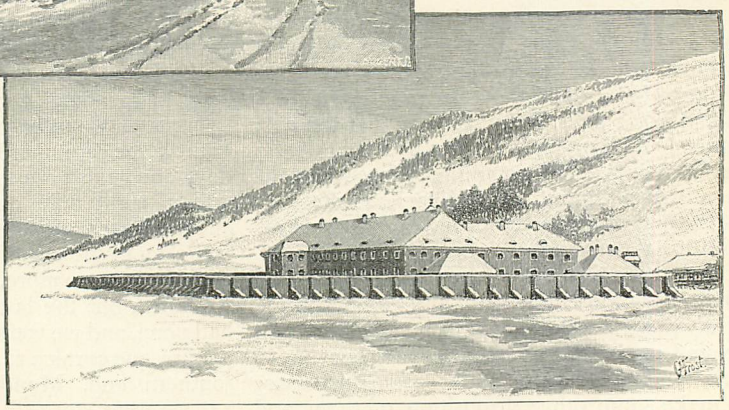
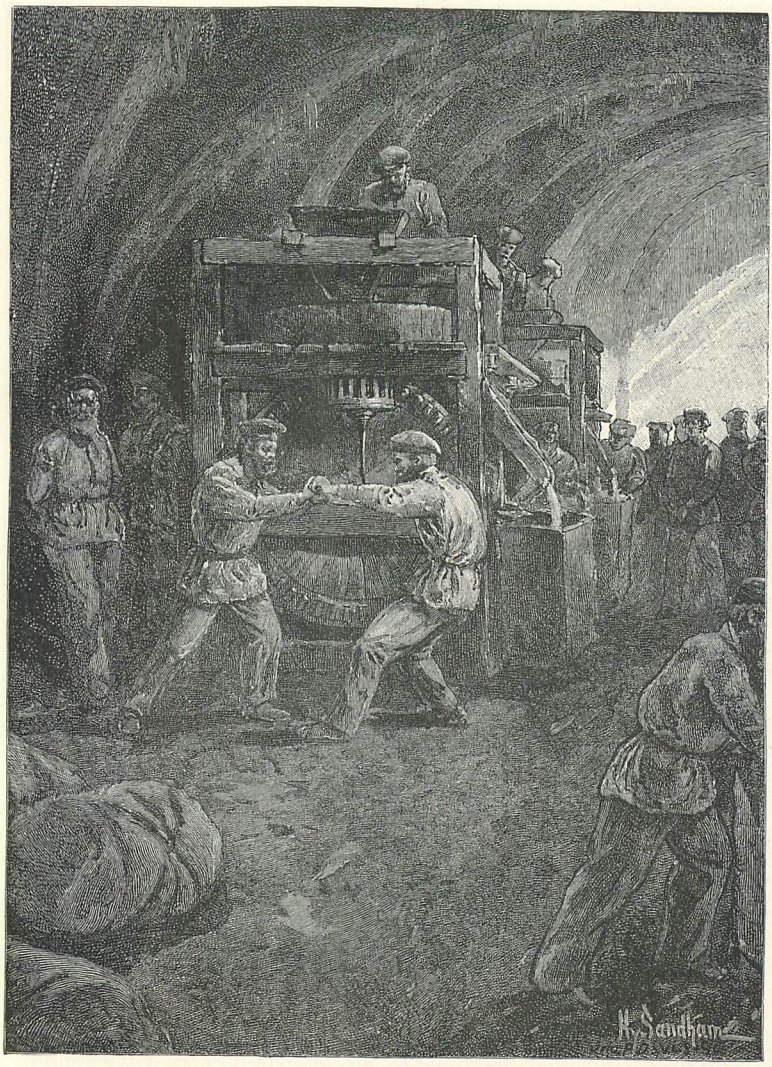


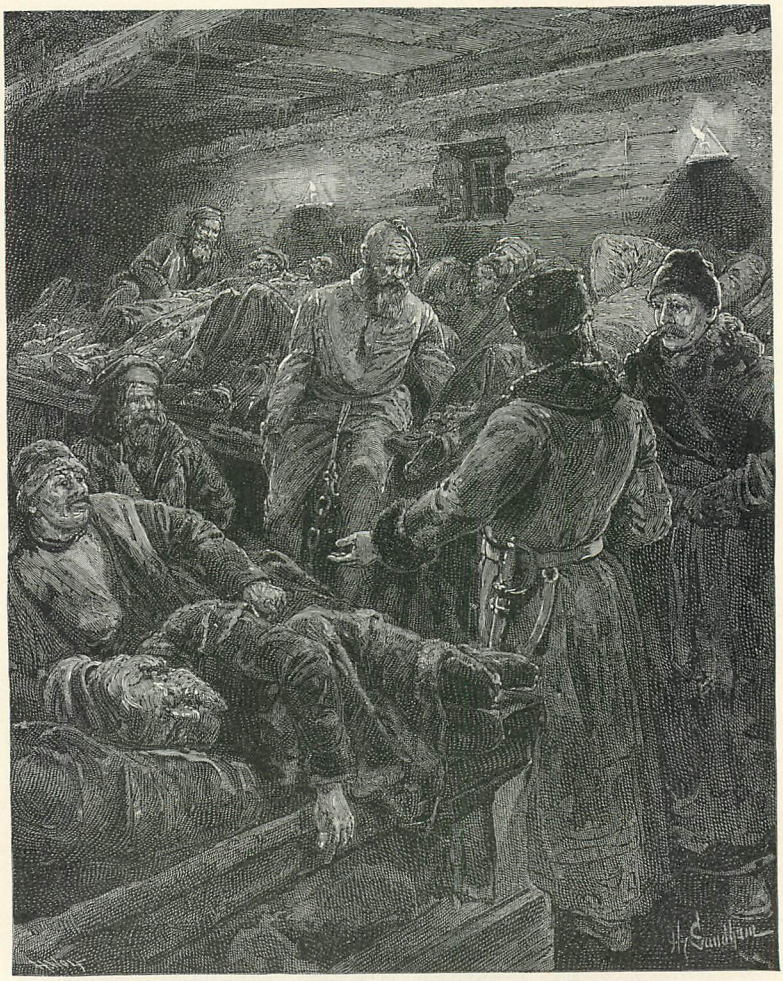
THE ALEXANDROFSKI CENTRAL PRISON.
1. Front of the building and house of the warden. 2. Side and rear view.



CONVICTS GRINDING RYE IN THE ALEXANDROFSKI CENTRAL PRISON.

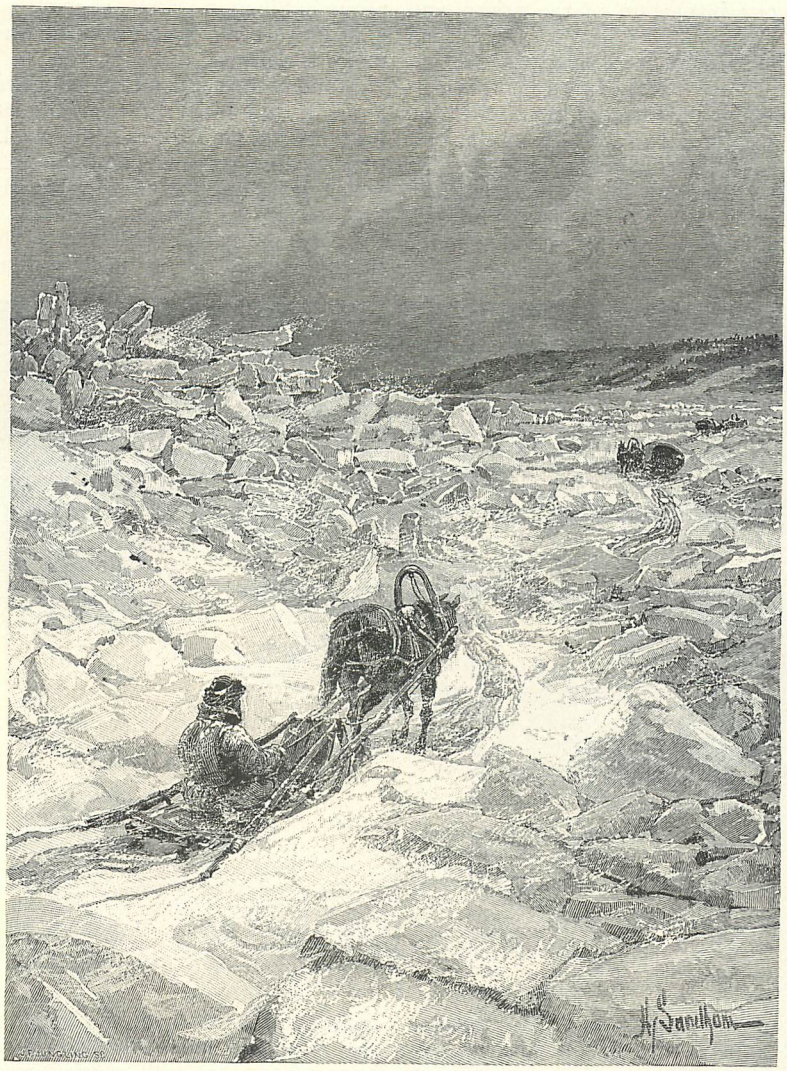
Saturday morning we called upon the prison warden, Mr. Sipiagin (See-pyag'in), who had already received notice of our coming from the authorities in Irkutsk, and asked permission to go through the institution of which he was in command. Mr. Sipiagin, a pleasant, intelligent, cultivated officer, thirty-five or forty years of age, received us with the most cordial hospitality, insisted upon our taking a late breakfast with him, and after we had refreshed ourselves with tea, bread and butter, and delicious cutlets served with gravy and delicately browned potatoes, he went with us to the prison.

The Alexandrofski Central Prison is a large, two-story brick building with a tin roof, standing in a spacious inclosure formed by a high, buttressed brick wall. It is somewhat irregular in form, but its greatest length is about 300 feet and its greatest width about 100, with a rather spacious court-yard in the middle. It contains fifty-seven general kameras, or cells, in which a number of prisoners are shut up together, ten solitary-confinement cells, and five secretni, or "secret" cells, intended for the isolation of particularly important or dangerous criminals. It contained at the time of our visit 992 convicts, while about 900 more, who had finished their terms of probation, were living outside the prison walls in the free command. We were taken first to the mills, which were large vaulted apartments in the first story, where 75 or 100 convicts were grinding rye into meal for their own use. The air here was fresh and good; the labor, although hard, was not excessive; and the men who turned the cranks of the clumsy machines were relieved by others as fast as



A VISIT TO THE ALEXANDROFSKI CENTRAL PRISON AT NIGHT.

they became tired. This, the warden informed me, was the only hard labor that the inmates of the prison were required to perform, and it occupied only three or four hours a day. From the mills we went to the kameras, which filled the greater part of the large building, and which were occupied by from 15 to 75 men each. They varied greatly in size and form, but all were large enough for the number of convicts that they contained; the ceilings in them were high; the air everywhere was good; the floors and sleeping-benches were scrupulously clean; and nothing seemed to call for unfavorable criticism except perhaps the lack of bedding. In all the cells I noticed ventilators, but some of them had been stopped up with rags or articles of clothing by the prisoners themselves. The corridors into which the kameras opened were high, spacious, and fairly well lighted, and the air in them seemed to be almost as pure as that out-of-doors. From the kameras we went to the kitchens, where food was prepared every day for more than a thousand men, and where I could discover nothing that was out of harmony with the neatness and good order that prevailed in other parts of the building. I tasted some of the bread and soup furnished to the prisoners and found both palatable and good. The convict ration, Mr. Sipiagin informed me, consisted of three pounds of rye bread, about seven ounces of meat, and three ounces of barley per day, with potatoes or other vegetables occasionally. Tea and sugar were not supplied by the Government, but might be purchased by the prisoners with their own money. When we came out of the kitchens the warden asked us if we would not like to see the school-room. I replied that we certainly should, inasmuch as we had never seen such a thing as a school-room in a Russian prison, and did not suppose that such a thing existed. Mr. Sipiagin laughed, and conducted us to a clean,



CROSSING THE ICE BRIDGE.

well-lighted apartment in the second story, which had been fitted up by the convicts themselves with rude desks of domestic manufacture, and had been furnished by the prison authorities with a black-board, a large globe, a wall map of Siberia and another of the Holy Land, and a few cheap lithographs. There were no scholars in the room at the time of our visit to it, but the warden said that the convicts frequently came there to read, sing, or listen to instructive talks from the priest. They were greatly in need of books. They had a few tracts and testaments, left there some years before by the Rev. Mr. Lansdell,[1] but they wanted school-books and a library. From the school-room we went to the shops, where 25 or 30 tailors, shoemakers, and carpenters were hard at work, and where the air was filled with the pleasant odors of fresh pine shavings and Russia leather. The convicts were at liberty, the warden said, to do any work that they were capable of doing, and they received two-thirds of all the money that they earned. One-third was turned over to them, or held by the warden subject to their order, at the time payment was received for the products of their industry; one-third was withheld, to be given to them at the expiration of their terms of probation; and one-third was retained by the Government. After paying a visit to the hospital, which contained only forty-two patients and which was clean, well ventilated, and in perfect order, we expressed ourselves as sat-

1 This was the only place in Siberia where I found any trace of the books and tracts that Mr. Lansdell distributed.

isfied with our inspection of the prison, and returned to Mr. Sipiagin's house. The warden seemed to be very much gratified when I said to him frankly and honestly that I had inspected fifteen prisons in Eastern Siberia, that the one under his command was by far the best of them all, and that I did not see how anything more could be done by local and personal effort to make it better. It was not a "model prison," but it would at least serve as a model for the rest of Siberia.

Monday morning, after having thanked Mr. Sipiagin and his bright, intelligent wife for their courtesy and hospitality, we bade them good-bye and resumed our journey. The road, which lay along the edge of the river, under the high, abrupt hills that bound the Angara on the east, had been overflowed by the backing up of the water due to the formation of the ice

THROUGH THE ICE ON THE ANGARA RIVER.

At a late hour Sunday night Mr. Sipiagin, Captain Makofski, the prison surgeon, Mr. Frost, and I went through the prison again to see what was the state of things after the prisoners had retired. The convicts were lying asleep in rows on the plank nares without pillows or bed-clothing, and as we entered their dimly lighted cells many of them started up in surprise and alarm, as if afraid that we were about to drag somebody out to execution; but none of them spoke, and we went through six or seven kameras in silence. There were pará-shas, or excrement-buckets, in all the cells, and the air seemed more contaminated than it had been in the daytime; but even at its worst it was better than in any other prison we had visited. Taken altogether, the Alexandrofski prison seemed to me to be in the highest degree creditable to its warden, Mr. Sipiagin, and not discreditable to the Russian Prison Administration. It gives me great pleasure to say this, because I did not find much to approve in Siberian prisons generally, and I am glad to have an opportunity to praise where praise is deserved.

gorge, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could make our way at all over the huge cakes of ice with which it was bestrewn, or along the steep hillside above it. The slope of the bank finally became so steep that our horses could no longer stand upon it, and we were forced to drive out upon the thin, treacherous ice of the half-frozen river. While we were going at a brisk trot just beyond the village of Olon, the ice suddenly gave way under us, and with a great crash horses, sleigh, and all went through into the deep, swift current of the river. Fortunately, the widely extended outriggers of our sleigh prevented it from sinking at once, and by the exercise of agility and good judgment we all succeeded in getting out of it and securing a foothold on the solid ice. We cut our horses free from their harnesses, dragged them out one by one, hauled out our sledge with fresh horses, and returned to Olon to repair damages. After consultation with the villagers we decided that

A STORM AT NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE ANGARA.

it would not be prudent to continue our journey down the river in that way. Night was coming on, the river road was impassable, and if we should break through the ice again, in the darkness and away from help, the consequences might be more serious. Late in the evening a good-looking young peasant, tempted by an offer of fifteen rubles, which was about five times the usual rate, agreed to take us to the next village below by a circuitous and difficult route over the mountains. There was no road; but as the snow was not very deep, he thought he could make his way through, and at half-past ten o'clock we started. In all our East-Siberian experience I remember no night more full of hardship, anxiety, and suffering than the one that followed. About midnight a storm came on with high wind, flying snow, and a temperature of fifteen or twenty degrees below zero; we lost our way in the darkness, capsized into ravines, floundered for hours in deep snow-drifts, and lifted and tugged at our heavy, unwieldy sleigh until we were utterly exhausted and half frozen. About four o'clock in the morning I began to feel, at every respiration, a sharp, cutting pain in my right lung, and in less than half an hour I found myself completely disabled. Leaving Mr. Frost and the driver to struggle with the snow-drifts and the exhausted, dispirited horses, I crawled back

into the half-capsized sleigh, pulled the sheepskin robe over my shivering body, and gave myself up to gloomy forebodings of pneumonia. What happened between that time and morning, I do not remember. Just before daybreak I was aroused by the barking of dogs, and, looking out, was gladdened by the sight of firelighted smoke and sparks from the chimneys of three or four log-houses. It was the small peasant village of Pashka. After warming and refreshing ourselves with tea, we pushed on to the settlement of Kamenka, and late in the afternoon crossed the ice bridge over the Angara, and stopped for the night in the comfortable post-station house on the great Siberian road.

*George Kennan.*

# THE CASE OF JOHN VAN ARSDALE.

SEVERAL years have passed since the newspapers were full of the D—— murder case. It was particularly remarkable on account of the social prominence and previous high reputation of the accused and the strange circumstances which followed his trial. The story offers promising material for a penny dreadful, but I do not recall it to the attention of the public on that account. I had peculiar opportunities for knowing the alleged criminal, and he had exhibited to me, more perhaps than to any one else, the state of his mind. I then believed that I owed it to psychological science to give some report of the case, and with that intention I made some memoranda at the time. On looking over these notes I am still of the opinion that they should be published. My readers may think that I have thrown a little too much of myself into the tale, but they must recognize the fact that to understand testimony we must understand the witness. As we see through his eyes, we must know his point of view. I will make no attempt to draw my subject's character, but merely recount his conversation and actions as accurately as I can. I have disguised the names of persons and places in order that I may give as little offense as possible to the friends of the *dramatis personæ*.

## I.

I HAD not seen John Van Arsdale for twelve years. We had been playfellows in petticoats, and afterwards we went daily together to the military school which is one of the chief prides of Albansborough. We coasted together down the slippery streets at the risk of our lives. It would have been better if one of us had been taken off then. I remember him in his gray school uniform — a well-made, strong, normal boy; intelligent, ready to study, but fonder of sport. His disposition was cheerful, yet at times there was a wistful look in his eyes which was hard to explain. I was of another temperament; my health was good, but I was somewhat lacking in muscular development. While I was no coward, I did not love fighting for fighting's sake, and was more of an adept at my books. His social position too was different from mine. His ancestors on both sides, Van Arsdales and Hasbroucks, boasted the bluest blood which could be derived from the cabbage-gardens and brew-houses of two centuries ago, but his father found it somewhat difficult to keep out of debt and yet continue to live in an "ancient" family mansion which had been built at least sixty years before. John's cousin, Henry Hasbrouck, who was several years our senior, kept up the family traditions and already promised to become a leader in society. He was handsome and affable and sometimes condescended to join us in our sports, but I do not think that we altogether liked him. My father, unlike John's, was a rich manufacturer, of humble origin, who lived in a brand-new house, and I have been told that he constituted one of the main topics of conversation among the good matrons of Albansborough. They never saw him or his house or his family without referring to the fact that his father used to sell thread and needles over the counter to their mothers; "but," Mrs. Van Arsdale would add frigidly, "I have no doubt he is an excellent man," condemning him by tone and expression to that limbo of vulgarity which a Hasbrouck could not contemplate with equanimity. To do these dames justice, I must admit that they cared as little for money as they did for brains. I felt my position keenly at times, and those early impressions may have had a tendency to make me misanthropic and morbid. My social status, however, changed completely. My friendship with John Van Arsdale opened the most reluctant doors, and I even drew my sisters after me into a position at least of tolerance. When John and I were both nineteen he entered Harvard, and I went abroad with my family. I little thought then that I should stay away for twelve years. I had a tutor in

England; tried Cambridge for a year or two; studied at Leipsic and Berlin; passed winters at Paris, at Pau, at Rome, on the Nile; spent my summers in Norway, Switzerland, and Scotland; and at last went home because I had nothing else to do.

An American must live as an exotic in Europe, and if he spends a dozen of the best years of his life there, as I did, he will find that he cannot strike root again at home. He will continue to exist like a plant in a flower-pot. The English seem to be an agreeable race at first, but they have a provincial way of considering every one provincial but themselves, and they are almost as exclusive as the first families of Albansborough. The French and Italians are so many human balloons. You have a craving for stability when you are among them, which grows rather than diminishes. And as for the Germans, with all their merits, they hold the same relation to the French that beer does to champagne. I was dissatisfied with Europe because the Europeans were unlike me; and I found, to my chagrin, when I came back to America, that I had become unlike my fellow-countrymen. I should gladly have forgotten those twelve years, but I could not escape the effect of them.

I found in America an unfinished condition of things which, before I left home, if noticed at all, would have roused my energy to assist in completing them, but which now spoke only of failure. The perfect finish of Europe dwarfs the imagination. Our castles in the air are fully represented there in stone. As we look at cathedral or garden or park, we have to add nothing to give perfection. Here it is different. We see all things as they are to be. We unconsciously indulge in the healthy exercise of picturing improvements. We judge of everything by its capabilities. It is their lack of this faculty which makes Europeans criticize us unfavorably; and I felt an unwelcome sympathy with them as I returned, a foreigner, to my home. Albansborough itself, picturesque town that it is, seemed to have shrunk; the hospitable dwellings of Main street appeared smaller, and the old wooden buildings between them looked comically out of place. The streets were narrower, the hills steeper, the Square shabbier, than they used to be. The great State House was as lonely and forbidding as Mount Sinai in the desert. The men were engrossed in their bread-winning occupations. The women, though the kindest of hostesses, were still engaged in discussing the social standing of other people's grandfathers. The newspapers — but I have learned by sad experience that it is unwise to criticize them. They reserve to themselves the exclusive right of censuring one another, and it is a right which they are not slow to exercise. Now I do not mean for a moment to say that these strictures on Albansborough are well founded; but merely that so the city appeared to my mind, distempered as it was by foreign life, and having no aim or occupation around which all things could properly group themselves.



II.

I WAS sitting alone in the club one evening soon after my arrival, idly fingering the pages of a magazine, when a young man entered the room and approached me. He was tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking. There was nothing striking in his appearance except his full brown beard. As soon as he spoke my name, I knew that it was John Van Arsdale.

"Why, John," said I, "I was just longing to see you. I was wondering if you had changed, like everything else. I don't believe you have."

"What has changed in Albansborough, I should like to know," he answered, as he took a chair. "It never changes. The angel of sleep broods over the place."

"It is a bustling place compared with Rouen or Verona," I said. "They are sleepy indeed."

"No, no; they are dreamy, not sleepy. Here at Albansborough it is the dreamless sleep of death."

"Tut, tut, John! But how have you passed all these years? Let me see: we each wrote one letter and there it stopped. I hope the legal profession has turned out better than our correspondence."

"Oh, yes; very well. I like the law, and I am making good headway."

"And what about politics? You always used to say you would be a statesman. Here at the State capital you have a fine chance. Henry Hasbrouck is State senator, is he not?"

His face flushed a little, and for a moment he was ill at ease.

"No," said he. "I did think of trying politics, but I have given it up. There is something about it distasteful to me."

"Oh, I see. You are another Coriolanus, of course. The old families don't take kindly to ward politicians."

Twelve years before I might have said this with some bitterness, but now it all seemed so ridiculous that I smiled with good-humored irony.

"No, it is not that," he answered. "I can recognize the man in any one, and that is all that any one wants. All men feel social distinctions; and those who affect to have no respect for those whom they ought to respect really feel the distinctions most. I think one can be dignified and yet not be condescending."

"Well, then," said I, "what objection have you got to politics?"

"You may laugh at me for saying so, but it is the disgusting corruption of the whole business. Not that I should have to be corrupt, but I should have to treat a lot of thieves as if they were honest. I can't shake hands cordially with a man who has a bribe in his pocket; I can't laugh at jokes about 'boodle'; and I should hate myself if I could."

"But how are politics to be improved, if decent men are to wash their hands of them?"

"I am sure I don't know. That argument always seems sophistical to me. Fortunately, perhaps, few honest men agree with me. It is a disappointment to me, too, to give it all up. I have my own idea about politics. I think I could make my mark, and that without any special ability."

"How?" I asked.

"Why, just by saying what I think. Of course one must have some position to speak from — either the legislature or Congress. That seems a simple enough recipe for success. But is there a man in politics now who says what he thinks? They are all afraid of a bugaboo called public opinion, or, worse yet, party opinion. It would be refreshing to see a man cut loose from it all."

"But don't you believe in public opinion, *vox populi*, *vox Dei*, and all that sort of thing?"

"Fudge!" said John. "That 's true enough of what people think, but not of what they say. What they call public opinion is not what people think, but what each of them thinks the others are thinking. It is a huge bubble of hypocrisy. Any intelligent public man can prick it by fearlessly proclaiming his own views. He would find sympathy where he least expected it; and when he had at last made a reputation for sincerity, he would have the good opinion even of those who disagreed with him."

"I wish you would try it," I said. "I should like to watch the experiment. Why should not you go into politics as well as Henry Hasbrouck? They say that he is popular with everybody and that he will have a brilliant future."

The same troubled look that I had noticed before came over his face. It turned red, and then very pale. He bent over towards me and said:

"I have one favor to ask of you. Please do not mention *his* name to me again."

There was something in my friend's voice that forbade all questioning. I began to talk lightly of my European experiences. He gradually recovered his composure, and we parted late at night, after unconsciously riveting again the bonds of our former friendship.

Several days passed before I saw Van Arsdale again. I was taking a solitary stroll in the park. It was my favorite part of the town. In less than a hundred acres it presented a beautiful variety of hill and dell, lawn and grove. The old elms gave a touch of antiquity, and nothing can surpass our May skies. While I was sauntering along, I met John. His cheeks were ruddy with exercise. His whole physique was full of vigor; yet I thought that I detected in his eyes the old far-away look which I had seen in them in his boyhood, but now bearing a distinct trace of sadness. We walked a short distance together, and then sat down on a bench where we might talk and enjoy the landscape.

"John," said I, recurring to our former conversation, "if you have dropped politics, have you transferred your ambition to law?"

"Not exactly. I think I have given up ambition. It is only an insatiable desire for applause."

"Perhaps so," I said. "Still, it gives the same zest to life that betting gives to a game of whist."

"But you would not call a gambler's pleasure happiness, would you?"

"No; but do you still expect happiness? I thought that all men of thirty had given up the idea. I am satisfied now with being diverted instead. What is happiness, after all? Thousands of men at this moment think that it consists in the absence of toothache, and to-morrow, when the toothache has gone, they will change their minds."

"You are altogether too cynical," said Van Arsdale. "I don't agree with you. I fully believe that ambition never makes a man happy, but aspiration does — the earnest desire to be something better: in politics, for instance, to use one's influence for the public good; to regard office as an opportunity, not an end; to nurse and train one's powers. That is what I am trying to do with the law. I make no attempt to get more of a practice than I can fully master, but I am laying in a store of knowledge that will stand me in good stead. I mean to be a thoroughly good lawyer."

He stopped suddenly. Once again his face showed the deep embarrassment which I had seen before. I could not account for it, until I saw that Henry Hasbrouck was approaching, with whom I had spoken for a moment a few days before. He walked down the path towards us smiling, nodded politely to John, and as I rose shook my hand, said a pleasant word or two, and passed on. He did not seem to notice Van Arsdale's sullen, yet nervous, expression, and the cold response to his salute. Hasbrouck was tall and of commanding appearance, but his eyes were too near to each other and never met another's directly. There was in his polite-

ness something a little too unctuous, and in his conversation he showed an exaggerated interest in the welfare of his hearers. He seemed to me a skillful flatterer, and I wondered at the popularity of a man who was so evidently insincere. But I could not divine what had come between him and John.

We sat down together again, and I waited in silence until Van Arsdale became sufficiently at ease to speak.

"I see that I must tell you something," he said at last, with deliberation, "if we are to be friends. You must understand me. Do you see anything peculiar in Henry Hasbrouck?" He hesitated at the name, and his manner became excited.

"Nothing particular. I don't understand you."

"Strange!" he muttered. "No one seems to see it."

"See what?" I asked.

"Why, that he is a—a snake—a viper—a—"

His words stuck in his throat. His mouth was almost contorted. Was his mind affected?

"What is it, John?" I said, putting my hand on his arm. "Be calm. Tell me quietly what you mean."

"Oh, it seems so clear to me!" he cried. "It is all on the surface, and yet I have to tell you. Can't you see beneath the skin? He is loathsome—dishonor, meanness, sin itself"; and his face showed a stronger disgust than his words. "For years he has been sucking at my heart's blood like a vampire. I can stand it no longer. Even his name nauseates me."

"But what has he done? How has he shown this horrid character? When did you find it out? You never spoke so of him when we were boys."

He looked puzzled.

"Boys are only half rational," said he. "The truth grew upon me by degrees. There is no one conspicuous fact to refer to. He was always contemptible at heart. I knew it always, but I took it as a matter of course. Such things hurt a child only for a moment. I knew how to forget. But at last the idea dawned on me that he hated me as a possible rival. I never knew why, except that we both looked forward to a political life. He tried to prevent me from going to Harvard. He insinuated to my mother that the influences there were heterodox. He assumed an amazing fondness for me, but I saw plainly that he merely wished to keep me from having the advantages which he had. When I went to Harvard, to my surprise I was blackballed in a freshman society. Henry condoled with me, but I discovered afterwards that he had told lies about me and was at the bottom of it all. And so he continued to be a thorn in my side. Here at Albansborough he secretly threw obstacles in my way when I entered politics. Principally on his account I gave up that career. I could not bear to meet him so often and be friendly with him. I have dropped society because of him. He has kept clients away from me. If he were a lawyer, and my practice brought me into contact with him, I should give up the bar. If it were not for my mother, I should have left here long ago. He is so plain to me now. I read it all in his face. It is not what he has done, but what he is."

"But," said I, "are you sure that you are not mistaken about him? Your reasons seem trivial to me. He seems to have no enemies."

"Do you call that a virtue?" he shouted. "The public man who has no enemies is sure to have no friends, and he has none. He deceives everybody, because he lets no one get close enough to him to see into him. He is a consummate actor. He has under complete control every tone of his velvety voice, every cat-like gesture, every sickening smile. It is horrible."

"Do you have any such feeling towards any one else?" I asked with some curiosity.

"No, because no one else is like him. I have my likes and dislikes, as you know. I can't put up with make-believe. But he is the only insincere man I ever met who had not one redeeming trait to make him tolerable. He is not a man; he is a fiend"—he shuddered—"he is slime—slime—slime."

"John," said I, "I never saw such hatred."

"Oh, how can you misunderstand me so? I do not hate him. All that I ask is to have him blotted out of my life. I wish him no harm. I feel as if what he has done to me had been done to some one else. I only abhor him. If I never saw him, if his image could only be dimmed in my mind, I would be content to have him thrive forever like hell itself. But you cannot feel it. You must take me on faith. Let us never speak of this again."

We rose and walked silently for a time while his passion cooled. He must be partly insane, I thought. After a while we began talking about some book he had been reading, and his conversation, bright, quick, and yet sound and full of moral weight, was as inspiring to me as the spring air. As I left him at his door, I could not but believe that his mind was as clear as my own, and in many respects clearer. This man, with his high aims, his loyalty to his better self, his love of truth, and yet with this inexplicable aversion to Hasbrouck, was indeed an enigma. A week later I left Albansborough and went to New York, where I became a member of the Stock Exchange in the

hope of killing my ennui. During that week I saw John frequently. We avoided all reference to Hasbrouck, and I found him one of the sanest, most delightful of companions.

III.

My attention was not particularly called to Van Arsdale again for over five months. In the mean time Hasbrouck had been unexpectedly nominated for governor of the State by the Republicratic party. He had secured the support of his own county, and expected nothing more than a complimentary vote. The convention, however, was very evenly divided between the two leading candidates. Neither of them could secure a majority, and the result was a deadlock with Hasbrouck holding the balance of power. At last the supporters of one of the principal candidates came over to him and he was nominated.

One morning late in October, as I sat at breakfast reading the "Daily Lyre," the great Republicratic organ, my eyes were attracted by sensational headlines describing a murder at Albansborough. I saw the name Van Arsdale. As I absorbed, rather than read, the news, the facts slowly took shape in my mind. It seemed that John Van Arsdale had been talking with three politicians in the corner of the reading-room of the Danvale House. They had been discussing the political situation, and in some way Van Arsdale got into an altercation with one of them. At last they came to blows, and, according to the report, John struck his opponent, crying, "I will kill you!" and throwing him down deliberately seized his head and dashed it against an iron steam-heater, fracturing the skull. The man became unconscious at once and died in half an hour. No one saw the tragedy except the two other politicians. The whole disturbance lasted only a few seconds, and there had been no time for a crowd to collect. Van Arsdale was of course arrested, and committed without bail. He declined to talk of the encounter. The newspaper went on to say that the prisoner was a member of one of the first families and a man of high reputation. His behavior was inexplicable, unless his mind had been unsettled by the recent death of his mother, his last near relative.

I was overcome with horror. Of course I had to go to Albansborough at once, as I might be of service there. I telephoned to my office, packed my valise, and was on the express train in an hour. As soon as I arrived at my destination I went to the jail and was taken to his cell. I saw at the first glance that he was fearfully changed. His face was thin and haggard. He had evidently been weeping. There was a look of despair in his eyes. He clasped my hand in his.

"How good it was of you to come!" he said. His voice was hollow and strange.

"What can I do for you, John?" I responded, with tears in my eyes.

"Oh, nothing. It is all too awful. I do not understand it myself. I have been so careful this last month. I have not spoken of politics to any one. I stopped reading the papers. But I could not help hearing, and it made my blood boil. I could think of nothing else but this election; and then somehow I forgot myself and got talking with these men, and one of them praised *him* so that I could not help speaking out. He struck me and I rushed at him, and I remember no more. The whole suppressed agony came out. That is all I know."

"Poor fellow! Have you retained counsel?"

"Yes — Mr. Campbell. He was here this morning."

"I will call on him," said I, "and we will see what can be done."

"He does not understand me any better than you do," he responded. "It is very, very sad that that unfortunate man should have died, but I cannot help thinking that I had great provocation. I could not have acted otherwise. I should think that any twelve jurymen would see it; but if they are like you and Campbell, I am not so sure."

He had become remarkably calm, and was apparently resigned to his fate. I explained to him that my affairs required my presence in New York, but that I would return whenever he wanted me.

From the jail I went to Mr. Campbell's office. He was a well-known advocate, famous in the criminal courts, and I had great confidence in him. He was very hopeful about the case.

"He is evidently insane," he said. "His conversation with me this morning was proof enough of it. Hasbrouck's name almost gave him a fit. Self-defense will not do. He says that he was struck first, but both of the men who saw it say that he gave the first blow. He is right, very likely, because they naturally side with the other man; but no jury would believe him against them under the circumstances. I shall apply for a commission, and have him put in an asylum."

This was indeed a sad alternative, but we could hope for nothing better. Mr. Campbell promised to keep me informed of the various stages of the case, and to send for me if I were needed.

I did not return to Albansborough for over two months. My private affairs were pressing, and the delays of the law left the case of the

People *versus* Van Arsdale *in statu quo*. The prisoner fortunately passed the time as well as could have been expected, although, to his sorrow, Hasbrouck was elected governor in November. He was the youngest man who had ever been so honored.

Early in January Mr. Campbell wrote to me that a commission had been appointed to examine into the question of Van Arsdale's lunacy. Two of the commissioners were physicians; one of the two the most distinguished alienist in the State. They would make their report on the 15th of January, and the trial — which would not take place if they found him insane, as they doubtless would — was set down for the 17th. The district attorney's case was simple and he was ready to go on, and Mr. Campbell saw no reason for further delay.

I was once more in Albansborough on the 15th. I wished to hear the report of the commission before seeing Van Arsdale. I went to Mr. Campbell's office and found him much discouraged. The report declared that Van Arsdale was perfectly sane. He had shown strange excitement and anger at the mention of Governor Hasbrouck's name, but it was a passion which by all the rules of medico-legal science should have been completely under control. The case seemed to be hopeless. The lawyer was afraid to put his client on the stand, because the district attorney would, by questioning him with reference to the governor, excite and exhibit all his bitter and unreasonable feeling, and this — the plea of insanity being discredited — would only prejudice the jury against him. They would see in him a furious, ill-tempered man, and would easily believe that he was a murderer. The only thing to do was to break down the witnesses of the prosecution if possible, prove Van Arsdale's good character, and play upon the sympathies of the jury.

The next day I saw John at the jail. He was quiet, but confinement was telling on him. The strange look in his eyes, which I had noticed before whenever he heard Hasbrouck's name, was now permanent — a troubled, restless look, full of pain and pathos. His peaceful demeanor evidently covered an anxious, turbulent heart. He spoke little.

"I have won the first tilt," he said, with a sad effort at cheerfulness. "They wished to make me out insane. I am not insane, but I sometimes think every one else is. I may not be so fortunate in the verdict to-morrow."

He asked me not to come to the trial. It would be easier for him to undergo it without me. I consented reluctantly, and went to my hotel with a heavy heart.

The trial occupied three days. It was difficult to get a jury, for the issue was quasi-political and many had formed opinions. I went each afternoon to Mr. Campbell's office and received the daily report from him when he came from court. The two witnesses for the State could not be shaken. One of them swore positively to the words "I will kill you," on which the prosecution relied for proof of intent, and the other thought he had heard them. They were both sure that the prisoner had struck first and that his passion was aroused by their praise of Hasbrouck. Van Arsdale wished to take the stand, but his well-trained legal mind was at last persuaded that his denials would have no effect, and he had already become convinced that his feelings towards the governor would meet with no sympathetic response.

On the last day of the trial — it was well known that it would be the last — I waited with intense anxiety in Mr. Campbell's room. He was very late. The jury must be out, thought I. At last I heard his step on the stairs. I was afraid to receive him. He entered. One glimpse of his face was enough. I saw that the worst had happened. He almost fell into his chair. His voice was scarcely articulate, but I heard the words, "Murder in the first degree." I gathered from him at last the sad events of the day. The jury were out only an hour. The testimony to John's good reputation failed to move them. They were probably partisans of the governor. The verdict stunned Van Arsdale, who, it seems, had bravely hoped to the end. Mr. Campbell returned with him to the jail, but was not allowed to go in, as it was after the hour for closing. John would be sentenced to death at ten the following morning, and he could see no visitors until after that time. An appeal would be taken at once, and Mr. Campbell added that he would be much pleased if I would see the governor with reference to a pardon. It was not a pleasant task, but I undertook to attend to it.

## IV.

THE next afternoon I went to the jail. I never passed a sadder hour. John was completely broken down.

"And this is the end of all my hopes and plans," he exclaimed. "Why was I born for such torture? The physical shrinking is enough, but the ignominy, the shame, the injustice."

I was in tears myself, but I tried to comfort him.

"Oh, cheer up, John! You can appeal."

"It is no use. The judge's charge was correct. It was all a question of fact, and the jury has settled that."

"But you have been punished enough. I will see the governor. I am sure he will pardon you."

In a moment his despair had turned to anger.

"Do nothing of the kind," he cried. "I ask for no pardon. Promise me that you will not go to him."

"I cannot promise that, John."

"You must; you must. We must all die. Why should I not die now? What have I to live for? I should prefer to die."

But I would not promise, although he begged me on his knees, and at last I had to tear myself away from him.

It was Saturday. About noon on Monday, I called at the Executive Chamber. The governor received me with the most elaborate courtesy. I explained my mission in a few words.

"Did he send you to me?" he asked.

When I answered in the negative, he seemed displeased, but in a moment his stereotyped smile came back.

"I had already determined to pardon him," he said. "The papers will be sent to the jail this afternoon. You will oblige me by letting it be known that I gave the pardon unasked."

Was I prejudiced, or was his expression that of a man who was gloating over the opportunity of humiliating an enemy, and of increasing his own popularity by an act of apparent magnanimity?

I hastened to the jail.

"John," said I, "your pardon will be here at four o'clock. You will be a free man tonight."

"You have done me a wrong," he cried indignantly. "I shall not accept the pardon."

"And why?"

He turned on me furiously.

"Do you think I would take one day of life from *him?* I should rather hang ten thousand times than owe him a minute. It would be a living death. I am surprised you should think of it."

"You are carrying this too far," I replied. "The governor only acts for the State. If you are pardoned, you will have to go free. You cannot help yourself."

"But I will not accept it, and no one can make me. It is like a deed unless I accept it, it is worthless. I have not studied law for nothing."

"That is nonsense," said I, getting angry in my turn. "I will come for you at half after four."

I returned at that hour. The warden had received the pardon, and together we went with it to Van Arsdale's cell. He would not touch it. He would not move from his chair.

"I have no authority to keep you, nor the sheriff to hang you," said the warden. "The sheriff has just told me to tell you so."

"You have the authority, and the duty," said John; "and if you don't know the law, I shall have to teach it to you. I shall apply to the court for a mandamus."

We tried to coax him, but he persisted. At last we beat a retreat, and after consultation the warden concluded to let him remain in the cell until he could apply to the court. Of course it was an absurd proceeding, but his heart was set upon it, and we were afraid of violence if we did not consent to it.

I went at once to Campbell. He was delighted at the receipt of the pardon, and as for John's behavior, he had never heard of such a thing. It was ridiculous. He went to his shelves and took down one or two volumes. As he turned from page to page, his brow became furrowed. He was evidently perplexed.

"This is preposterous law," said he. "Listen to this. It is from an opinion of Chief-Justice Marshall. 'A pardon is a deed to the validity of which delivery is essential, and delivery is not complete without acceptance. It may then be rejected by the person to whom it is tendered; and if it be rejected, we have discovered no power in a court to force it on him. It may be supposed that no being condemned to death would reject a pardon; but the rule must be the same in capital cases and misdemeanors.'"

I was astonished.

"There are some conflicting authorities," said he, "and he may not succeed. Of course I shall not appear for him. I shall go to him now."

Van Arsdale found no lawyer willing to take his case, and he took it himself. He sent out by messenger from time to time for the books which he wanted, and made a brief which the lawyers regarded as a model of learning, perspicuity, and force.

I was present at chambers a week later when the motion was heard. It was a remarkable scene. The court-room was crowded. The district attorney argued that there being no precedents in this State, the court was at liberty to act on the principles of humanity. He made one or two technical points, which had little weight, and quoted some doubtful authorities. Then Van Arsdale arose, handcuffed to a deputy-sheriff. He spoke as if he were arguing for, rather than against, his life. He made a brilliant argument, confining himself strictly to the legal questions presented. He rehearsed the history of the pardoning power in England, and proved that acceptance was necessary there; he showed that in this free country *a fortiori* the citizen should be at liberty to accept or reject a gift; he claimed that the judgment between him and the people bound both parties, and that either had a right to insist upon having it enforced. He closed with a series of citations from the reports, which seemed unanswerable.

In two days the judge rendered his decision. If the case had not been one of life and death, I have no doubt he would have granted the mandamus. But he was human; and on the ground that the question had never arisen in this State before, he set aside all the learning of centuries and established a precedent on the side of mercy.

I went once more to John's cell. He was inexorable. The court was wrong. He would not leave the jail. I told him that I would come back with a carriage at five o'clock that afternoon, and that he must be ready to go. When I left him I was confident that it would be necessary to use force.

I engaged a room for him at a boarding-house in a quiet part of the town. The landlady was a tenant of mine, and a good-hearted woman. She agreed to keep him incognito for the night, and I was to call for him at ten o'clock in the morning and take him by rail to New York. We could there determine where it would be best for him to begin life anew.

It was with some anxiety that I appeared again at the jail. I found Van Arsdale at the door of his cell. His hat was on. He had packed his bag. A wonderful change for the better had come over him.

"Well, I 'm ready," he said. His voice was positively gay.

In the carriage he called attention to some familiar houses which we passed. He spoke as if nothing had happened. I went up with him to his room and had dinner sent up there for us both. I was afraid to leave him till bed-time, lest his feelings should have a relapse. He was very talkative. His mind ran back to our boyhood. We discussed adventures and games and playmates that had long since escaped my recollection. His memory was wonderfully strong that evening, and there was a tender force in his language that made those early experiences seem like strains of half-forgotten music.

I sat with him delighted until midnight, not knowing how the time sped. At last I rose and we said good-night. He followed me to the door of the room and made me turn again. He grasped my hand warmly, and bent towards me till his face was close to mine, and his eyes, wistful as they used to be when he was a boy, gazed deep into mine.

"Good-bye, dear old fellow," he said. "Good-bye."

Those eyes seemed to follow me. I saw them in the snow under the electric lights, in the sky, and on the ceiling of my bedroom at the hotel. I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I tossed about for an hour or two, and walked up and down the room and the private drawing-room adjoining. At last I fell into a fitful slumber. When I awoke, John was sitting at the foot of my bed looking intently at me through the gloom. He leaned forward and held out his hand to me. I heard his voice:

"Good-bye, dear old fellow; good-bye."

I stretched out my hand. There was nothing there. He had vanished, all except those mysterious eyes. It was a nightmare. I looked at my watch. It was just six o'clock. I turned over and slept again until after eight. Before I was entirely dressed, there was a knock at the door; a woman wished to see me at once. I told the hall-boy to send her up to my parlor. It was John's landlady, pale, nervous, tearful. With difficulty I drew her story from her, disconnected and unintelligible though much of it was at first. At eight o'clock she had gone to his room to call him, knowing that he was to take the morning train. There was no answer to her knock. She opened the door; the key, it seems, had been lost. There from the window cornice hung the lifeless body of John Van Arsdale. He had made a rope out of two towels. A doctor, who lodged in the house, said that he must have been dead two hours.

She handed me a sheet of legal-cap which he had left on his dressing-table. It bore the ordinary indorsement of a paper in the action of the People against Van Arsdale. I unfolded it. He had written the following lines in a bold, round hand beneath the caption:

> This is to certify that I am about to hang myself by the neck until I am dead, in accordance with the judgment of this court. The sheriff having refused to do his duty, I am obliged to act in his place.
>
> JOHN VAN ARSDALE.
>
> DATED, February 1, 18—.

I can throw but little light upon the character of Governor Hasbrouck. He made a good reputation as governor, but two or three of his public acts showed that there was no high principle running through his administration. He succeeded, whether intentionally or not, in gaining the support of independent voters without offending the lower class of politicians. He was reëlected, and died before the end of his second term. He was married after his reëlection, but his wife left him in six months. Her reasons never transpired. Those acquaintances of the governor whom I have met knew him only superficially. I am obliged to leave the true nature of the man in doubt.

There are only three theories which can explain the case of Van Arsdale, and no one of them is satisfactory. First, he may have been insane in the usual sense of the term,— an

ordinary victim of hallucination,—and the able physicians who examined him may have been entirely at fault, although, I may add, their report was confirmed by the coroner's inquest. Or secondly, he may have indulged in mere criminal hatred for his cousin, his successful rival, and thus have given play to the worst passions. In all other respects a high-minded man, exercising complete control over himself, he may in this one instance have surrendered himself to unbridled, brutal anger. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* Or in the last place,—and this hypothesis will perhaps seem to my readers to be the least reasonable,—his intuitions may have been correct. He may have seen in Hasbrouck the very embodiment of evil; his mind, unfitted as it properly would have been for such a revelation, may have given way; the balance between his will and his emotions may have been destroyed, and he may have suffered from a kind of mania, intellectual or moral, which had no precedent, and hence was unknown to his examiners. In his conduct we may perhaps see the natural result of bringing an honest human soul face to face with the naked horrors of sin.

*Ernest H. Crosby.*

## THE "NEWNESS."

[A FEW words are needful to explain the following paper, which was hastily written some twenty years ago, during the late Mr. Robert Carter's residence in the city of Rochester, for a literary club there, among whose members I recall (with others) the names of Dr. Anderson, President of the University of Rochester, Professor Robinson, since President of Brown University, and Judge Danforth, of the present bench of the Court of Appeals, besides the late Chief-Justice Church. In this choice circle Mr. Carter's extensive experience of uncommon phases of life, combined with a cheerful wit, which his friends delight to remember, made him one of the most agreeable associates. There never was a design on his part, nor on that of the other contributors to the winter evenings' entertainments of the club, that any of their papers should meet the public eye. The exception from the privacy in this case, after the lapse of many years, is due to the request of the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, who deems that a sketch of some of the extravagances of the New England Transcendental period is worth preserving for historical value as well as for amusement, inasmuch as Mr. Frothingham, the painstaking historian of that extraordinary episode of intellectual progress in the United States, has considered it only in its serious aspects. With these serious aspects Mr. Carter was in hearty sympathy, and of many of the band of Transcendentalists he was a cherished companion, although he was not formally mustered upon the rolls of the sect.—ALBERT G. BROWNE.]

BY the "Newness" I mean a very singular intellectual and spiritual movement which broke out like an epidemic in New England some forty years ago, and ran its course for about ten years, when it subsided and disappeared almost as suddenly as it arose. I call it the "Newness," because that was the most distinctive term applied to it, and the one by which it was most frequently designated by those engaged in it, though in fact it had no authentic or universally accepted appellation. By outsiders it was generally called Transcendentalism, and its disciples Transcendentalists, and to some extent and at certain periods those terms were used by the disciples themselves.

I do not purpose to attempt any profound philosophical analysis of this remarkable movement, but only to sketch lightly its cause and origin, its picturesque aspects, and some of the queer characters and strange fantasies developed by it. It took its rise undoubtedly in Unitarianism, which was itself the first open and organized protest against what was regarded as the rigid Calvinism and oppressive church government and discipline that had so long prevailed in New England. Against what they considered a dead faith, a hollow worship, and a bigoted and narrow ecclesiasticism, the Unitarians raised the standard of liberty of conscience and freedom of inquiry. They soon began to regard creeds and theologic theories as of little consequence compared with good works, free thought, and the untrammeled exercise of all the instincts and aspirations of the soul. They unsettled the faith of multitudes and sent them wandering into a wilderness of doubts and queries through which there was no road, to which there was

no bound or termination, and which was in fact spiritually nothing but a reproduction of original chaos.

About the year 1825 a fresh and powerful impulse was given to the speculative tendency of Massachusetts by the introduction of the study of German, chiefly through the instrumentality of Bancroft and his friend and companion, Frederic Henry Hedge, both of whom had studied in German universities, from which the latter especially had returned with such a passion for Teutonic literature that for many years he was generally called Germanicus Hedge. The study of German poetry and of German philosophy became fashionable even among the young men and maidens of the highest social position, who read not only Goethe and Schiller and Jean Paul and Lessing and Herder, but grappled boldly, if not successfully, with the abstractions and abstrusities of Hegel and Kant, from whom they derived their term of Transcendental, together with much confusion of knowledge and ideas.

Ten years later, that is, about 1835, another cause gave a still stronger impulse to the tendency in Massachusetts towards intellectual and spiritual freedom, or, as some might prefer to call it, license and anarchy. This was the abolition movement, which began substantially in 1830 with the establishment of Garrison's "Liberator," and was at first religious and pious, addressing itself to the churches and the clergy, and with such success that in 1835 there had been formed throughout the country not less than 2000 antislavery societies, whose members belonged mostly to the evangelical churches. But in that year the South became alarmed and angry, and the politicians and commercial men set themselves to stem the tide of fanaticism, as they termed it. The cry of "The Union in danger" was raised, a fierce persecution was excited, the Abolitionists were mobbed in all quarters, even in Boston itself, and the 2000 antislavery societies vanished like the phantoms of a dream. The churches and the clergy, with few exceptions, bent to the storm, and the leading divines of nearly all the great sects became apologists for slavery or silent on the subject. A small body of Abolitionists, however, stood firm, and held to their principles in defiance of popular rage and outrage. Their struggle changed its character, and from a protest against black slavery it became a hand-to-hand contest for white liberty of speech and of the press. The reaction against persecution for opinion's sake not unnaturally led the Abolitionists into many excesses. Disgusted with what seemed to them the cowardice and corruption of the churches, and irritated at having the Bible cited in defense of a sin,— the vilest of all sins in their eyes, the "sum of all villainies," as Wesley justly called it,— they were led, some of them, to renounce the Bible as a Jewish impediment to progress, while others, keeping their faith in Christianity, withdrew from the churches or were driven out as fanatical disturbers. The most radical of these "Come-outers," as they were called, presently began to assail the organizations from which they had seceded, and to denounce them as synagogues of Satan. The nature of their attacks may be briefly illustrated by the title of one of their favorite books, which was called, "The Brotherhood of Thieves, a True Picture of the American Church and Clergy." The author of this work, Stephen S. Foster, was one of the leading Abolition speakers, and for many years was accustomed to preface his discourses by laying down the proposition that it would be better for the people of a town, and less pernicious to their virtue and happiness, to establish among them a hundred rum-shops, fifty gambling-houses, and ten brothels, rather than one church. I was present at a convention in Boston at which the denunciations of the churches and the clergy had so enraged the audience that the meeting had become nearly a riot, and for more than an hour no speaker had been allowed a hearing. At length Foster made his appearance on the platform arrayed in a coat one tail of which was torn off, while around his neck was a ponderous iron collar with four large prongs protruding above his head, and in each hand he held a heavy chain and shackle. His coat had been torn in conflict with the deacons of some church in Portland, into which he had gone during meeting on Sunday, and, interrupting the preacher, had undertaken to expound the gospel of abolition, and got forcibly put out with the loss of his coat-tail and other serious damage to his garments. The collar with prongs and the chains and shackles were instruments for punishment of slaves, which had been obtained from New Orleans. In this extraordinary garb he looked somewhat like the Devil, as that personage is popularly represented, and his sudden apparition stilled the tumult enough to allow him to be heard. Shaking his chains and wriggling his horns and turning round and round to exhibit his mutilated coat, he shouted in his loudest and most taunting tones, "Behold the emblems of the American church and clergy!" This caused a renewal of the tumult, and the convention soon after broke up in disorder, though without suffering any serious outrage.

But the Church was not the only object of attack by these fanatics. The State was assailed with equal fury. The National Government at that time was in the hands of the Democrats, and the State government of Mas-

sachusetts in those of the Whigs. But Democrats and Whigs were alike obnoxious to the extremists of the "Old Organization," as they called themselves. Even the Constitution was declared by some to be "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and to hold office or even to vote under it was maintained to be a sin, and volumes were published in defense of this proposition. But I wish here to state, in justice to the great antislavery party of the country, that the men who indulged in these extravagances were few in number and of little political influence. But the conspicuous talents, eloquence, and energy of the two great chiefs, Garrison and Wendell Phillips, with whose following they associated themselves, and the freedom and vigor with which they assailed established ideas and institutions, contributed powerfully to the growth of the "Newness" and to the tendency to look for the speedy appearance of a glorious dispensation to reform the world.

The disciples of the "Newness," however, though generally opposed to slavery, were by no means all Abolitionists, and many of them, indeed, looked with disdain on the antislavery movement as a coarse, external, and uncouth fanaticism unworthy of the lofty intellectual state to which they daintily aspired. One of the most remarkable features of the "Newness" was its wide, its almost universal, scope, embracing as it did the whole range of human thought from the highest philosophy to the lowest details of daily life. Nothing was too great or sacred, nothing too low or petty, for its daring and impartial scrutiny.

Though the movement drew recruits from all classes of society in Massachusetts, it was, in proportion, most extensive among the best culture and most refined life of the youth of both sexes. Of such, indeed, I think the reformers and world-betterers in all ages have generally been. It was the noblest youth of Sicily and of Magna Græcia who gathered around Pythagoras at Crotona and formed the "Newness" of that day, as transient as that of Massachusetts, which in many respects it strongly resembled. The same desire for a higher and more spiritual life was often manifested among the Greeks, and displayed itself even among the secluded and conservative Jews in the establishment, a century or two before Christ, of the Essenes, who practiced a community of goods and despised riches, pleasure, glory, and all that the world covets and admires. The same tendency was evidently at work among the Jews when our Lord began to preach and to call his disciples to renounce everything and follow him. Similar feelings in later ages led to the foundation of the monastic communities in Egypt and throughout the Catholic world, and gave rise to Quakerism in England in the seventeenth century.

I have noticed the influence which Unitarianism, Abolitionism, and the study of German literature had in producing the "Newness," and I have mentioned 1835 as about the date of its manifestation. The republication in this country of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" in 1836, and the appearance in the same year of Emerson's "Nature," followed rapidly by his other works in the same vein, may be said to have brought the movement to a head, and it soon culminated in the issue of the magazine called "The Dial," in July, 1840, and, shortly after, in the establishment of the Community or Association of Brook Farm, near Boston.

The object and character of "The Dial" may perhaps be best stated in its own language, which I quote from the introduction to the first number. It states that the founders of the work have obeyed

> the strong current of thought and feeling which for a few years past has led many sincere persons in New England to make new demands on literature and to reprobate that rigor of our conventions of religion and education which is turning us to stone, which renounces hope, which looks only backward, which asks only such a future as the past, and holds nothing so much in horror as new views and the dreams of youth.
>
> No one can converse much with different classes of society in New England without remarking the progress of a revolution. Those who share in it have no external organization, no badge, no creed, no name. They do not vote, or print, or even meet together. They do not know each other's faces or names. They are united only in a common love of truth and love of its work. They are of all conditions and constitutions. Of these acolytes, if some are happily born and well-bred, many are no doubt ill-dressed, ill-placed, ill-made, with as many scars of hereditary vice as other men. Without pomp, without trumpet, in lonely and obscure places, in solitude, in servitude, in compunctions and privations, trudging beside the team in the dusty road, or drudging a hireling in other men's cornfields, schoolmasters, ministers of small parishes, lone women in dependent condition, matrons and young maidens, rich and poor, beautiful and hard-favored, without concert or proclamation of any kind, they have silently given in their adherence to a new hope, and in all companies do signify a greater trust in the nature and resources of man than the laws or the popular opinions will well allow.

This movement, the enthusiastic reformer goes on to say,

> *is, in every form, a protest against usage, and a search for principles.* It is too confident to comprehend an objection, is assured of triumphant success, has the step of fate, and goes on existing like an oak or a river, because it must.

Alas for the vanity of human hopes! "The

Dial" has long ago passed away, the "Brook Farm Association" is scattered, and the "Newness" in all its shapes has vanished like the dreams of youth to which it so confidently appealed.

Among the brilliant coterie of contributors to "The Dial" were Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, Theodore Parker, James Russell Lowell, John S. Dwight, William Henry Channing and William Ellery Channing, both nephews of the famous Unitarian of the same name. Its first editor was Margaret Fuller, an able and well-read though intolerably conceited woman, who had a very marked influence in disseminating the ideas of the "Newness," not less, and perhaps even more, by her conversation than by her writings. She was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1810, and was educated almost to death by her pedantic father. At six years of age she read Latin, at eight Shakspere, Cervantes, and Molière, and a few years later Ariosto, Helvetius, Sismondi, Sir Thomas Browne, Madame de Staël, Bacon, Epictetus, Racine, Locke, Byron, Rousseau, and many others. At eighteen, consequently, she was a prodigy of talent and accomplishment, but was paying the penalty for undue application, in near-sightedness, awkward manners, extravagant tendencies of thought, and a pedantic style of talk. She began to study German in 1832, and within a year had read Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, Körner, and Novalis. A little later she read the metaphysicians, studied ancient philosophy in Tennemann, and read Plato in the original. Emerson, who about this time became acquainted with her, thought, as she says, that "there was something a little pagan about her." He describes her as rather under the middle height, her complexion fair, with strong, fair hair, always carefully and becomingly dressed, and of ladylike self-possession, but not otherwise prepossessing, making, in fact, so disagreeable an impression on some persons that they did not like to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power and slight esteem for others. But still she was popular with a large and refined circle, whose houses were always open to her. Emerson says: "All the art, the thought, and the nobleness in New England seemed . . . related to her. . . . Her arrival was a holiday, and so was her abode. She staid a few days, often a week, more seldom a month; and all tasks that could be suspended were put aside to catch the favorable hour . . . to talk with this joyful guest, who brought wit, anecdotes, love stories, tragedies, oracles with her." She drew around her a charming circle of women, some of them of splendid beauty of person, grace of manner and of character, and of talent and eloquence that rivaled her own. She instituted with them a sort of club that met weekly for conversations, in which were discussed all the topics of the "Newness." Among these ladies were Mrs. George Bancroft, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Horace Mann, Mrs. Theodore Parker, Mrs. Hawthorne, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Quincy, Mrs. George Ripley, Miss Anna Shaw, Miss Caroline Sturgis, and Miss Maria White, who afterwards became the wife of one of our most distinguished authors, James Russell Lowell, and who in beauty, grace, and genius was a fair type of this brilliant array of loveliness and culture.

The topic of the first of these conversations was the genealogy of heaven and earth, the will and the understanding; of the second, the celestial inspiration of genius, perception and transmission of divine law — and so on, all of which was illustrated by the Greek mythology. "The Dial" was continued for four years, being edited in the latter half of that period by Mr. Emerson, and died finally for want of sustenance. It made no great impression on the world, but its rare volumes are now valuable as a record of a singular episode in our spiritual history.

At Brook Farm the disciples of the "Newness" gathered to the number, I think, of about a hundred. Among them were Ripley, the founder of the institution, Charles A. Dana, W. H. Channing, J. S. Dwight, Warren Burton, Nathaniel Hawthorne, G. W. Curtis, and his brother Burrill Curtis. The place was a farm of two hundred acres of good land, eight miles from Boston, in the town of West Roxbury, and was of much natural beauty, with a rich and varied landscape. The avowed object of the association was to realize the Christian ideal of life, by making such industrial, social, and educational arrangements as would promote economy, combine leisure for study with healthful and honest toil, avert collisions of caste, equalize refinements, diffuse courtesy, and sanctify life more completely than is possible in the isolated household mode of living.

It is a remarkable feature of this establishment that it was wholly indigenous, a genuine outgrowth of the times in New England, and not at all derived from Fourierism, as many have supposed. Fourier was in fact not known to its founders until Brook Farm had been a year or two in operation. They then began to study him, and fell finally into some of his fantasies, to which in part is to be ascribed the ruin of the institution.

Of the life of Brook Farm I do not intend to say much, for I was there only one day,

though I knew nearly all the members. It was a delightful gathering of men and women of superior cultivation, who led a charming life for a few years, laboring in its fields and philandering in its pleasant woods. It was a little too much of a picnic for serious profit, and the young men and maidens were rather unduly addicted to moonlight wanderings in the pine-grove, though it is creditable to the sound moral training of New England that little or no harm came of these wanderings — at least not to the maidens. So far as the relation of the sexes is concerned, the Brook Farmers, in spite of their free manners, were as pure, I believe, as any other people.

The enterprise failed pecuniarily, after seeming for some years to have succeeded. Fourierism brought it into disrepute, and finally a great wooden phalanstery, in which the members had invested all their means, took fire, and burned to the ground just as it was completed. Upon this catastrophe the association scattered (in 1847, I think), and Brook Farm became the site of the town poor-house. Hawthorne, who lost all his savings in the enterprise, has sketched it, in some respects faithfully, in his "Blithedale Romance." I may remark, by the way, that while he was a member he was chiefly engaged in taking care of the pigs, that being found by experiment to be the branch of farm labor to which his genius was best adapted.

Brook Farm, however, was not the only community which was founded by the disciples of the "Newness." There was one established in 1843 on a farm called Fruitlands, in the town of Harvard, about forty miles from Boston. This was of a much more ultra and grotesque character than Brook Farm. Here were gathered the men and women who based their hopes of reforming the world, and of making all things new, on dress and on diet. They revived the Pythagorean, the Essenian, and the monkish notions of asceticism, with some variations and improvements peculiarly American. The head of the institution was Bronson Alcott, a very remarkable man, whose singularities of character, conduct, and opinion would alone afford sufficient topics for a long lecture. His friend Emerson defined him to be a philosopher devoted to the science of education, and declared that he had singular gifts for awakening contemplation and aspiration in simple and in cultivated persons. He was self-educated, but had acquired a rare mastery of English in speech, though his force and subtlety of expression seemed to fail him when he wrote. His writings, though quaint and thoughtful, are clumsy compared with his conversation, which has been pronounced by the best judges to have been unrivaled in grace and clearness.

Mr. Alcott was one of the foremost leaders of the "Newness." He swung round the circle of schemes very rapidly, and after going through a great variety of phases he maintained, at the time of the foundation of Fruitlands, that the evils of life were not so much social or political as personal, and that a personal reform only could eradicate them; that self-denial was the road to eternal life, and that property was an evil, and animal food of all kinds an abomination. No animal substance, neither flesh, fish, butter, cheese, eggs, nor milk, was allowed to be used at Fruitlands. They were all denounced as pollution, and as tending to corrupt the body and through that the soul. Tea and coffee, molasses and rice, were also proscribed,— the last two as foreign luxuries,— and only water was used as a beverage.

Mr. Alcott would not allow the land to be manured, which he regarded as a base and corrupting and unjust mode of forcing nature. He made also a distinction between vegetables which aspired or grew into the air, as wheat, apples, and other fruits, and the base products which grew downwards into the earth, such as potatoes, beets, radishes, and the like. These latter he would not allow to be used. The bread of the community he himself made of unbolted flour, and sought to render it palatable by forming the loaves into the shape of animals and other pleasant images. He was very strict, indeed rather despotic, in his rule of the community, and some of the members have told me that they were nearly starved to death there; nay, absolutely would have perished with hunger if they had not furtively gone among the surrounding farmers and begged for food.

One of the Fruitlanders took it into his head that clothes were an impediment to spiritual growth, and that the light of day was equally pernicious. He accordingly secluded himself in his room in a state of nature during the day, and only went out at night for exercise, with a single white cotton garment reaching from his neck to his knees, which he was reluctantly persuaded to wear as a concession to the prejudices of the populace. At first his appearance in this guise stalking over the fields and hillsides caused great commotion among the country people, who naturally took him for a ghost, and on one or two occasions turned out in force and gave chase till they had captured him and ascertained his quality. The winter, however, converted this disciple, or perverted him, for I saw him in January, 1844, at a convention of the "Newness" in Boston, clothed, and apparently in his right mind. I believe that the same winter also put an end to Fruitlands altogether, and that the

dispensation of bran bread did not last there more than one summer.

Next to Brook Farm, Concord was the chief resort of the disciples of the "Newness." Here lived Emerson, Thoreau, and Bronson Alcott, together with several of the lesser lights, both male and female. Of Emerson I need not speak, further than to say that while his writings furnished perhaps the main literary element of the movement, he held himself personally aloof from it, or mingled in it only as a curious and amused observer. Thoreau went into it with all his heart and soul, and was as good a type of some of its aspects as could anywhere be found. The movement had spread itself in all directions. It renounced the Church, the State, and the forms and usages of society; it aspired to newness in everything. "Behold, we make all things new," was indeed its motto. Thoreau, for example, insisted that the Church was nothing to him; that he had nothing to do with the Bible, nor with Christ and Christianity. To those who spoke of the Bible, he responded by citing the Hindu Vedas. If one talked of Christ, he became eloquent about Buddha, in whom he pretended to believe. He declared it to be a matter of indifference to him whether Abraham begat Isaac or Isaac begat Abraham. He planted himself in the middle of the nineteenth century and pronounced the past to be played out. Nay, he would not acknowledge even the present. He declared that he did not know the State or owe it any allegiance, and preferred to go to jail rather than to pay his tax. Commerce, business, money-making in all its forms, and the ordinary uses and desires of society, he scouted. He built himself a hut in the woods, where he lived rigorously for two years on what he himself raised, at an expense of fifteen dollars per annum.

The rejection of money and the adoption of certain fantasies about food, drink, and dress were common among the disciples. Edward Palmer published in 1840 a pamphlet in which he maintained that money was the root of all evil, and that the only way to reform the world was to abolish property. He lived in New Jersey subsequently, where for several years he was my neighbor, and where he still adhered to his fantasy. For instance, when he had occasion to go to New York by steamboat, he would not pay his fare, but made a bargain with the captain to work his passage by assisting in taking off or putting on freight at the various landings. His wife, however, was less scrupulous, and readily took money for work performed by her husband, who was very industrious, and preached, practiced medicine, and was an expert whitewasher and house-painter.

Three of the disciples, young men whom I personally knew, George Burleigh, Cyrus Burleigh, and Samuel Larned, who were together in Boston some time in 1842 and had an inspiration to renounce the use of money and to go forth as the disciples of Christ, were commanded to go, without gold or silver and without scrip or change of raiment, and preach the new gospel. To get out of the city in the direction of Concord, whither they naturally first bent their steps, it was necessary to pay a small toll of two cents each on the bridge across the Charles River. After an earnest but ineffectual attempt to convince the Philistine who kept the toll-gate of the soundness of the new doctrine about money, they gave him their coppers under protest, and to avoid any similar temptation to compromise their principles flung the rest of their cash into the river. I believe the sacrifice, however, was not a very large one. This was early in the forenoon. They walked on till dinner-time, when they looked about for a house at which to ask hospitality. Selecting the best house in sight, they requested dinner, frankly stating that they had no money, and after a few refusals got what they needed. They then walked on till night approached, when they sought supper and lodging. They pursued this course for six weeks, passing through a large part of Massachusetts and far up into Vermont and back again to Boston. They had many droll adventures, of which I have forgotten the particulars, but suffered no serious hardships, except that in one instance it was nearly midnight before they could get admission to any dwelling, and in another they were sent by some mischievous fellow several miles out of their way on a dark and rainy night in search of the house of a friend of the "Newness," which proved to be the miserable hut of a poor negro with a large family, who, though much astonished at their raid upon him, gave them shelter till morning and what hospitality he could.

In point of dress the disciples indulged in vagaries which were at that time a sore trial to the community, though they would not now be considered remarkable. They wore their hair long, and allowed their beards to grow at a time when everybody else shaved. They also affected peculiar garments, such as felt hats with broad brims, Byron collars, blouses, and sack-coats. Their oddities of diet were more remarkable. They were generally vegetarians and teetotalers. Some of them would not drink at all, not even water; some would not use salt. A good many of them had a notion of living exclusively on one article of food; for example, among those whom I knew, Samuel Larned, Charles List, and his wife Harriet List during one year lived exclusively

on crackers, and during another year exclusively on apples. Mrs. List[1] was a lady of great beauty of person and character, the author of a poem of considerable merit, which is found in most of our collections of poetry under her maiden name of Harriet Winslow, and begins thus:

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing.

Another set of these disciples, young men of talent, education, and family, three in number, besides adopting all the eccentricities of dress and diet which I have mentioned, took it into their heads that the language of society needed reform and that it was their duty to protest against the superstitious reverence which most people had for sacred words and names. They therefore dropped their own names and took those of the Trinity, which they used very freely. They traveled together, discoursing in this manner without much regard to time or place. On one occasion they visited Emerson, whose house in Concord is not very far from the village street. It was a warm summer evening, and as they sat at the philosopher's front door their extraordinary vocabulary attracted the attention of the passers-by to such an extent that Mr. Emerson presently was compelled to adjourn the session to the back piazza, where they might swear to their hearts' content without shocking the prejudices of the Philistines. On another occasion, during a visit to Nantucket, their language stirred the wrath of the authorities of that sedate island, who had them forthwith arrested and fined for profane swearing. As they had no money, and would not have acknowledged the authority of the State by paying their fines if they had, they were ignominiously consigned to jail, from which, however, they were soon released by the interposition of some liberal citizen who paid their fines.

The folly of these youngsters terminated very abruptly. They were one day approaching Boston from the south, and as they walked down a long and dusty hill the foremost of them suddenly stopped, and when the others came up he addressed them by their long-disused baptismal appellations, George and Christopher, saying, "This is played out." All then assented that it was played out, and turning from the road they went to the house of an aunt of one of them who lived near by and requested dinner. The good lady, in alarm, knowing their dietetic habits, informed them that she had nothing for them to eat except roast beef and leavened bread. They told her, to her surprise, that that was exactly what they wanted, and sat down and made their first square meal for many months. About ten years later I encountered one of these gentlemen at Willard's in Washington, and was invited by him to dinner, where he ate freely of all fish and flesh and had a bottle of wine besides. He had gone into the practice of the law and had attained considerable standing as a patent lawyer.

With one of these youths — one of those, I mean, who went on the long excursion without money — it was my fortune to become well acquainted. In the winter of 1843–44 I was living in Brookline, in Massachusetts, about four miles from Boston, lodging with Mrs. Sturgis, an elderly widow, one of whose daughters, a very brilliant girl, was a disciple of the "Newness," and was at that time an inmate of Brook Farm. One cold morning in February, when the mercury was below zero, a young man came to the house, saying that he had come to stay with us. He was a total stranger. Neither of us had ever seen or heard of him, but we recognized him without difficulty as a disciple of the "Newness." He was a handsome young fellow, about twenty years of age, with long black hair and an oval face, almost Greek in its outline. His excuse for coming was that he knew the lady's daughter at Brook Farm, where he had been staying, and he speedily won the good mother's heart by praises of the young lady. He was thinly clad, for the disciples disdained overcoats and prided themselves on their Indian-like hardihood. But the severity of the weather in that long winter morning's walk from Boston had proved almost too much for him. His ears were frozen, and he was in fact nearly benumbed when we took him in. He had scarcely got warmed, however, when looking from the windows into the yard he saw the Irish servant girl beginning to hang out the clothes, as it was washing-day. He darted out, and much to the confusion of "Biddy" insisted on helping her, which he did with a dexterity that evinced no little practice. When he came in he requested Mrs. Sturgis to give him some sewing to do, and after a little persuasion she finally got him a needle and thread, and a towel to hem. I took him to my room, where, while he plied the needle, he gave me an account of himself. He was the son of a respectable gentleman in Providence, Rhode Island. His family, I think, were Episcopalians. He told me that when about eighteen he had become possessed with the spirit of the "Newness" and had made up his mind that all social distinctions and usages were abominations against which it was his duty to protest. He began by refusing to allow the servants in his father's house to do anything for him. He blacked his own boots, made his own bed, and mended and washed his own clothes. At length, on the occasion of a large dinner party at his

[1] Afterwards Mrs. Samuel E. Sewall.

father's house, instead of taking his place at the table, he insisted upon acting as waiter. This led to an explosion, and to his expulsion from home. For the last two years he had been wandering among the various communities, and during that winter had been living in Boston, in the houses of various gentlemen on whom he had intruded himself without invitation, taking care, with commendable good taste, to select the best houses in the city. In pursuance of his system, he had now come to spend a few days with Mrs. Sturgis. When dinner was served he went with me to the table, but declined to eat anything except apples, of which, fortunately, we had a good store in the house. A plate of these was set before him, which he peeled and ate very contentedly, refusing to partake of anything else, but lecturing us earnestly on the atrocity of our habits in eating beef, salt, and butter, and drinking wine and coffee. He himself did not drink at all, not even water. He staid with us a few days, during which I found him a very agreeable companion; and when he went away I accompanied him to Boston to attend an Abolition convention which was then in session in the city, at which he was desirous of speaking. When the convention adjourned for dinner he asked me to go with him to the house of Francis Jackson, one of the leading Abolitionists of Boston. As I had no acquaintance with Mr. Jackson, I declined to intrude myself upon his hospitality, and was about to set out upon my return to Brookline, which I could reach in time for dinner, when Larned insisted that if I would not go to Jackson's to dinner I must at least go and dine with him at an eating-house. We went accordingly to a place near by, where I got a dinner of the usual kind, while my companion, in default of apples, ate an apple-pie, which he said came within the limits of his dietetic system. After dinner, it suddenly occurred to me to inquire if he had any means of paying. "Not a cent." I was nearly in the same condition, having only just money enough to pay my fare out in the omnibus to Brookline. I told him he must get out of the scrape without involving me. To this he assented, saying that he was used to such things and had great confidence in human nature. I accordingly walked directly out, leaving him to settle at the counter. He came out presently, triumphant. The restaurant keeper was indeed human, and had agreed to give him credit till that indefinite period, "the next time he came."

I then parted with him in the street, with my friendship for him a little cooled by this untoward incident, and did not see him again for about three years, when he suddenly called at my lodgings one day, fashionably dressed, and acting and talking like other people. I soon learned that he had renounced all his vagaries, was settled in the South as a Unitarian minister, and had married a lady who owned a number of slaves, whom he did not think it necessary to emancipate.

The "Newness" with him was completely "played out," and after Brook Farm exploded in 1847 and Margaret Fuller went to Europe, I think it had very little distinctive existence in New England. The aspiring youth of New England seem now to be contented with making their way in the world very much as other people make it, without seeking for any fundamental change in the established order of society.

*Robert Carter.*

## THE PEONY.

A STURDY maid—
Plump hands upon her hips,
White throat flung back,
And laughing scarlet lips—
Full bodice laced
With kerchief well tucked in—
Smile for each lad,
A kiss, perhaps, no sin!
Plain speech or rough,
No empty flattery—
But wholesome heart—
That is the Peony!

*Margaret Deland.*

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

## THE SECOND INAUGURAL — FIVE FORKS — APPOMATTOX.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### THE SECOND INAUGURAL.

WE have seen what effect the Hampton Roads conference produced upon Jefferson Davis, and to what intemperate and wrathful utterance it provoked him. Its effect upon President Lincoln was almost directly the reverse. His interview with the rebel commissioners doubtless strengthened his former convictions that the rebellion was waning in enthusiasm and resources, and that the Union cause must triumph at no distant day. Secure in his renewal of four years' personal leadership, and hopefully inspirited by every sign of early victory in the war, his only thought was to shorten, by generous conciliation, the period of the dreadful conflict. His temper was not one of exultation, but of broad patriotic charity, and of keen, sensitive personal sympathy for the whole country and all its people, South as well as North. His conversation with Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell had probably revealed to him glimpses of the undercurrent of their anxiety that fraternal bloodshed and the destructive ravages of war might somehow come to an end. To every word or tone freighted with this feeling, the sincere, magnanimous, and tender heart of President Lincoln responded with bounding impulses. As a ruler and a statesman, he was clear in his judgment and inflexible in his will to reëstablish union and maintain freedom for all who had gained it by the chances of war; but also as a statesman and a ruler, he was ready to lend his individual influence and his official discretion to any measure of mitigation and manifestation of good-will that, without imperiling the union of the States, or the liberty of the citizen, might promote acquiescence in impending political changes, and abatement and reconcilement of hostile sectional feelings. Filled with such thoughts and purposes, he spent the day after his return from Hampton Roads in considering and perfecting a new proposal, designed as a peace-offering to the States in rebellion. On the evening of February 5, 1865, he called his Cabinet together and read to them the following draft of a message and proclamation, which he had written during the day, and upon which he invited their opinion and advice:

Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives: I respectfully recommend that a joint resolution, substantially as follows, be adopted, so soon as practicable, by your honorable bodies: "Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States is hereby empowered, in his discretion, to pay four hundred millions of dollars to the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia, in the manner and on the conditions following, to wit: The payment to be made in six per cent. Government bonds, and to be distributed among said States *pro rata* on their respective slave populations as shown by the census of 1860, and no part of said sum to be paid unless all resistance to the national authority shall be abandoned and cease, on or before the first day of April next; and upon such abandonment and ceasing of resistance one-half of said sum to be paid, in manner aforesaid, and the remaining half to be paid only upon the amendment of the national Constitution recently proposed by Congress becoming valid law, on or before the first day of July next, by the action thereon of the requisite number of States."

The adoption of such resolution is sought with a view to embody it, with other propositions, in a proclamation looking to peace and reunion.

*Whereas*, a joint resolution has been adopted by Congress, in the words following, to wit:

Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known, that on the conditions therein stated, the power conferred on the Executive in and by said joint resolution will be fully exercised; that war will cease and armies be reduced to a basis of peace; that all political offenses will be pardoned; that all property, except slaves, liable to confiscation or forfeiture, will be released therefrom, except in cases of intervening interests of third parties; and that liberality will be recommended to Congress upon all points not lying within Executive control.[2]

It may be said with truth that this was going to the verge of magnanimity towards a foe already in the throes and helplessness of overwhelming defeat — a foe that had rebelled without adequate cause and maintained the contest without reasonable hope. But Mr. Lincoln remembered that the rebels, notwithstanding all their offenses and errors, were yet American citizens, members of the same

[2] Unpublished MS.

[1] Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

nation, brothers of the same blood. He remembered, too, that the object of the war, equally with peace and freedom, was the maintenance of one government and the perpetuation of one Union. Not only must hostilities cease, but dissension, suspicion, and estrangement be eradicated. As it had been in the past, so it must again become in the future—not merely a nation with the same Constitution and laws, but a people united in feeling, in hope, in aspiration. In his judgment, the liberality that would work reconciliation would be well employed. Whether their complaints for the past were well or ill founded, he would remove even the temptation to complain in the future. He would give them peace, reunion, political pardon, remission of confiscation wherever it was in his power, and securing unquestioned and universal freedom through the constitutional amendment, he would at the same time compensate their loss of slavery by a direct money equivalent.

It turned out that he was more humane than his constitutional advisers. The indorsement of his own handwriting on the manuscript draft of his proposed message records the result of his appeal and suggestion:

"FEBRUARY 5, 1865. To-day these papers, which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them.—A. LINCOLN."[1]

It would appear that there was but little discussion of the proposition. The President's evident earnestness on the one side, and the unanimous dissent of the Cabinet on the other, probably created an awkward situation which could be best relieved by silence on each hand. The diary of Secretary Welles gives only a brief mention of the important incident, but it reflects the feeling which pervaded the Cabinet chamber:

MONDAY, February 6, 1865.

There was a Cabinet meeting last evening. The President had matured a scheme which he hoped would be successful in promoting peace. It was a proposition for paying the expense of the war for two hundred days, or four hundred millions to the rebel States, to be for the extinguishment of slavery or for such purpose as the States were disposed. This, in few words, was the scheme. It did not meet with favor, but was dropped. The earnest desire of the President to conciliate and effect peace was manifest, but there may be such a thing as so overdoing as to cause a distrust or adverse feeling. In the present temper of Congress the proposed measure, if a wise one, could not be carried through successfully; I do not think the scheme could accomplish any good results. The rebels would misconstrue it if the offer were made. If attempted and defeated it would do harm.[2]

The statement of Secretary Usher, written many years afterwards from memory, also records the deep feeling with which the President received the non-concurrence of his Executive Council:

The members of the Cabinet were all opposed. He seemed somewhat surprised at that and asked, "How long will the war last?" No one answered, but he soon said: "A hundred days. We are spending now in carrying on the war three millions a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives." With a deep sigh he added, "But you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message."[3]

The entry made by Secretary Welles in his diary on the morning after the Cabinet meeting, as to the amount and time, is undoubtedly the correct one, coinciding as it does with the President's manuscript. But the discrepancy in the figures of the two witnesses is of little moment. Both accounts show us that the proposal was not based on sentiment alone, but upon a practical arithmetical calculation. An expenditure of three or four hundred millions was inevitable; but his plan would save many precious lives, would shield homes and hearths from further sorrow and desolation, would dissolve sectional hatred, and plant fraternal goodwill. Though overborne in opinion, clearly he was not convinced. With the words, "You are all opposed to me," sadly uttered, Mr. Lincoln folded up the paper and ceased the further discussion of what was doubtless the project then nearest his heart. We may surmise, however, that, as he wrote upon it the indorsement we have quoted and laid it away, he looked forward to a not distant day when, in the new term of the Presidency to which he was already elected, the Cabinet, with new and more liberal views, would respond more charitably to his own generous impulses.

Few Cabinet secrets were better kept than this proposal of the President and its discussion. Since the subject was indefinitely postponed, it was, of course, desirable that it should not come to the knowledge of the public. Silence was rendered easier by the fact that popular attention in the North busied itself with rumors concerning the Hampton Roads conference. To satisfy this curiosity, a resolution of the House of Representatives, passed on February 8, requested the President to communicate such information respecting it as he might deem not incompatible with the public interest.[4] With this request Mr. Lincoln complied on the 10th, by a message in which all the correspondence was printed, followed by a brief report touching the points of conference:

On the morning of the 3d [wrote Mr. Lincoln] the three gentlemen, Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and

[1] Unpublished MS. [2] Unpublished MS.
[3] "New York Tribune," Sept. 13, 1885.
[4] "Globe," Feb. 8, 1865, p. 665.

Campbell, came aboard of our steamer, and had an interview with the Secretary of State and myself of several hours' duration. No question of preliminaries to the meeting was then and there made or mentioned. No other person was present; no papers were exchanged or produced; and it was, in advance, agreed that the conversation was to be informal and verbal merely. On our part, the whole substance of the instructions to the Secretary of State, hereinbefore recited, was stated and insisted upon, and nothing was said inconsistent therewith; while, by the other party, it was not said that in any event or on any condition they ever would consent to reunion; and yet they equally omitted to declare that they never would so consent. They seemed to desire a postponement of that question, and the adoption of some other course first, which, as some of them seem to argue, might or might not lead to reunion; but which course, we thought, would amount to an indefinite postponement. The conference ended without result.[1]

A short discussion occurred in the House on the motion to print this message, but it did not rise above the ordinary level of a party wrangle. The few Democrats who took part in it complained of the President for refusing an armistice, while the Republicans retorted with Jefferson Davis's condition about the "two countries" and the more recent declarations of his Richmond harangue, announcing his readiness to perish for independence. On the whole, both Congress and the country were gratified that the incident had called out Mr. Lincoln's renewed declaration of an unalterable resolve to maintain the Union. Patriotic hope was quickened and public confidence strengthened by noting once more his singleness of purpose and steadfastness of faith. No act of his could have formed a more fitting prelude to his second inauguration, which was now rapidly approaching, and the preliminary steps of which were at this time being consummated.

A new phase of the reconstruction question was developed in the usual congressional routine of counting the electoral votes of the late presidential election. Former chapters have set forth the President's general views on reconstruction, and shown that though the executive and legislative branches of the Government differed as to the theory and policy of restoring insurrectionary States to their normal federal functions, such difference had not reached the point of troublesome or dangerous antagonism. Over the new question also dissension and conflict were happily avoided. By instruction to his military commanders and in private letters to prominent citizens Mr. Lincoln had strongly advised and actively promoted the formation of loyal State governments in Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas, and had maintained the restored government of Virginia after the division of that State and the admission of West Virginia into the Union, and had officially given them the recognition of the Executive Department of the Government. The Legislative Department, however, had latterly withheld its recognition, and refused them representation in Congress. The query now arose whether the popular and electoral votes of some of those States for President should be allowed and counted.

The subject was taken up by the House, which on January 30 passed a joint resolution naming the insurrectionary States, declaring them to have been "in armed rebellion" on the 8th of November, 1864, and not entitled to representation in the electoral college. A searching debate on this resolution arose in the Senate, which called out the best legal talent of that body. It could not very consistently be affirmed that Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas, held by Federal troops and controlled by Federal commanders in part at least, were "in armed rebellion" on election day, under whatever constitutional theory of reconstruction. The phraseology was finally amended to read that the rebel States "were in such condition on the 8th day of November, 1864, that no valid election for electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, according to the Constitution and laws thereof, was held therein on said day," and in this form the joint resolution was passed by both houses. Joint resolutions of Congress have all the force and effect of laws, and custom requires the President to approve them in the same manner as regular acts. His signature in this case might therefore be alleged to imply that he consented to or adopted a theory of reconstruction at variance with his former recommendation and action. To avoid the possibility of such misconstruction, Mr. Lincoln sent Congress a short message, in which he said:

The joint resolution, entitled "Joint resolution declaring certain States not entitled to representation in the electoral college," has been signed by the Executive, in deference to the view of Congress implied in its passage and presentation to him. In his own view, however, the two houses of Congress, convened under the twelfth article of the Constitution, have complete power to exclude from counting all electoral votes deemed by them to be illegal; and it is not competent for the Executive to defeat or obstruct that power by a veto, as would be the case if his action were at all essential in the matter. He disclaims all right of the Executive to interfere in any way in the matter of canvassing or counting electoral votes; and he also disclaims that, by signing said resolution, he has expressed any opinion on the recitals of the preamble, or any judgment of his own upon the subject of the resolution.[2]

1 "House Journal," Feb. 10, 1865, p. 237.

2 Lincoln, Message, Feb. 8, 1865. "House Journal," p. 213.

In anticipation of possible debate and contention on the subject of counting the electoral votes of reconstructed States, Congress had, on February 6, adopted what afterwards became famous as the Twenty-second Joint Rule, which directed in substance that all such questions should be decided, not by the joint convention of the two houses, but by each house for itself without debate, the two houses having temporarily separated for that purpose; and requiring the concurrence of both for any affirmative action, or to count a vote objected to. When the two houses met in joint convention on the eighth day of February, mention was made by the Vice-President, presiding, that "The Chair has in his possession returns from the States of Louisiana and Tennessee; but in obedience to the law of the land, the Chair holds it to be his duty not to present them to the convention."[1] No member insisted on having these returns opened, since they could not possibly change the result. Only the returns therefore from the loyal States, including West Virginia, were counted, showing two hundred and twelve electoral votes for Lincoln, and twenty-one for McClellan. The Vice-President thereupon announced "that Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes, is duly elected President of the United States for four years, commencing on the fourth day of March, 1865."[2]

The usual committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Lincoln and notify him of his second election; and in response to their announcement, he read the following brief address:

With deep gratitude to my countrymen for this mark of their confidence; with a distrust of my own ability to perform the duty required, under the most favorable circumstances, and now rendered doubly difficult by existing national perils; yet with a firm reliance on the strength of our free Government and the eventual loyalty of the people to the just principles upon which it is founded, and, above all, with an unshaken faith in the Supreme Ruler of Nations, I accept this trust. Be pleased to signify this to the respective houses of Congress.[3]

In the informal friendly conversation which followed, the President said to the committee, in substance:

Having served four years in the depths of a great and yet unended national peril, I can view this call to a second term in nowise more flatteringly to myself than as an expression of the public judgment that I may better finish a difficult work in which I have labored from the first than could any one less severely schooled to the task.[4]

The formal inauguration of Mr. Lincoln for his second presidential term took place at the appointed time, March 4, 1865. There is little variation in the simple but impressive pageantry with which this official ceremony is celebrated. The principal novelty commented upon by the newspapers was the share which the hitherto enslaved race had, for the first time, in this public and political drama. Civic associations of negro citizens joined in the procession, and a battalion of negro soldiers formed part of the military escort. The weather was sufficiently favorable to allow the ceremonies to take place on the eastern portico, in view of a vast throng of spectators. Imaginative beholders, who were prone to draw augury and comfort from symbols, could rejoice that the great bronze statue of Freedom now crowned the dome of the Capitol, and that her guardianship was justified by the fact that the Thirteenth Amendment virtually blotted slavery from the Constitution. The central act of the occasion was President Lincoln's second inaugural address, which enriched the political literature of the Union with another masterpiece, and which deserves to be quoted in full. He said:

Fellow-Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend

1 "Globe," Feb. 8, 1865, p. 668.
2 Ibid., p. 669.
3 Unpublished MS. The reply reported by the notification committee is incorrect, having apparently been written out from memory, intermingling an abstract of the formal paper which the President read with the informal conversation that succeeded.
4 "Globe," March 1, 1865, pp. 1236 and 1263.

this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.[1]

The address being concluded, Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath of office; and listeners who heard Abraham Lincoln for the second time repeat, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States," went from the impressive scene to their several homes with thankfulness and with confidence that the destiny of the country and the liberty of the citizen were in safe keeping. "The fiery trial" through which he had hitherto walked showed him possessed of the capacity, the courage, and the will to keep the promise of his oath.

Among the many criticisms passed by writers and thinkers upon the language of the second inaugural, none will so interest the reader as that of Mr. Lincoln himself, written about ten days after its delivery, in the following letter to a friend:

DEAR MR. WEED: Every one likes a compliment. Thank you for yours on my little notification speech and on the recent inaugural address. I expect the latter to wear as well as, perhaps better than, anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought needed to be told, and, as whatever of humiliation there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it.[2]

A careful student of Mr. Lincoln's character will also find this inaugural address instinct with another meaning, which, very naturally, the President's own comment did not touch. The eternal law of compensation, which it declares and applies to the sin and fall of American slavery, in a diction rivaling the fire and the dignity of the old Hebrew prophecies,[3] may, without violent inference, be interpreted to foreshadow an intention to renew at a fitting moment the brotherly good-will gift to the South which has been treated of in the first part of this chapter. Such an inference finds strong corroboration in the phrases which closed the last public address he ever made. On Tuesday evening, April 11, a considerable assemblage of citizens of Washington gathered at the Executive Mansion to celebrate the victory of Grant over Lee. The rather long and careful speech which Mr. Lincoln made on that occasion was, however, less about the past than the future. It discussed the subject of reconstruction, as illustrated in the case of Louisiana, showing also how that issue was related to the questions of emancipation, the condition of the freedmen, the welfare of the South, and the ratification of the constitutional amendment. "So new and unprecedented is the whole case," he concluded, "that no ex-

1 "Globe," March 4, 1865, pp. 1424, 1425.

2 Weed, "Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 449.

3 Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orléans, in a letter, 2d April, 1865, to Mr. Auguste Cochin, acknowledging the receipt of Lincoln's second inaugural, said:

"J'ai lu ce document avec la plus religieuse émotion, avec l'admiration la plus sympathique. . . . M. Lincoln exprime, avec une solennelle et touchante gravité, les sentiments qui, j'en suis sûr, envahissent les âmes d'élite, au Nord comme au Sud. Quel beau jour lorsque l'union des âmes se fera là, dans la vraie et parfaite lumière de l'Evangile. Mais quel beau jour déjà lorsque le chef deux fois élu d'un grand peuple tient un langage chrétien, trop absent, dans notre Europe, du langage officiel des grandes affaires, annonce la fin de l'esclavage, et prepare les embrassements de la justice et de la miséricorde dont l'Ecriture Sainte a parlé. Je vous remercie de m'avoir fait lire cette belle page de l'histoire des grands hommes." . . .

clusive and inflexible plan can safely be prescribed as to details and collaterals. Such exclusive and inflexible plan would surely become a new entanglement. Important principles may and must be inflexible. In the present situation, as the phrase goes, it may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the South. I am considering, and shall not fail to act when satisfied that action will be proper."[1] Can any one doubt that this "new announcement" which was taking shape in his mind would again have embraced and combined justice to the blacks and generosity to the whites of the South, with union and liberty for the whole country? It will remain a perpetual sorrow to the nation, and especially to the South, that the lingering madness of rebellion tragically thwarted the possibility of such a consummation.

## FIVE FORKS.

FROM the hour of Mr. Lincoln's reëlection the Confederate cause was doomed. The cheering of the troops which greeted the news from the North was heard within the lines at Richmond and at Petersburg, and although the leaders maintained to the end their attitude of defiance, the impression rapidly gained ground among the people that the end was not far off. The stimulus of hope being gone, they began to feel the pinch of increasing want. Their currency had become almost worthless. In October a dollar in gold was worth thirty-five dollars in Confederate money; a month later it brought fifty dollars; with the opening of the new year the price rose to sixty dollars, and soon after to seventy; and despite the efforts of the Confederate treasury, which would occasionally rush into the market and beat down the price of gold ten or twenty per cent. in a day, the currency gradually depreciated until a hundred for one was offered and not taken. As a result of this vanishing value of their money a portentous rise took place in the prices of all the necessaries of life. It is hard for a people to recognize that their money is good for nothing; to do this is to confess that their Government has failed: it was natural, therefore, for the unhappy citizens of Richmond to think that monstrous prices were being extorted for food, clothing, and fuel, when, in fact, they were paying no more than was reasonable. The journals and diaries of the time are filled with bitter execrations against the extortioners and forestallers; but when we translate their prices into the gold standard, we wonder how the grocers and clothiers lived. To pay a thousand dollars for a barrel of flour was enough to strike a householder with horror; but ten dollars is not a famine price. A suit of clothes costs from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars; but if you divide this sum by seventy-five, there is very little profit left for the tailor. High prices, however, even if paid in dry leaves, are a hardship when dry leaves are not plentiful; and there was scarcity, even of Confederate money, in the South. In Richmond, which lived upon the war, the dearth was especially evident. The clerks in the departments received say four thousand dollars a year, hardly enough for a month's provisions. Skilled mechanics fared somewhat better. They could earn, so long as they kept out of the army, something like six thousand dollars a year. Statesmanship was cheap. A congressman's pay was five thousand five hundred dollars; but most of the civil officers of the Government managed to get their supplies at cost prices from the military stores. It was illegal; but they could not have lived otherwise, and they doubtless considered their lives necessary to their country.

The depreciation of the Confederate currency was an unmistakable symptom of a lack of confidence in the course of affairs, since it did not arise from inflation. On the contrary, Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, did all he could to check this dangerous tendency, going so far as to incur the reproaches of many who imagined his action enhanced prices. All dealers instinctively felt the money was worthless, and their only object was to get it out of their hands as soon as possible, at whatever prices, in exchange for objects of real value. One Confederate diarist[2] records with indignation that he saw a Jew buy at auction an old set of table-spoons for five hundred and seventy-five dollars, and makes this a cause of complaint against the Government, which permits men to acquire in this way the means of running away. Anybody who was able to leave the country became the object of the envy and hatred of those who remained behind. They began to treat their own financial system with contempt. When the officer in charge of the Treasury Note Bureau at Columbia, alarmed at the approach of Sherman, asked where he was to go, he could get no attention to his inquiries; one high functionary advising that he go to the devil.[3]

At every advance of General Grant's lines a new disturbance and alarm was manifested in Richmond, the first proof of which was always a fresh rigor in the enforcement, not only of existing conscription laws, but of the arbitrary orders of the frightened authorities. After the capture of Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James, squads of guards were sent into

1 Raymond, "Life of Lincoln," p. 687.
2 Jones, Vol. II., p. 361.
3 "Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 384.

the streets with directions to arrest every able-bodied man they met. They paid no regard to passes or to certificates of exemption or detail, but hurried the unhappy civilians off to the field, or herded them, pending their assignment to companies, within the railings of the public square. Two members of the Cabinet, Reagan and George Davis, were thus arrested on the streets by the zealous guards in spite of their protestations, though they were, of course, soon recognized and released. The pavements were swept of every class of loiterers; the clerks in the departments with their exemptions in their pockets were carried off, whether able to do duty or not. It is said by one Confederate writer[1] that the medical boards were ordered to exempt no one who seemed capable of bearing arms for ten days, and he mentions an instance where a man died, on the eleventh day of his service, of consumption. Human nature will not endure such a strain as this: a week after this sweeping of Richmond for recruits, General Gardner reported that more than half the men thus dragged to the trenches had deserted. Of those who remained, the members of influential families came, one by one, back to the town on various pretexts, increasing the bitterness of feeling among those too poor or too obscure to rescue their sons and brothers.

Desertion grew too common to punish. Almost every man in the Confederacy was, by statute or decree, liable to military service, and yet hundreds of thousands of them were not in the army. If men were to be shot for deserting, it would have been a question whether there were soldiers enough to shoot them. Mr. Davis acted prudently in remitting the death sentences laid before him, although this occasioned great dissatisfaction in the army. Near the end of the year 1864 Longstreet reported one hundred men of Pickett's division as in the guard-house for desertion, attributing the blame for it to the numerous reprieves which had been granted, no one having been executed for two months. General Lee sent this report to Richmond with his approval, which gave great offense to the Confederate President. He returned the paper, with an indorsement to the effect that the remission of sentences was not a proper subject for the criticism of a military commander.[2]

As disaster increased, as each day brought its catastrophe, the Confederate Government steadily lost ground in the confidence and respect of the Southern people. It is characteristic of every failing revolt that in the hour of ruin the participators turn upon one another with reproaches, often as causeless and unjust as those they cast upon their legitimate government. Mr. Davis and his councilors now underwent this natural retribution. They were doing their best, but they no longer got any credit for it. From every part of the Confederacy came complaints for what was done, demands for what it was impossible to do. Some of the States were in a condition near to counter-revolution. Governor Brown of Georgia made no pretense of concealing his contumacy. The march of Sherman across his State seemed to have emancipated him from any obligations to the Confederacy. His letters to Richmond from that moment lost all color of allegiance. The feeling in North Carolina was little better. A slow paralysis was benumbing the limbs of the insurrection, and even at the heart its vitality was plainly declining. The Confederate Congress, which had hitherto been the mere register of the President's will, now turned upon him and gave him wormwood to drink. On the 19th of January they passed a resolution making Lee general-in-chief of the army. This Mr. Davis might have borne with patience, although it was intended as a notification to him that his meddling with military affairs must come to an end. But far worse was the necessity put upon him, as a sequel to this act,— and in conformity with a resolution of the Virginia legislature,— of reappointing General Joseph E. Johnston to the command of the army which was to resist Sherman's victorious march to the North. After this he might say that the bitterness of death was past. The Virginia delegation in Congress passed a vote of want of confidence in the Government's conduct of the war. Mr. Seddon, considering his honor impugned, and not unwilling to lay down a thankless task, resigned his post of Secretary of War. Mr. Davis at first wished him to reconsider his action, claiming that such a declaration from congressmen was beyond their functions and subversive of the President's constitutional jurisdiction; but Mr. Seddon insisted, and General John C. Breckinridge was appointed in his place in February, for the few weeks that remained before the final crash.[3] Warnings of serious demoralization came daily from the army; even that firm support to the revolt seemed crumbling. Disaffection was so rife in official circles in Richmond that it was not thought politic to call public attention to it by repression. A detective reported a member of Congress as uttering treasonable language, and for his pains was told at the War Department that matters of that sort were none of his business.[4]

It is a curious and instructive thing to note how the act of emancipation had by this time

[1] Jones, Vol. II., p. 305.
[2] Ibid., p. 343.
[3] Pollard, p. 441.
[4] "Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 390.

virtually enforced itself in Richmond. The value of slave property was gone. It is true that a slave was still occasionally sold, at a price less than one-tenth of what he would have brought before the war. But servants could be hired of their nominal owners at a barley-corn rate; six dollars in gold would pay the hire of a good cook for a year — merely enough to keep up the show of vassalage. In effect any one could hire a negro for his keeping, which was all that anybody in Richmond got for his work. Even Mr. Davis had at last become docile to the stern teachings of events. In his message of November he had recommended the employment of 40,000 slaves in the army,— not as soldiers it is true, save in the last extremity,— with emancipation to come later.

Lee assumed command of all the Confederate forces on the ninth day of February. His situation was one of unprecedented gloom. The day before, he had reported to Richmond that his troops, who had been in line of battle for two days at Hatcher's Run, exposed to the bitter winter weather, had been without meat for three days. "If some change is not made," he said, "and the commissary department organized, I apprehend dire results; . . . you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us." Mr. Davis indorsed this discouraging dispatch with words of anger and command easy to write: "This is too sad to be patiently considered; . . . criminal neglect or gross incapacity. . . . Let supplies be had by purchase or borrowing." A prodigious effort was made, and the danger of starvation for the moment averted, but no permanent improvement resulted in the situation of affairs. The armies of the Union were closing in from every point of the compass. Grant was every day pushing his formidable left wing nearer the only roads by which Lee could escape; Thomas was threatening the Confederate communications from Tennessee; Sheridan was moving for the last time up the Valley of the Shenandoah to abolish Early; while from the south the redoubtable columns of Sherman — the men who had taken Vicksburg, who had scaled the heights of Chattanooga, and having marched through Georgia had left Savannah loyal and Charleston evacuated — were moving northward with the steady pace and irresistible progress of a tragic fate. It was the approach of this portent which shook the nerves of the Confederate leaders more than the familiar proximity of Grant. Beauregard, and afterwards Johnston, were ordered to "destroy Sherman."[1] Beauregard, after his kind, showed his Government its duty in loud and valiant words. He advised Mr. Davis to send him at once heavy reënforcements "to give the enemy battle and crush him"; "then to concentrate all forces against Grant, march to Washington and dictate a peace" — a plan of limpid simplicity, which was not adopted. Johnston superseded the brilliant Louisianian the next day, and thereafter did what he could — with the scraps and remnants of an army allowed him — to resist the irresistible.

A singular and significant attempt at negotiations was made at this time by General Lee. He was now so strong in the confidence of the people of the South, and the Government at Richmond was so rapidly becoming discredited, that he could doubtless have obtained the popular support, and compelled the assent of the Executive to any measures he thought proper for the attainment of peace. From this it was easy for him and for others to come to the wholly erroneous conclusion that General Grant held a similar relation to the Government and people of the United States. General Lee seized upon the pretext of a conversation reported to him by General Longstreet, as having been held with General Ord under an ordinary flag of truce for exchange of prisoners, to address a letter to Grant, sanctioned by Mr. Davis, saying he had been informed that General Ord had said that General Grant would not decline an interview with a view "to a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention," providing Lee had authority to act. He therefore proposed to meet General Grant, "with the hope that upon an interchange of views it might be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a military convention." In such event he said he was "authorized to do whatever the result of the proposed conference may render necessary or advisable." Grant at once telegraphed these overtures to Washington. Stanton received his dispatch at the Capitol, where the President was, according to his custom, passing the last night of the session for the convenience of signing bills. The Secretary handed the telegram to Mr. Lincoln, who read it in silence. He asked no advice or suggestion from any one about him, but, taking a pen, wrote with his usual slowness and precision a dispatch in Stanton's name, which he showed to Seward and then handed to Stanton to be signed, dated, and sent. The language is that of an experienced ruler, perfectly sure of himself and of his duty:

> The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matters. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the

[1] Breckinridge to Lee, Feb. 21.

President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meanwhile you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

General Grant, on the receipt of this instruction, wrote, in answer to General Lee, that he had no authority to accede to his proposition — such authority being vested in the President of the United States alone; he further explained that General Ord's language must have been misunderstood. Grant reported to Washington what he had done, adding that he would in no case exceed his authority, or omit to press all advantages to the utmost of his ability. This closed the last avenue of hope to the Confederate authorities of any compromise by which the dread alternative of utter defeat or unconditional surrender might be avoided.[1]

Early in March, General Lee came to Richmond and had a conference with Mr. Davis on the measures to be adopted in the crisis which he saw was imminent. The General-in-Chief had not taken his advancement seriously. He had not sympathized in the slight which it involved towards the civil government; he had positively refused to assume the dictatorial powers with which the Richmond Congress had clearly intended to invest him; he had ostentatiously thanked "the President alone" for a promotion which in reality came from the President's enemies and critics. He continued to the end, in accordance with the Constitution of the Confederate States, to treat Mr. Davis as the Commander-in-Chief of the forces. He now laid before him the terrible facts by which the army was environed: Richmond and Petersburg must be evacuated before many days; a new seat for the Confederate Government, a new base of defense for the armies, must be taken up farther south and west. There is a direct contradiction between Mr. Davis and the friends of General Lee as to the manner in which the former received this communication. Mr. Davis says[2] he suggested an immediate withdrawal, but that General Lee said his horses were too weak for the roads, in their present state, and that he must wait till the ground became firmer. But General Long, who gives General Lee as his authority,[3] says that the President overruled the general; that Lee wanted then to withdraw his forces and take up a line behind the Staunton River, from which point he might have indefinitely protracted the war. However this may be, they were both agreed that sooner or later the Richmond lines must be abandoned; that the next move should be to Danville; that a junction was to be formed with Johnston; Sherman was to be destroyed; a swarm of recruits would come in after this victory; and Grant, being caught away from his base, was to be defeated and Virginia delivered from the invader. Mr. Davis gravely set forth this programme as his own, in his book written sixteen years after the war.

But before he turned his back forever upon those lines he had so stoutly defended, before he gave up to the nation the capital of the State for whose sake he had deserted his flag, Lee resolved to dash once more at the toils by which he was surrounded. He placed half his army under the command of General John B. Gordon with orders to break through the Union lines at Fort Stedman, and to take possession of the high ground behind them. The reticence in which General Lee enveloped himself in his last years has left his closest friends in doubt as to his real object in this apparently desperate enterprise. General Gordon, who takes to himself the greater share of responsibility for the plan, says: "I decided that Fort Stedman could be taken by a night assault, and that it might be possible to throw into the breach thus made in Grant's lines a sufficient force to disorganize and destroy the left wing of his army before he could recover and concentrate his forces."[4] It is certainly true that any fort can be taken, by day or night, if the assaulting party has men enough and is willing to pay the price; but to take a place which cannot be held is not what we expect from a wise and experienced general. Grant had, with singular prescience, looked for some such movement from Lee a month before. He had ordered[5] Parke, then in command of the Ninth Corps, to be ready to meet an assault on his center and to let his commanders understand they were to lose no time in bringing all their resources to bear on the point of danger. "With proper alacrity in this respect," he adds, "I would have no objection to seeing the enemy get through." This is one of the most characteristic phrases we have met with in Grant's orders. It throws the strongest light both on his temperament and on his mastery of the business at which he had arrived. A month beforehand he foresaw Gordon's attack, prepared for it, and welcomed the momentary success which attended it. Under such generalship an army's lines are a trap into which entrance is suicide.

[1] Jefferson Davis refers to this incident in his message of March 13 to the Confederate Congress, and says: "It thus appears that neither with the Confederate authorities, nor the authorities of any State, nor through the commanding generals, will the Government of the United States treat or make any terms or agreement whatever for the cessation of hostilities. There remains then for us no choice but to continue this contest to a final issue," etc.

[2] "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 648.

[3] Long, "Memoirs of R. E. Lee," p. 403.

[4] Letter to Jefferson Davis, "Rise and Fall," Vol. II., p. 650.

[5] February 22.

The assault was made with great spirit at half-past four on the morning of the 25th of March. Its initial success was due to a singular cause. The opposing lines at the point chosen were only 150 yards apart; the pickets were only 50 yards from each other; it was therefore a favorite point of departure for those Confederates who were tired of the war. Desertions had of late become very numerous and had naturally been encouraged in every way; orders had been issued allowing deserters to bring their arms with them. When Gordon's skirmishers came stealing through the darkness they were at first mistaken for an unusually large batch of deserters, and they overpowered several picket posts without a shot being fired. The storming party at once followed, took the trenches with a rush, and in a few minutes had possession of the main line on the right of Stedman. Turning on the fort, they soon drove out or made prisoners the garrison. It was the dark hour before dawn, and the defense could not distinguish friends from foes; and for a little while General Parke, who acted with his usual vigor and intelligence, was unable to make headway against the invisible enemy who swarmed on both sides of the breach in the lines. General N. B. McLaughlen, who was posted to the left of Fort Stedman, at once got to work and recaptured an outlying battery with the bayonet, and then hurrying into the fort, in ignorance of its capture, was made prisoner. As soon as it was light, Parke's troops advanced from every direction to mend the breach; Potter on the left, Wilcox on the right, and Hartranft, who had been held in reserve, attacking directly from the high ground in the rear. The last two, between them, first made short work of the Confederate detachments that were moving on the City Point road and telegraph and searching in vain for three forts in the rear of Stedman which they had been ordered to take, and which in reality did not exist. By half-past seven Parke had his task well in hand. He had repulsed the Confederate attack to the right and left of Fort Stedman, recaptured two of the detached batteries, forced the enemy with heavy loss back into the fort, and concentrated upon them a heavy artillery fire from three sides. A few minutes later Hartranft's division carried Fort Stedman by assault, and Gordon withdrew to the Confederate lines what he was able to save of his attacking force. The cross fire of artillery was now so withering that few of the Confederates could get back, and none could come to their assistance. General Parke captured 2000 prisoners, including 71 officers and 9 stands of colors; his own total loss was about 1000.

But this heavy loss was not the only damage the Confederates suffered. Humphreys and Wright, in command of the troops on the Union left, who were to be routed and dispersed according to General Lee's plan, on being informed of the racket in the center, correctly assuming that Parke could take care of himself, instantly searched the lines in their front to see if they had been essentially weakened to support Gordon's attack. They found they had not; but in the process of gaining this information they captured the enemy's intrenched picket lines in front of them, which, in spite of repeated attempts to regain them, were firmly held, and gave inestimable advantage to the Union army in the struggle of the next week. The net results therefore to General Lee of the day's work were a bitter disappointment, a squandering of four thousand of his best troops against half that number on the other side, and the loss of his intrenched picket line, which brought such dangerous neighbors as Wright and Humphreys within arm's-length of him.

For several weeks General Grant's chief anxiety had been lest Lee should abandon his lines. At first he feared a concentration of Lee and Johnston against Sherman; but when the victorious army of the West had arrived at Goldsboro' and formed connection with Schofield his anxiety on that score was at rest, and there only remained a keen eagerness to make an end of the Army of Northern Virginia. "I was afraid," he says, "every morning that I would awake from my sleep to hear that Lee had gone, and that nothing was left but a picket line."[1] Still — just as Lee, though feeling every hour of waiting was fraught with danger, was prevented from moving by the bad roads and the Richmond complications — Grant, although burning to attack, was delayed by the same cause of bad roads, and by another. He did not wish to move until Sheridan had completed the work assigned him in the Valley and joined either Sherman or the army at Petersburg. But at last, satisfied with Sheridan's progress and with Sherman's condition, he resolved to wait no longer, and on the 24th of March, at the very moment when Gordon was making his arrangements for the next day's sortie, Grant issued his orders for the great movement to the left which was to finish the war. He intended to begin on the 29th, but Lee's desperate dash of the 25th appeared to the Union commander to indicate an intention to secure a wider opening to the Danville road to facilitate an immediate move of the Confederates westward, and he felt more than ever that not a moment was to be lost. Sheridan reached City Point on the 26th, and Sherman came up from

[1] Grant, "Personal Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 424.

North Carolina for a brief visit the next day. He said he would be ready to move on the 10th of April, and laid before Grant a plan for a coöperative campaign, which was of course satisfactory, as was always everything that Sherman proposed, but which the swift rush of events soon rendered superfluous. The President was also there, and an interesting conversation took place between these famous brothers-in-arms and Mr. Lincoln, after which Sherman went back to Goldsboro' and Grant began pushing his army to the left with even more than his usual iron energy.

It was a great army; it was the result of all the power and wisdom of the Government, all the devotion of the people, all the intelligence and teachableness of the soldiers themselves, and all the ability and character which the experience of a mighty war had developed in the officers. Few nations have produced better corps commanders than Sheridan, Warren, Humphreys, Ord, Wright, and Parke, taking their names as they come in the vast sweep of the Union lines from Dinwiddie Court House to the James in the last days of March; north of the James was Weitzel, vigilant and capable. Between Grant and the Army of the Potomac was Meade, the incarnation of industry, zeal, and talent; and in command of all was Grant, then in his best days, the most extraordinary military temperament this country has ever seen. When unfriendly criticism has exhausted itself, the fact remains, not to be explained away by any reasoning, subtle or gross, that in this tremendous war he accomplished more with the means given him than any other two, on either side. The means given him were enormous, the support of the Government was intelligent and untiring; but others had received the same means and the same support—and he alone captured three armies. The popular instinct which hails him as our greatest general is correct; and the dilettante critics who write ingenious arguments to prove that one or another of his subordinates or his adversaries was his superior will please for a time their diminishing coteries, and then pass into silence without damaging his robust fame.

The numbers of the respective armies in this last grapple have been the occasion of endless controversy. We take the figures given by General Humphreys—not merely on account of his profound study of the subject and personal acquaintance with it, but because we consider him the most thoroughly candid and impartial man who has written the history of this army. The effective force of infantry of the Army of the Potomac was 69,000; of field artillery, 6000, with 243 guns. The effective force of infantry of the Army of the James was 32,000; of field artillery, 3000, with 126 guns and 1700 cavalry, though General Ord took with him only about one-half his infantry; Sheridan's cavalrymen, present for duty, 13,000; the grand total of all arms was 124,700. Lee's infantry numbered 46,000; his field artillery, 5000; his cavalry, 6000; in all, 57,000.

Grant's plan, as announced in his instructions of March 24,[1] was at first to dispatch Sheridan to reach and destroy the South Side and Danville railroads, at the same time moving a heavy force to the left, primarily to insure the success of Sheridan's raid,[2] and then to turn Lee's position. But his purpose grew and developed every hour, and before he had been a day away from his winter headquarters he had given up the comparatively narrow scheme with which he started and had adopted the far bolder and more comprehensive plan, which he carried out to his immortal honor. It is probable that to General Sheridan belongs a part of the credit of this change of plan. He informs us that when discretion was given him, in the Valley, either to go south, past Lee's right flank, and join Sherman, or to turn east and unite with the Army of the Potomac, he chose the latter course, because he thought it best that the Eastern army, which had thus far won scanty laurels when compared with the Western, should have the glory of this final victory; and that when he arrived at City Point and found General Grant's plans once more contemplated the possibility of sending his cavalry to Sherman and bringing that commander, after disposing of Johnston, to share in the destruction of Lee, Sheridan urged the General-in-Chief to finish the work immediately with the Army of the Potomac, that had so richly merited the glory which would come of the fruition of their long years of blood and toil. Both commanders were full of the spirit of victory. On the evening of the 29th of March, Sheridan's cavalry was at Dinwiddie Court House, and the left of the moving force of infantry extended to the Quaker road—almost to Lee's right flank on the White Oak Ridge. Grant's purpose had now taken complete shape in his mind. From his tent on Gravelly Creek he wrote to Sheridan, telling him the position of all his corps, and adding in simple words, which will stir the blood of every reader for ages to come, "I now feel like ending the matter . . . before we go back." He ordered Sheridan not to cut loose and go after the railroads, but to push for the

1 Grant, Report.

2 Grant wrote to Sherman on the 22d of March: "I shall start with no distinct view further than holding Lee's forces from following Sheridan. But I will be along myself, and will take advantage of anything that turns up." [Sherman, "Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 323.]

enemy's right rear. "We will all act together as one army here, until it is seen what can be done with the enemy."

The next day Sheridan advanced to Five Forks, where he found a heavy force of the enemy. Lee, justly alarmed by Grant's movements, had drawn all his available troops out of the trenches, dispatched a sufficient force under Fitzhugh Lee to Five Forks to hold that important cross-roads, and had taken personal command of the rest on the White Oak Ridge. A heavy storm of rain began the night of the 29th, continuing more than twenty-four hours, and greatly impeded the march of the troops. Warren, on the morning of the 31st, worked his way towards the White Oak road; but before he reached it Lee came out of his lines and attacked Warren's advanced division (Ayers's) with such impetus that it was driven back on the main line at Gravelly Run. There, gallantly supported by General Miles of Humphreys's corps, who made a spirited attack on Lee's left flank, Warren held his own, and in the afternoon moved forward and drove the enemy into his works.

Lee, not satisfied with opposing Sheridan at Five Forks with cavalry, had on the 30th sent Pickett there with some 7000 infantry, which, with nearly an equal force of cavalry, was too much for the Union horse to handle. Sheridan was therefore, on the 31st, forced back to Dinwiddie Court House. "Here," says Grant, "Sheridan displayed great generalship." He fought with obstinate tenacity, disputing every inch of ground, deploying his cavalry on foot, leaving only men enough with his horses to guard them. He gave Pickett and Lee a hard day's work on the way to Dinwiddie, and at night reported his situation to Grant in his usual tone of valorous confidence. Grant, indeed, was far more disturbed than Sheridan. He rained orders and suggestions all night upon Meade, Warren, and Sheridan, the purpose of which was to effect a concentration at daylight on that portion of the enemy in front of Sheridan. Warren, giving his troops, who had been marching and fighting for three days, a few hours' needed rest, came in on Sheridan's right about dawn. But Pickett, seeing that he was out of position, did not wait to be caught between the two Union columns; he withdrew noiselessly during the night [1] and resumed his strongly intrenched post at Five Forks. Grant, in ignorance of this timely flight of Pickett, was greatly incensed at Warren for not having done what is now seen to have been impossible to do, since Pickett was gone before the hour when Grant wished Warren to attack him. The long-smoldering dislike of Warren, which had been for months increasing in Grant's mind, now blazed out into active hostility, and he sent an aide-de-camp to Sheridan, suggesting that Warren be relieved from his command.[2]

Sheridan hurried up to Five Forks with his cavalry, leaving Warren to bring up the Fifth Corps. Filled, as Sheridan was all this day, with the most intense martial ardor, his judgment and control of his troops were never more powerful and comprehensive. He pressed with his cavalry the retreating Confederates until they came to Five Forks, and then assigned to Merritt the duty of demonstrating strongly on Pickett's right, while with the infantry of the Fifth Corps he was to strike the left flank, which ran along the White Oak road about three-quarters of a mile east from Five Forks and then made a return of a hundred yards to the north, perpendicular to the road. It was the old tactics of the Valley repeated, with the additional advantage in this case that, if successful, he would drive Pickett westward and cut him off from Lee. To guard against any interruption from the east, Mackenzie had been sent to take possession of the White Oak road, some three miles east of the Forks, a task which he promptly performed, and then came back to take his position on the right of the Fifth Corps.

The battle was fought almost as it was planned: the only difference between conception and execution arose from the fact that it had not been practicable to ascertain the precise position of the enemy's left flank, lest the attempt might put them on their guard. Ayers's division was on the left, Crawford on the right, Griffin behind Crawford, and in this way they moved to the attack about four o'clock. Warren, understanding that the enemy's lines reached farther down the road than was the case, sent Ayers, his smallest division, in a direction which brought it against the angle, and Crawford and Griffin were moving across the road and altogether past the left of the enemy into the woods, when the heavy firing in front

1 The testimony of the Confederate generals in the Warren court of inquiry shows that Pickett and Fitzhugh Lee, anticipating Warren's arrival at daybreak, resolved to retire at ten o'clock on the night of the 31st of March, and that the movement began at once. "Nearly everything on wheels," Fitzhugh Lee said, "was away by midnight." At daylight the cavalry moved, covering the rear of the infantry. (Warren Court of Inquiry, p. 469.) General W. H. F. Lee's testimony is to the same effect, p. 536.

2 Thorough inquiry among the friends of both generals seems to establish the fact that Grant's animosity towards Warren arose from the habit Warren had of discussing his orders, suggesting changes in plans of battle, and movements in support of his own. Grant regarded this habit as lacking in respect to himself, and although Warren was looked upon as one of the ablest and most devoted officers in the army, it was evident that sooner or later Grant's irritation would come to a point which would prove ruinous to Warren.

of Ayers warned Warren of his error, and he immediately bestirred himself to rectify it, sending his aides in every direction, and finally riding off into the woods to bring back Crawford and Griffin to the point where they were so greatly needed. All this occupied considerable time, and in the mean while the brunt of the battle fell upon Ayers's division. They were hardly strong enough for the work thus accidentally assigned them, and there might have been a serious check at that moment but for the providential presence of Sheridan himself, who, with a fury and vehemence founded on the soundest judgment, personally led the troops in their attack on the intrenchments. Those who saw him that day will tell the story to their latest breath, how, holding the colors in his hand, with a face darkened with smoke and anger, and with sharp exhortations that rang like pistol-shots, he gathered up the faltering battalions of Ayers and swept like a spring gust over Pickett's breastworks. Meanwhile Warren was doing similar work on the right. He had at last succeeded in giving his other two divisions the right direction, and came in on the reverse of the enemy's lines. At one moment, finding some hesitation in a part of Crawford's force, "Warren, riding forward," says Humphreys, "with the corps flag in his hand, led his troops across the field." His horse was shot dead in the final charge. The dusk of evening came down on one of the most complete and momentous victories of the war. Pickett was absolutely routed; every man was driven from the field except the killed and wounded, and the prisoners, who were gathered in to the number of some five thousand, with a great quantity of guns and colors. As the battle was ending, Sheridan sent an order to Warren relieving him of his command and directing him to report to General Grant for orders.

It does not come within the compass of this work to review all the circumstances which led General Grant to entertain so rooted a dislike to Warren, and General Sheridan, who had but a slight acquaintance with him,[1] to adopt his chief's opinions. In removing him from command they were perfectly justified. Honestly holding the opinion they held of him, it was their duty to prevent the evils they thought might result from his retention in so important a trust. But it is not improper here to say that a court of inquiry, which General Warren succeeded in obtaining after General Grant had for twelve years denied it to him, decided that the opinions under which Grant and Sheridan acted were erroneous, and that Warren did his whole duty at Five Forks. Grant never changed his opinion of him. It is true he offered him another command the next day, and soon afterwards he was given an important department to administer; but the General-in-Chief was always implacable towards him. Even on his death-bed, when he forgave all his enemies, and sent forth that touching appeal for human kindliness, not only to his friends, but to those who had not hitherto been friends, he kept his feeling of keen dislike for Warren — then sleeping in his honored grave — and wrote it down for future ages in his "Memoirs." A curious instance of his increasing bitterness is seen in one phrase. In his report of 1865 he says Warren was relieved "about the close of this battle"; in his "Memoirs" he says "the troops were brought up and an assault successfully made" — *after* Warren was relieved.

[1] "As we had never been thrown much together, I knew but little of him." [Sheridan, "Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 168.]

### APPOMATTOX.

THE battle of Five Forks ought to have ended the war: Lee's right had been shattered and routed; his line, as he had long predicted, had been stretched westward until it broke; there was no longer any hope of saving Richmond, or even of materially delaying its fall. But General Lee apparently thought that even the gain of a day was of value to the Richmond Government, and what was left of the Army of Northern Virginia was still so perfect in discipline and obedience that it answered with unabated spirit and courage every demand made upon it. It is painful to record or to read the story of the hard fighting of the 2d of April; every drop of blood spent on the lines of Petersburg that day seems to have been shed in vain.

Parke and Wright had been ordered on the 30th of March to examine the enemy's works in their respective fronts with a view to determine whether it was practicable to carry them by assault; they had both reported favorably. After the great victory of Five Forks, Grant, whose anxiety for Sheridan seems excessive, thought that Lee would reënforce against him heavily,[2] when, in fact, Lee had already sent to his right all the troops that could be spared, and Sheridan had routed them. To relieve Sheridan, and to take advantage of any weakness in Lee's extended front, Grant now ordered an assault all along the lines. The answers came in with electric swiftness and confidence: Wright said he would "make the fur fly"; Ord promised to go into the Confederate lines "like a hot knife into butter." The ground,

[2] Grant to Ord: "I have just heard from Sheridan. . . . Everything the enemy has will probably be pushed against him."

however, in front of Ord was so difficult that Grant gave him no positive orders to assault, but, on the contrary, enjoined upon him great vigilance and caution. Similar instructions were given to Humphreys; Miles, of his corps, was ordered westward on the White Oak road to help Sheridan, and Wright and Parke were directed to attack at four o'clock on the morning of the 2d. Grant's principal anxiety was lest Lee should get away from Petersburg and overwhelm Sheridan on the White Oak road. Lee was thinking of nothing of the kind. The terrible blow his right had received seemed to have stunned him. He waited, with a fortitude not far from despair, for the attack which the morning was sure to bring, making what hasty preparations were in his power for the coming storm. It came with the first glimmer of dawn. Wright, who had carefully studied the ground in his front, from the safe point of vantage he had gained the day of Gordon's ill-fated sortie, had selected the open space in front of Forts Fisher and Walsh as the weak point in the Confederate harness. Not that it was really weak, except in comparison with the almost impregnable works to right and left: the enemy's front was intersected by marshy rivulets; a heavy abatis had to be cut away under musketry fire from the parapets and a rain of artillery from the batteries. It was a quarter to five before there was light enough to guide the storming columns; but at that instant they swarmed forward, rushing over the Confederate pickets with too much momentum to be delayed a minute, and, gaining the main works, made them their own after a brief but murderous conflict. In fifteen minutes Wright lost eleven hundred men. They wasted not an instant after this immense success. Some pushed on in the ardor of the assault across the Boydtown road as far as the South Side Railroad;[1] the gallant Confederate General A. P. Hill rode unawares upon a squad of these skirmishers, and, refusing to surrender, lost his life at their hands. But the main body of the troops wisely improved their victory. A portion of them worked resolutely to the right, meeting strong resistance from the Confederates under Wilcox; the larger part re-formed with the celerity that comes from discipline and experience, and moved down the reverse of the captured lines to Hatcher's Run, where, about seven o'clock, having swept everything before them and made large captures of men and guns, they met their comrades of the Twenty-fourth Corps, whom they joined, facing about and marching over ground cleared of the enemy till the left closed in on the Appomattox River.

Parke also assaulted at the earliest light, meeting with a success on the outer line equally brilliant and important, capturing four hundred yards of intrenchments with many guns, colors, and prisoners. But there was in front of him an interior line, heavily fortified, and here the enemy, under General Gordon, not only made a stand, but resumed the offensive and assaulted several times during the day, without success, the lines which Parke had seized in the morning and hastily reversed. On the left Humphreys displayed his usual intelligent energy; as soon as he heard of the success of Wright and Parke, on his right, he attacked with Hays's division the Confederate redoubt at Crow's House, capturing the works, the guns, and most of the garrison, while upon his left Mott's division drove the enemy out of their works at Burgess's Mill. Humphreys wanted to concentrate his whole corps against the scattered enemy by the Claibourne road; but General Meade countermanded the movement. Mott and Hays were ordered towards Petersburg, and Miles, who had been holding the White Oak road for Sheridan, was therefore left alone to deal with Heth's division, which had hastily intrenched itself near Sutherland's Station, and here a sharp fight took place. Miles, twice repulsed, stuck obstinately to his task, and about three o'clock whipped and dislodged the enemy, making large captures, and driving him off towards the Appomattox and Amelia Court House.

Two forts — Gregg and Whitworth — on the main line of the Confederate intrenchments west of Petersburg made a stout resistance to the National troops. The former was a very strong work, surrounded by a deep and wide wet ditch, flanked by fire to the right and left. It was an ugly thing to handle, but Foster's and Turner's divisions of Gibbon's corps assaulted with unflinching valor, meeting a desperate resistance. Every advantage, except that of numbers, was on the side of its brave defenders, and they put twice their own number *hors du combat* before they surrendered. Gibbon reports a loss of 714 killed and wounded; 55 Confederate dead were found in the work. After Gregg had fallen, Turner's men made short work of Whitworth, and the Confederates, from the Appomattox to the Weldon road, fell slowly back to their inner line of works near Petersburg, now garrisoned by Longstreet's troops, who had come in from the north side of the James.

The attack of Wright, though it must have been anticipated, came upon General Lee with the stunning effect of lightning. Before the advance of the National army had been reported to Lee or Hill, they saw squads of men in blue scattered about the Boydtown road,[2] and it was in riding forward to ascer-

[1] Humphreys, p. 365.
[2] W. H. Taylor, "Four Years with General Lee."

tain what the strange apparition meant that General Hill lost his life. General Lee, in full uniform, with his dress sword, which he seldom wore, but which he had put on that morning in honor of the momentous day he saw coming,[1]—being determined, with that chivalrous spirit of his, to receive adversity splendidly,—watched from the lawn in front of his headquarters the formidable advance of the National troops before whom his weakened lines were breaking into spray, and then, mounting his iron-gray charger, slowly rode back to his inner line. There his ragged troops received him with shouts and cheers which showed there was plenty of fight left in them; and there he spent the day in making preparations for the evacuation which was now the only resort left him. He sent a dispatch to Richmond, carrying in brief and simple words the message of doom to the Confederate authorities: "I see no prospect of doing more than holding our position here till night. I am not certain I can do that." He succinctly stated the disaster that had befallen him, announced his purpose of concentrating on the Danville road, and advised that all preparations be made for leaving Richmond that night.

Some Confederate writers express surprise that General Grant did not attack and destroy Lee's army on the afternoon of the 2d of April; but this is a view, after the fact, easy to express. Wright's and Humphreys's troops on the Union left had been on foot for eighteen hours; they had fought an important battle, marched and countermarched many miles, and were now confronted by Longstreet's fresh corps, behind formidable works, led by the best of Lee's generals; while the attitude of the force under Gordon, on the south side of the town, was such as to require the close attention of Parke. Grant, anticipating an early retirement of Lee from his citadel, wisely resolved to avoid the waste and bloodshed of an immediate assault on the inner lines at Petersburg. He ordered Sheridan to get upon Lee's line of retreat, sent Humphreys to strengthen him; then, directing a general bombardment for five o'clock the next morning, and an assault at six, he gave himself and his soldiers a little of the rest they had so richly earned, and which they so seriously needed, as a restorative after the labors past and a preparation for the labors to come.

He had telegraphed during the day to President Lincoln, who was at City Point, the great day's news as it developed hour by hour. He was particularly happy at the large captures. "How many prisoners?" was always the first question as an aide-de-camp came galloping in with news of success. Prisoners he regarded as so much net gain: he was weary of slaughter; he wanted the war ended with the least bloodshed possible. It was with the greatest delight that he was able to telegraph on this Sunday afternoon, "The whole captures since the army started out gunning will amount to not less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery."

General Lee, after the first shock of the breaking of his lines, soon recovered his usual *sang-froid*, and bent all his energies to saving his army and leading it out of its untenable position on the James to a point from which he could effect a junction with Johnston in North Carolina. The place selected for this purpose was Burkeville, at the crossing of the South Side and Danville roads, fifty miles from Richmond, whence a short distance would bring him to Danville, where the desired junction might be made. Even in this ruin of the Confederacy, when the organized revolt which he had sustained so long with the bayonets of his soldiers was crashing about his ears, he was able still to cradle himself in the illusion that it was only a campaign that had failed; that he might withdraw his troops, form a junction with Johnston, and continue the war indefinitely in another field. Whatever we may think of his judgment, it is impossible not to admire the coolness of a general who, in the midst of irremediable disaster such as encompassed Lee on the afternoon of the 2d of April, could write such a letter as he wrote to Jefferson Davis under date of three o'clock.[2] He began it by a quiet and calm discussion of the question of negro recruitment; promised to give his attention to the business of finding suitable officers for the black regiments; hoped the appeal Mr. Davis had made to the governors would have a good effect; and, altogether, wrote as if years of struggle and effort were before him and his chief. He then went on to narrate the story of the day's catastrophe and to give his plans for the future. He closed by apologizing for "writing such a hurried letter to your Excellency," on the ground that he was "in the presence of the enemy, endeavoring to resist his advance."

At nightfall all his preparations were completed. He mounted his horse, and riding out of the town dismounted at the mouth of the road leading to Amelia Court House, the first point of rendezvous, where he had directed supplies to be sent, and standing beside his horse, the bridle reins in his hand, he watched his troops file noiselessly by in the darkness. At three o'clock the town, which had been so long and so stoutly defended, was abandoned; only a thin line of skirmishers was left in front of Parke, and before daybreak he pierced the

1 J. E. Cooke, "Life of R. E. Lee."
2 Davis, "Rise and Fall," Vol. II., p. 660.

line in several places, gathering in the few pickets that were left. The town was formally surrendered to Colonel Ely at half-past four, anticipating the capitulation which some one else offered to General Wright a few minutes later. Meade reported the news to Grant and instantly received the order to march his army immediately up the Appomattox by the river road; and Grant, divining the intentions of Lee, dispatched an officer to Sheridan, directing him to push with all speed to the Danville road with Humphreys and Griffin and all the cavalry.

Thus the flight and the pursuit began almost at the same moment. The swift-footed Army of Northern Virginia was now racing for its life; and Grant, inspired with more than his native tenacity and energy, and thoroughly aroused to the tremendous task of ending the war at once, not only pressed his enemy in the rear, but hung upon his flank, and strained every nerve to get in his front. It is characteristic of him that he did not even allow himself the pleasure of entering Richmond, which, deserted by those who had so often promised to protect it, and wrapped in flames lighted by the reckless hands of Confederate officials, surrendered to Weitzel early on the morning of the 3d.

All that day Lee pushed forward towards Amelia Court House. He seemed in higher spirits than usual. As one who has long been dreading bankruptcy feels a great load taken from his mind when his assignment is made, so the Virginian chief, when he drew out from the ruin and conflagration in which the Confederate dream of independent power was passing away, and marched with his men into the vernal fields and woods of his native State, was filled with a new sense of encouragement and cheer. "I have got my army safe out of its breastworks," he said, "and in order to follow me the enemy must abandon his lines, and can derive no further benefit from his railroads or James River."[1] But he was now dealing with the man who, in Mississippi, had boldly swung loose from his base of supplies in an enemy's country, in face of an army equal to his own, and had won a victory a day without a wagon train.

There was little fighting the first day except among the cavalry. Custer attacked the Confederates at Namozine Church, and later in the day Merritt's cavalry had a sharp contest with Fitzhugh Lee at Deep Creek. On the 4th, Sheridan, who was aware of Lee's intention to concentrate at Amelia Court House, brought his cavalry with great speed to Jetersville, about eight miles southwest of the Court House, where Lee's army was resting. Sheridan intrenched, and sent tidings of his own and the enemy's position to Grant, and on the afternoon of the next day[2] the Second and Sixth corps came up. A terrible disappointment awaited General Lee on his arrival at Amelia Court House. He had ordered, he says, supplies to be sent there; but when his half-starved troops arrived on the 4th of April they found that no food had been sent to meet them, and nearly twenty-four hours were lost in collecting subsistence for men and horses. "This delay was fatal, and could not be retrieved."[3] The whole pursuing force was south and stretching out to the west of him, when he started on the night of the 5th of April to make one more effort to reach a place of temporary safety. Burkeville, the junction of the Lynchburg and Danville roads, was in Grant's possession; the way to Danville was barred, and the supply of provisions from the south cut off. Lee was compelled to change his route to the west; and he now started for Lynchburg, which he was destined never to reach.

It had been Meade's intention to attack Lee at Amelia Court House on the morning of the 6th of April, but before he reached that place he discovered that Lee's westward march had already begun, and that the Confederates were well beyond the Union left. Meade quickly faced his army about and started in pursuit. A running fight ensued for fourteen miles; the enemy, with remarkable quickness and dexterity, halting and partially intrenching themselves from time to time, and the National forces driving them out of every position, moving so swiftly that lines of battle followed closely on the skirmish line. At several points the cavalry, on this and the preceding day, harassed the moving left flank of the Confederates and worked havoc on the trains, on one occasion causing a grievous loss to history by burning Lee's headquarters baggage with all its wealth of returns and reports. Sheridan and Meade pressed so closely at last that Ewell's corps was brought to bay at Sailor's Creek, a rivulet running northward into the Appomattox. Here an important battle, or rather series of battles, took place, with fatal results to Lee's fast vanishing army. The Fifth Corps held the extreme

1 J. E. Cooke, "Life of R. E. Lee," p. 451.

2 April 5.

3 Lee's report of the surrender. Other Confederate writers insist that the train which should have borne these supplies to Lee was directed to Richmond to assist the flight of the Confederate authorities. (Pollard, "Lost Cause," p. 703.) Jefferson Davis ("Rise and Fall," Vol. II., p. 668) denounces the whole story as a malignant calumny, and gives voluminous statements from Confederate officers to confute it. But there seems no reason to doubt General Lee's statement, made to Mr. Davis in his report at the time.

right and was not engaged. Humphreys, coming to where the roads divided, took the right fork and drove Gordon down towards the mouth of the creek. A sharp battle was fought about dark, which resulted in the total defeat of the Confederates, Humphreys capturing 1700 prisoners, 13 flags, 4 guns, and a large part of the main trains; Gordon making his escape in the night to High Bridge with what was left of his command. Wright, on the left-hand road, had also a keen fight, and won a most valuable victory. With Wheaton's and Seymour's divisions he attacked Ewell's corps, in position on the banks of the creek, enveloping him with the utmost swiftness and vehemence; Sheridan, whose cavalry had intercepted the Confederates, ordered Cook and Merritt to attack on the left, which was done with such vigor — Davies's horsemen riding over the enemy's breastworks at a single rush — that, smitten in front and flank, unable either to stand or to get away, Ewell's whole force was captured on the field. The day's loss was deadly to Lee, not less than eight thousand in all; among them such famous generals as Ewell, Kershaw, Custis Lee, Corse, and others were prisoners.

In the mean time Ord, under Sheridan's orders, had moved rapidly along the Lynchburg road to Rice's Station, where he found Longstreet's corps intrenched, and night came on before he could get into position to attack. General Read, Ord's chief-of-staff, had gone still farther forward with eighty horsemen and five hundred infantry to burn High Bridge, if possible. He passed through Farmville, and was within two miles of the bridge, when he fell in with two divisions of Confederate cavalry under Rosser and Munford. One of the most gallant and pathetic battles of the war took place. General Read, Colonel Washburn, and all the cavalry officers with Read were killed, and the rest captured; the Confederate loss was also heavy. Read's generous self-sacrifice halted the Confederate army for several hours. Longstreet lost the day at Rice's Station waiting for Anderson, Ewell, and Gordon to unite with him. They were engaged in a fruitless attempt to save their trains,[1] which resulted, as we have seen, in the almost total loss of the trains, in the capture of Ewell's entire force, and in the routing and shattering of the other commands. The day's work was of incalculable value to the National arms. Sheridan's unerring eye appreciated the full importance of it; his hasty report ended with the words, "If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender." Grant sent the dispatch to President Lincoln, who instantly replied, "Let the thing be pressed."[2]

In fact, after nightfall of the 6th Lee's army could only flutter like a wounded bird with one wing shattered; there was no longer any possibility of escape. Yet General Lee found it hard to relinquish the illusions of years, and his valiant heart still dreamed of evading the gathering toils and forming somewhere a junction with Johnston and indefinitely prolonging the war. As soon as night had come down on the disastrous field of Sailor's Creek, he again took up his weary march westward. Longstreet marched for Farmville, crossed to the north bank of the Appomattox, and on the 7th moved out on the road which ran through Appomattox Court House to Lynchburg. His famishing troops had found provisions at Farmville, and with this refreshment marched with such celerity that Grant and Sheridan, with all the energy they could breathe into their subordinates, could not head them off, or bring them to decisive battle that day. Nevertheless the advance of the Union army hung close upon the heels of the Confederates. The rear corps under Gordon had burned the railroad bridge, near Farmville, behind them; but General Barlow, sending his men forward at double-quick, saved the wagon bridge, and the Second Corps crossed over without delay and continued the chase, Humphreys taking the northern road, and sending Barlow by the railroad bed along the river. Barlow overtook Gordon's rear, working great destruction among his trains. Humphreys came up with the main body shortly after noon, and pressing them closely held them till evening, expecting Barlow to join him, and Wright and Crook to cross the river and attack from the south, a movement which the swollen water and the destruction of the bridge prevented. General Irwin Gregg's brigade had indeed succeeded in getting over, but was attacked by an overwhelming force of Confederate cavalry, — three divisions, — Gregg being captured, and his brigade driven back. This trivial success in the midst of unspeakable disaster delighted General Lee. He said to his son, W. H. F. Lee, "Keep your command together, General; do not let it think of surrender. I will get you out of this."[3]

But his inveterate optimism was not shared by his subordinates. A number of his principal officers, selecting General Pendleton as their spokesman, made known to him on the 7th their belief that further resistance was useless, and advised surrender. General Lee replied: "'I trust it has not come to that. . . . We have yet too many bold men to think of laying down our arms.' . . . Besides, he feared that if he made the first overtures for capitulation Grant would regard it as a confession of weakness, and demand unconditional sur-

1 Humphreys, p. 385.
2 Badeau, Vol. III., p. 581.
3 J. E. Cooke, "Life of R. E. Lee," p. 455.

render."[1] But General Grant did not wish to drive a gallant antagonist to such extremes. On this same day, seeing how desperate was Lee's condition, and anxious to have an end of the now useless strife, he sent him this courteous and generous summons:[2]

> The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance, on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

This letter was sent at night through Humphreys's lines to Lee, who at once answered: "Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender." The forlorn remnant of the Confederate army stole away in the night, on the desperate chance of finding food at Appomattox and a way of escape to Lynchburg, and at daybreak the hot pursuit was resumed by the Second and Sixth corps. All this day the flight and chase continued, through a portion of Virginia never as yet wasted by the passage of hostile armies. The air was sweet and pure, scented by opening buds and the breath of spring; the early peach trees were in flower; the sylvan by-paths were slightly shaded by the pale-green foliage of leafing trees. Through these quiet solitudes the fast-diminishing army of Lee plodded on, in the apathetic obedience which is all there is left to brave men when hope is gone, and behind them came the victorious legions of Grant, inspired to the forgetfulness of pain and fatigue by the stimulus of a prodigious success. Sheridan on the extreme left, by unheard-of exertions at last accomplished the important task of placing himself squarely on Lee's line of retreat. His advance, under Custer, captured, about sunset on the evening of the 8th, Appomattox Station with four trains of provisions, then attacked the rebel force advancing from Farmville, and drove it towards the Court House, taking twenty-five guns and many prisoners. A reconnaissance revealed the startling fact that Lee's whole army was coming up the road. Though he had nothing but cavalry, Sheridan with undaunted courage resolved to hold the inestimable advantage he had gained, sending a request to Grant to hurry up the required infantry support, saying that if Gibbon and Griffin could get to him that night "the job might be finished in the morning." He added, with singular prescience, referring to the negotiations which had been opened, "I do not think Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so."

This was strictly true. When Grant received Lee's first letter he replied on the morning of the 8th, saying: "Peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon; namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received." But in the course of the day a last hope seemed to have come to Lee that he might yet reach Appomattox in safety and thence make his way to Lynchburg — a hope utterly fallacious, for Stoneman was now on the railroad near Lynchburg. He therefore, while giving orders to his subordinates to press with the utmost energy westward, answered General Grant's letter in a tone more ingenious than candid, reserving, while negotiations were going on, the chance of breaking away.

> In my note of yesterday [he said] I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot therefore meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M., to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond between the picket lines of the two armies.

Grant was not to be entrapped into a futile negotiation for the restoration of peace. He doubtless had in view the President's peremptory instructions of the 3d of March, forbidding him to entertain any proposition except for the surrender of armies, or to engage in any political discussion or conference. He therefore answered General Lee on the morning of the 9th of April with perfect courtesy, but with unmistakable frankness, saying: "I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A. M., to-day, could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally desirous for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that

[1] Long, p. 417.
[2] April 7.

most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself," etc. He dispatched this letter to Lee and then set off to the left, where Sheridan was barring Lee's last avenue of escape.

It appears from General Lee's report, made four days after the surrender, that he had no intention on the night of the 8th of giving up the fight. He ordered Fitz Lee, supported by Gordon, in the morning "to drive the enemy from his front, wheel to the left and cover the passage of the trains, while Longstreet . . . should close up and hold the position." He expected to find only cavalry on the ground, and thought even his remnant of infantry could break through Sheridan's horse while he himself was amusing Grant with platonic discussions in the rear. But he received, on arriving at the rendezvous he had suggested, not only Grant's stern refusal to enter into a political negotiation, but other intelligence which was to him the trump of doom. Ord and Griffin had made an almost incredible march of some thirty miles during the preceding day and night, and had come up at daylight to the post assigned them in support of Sheridan; and when Fitzhugh Lee and Gordon made their advance in the morning and the National cavalry fell slowly back, in obedience to their orders, there suddenly appeared before the amazed Confederates a formidable force of infantry filling the road, covering the adjacent hills and valley, and barring as with an adamantine wall the further progress of the army of the revolt. The marching of the Confederate army was over forever. The appalling tidings were instantly carried to Lee. He at once sent orders to cease hostilities, and, suddenly brought to a sense of his real situation, sent a note to Grant, asking an interview in accordance with the offer contained "in Grant's letter of the 8th for the surrender of his army." Grant had created the emergency calling for such action. As Sheridan was about to charge on the huddled mass of astonished horse and foot in front of him a flag of truce was displayed, and the war was at an end. The Army of Northern Virginia was already captured. "I 've got 'em, like that!" cried Sheridan, doubling up his fist, fearful of some ruse or evasion in the white flag. The Army of the Potomac on the north and east, Sheridan and Ord on the south and west, completely encircled the demoralized and crumbled army of Lee. There was not another day's fighting in them. That morning at three o'clock Gordon had sent word to Lee that he "had fought his corps to a frazzle, and could do nothing more unless heavily supported by Longstreet." Lee and his army were prisoners of war before he and Grant met at Appomattox.

The meeting took place at the house of Mr. McLean, in the edge of the village. Lee met Grant at the threshold, and ushered him into a small and barely furnished parlor where were soon assembled the leading officers of the National army. General Lee was accompanied only by his secretary, Colonel Charles Marshall. A short conversation led up to a request from Lee for the terms on which the surrender of his army would be received. Grant briefly stated the terms which would be accorded. Lee acceded to them, and Grant wrote the following letter:

> In accordance with the substance of my letter to you on the 8th inst. I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate; one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

General Grant says in his "Memoirs" that up to the moment when he put pen to paper he had not thought of a word that he should write. The terms he had verbally proposed, and which Lee had accepted, were soon put in writing, and there he might have stopped. But as he wrote, a feeling of sympathy for his gallant antagonist gradually came over him, and he added the extremely liberal terms with which his letter closed. The sight of Lee's sword, an especially fine one, suggested the paragraph allowing officers to retain their side-arms; and he ended with a phrase which he had evidently not thought of and for which he had no authority, which practically pardoned and amnestied every man in Lee's army — a thing he had refused to consider the day before, and which had been expressly forbidden him in President Lincoln's order of the 3d of March.[1] Yet so great was the joy over the crowning victory, so

[1] The President in his Amnesty Proclamation of December 8, 1863, expressly excepted officers above the rank of colonel, all who left seats in Congress to aid the rebellion, and all who resigned commissions in the army or navy of the United States and afterwards participated in the rebellion. The terms granted at Appomattox practically extended amnesty to many persons in these classes.

deep was the gratitude of the Government and the people to Grant and his heroic army, that his terms were accepted as he wrote them, and his exercise of the Executive prerogative of pardon entirely overlooked. It must be noticed here, however, as a few days later it led the greatest of Grant's generals into serious error.

Lee must have read the memorandum of terms with as much surprise as gratification. He said the permission for officers to retain their side-arms would have a happy effect. He then suggested and gained another important concession — that those of the cavalry and artillery who owned their own horses should be allowed to take them home to put in their crops. Lee wrote a brief reply accepting the terms. He then remarked that his army was in a starving condition, and asked Grant to provide them with subsistence and forage, to which he at once assented, and asked for how many men the rations would be wanted. Lee answered, "About twenty-five thousand," and orders were at once given to issue them. The number surrendered turned out to be even larger than this. The paroles signed amounted to 28,231. If we add to this the captures at Five Forks, Petersburg, and Sailor's Creek, the thousands who deserted the failing cause at every by-road leading to their homes, and filled every wood and thicket between Richmond and Lynchburg, we can see how considerable an army Lee commanded when Grant "started out gunning." Yet every Confederate writer, speaker, and singer who refers to the surrender says, and will say forever, that Lee surrendered only seven thousand muskets.

With these brief and simple formalities one of the most momentous transactions of modern times was concluded. The news soon transpired, and the Union gunners prepared to fire a national salute; but Grant would not permit it. He forbade any rejoicing over a fallen enemy, who he hoped would hereafter be an enemy no longer. The next day he rode to the Confederate lines to make a visit of farewell to General Lee. Sitting on horseback between the lines, the two heroes of the war held a friendly conversation. Lee considered the war at an end, slavery dead, the national authority restored; Johnston must now surrender — the sooner the better. Grant urged him to make a public appeal to hasten the return of peace; but Lee, true to his ideas of subordination to a government which had ceased to exist, said he could not do this without consulting the Confederate President. They parted with courteous good wishes, and Grant, without pausing to look at the city he had taken or the enormous system of works which had so long held him at bay, intent only upon reaping the peaceful results of his colossal victory, and putting an end to the waste and the burden of war, hurried away to Washington to do what he could for this practical and beneficent purpose. He had done an inestimable service to the Republic: he had won immortal honor for himself; but neither then nor at any subsequent period of his life was there any sign in his words or his bearing of the least touch of vainglory. The day after Appomattox he was as simple, modest, and unassuming a citizen as he was the day before Sumter.

## TELLUS.

WHY here on this third planet from the sun
Fret we, and smite against our prison-bars?
Why not in Saturn, Mercury, or Mars
Mourn we our sins, the things undone and done?
Where was the soul's bewildering course begun?
In what sad land among the scattered stars
Wrought she the ill which now for ever scars
By bitter consequence each victory won?
I know not, dearest friend; yet this I see,
That thou for holier fellowships wast meant;
Through some strange blunder thou art here; and we,
Who on the convict-ship were hither sent
By judgment just, must not be named with thee
Whose tranquil presence shames our discontent.

*William R. Huntington.*

# MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### Southern Cadets in Action.

IN his sketch of "The West Point of the Confederacy," published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for January, 1889, Mr. John S. Wise says: "At a later period of the war it [the Virginia Military Institute] had, I believe, the exceptional honor of having sent its corps of cadets, as a body, into battle." The cadets of the University of Alabama share with the Virginia Military Institute corps the honor of having received "a baptism of fire" in the closing days of the war.[1] In fact, from the thoroughness of its military organization and equipment, and from the number and quality of the officers it furnished the Southern army, the University of Alabama may fairly contest with the Virginia Institute the honor of having been the "West Point of the Confederacy."

Unlike the Virginia Military Institute, the University of Alabama was not founded as a military school; but the legislature of the State, at its session of 1859–60, probably in anticipation of the "irrepressible conflict" between the sections, took steps towards grafting a military department on the classical and scientific courses of the institution, and in September, 1860, its students for the first time went into camp on the college grounds as a military body under the name of the Alabama Corps of Cadets. Colonel Caleb Huse, now in charge of a training school for West Point at Highland Falls, N. Y., who was then a young army officer, was detailed as commandant of cadets, and under his direction the corps soon reached a high degree of excellence in drill and discipline. At the outbreak of the war Colonel Huse resigned his commission in the army and accepted an important post under the Confederate Government. Colonel J. T. Murfee, an accomplished officer and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, succeeded Colonel Huse as commandant, and he was aided in perfecting the organization of the military department of the institution by a complement of young officers known as "State Captains," most of whom were also Virginia Military Institute graduates.

As the war became more and more an earnest reality the University of Alabama assumed more and more the aspects of a second West Point. The president, Dr. L. C. Garland, now the venerable chancellor of the Vanderbilt University, donned the regulation gray of a Confederate colonel, and held reviews, inspections, etc., with the soldierly precision of a West Point superintendent. From time to time the young men whom the University had trained to the profession of arms were commissioned as officers in the Southern army, and of these quite a number rose rapidly in rank; one of them, the lamented General John C. Saunders, having won the stars of a brigadier before he had reached his majority.

The university, being located at Tuscaloosa, in the interior of the State, was for a long time exempt from danger from the raiders who ravaged the northern borders of Alabama; but as the crisis drew on in the spring of 1865 the Federal troops came nearer and nearer. On the 30th of March, General E. M. McCook, then at Elyton (at present a suburb of the new city of Birmingham), fifty miles northeast of Tuscaloosa, acting under orders from General J. H. Wilson, detached Brigadier-General John T. Croxton and his brigade of fifteen hundred veteran cavalry with orders "to proceed rapidly by the most direct route to Tuscaloosa, to destroy the bridge, factories, mills, university (military school), and whatever else might be of benefit to the rebel cause."

The opportunity was now at hand for the cadet corps to taste the realities of war that it had so often mimicked in the marching and countermarching of the battalion manœuvers. The corps was about three hundred strong and was in fine trim. On the night of the 3d of April "taps" was sounded as usual. The cadets went to bed with little thought that within three miles, just across the Black Warrior River, lay Croxton's raiders, ready to make a dash across the bridge into Tuscaloosa. The Federal general, by his capture of scouts and citizens, had prevented knowledge of his approach. The surprise was complete. For the sake of form, a few of the "home guard"—old men and boys—had been kept at the bridge that night; but no one had an idea that the Federals were near. When their approach was discovered, a courier was at once dispatched to the university. The long roll was sounded, and in a few moments the cadet battalion was formed and hurried away in the darkness to the brow of the hill overlooking the bridge. There a line of battle was formed.

It was too late. Croxton's men had already crossed the bridge and were formed on the river bank. The cadets, however, were eager for the fray, and the two or three volleys that they poured down the hill for a while disconcerted the Federals and checked their advance. There was rapid firing for a short time on both sides; but, owing probably to the darkness of the night, the casualties were few. The officer in charge of the cadets, seeing the hopelessness of an attempt to dislodge a force so superior in numbers, drew off his command, having sustained a loss of only three or four wounded.

General Croxton, in his official report, makes no mention of the losses sustained by the Federals. He says: "They [the militia and cadets] made several unsuccessful attempts to dislodge us, but failed, and morning found us in peaceful possession of the premises, with sixty prisoners and three pieces of artillery." The prisoners referred to were members of the "home guard," and not cadets. The three pieces of artillery

[1] In a communication published in the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Lieutenant James Oates, of the 9th Illinois Mounted Infantry, writing of Sherman's march towards Atlanta, says: "It was during the advance that day [May 9, 1864] that we came in contact with the Georgia Cadets from the Military Institute at Marietta, who had come out from the woods at Resaca and formed their line behind a rail fence. After a volley from the Cadets, which killed several of our men, our regiment charged them. . . ."—EDITOR.

belonged to the cadet battery, but they had not been taken into the action. The Federals found them under a shed, where they had been stored for protection from the weather.

The sequel to this scrap of history is briefly told. The cadets retreated in the direction of Marion, some fifty miles distant, where a few days later they were disbanded. General Croxton carried out faithfully his orders to destroy the university. Its handsome buildings, its extensive libraries, and its valuable chemical and physical apparatus, representing in all nearly a half million dollars, went up in smoke. However, like the Virginia Military Institute, the University of Alabama has been rebuilt, and is growing with equal pace with the prosperous State of which it is the educational center. It still retains the military feature as a means of discipline and physical culture among its students; but it is not probable that its cadet corps will ever again have the brush of real war that the boys of 1865 experienced on that memorable April night.

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA. *T. C. McCorvey.*

### "Who ever saw a Dead Cavalryman?"

THE article in THE CENTURY for May, 1888, entitled "The Chances of Being Hit in Battle," contains this statement (page 102): "Cavalrymen go into action oftener than infantrymen, and so their losses, being distributed among a larger number of engagements, do not appear remarkable as reported for any one affair. Still, in some of their fights the 'dead cavalryman' could be seen in numbers that answered only too well the famous question of General Hooker, 'Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?'"

The candor and fairness evident in the whole article forbid the thought of a purpose to cast a reflection on this arm of the service, for Colonel Fox at once proceeds to show on indisputable authority a record of 10,596 "dead cavalrymen." The credit given General Hooker of being the author of this interrogatory, as Colonel Fox states it, is open to objection in more than one respect. General Hooker did not ask a question; he did not make an offensive allusion; but he did make a remark from which have grown many phrases, the most frequent being the form now given. The circumstances calling forth the remark are well known to the writer, and are briefly narrated as follows: When Fitzhugh Lee's brigade crossed the Rappahannock in November, 1862, attacking the outposts at Hartwood Church, composed of four companies of the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, he inflicted a loss of eighty men, wounded and captured. Soon after this occurrence had been reported to General Hooker, then commanding the Right Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, he rode over to General Averell's headquarters to confer with him. Of course the matter under consideration was the loss to General Averell's old regiment, whose record of service had given him rank as brigadier-general. As the interview ended, and General Hooker was leaving, he remarked, "Well, General, we have not had many dead cavalrymen lying about lately!" This remark was not intended to be in any sense offensive or derisive, although this is the use generally made of it. It was no doubt meant in a comparative sense, as the losses in the cavalry up to that time had not attracted any special mention. Standing alone, as it does in Colonel Fox's article, it admits only of a construction which is thoroughly demolished by the force of statement and narration of facts piled on it by the author of the article, and the circumstances connected with it do not sustain the version given.

*Jno. C. Hunterson,*
*3d Pennsylvania Cavalry.*

### Shooting into Libby Prison.

A DENIAL BY ONE OF THE GUARD.

IN an article on "Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison," that appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1888, the author says, on page 780:

> A captain of an Ohio regiment was shot through the head and instantly killed while reading a newspaper. He was violating no rule whatever, and when shot was from eight to ten feet inside the window through which the bullet came. This was a wholly unprovoked and wanton murder; the cowardly miscreant had fired the shot while he was off duty, and from the north sidewalk of Carey street. The guards (home guards they were) used, in fact, to gun for prisoners' heads from their posts below pretty much after the fashion of boys after squirrels.

The guard of Libby Prison at that time was the 18th Virginia Heavy Artillery, composed entirely of Virginia troops, and not home guards, and one company (E) was composed of veterans of 1861. This company, formerly known as Kemper's Battery, had been engaged at Vienna on June 17, 1861, and at the first battle of Bull Run, July, 1861.

As to the shooting of prisoners, I was doing guard duty at the prison at that time and very distinctly remember the shooting case referred to. The officer who was shot was Captain Forsythe of the 100th Ohio regiment, and the man who shot him was a private in Company C, 18th Virginia Heavy Artillery, by the name of Charles Weber, and the shooting was accidental. I was standing within three feet of Weber when his gun was discharged, and he was standing in the rear rank of the guard that was just going on duty. Weber was to blame, as he had loaded his gun without orders, and he placed the cap on the nipple and was in the act of letting the hammer down when his thumb slipped and the gun was discharged. He did not have the gun to his shoulder aiming at any one, but it was resting against his right hip in the position of "ready." He had been wounded in the right hand and did not have good use of it, and the morning of the shooting was quite cold, and I suppose these were the causes of his letting the hammer of his gun slip. He was arrested and held until the matter was investigated. The affair cast quite a gloom over our entire command, and Weber was generally blamed for his carelessness.

Since the war I have seen several men who were in the prison at that time, and when I mentioned the shooting of Captain Forsythe they told me that they were satisfied the shooting was purely accidental.

*James M. Germond,*
*Co. E, 18th Virginia Heavy Artillery.*

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Prohibition by Law or by Constitution?

IT can hardly be denied that the cause of prohibition, as that word has hitherto been understood in morals and politics, has been set back materially during the past year. The expectations of its supporters in the Presidential election of 1888 were high, and their disappointment at the meagerness of the results must have been correspondingly intense. That this should be followed by an apparently contemptuous coolness among the politicians, who had so long been used to regard prohibition with profound outward deference, was perhaps disagreeable, but only to be expected; but there was hardly anything to mitigate the tremendous adverse majorities in the popular vote of Pennsylvania and Rhode Island last summer. Such a year in the experience of a war administration or of a mercantile house would lead to a general overhauling of affairs, in order, if possible, to find the root of misfortune.

Opinions as to the moving cause will vary even upon the facts as found. The prevailing belief will undoubtedly be that, after a fair and prolonged comparison between prohibition and high and restricted license, there is a more general and decided inclination to abandon prohibition in favor of its competitor. The belief of the Prohibitionists will be that their calamities are the work of the politicians; and there is probably no doubt that many of those who have been saying to prohibition deferentially and for years, "Is it well with thee, my brother?" have seized this opportunity to drive the dagger deep beneath the fifth rib. There is truth enough in the belief of both Prohibitionists and restrictionists: the unpardonably foolish belief, which can only bring its own punishment, is that the results are due to an increased popular indifference to the evils of drunkenness and of the system under which intoxicants have been sold freely in the past. The people "do care"; but perhaps they have come to see by instinct objections to the recently developed prohibition policy which Prohibitionists would do well to consider frankly.

We have in this country a written Constitution for the United States and similar written constitutions for each of the individual States. We are much in the habit of speaking of these instruments as "organic laws" and of thinking of them as if they were much the same in kind as ordinary laws, differing only in the intensity of their action and the difficulty of repeal. Such a conception entails many errors. The written constitution differs from a law in almost every point of nature and function. A law aims at both coercion and freedom; it helps to furnish tests for the decision of disputes; it makes or secures privileges. A constitution is all this, and more; it makes or unmakes laws and legislation; it is the voice of the underlying sovereignty, whatever it may be, imposing restrictions upon voters, upon non-voters, upon governmental agents, upon every manifestation of the political being called the State. But a constitution has even higher characteristics. It is the ultimate expression, not of some one's desires or hopes, not of what some warmly interested people think ought to be done for the people, but of the inmost political life, nature, and development of the people. It cannot but be a mistake to use so peculiar an instrument as a constitution for purposes peculiarly appropriate to a law. There is no more real kindred between constitution and law than between the subtle, mysterious vital force and the flesh and bones which it builds up.

True as it is that a law must also express some substantial fact of a people's nature and progress, or else it will fail, this is very far from putting a constitution on a par with a law. There must be some field for experimentation and possible mistake; but this must be in a law, not in a constitution. In a country like Great Britain, which has no written constitution, the real offense of him who advises or commits an "unconstitutional" act is that he is throwing his own minute personality athwart the whole life and development of his people, and is attempting to impose his will as a limitation upon the national career. Where is the difference in the act of him who disobeys a written constitution, unless it be that his offense may usually be stated in more definite terms? Where, in reality, is the difference in the act of him who should assume to force upon a people such a constitution as he thinks they ought to have, but which they would never have made for themselves? Either they will invade or override it, or else he has permanently marred or crippled their whole political development. "An unconstitutional constitution," instead of being a contradiction in terms, may be a definite and true expression for an unnatural constitution.

Has there been the highest wisdom, then, in the new policy of the past few years, of "imbedding prohibition in the constitutions" of the States interested? There are, no doubt, cases in which such a policy is valid, when it indicates just the line and point of a State's own development. But there are cases which are not of this kind, but merely colorable imitations of it: it is possible, as every one knows, to coerce the real will of voters and reach the same result by a skillful use of temporary circumstances, by a strategic balancing of party against party, or by a spasmodic and exciting use of moral forces. Such a process could make at the best only an "unconstitutional constitution"; it would be the worst thing possible for popular government; and yet the temptations to seize upon such a success, and hope for good results, are peculiarly great for earnest men. Was it wise to multiply and intensify such temptations by the adoption of an indiscriminate policy of constitutional amendment?

"Everybody knows more than anybody"; and it may very well be that the disasters of the past year are due to an instinctive popular perception of the dangers of the new policy. It seems clear that, where popular condemnation is fairly to be inferred, it has thus far been provoked mainly along the lines of this policy. But it should not be forgotten that there is an entirely distinct field, that of law, applying either to a whole State, or to part of it by local option. None of the facts available seem to indicate that this is any the less debatable ground than it has always been. At any rate, those who believe that prohibition in this sense is dead would do well not to be too hasty in administering upon its estate.

### American Game Laws.

In so extensive and various a country as this it would be impossible to fix a date even so general as the English Twelfth of August, and the "opening of the season" has varied hopelessly for different regions and different types of game. There has been, nevertheless, an apparent disposition to make the event center somewhere about September, and it seems to be increasing in strength with the growing tendency to make the opening of a season compulsory, rather than conventional or traditional.

For years, probably rather for centuries, the general American feeling with regard to the edible portion of the wilder animals was one of indifference; the supply was abundant, and it was not the business of any one in particular to impose any restraints on the desire to use the supply either for pleasure or for profit. The unhappy results of this indifference are familiar. Every one was at liberty to kill at discretion; men shot, and snared, and seined as they saw fit. The contest was increasingly unequal. The swiftest and most acute of the game animals found it continually more difficult to gain places of security against the improved weapons and transportation of their pursuers; and even the fittest for survival had an increasingly precarious tenure of existence. Fools or selfish men, if they were able to buy a ticket on a far Western railway, were thereby enabled to appropriate to themselves that to which they really had no title, except in common with the millions who were not in position to assert their claims. "Sport" became a veneering for senseless and heartless massacre, which had almost done its work before any general notice was taken of it. It is a national disgrace that one of our few characteristic animals, the bison, has practically ceased to exist. But only those far-sighted men who have invoked the shield of law against the further course of this destruction can tell us how narrowly the caribou, the prairie-chicken, and the different varieties of game fish have escaped the fate of the bison.

As such results have opened the eyes of the people, the reign of unlicensed selfishness has come to an end, and we are entering upon the era of systematic protection for game. State after State is coming to recognize the fact that the game animals eat little that could be required for man, while they may become, under protection, an important part of the national larder; and the States are becoming as willing to grant such protection as they would to the fields or factories against similar acts of folly or ill-will. Parts of the year are marked off by statute, and during these periods the game animals are not to be injured, but are to enjoy a season for race recuperation. It is none the easier for them to find holes or corners of security against modern invention; but the law comes in to give them a time limit, within which the most active or most selfish of their pursuers must let them alone. The whole change of view has been a complete one. A little more than a century ago it seemed to Franklin the most natural thing possible to declare that, rather than submit to Parliamentary exaction, he would retire with his family "into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any one who can bait a hook or pull a trigger." Already there are not many places, at least between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, where the patriot who should seek an indiscriminate subsistence in that way would be safe from arrest and punishment as a poacher.

The American "poacher," however, will always be a very different offender from his English prototype. All that the American law will require will be a due respect for the rights of the people. Game is not to be preserved for particular persons, but for all; and during the proper time limit all men may become "poachers" so far as the American game laws will concern themselves with him. All this may seem to many quite incompatible with the fact that, even within proper time limits, no one may pursue game upon the land of another without express or tacit permission, and they may conclude that there is not to be any essential difference between English and American game preservation after all. Such a belief confuses two different things, land ownership and game protection. If we are to have land ownership, the owner must be owner altogether, and his ownership must cover the live stock on the estate, be it wild or tame. But this is just as it always has been. It is true that there is an increasing unwillingness to grant permission for the intrusion of others in pursuit of game; but the permission has always been legally necessary, as a part of land ownership, and should not be attributed to the new system of game protection. The change is merely a corollary of the country's development; the permission to hunt or fish, which was once valueless and was given with corresponding liberality, is now valuable and must be paid for.

It would not be fair, however, to leave even an implication that the change, legal as it may be, is withal an injury to the people. When one tract of wild land after another is taken out of the market and reserved as a hunting or fishing park, when the people of successive neighborhoods find that the lakes, brooks, and forests over which they and their fathers have fished and shot from time immemorial are now closed to them, it is easy to suggest to them that they have been injured in some way. One must take the development as a whole, not in parts. The case is not one in which powerful barons have entered by force and ousted the people from their natural privileges. It is merely that the lake, the trout-brook, or the shooting-ground has acquired a new value from a general development which, in another part of it, has enriched our tables with fish and game from the most distant parts of our own country and with food products from all over the world. The parts must go together. He who wishes to turn back the years, and fish and shoot as freely as his grandfather did, cannot surely expect to enjoy the Northwestern salmon, the Southern berries, the Florida oranges, the California figs, the Western beef, the tinned or glass goods from all over the world, for which his grandfather possibly would have been glad to barter all his meager privileges of the chase. Such details of development are enough to show that, while there is always a scale of popular loss, it is altogether outweighed by the scale which represents the popular gain.

### Progress in the Copyright Reform.

We commend to our readers the perusal of Mr. Hayes's Open Letter in the present number of The Century, recalling the confidence of the literary men

of 1837 in the speedy passage of a bill to prevent the theft of literary property, and suggesting whether a similar confidence felt by the literary men to-day may not be misplaced. But the reader must be careful not to miss the significance of the record. The very consideration which seems to imply the hopelessness of the cause is indeed the fortress of its strength. Fifty years of steadfast adherence to the demand of their predecessors is a star of the first magnitude in the crown of American men of letters. Their hands, surely, are clean: the robbery of their fellow-writers of other countries is not of their procuring; the incidental robbery of themselves is not by their consent. They have never been remiss in protest against both, but with singular unanimity have borne their testimony for the national honor even against its official custodians, and still the protest goes on. Were this sense of outrage dulled by years, were the voice of the protestant less clear or constant, there would indeed be reason to despair of the result. As it is,

> Time but the impression stronger makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear.

Besides the solidarity and the wide-spreading influence of American authors, there are other reasons for thinking that we are not far from a settlement of the question. Within five years, through the agitation of official organizations, the movement for a just law has acquired a momentum which has carried a copyright bill through one house of Congress and past a committee of the other. That it did not wholly succeed was due, not to the will of the House of Representatives, but to an extraordinary abuse of the rules of the House, an event not to be foreseen, nor, if foreseen, prevented. On the eve of the renewal of the struggle, it is well to rehearse briefly the story of the past year — the most eventful and successful in the course of the agitation.

On more than one occasion when copyright legislation was sought at the hands of Congress, senators replied to the entreaties of the supporters of different bills: "This is a subject remote from our experience. Go home and agree among yourselves upon a copyright law and we will support it." After repeated attempts to make progress along separate lines, this is exactly what the reformers, by weeks of negotiation in committees, succeeded in doing. The result was of course a compromise measure, not wholly acceptable to most but cordially supported by all, the greatest sacrifices being made by the authors, most of whom would prefer a pure and simple copyright, free from conditions. This bill Mr. Jonathan Chace had the honor to introduce in the Senate, Mr. W. C. P. Breckinridge in the House of Representatives. To the support of the measure the joint committees of the American [Authors'] Copyright League and the American Publishers' Copyright League gave unremitting and exhausting efforts, assisted by official representatives of the printers' unions. The bill was successfully urged before committees of each house, and the personal solicitation of members was patient and thorough. Realizing that the chief point was to secure the attention of legislators, a series of readings by prominent American authors was given at Washington in April last, being the third series organized by the Authors' League in aid of the cause. On the 9th of May, after a considerable debate, Mr. Chace succeeded in obtaining in the Senate a vote on the bill, which was as follows: yeas 34, nays 10.

Much has been said, and justly, about the supineness of our lawmakers on this subject, but it must be remembered that no copyright bill has ever been rejected by them — in fact, if we mistake not, this was *the first direct vote upon the merits of an international copyright bill ever taken in the American Congress*. The names of the senators voting in favor of the bill deserve to be recorded. They were:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Allison, | Edmunds, | Morgan, |
| Bate, | Evarts, | Paddock, |
| Blair, | Farwell, | Pasco, |
| Blodgett, | Faulkner, | Payne, |
| Bowen, | Frye, | Quay, |
| Brown, | Hampton, | Sawyer, |
| Butler, | Hawley, | Spooner, |
| Chace, | Hiscock, | Stockbridge, |
| Chandler, | Hoar, | Turpie, |
| Cullom, | Ingalls, | Wilson of Iowa, |
| Davis, | Mitchell, | Wilson of Md. |
| Dolph, | | |

Senators recorded as paired who would have voted for the bill were:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Blackburn, | Hale, | Platt, |
| Colquitt, | Manderson, | Plumb, |
| Dawes, | Morrill, | Sabin. |
| Gray, | | |

Senator Vest made an able speech in favor of the principle of copyright pure and simple, but felt obliged to vote against the bill on account of the "manufacturing clauses."

Twelve absent senators were not paired, including, however, several who were known to favor the bill. But omitting these 12 the record shows 44 votes for and 20 votes against the bill.

The preponderance of the affirmative vote greatly inspirited the friends of the measure and their efforts were redoubled among the Representatives. Many measures — chiefly the Mills tariff bill — combined to postpone the consideration of the bill, and it was not till the 6th of February that an opportunity offered to call it up. It was agreed that on this day a vote should be taken on the motion to suspend the rules and fix a day for its final consideration. It was feared by the opponents of the bill (whom a careful canvass of the House showed to be largely in the minority) that an effort would be made to suspend the rules and pass the bill without debate. This programme, however, was never entertained by the friends of the bill; and assurance to that effect being given, a number of its opponents agreed to vote for its consideration. It was now thought beyond question that the motion would prevail by the required two-thirds, and that with the advantage of the open debate the bill could be passed a few days later by a majority vote. But a new kind of opposition now presented itself — the opposition of the filibuster. This weapon, heretofore employed only to protest against the political oppression of majorities, was now used to postpone the redress of a form of oppression the most indefensible. Against the will of the House, which was at the mercy of one member, Mr. Lewis E. Payson of Illinois, the bill could not be reached, and thus died without a vote. It has been urged in defense of the action of Judge Payson, that his opposition was directed against other measures, which it was feared might be considered on that day. It is to be hoped that this is the fact. If so, there will be abundant opportunity to demonstrate

it at the coming session. For, that the contest will be continued on the part of those who advocate a just and honorable national policy is a matter of course. The traditions of the Senate may be depended upon for the passage of the bill by that body; and so intelligent have Representatives become, that, in our opinion, nothing but filibustering can defeat the bill in the next Congress, as certainly nothing else could have defeated it in the last. It is only a question of time when the judgment of legislators will be convinced to the point of making odious any attempt to defeat the will of Congress by that unfair and un-American device.

What a series of paradoxes does the copyright question reveal! Intensely "American" country papers countenancing the defeat of the will of the majority of the House for the privilege of spreading without compensation English sentiments and opinions! A government based on the equality of all men before the law invoked to defend the robbery of foreigners! Members of Congress, sworn to defend the Constitution, virtually nullifying the clause providing for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts! And, chief of all, the works of foreign authors considered so valuable to the country, not that they must be paid for, but — that they must be stolen!

The history of the American agitation for international copyright is, in the words of Æneas to Dido, "a long and intricate tale of wrong," and the next Congress owes it to itself and the country to bring the disgraceful record to an honorable conclusion.

# OPEN LETTERS.

### International Copyright: a Literary Montezuma.

FAR away in the barren and sunlit land of New Mexico, and on that ancient and wonderful road the Santa Fe trail, stands the old Pecos church. Every morning, just as the king of day sends forth the rays which announce his coming, the poor, patient priest leaves his half-ruined quarters and, with a pathetic faith, undaunted even by protracted and crushing disappointment, looks to the east, as have his predecessors for ages, for the coming of Montezuma, the Great Deliverer, the beneficent father of his people. Just so in these times of what Mr. Lowell calls "reckless and swaggering prosperity" do certain sanguine and optimistic souls watch for the dole of a small measure of justice to the literary brotherhood. Does any one suppose that this earnest desire, this eager anticipation, are recent things? On the contrary, I read on the stained and faded editorial page, now before me, of the "Knickerbocker Magazine" for February, 1837,—more than *fifty-two* years ago,— as follows:

> INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—The advocates of this measure, we are glad to see, have begun to bestir themselves, not only with the political laity, but with the delegated priesthood of Congress. This is well. We look now to behold the steady advancement and profitable discussion of the matter. There are stores of argument in reserve that can be produced with wonderful effect in disquisitions on the question.

*Fifty-two years* of disappointment! In that half-century every material interest in this country has been mightily fostered and developed; a great war has been fought; the threatened disruption of the Union has been averted; slavery is dead — and international copyright, the literary Montezuma, still cometh not. The poor watchers were hopeful in 1837; they are hopeful in 1889; how will it be in 1937?

*A. A. Hayes.*

### Free Kindergartens in New York.

ONE of the peculiarities of the philanthropy of the present time is the emphasis it gives to the value of preventive work. Never before has so much attention been given to childhood or so much importance been attached to the formative period of life.

Statistics show that the country is producing more criminals in proportion to the population, and younger ones, than it produced twenty-five years ago, and the cause of this alarming state of things is found to be in the neglect of childhood. It is seen that the tendencies of infancy, whether for good or for evil, crystallize into the character of maturity, and the philanthropist, weary of fruitless efforts at reforming, is seeking for means of forming wisely and well.

The home is the proper place for beginning, but in many cases there are practical difficulties in the way, and thoughtful people are turning with hope to the mission kindergarten, which, whether regarded from the standpoint of the educator, the social reformer, or the Christian teacher, contains possibilities of prevention and upbuilding not to be found in any other available agency.

It is adapted to children of three years of age, thus meeting the demand that in some way the years below school age shall be utilized for the highest educational purposes. The training of the kindergarten includes the whole child. For his hands there is delightful occupation, through which he learns to love work and to respect himself as a producer of that which is useful and beautiful; there is well-directed activity for the busy brain; and, above all, the higher faculties of love, joy, sympathy, and reverence are brought into constant and healthy exercise.

During the last decade interest in the mission kindergarten has been growing, until there is now in the country scarcely a city that has not one or more such institutions. More than ten years ago Mrs. Quincy Shaw began the work in Boston by establishing in the worst quarters of the city about twenty kindergartens, into which the children of the lowest classes were gathered. Well-trained teachers were employed, and the whole enterprise was under the wise and efficient superintendence of two kindergartners. It is the testimony of the police that the moral aspect of whole neighborhoods has been improved by these institutions. That the system is believed to have a high educational value is proved by the fact that after so thorough a trial it was last year adopted as a part of the public-school system of that city.

In Philadelphia, a few years since, a similar movement was started as a result of the thorough work of the Society for the Organization of Charity. It was found that, in the homes and haunts of the pauper and criminal classes, children were growing up in appalling conditions of ignorance, idleness, and vice. As it was felt that the only radical remedy for existing evils and the only hope for the future lay in vigorous preventive work, kindergartens were established in every ward of the city, and the satisfaction they gave led to their adoption as a sub-primary department of the public schools.

In San Francisco, mission kindergartens, established as an offset to the hoodlumism which threatened the safety of society, are now the most popular of all the philanthropies. In Chicago, St. Paul, Cincinnati, and Brooklyn there are efficient associations of this kind, and in St. Louis the kindergarten has for several years been a part of the school system.

New York has many of these missions; but with a tenement-house population of 1,100,000, of whom more than 142,000 are under five years of age, and with a constant influx of the lowest class of foreigners, it is felt that this is a time of emergency to meet which extraordinary efforts are necessary, and a movement has been started looking to the establishment of kindergartens throughout the city.

*Angeline Brooks.*

### "The Use of Oil to Still the Waves."

READERS of the article under the above title in this magazine for March, and of the Open Letter on the same subject in the August number, will be interested in the following extract from the log of the steamship *Chattahoochee*, from Savannah to New York, April 7, 1889:

At 5 A. M. gale (from northeast) burst upon us with velocity of eighty miles per hour — the sea and wind something terrible; at six a sea came over the bows, end on, doing considerable damage, knocking in pilot-house windows and flooding same; ten to twelve began to board us on port-quarter, knocking in saloon and flooding same; at eleven I had oil bags put in port and starboard water-closets forward, and port one aft. When they were in working order I reluctantly stopped the engines, and, to my heartfelt desire, the ship fell off to southeast by south and took a position of her own, and was as comfortable as could be reasonably expected, shipping little or no water to speak of, so that the crew could work with the utmost safety in repairing damages.

This all done in the middle of one of the worst gales I ever encountered in thirty-three years' experience at sea. Every ship should have oil for an emergency. It is all it is recommended to be. The action of oil upon the water is upon the crest of the wave: the oil forming a slick upon the surface breaks the crest, in which is all the danger. It has no effect upon the great undulating motion of the ocean during a gale.

The quantity used in this case was about forty-five gallons in eleven hours; it took about five gallons to start each bag, and about eight quarts per hour to feed the three bags.

From 5 A. M. to noon ship drifted about three miles per hour to the southeast; from noon to 11 P. M. three per hour to south.

Ship's position at noon, by d. reckoning, latitude 36° 38′, longitude 74° 41′.

At 8 P. M. gale began to moderate.

At 11 P. M. started ahead.

Oil used, five gallons raw linseed oil, ten gallons lard, thirty gallons cotton-seed. Used separately — no mixture.

[A similar instance is recorded in the case of the Norwegian bark *Alsylvia*, from Perth Amboy, September 3, 1889, with a cargo of 5300 barrels of paraffine oil for Copenhagen, which encountered a hurricane in latitude 70°, longitude 38°. The account of her rescue by the Clyde steamer *Yemassee* off the Delaware Breakwater, given in the "New York Times" of September 14, contains this statement, attributed to Captain McKee of the latter vessel:

The *Yemassee* sped to the assistance of the *Alsylvia*, and then lay to within about one hundred feet of her. Every time the bark made a plunge several barrels of oil were shot out of her hatchways. Oil was oozing all over the vessel, and had covered the surface of the water for quite a distance around. This waste of oil had proved the salvation of the bark's captain and crew. The water if not quiet around was free from breakers, and the boats rode the waves with ease. Had it not been for the oil, ship and boats would have been smashed long before help arrived. As it was, the bulwarks were breaking up.— EDITOR.]

### A Speech of Lincoln's.

THE closing paragraphs of the biography of Abraham Lincoln in the August number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE recall a memorable scene at the White House, which is now given to the public and makes a suitable appendix to the record of "Lincoln and the Churches." It occurred after an anniversary of the United States Christian Commission, which was held at the Capitol in the hall of the House of Representatives, some time in the winter of 1863, in the presence of a great assembly, in which the President was a silent and deeply interested auditor. With characteristic modesty he declined a seat upon the platform, and the only public demonstration that he made during the evening was by a request, penciled on a slip of paper and handed to the presiding officer, that Mr. Philip Phillips, who was one of the sweet singers of the war-time, would sing the hymn entitled "Your Mission," which was a favorite of the President. This request was announced and the piece was sung with wonderful effect.

After the anniversary, arrangements were made for a private reception of the delegates by Mr. Lincoln at the White House the next morning, with the distinct understanding that nothing that took place should be made public. This put all persons at their ease and the promise of privacy was well kept. It was a time of great anxiety and of long suspense; one of those critical periods when decisive battles were expected, and when news from the front was scanty, and slow in coming.

At the appointed hour the delegates were ushered into the President's office. Soon afterwards Mr. Lincoln came in slowly and looking careworn, sad, and anxious. In brief remarks by men representing the various work of the Christian Commission, he was told that we had no requests to make, no favors to ask, no offices to seek; that we were there only to assure him of our profoundest respect, sympathy, and loyalty to the Government and to himself as its head, and of our intention to carry on the philanthropic and spiritual ministrations of the Commission in the army and navy, with the continued sanction and help of himself and of the military and naval authorities. It was also said that "behind all the political and patriotic forces of the Union there was a vast Christian constituency in the homes and churches of loyal States which would never fail him with their prayers and consecration to

the cause for which the Government was contending against armed rebellion in the field of war, and against disloyal opposition in the North."

To these sentiments and assurances Mr. Lincoln listened with closest attention, and he replied, as my vivid recollection serves me, chiefly in these very words:

"I thank you, gentlemen, for this interview. Such visits strengthen me. No man who knows what we know here of the state of things can fail to see that a greater than a human hand is controlling the issues of this war. If our great enemy over there," pointing his finger across the Potomac, "could have had his way, he would have had victory long ago. But the Almighty has not thought as he thought. If I could have had my way, I would have had victory long ago. But it is evident that the Almighty has not thought as I thought. I know not how, nor when, nor by whom it shall be accomplished, but I have a firm, unshaken faith that in the end success will crown our arms, and that the Union of these States will be restored and maintained."

Then, alluding with kindly appreciation to the remarks of one of the speakers respecting the loyalty of the Christian constituency in the churches of the land, he said:

"Whatever differences of opinion may exist concerning the management of the war, it is manifest that the Government must be sustained by the people of the loyal States. For example," said he, with a humorous smile and a twinkle of the eyes that lighted up his grave face for the moment, "if a man wishes to be elected President of the United States, he must sustain the Government in prosecuting this war to a successful end, because if it should not be victorious there will be no Union for him to preside over!"

Adding a little in this strain and closing with renewed expressions of his gratification in the interview, and of his warm approval of the beneficent work of the Commission, the President greeted each delegate with a hearty handshake and a pleasant parting word.

NEWARK, N. J. *William J. R. Taylor.*

### "Governor Seymour during the Draft Riots."

I WAS one of the "multitude," described by Mr. Wheeler in your July number, who listened to Governor Seymour's address on July 14, 1863.

During most of the time of the draft riots the neighborhood of the "Tribune" office was occupied by a turbulent crowd, and an attack on the building was only prevented by the preparations believed to have been made to defend it. If not a crowd of actual rioters, it was distinctly composed of sympathizers, and very many of them were of just the class who were elsewhere active participants in the riot. It was such a crowd, and not "a multitude of persons naturally attracted to the City Hall by the news that the governor of the State, whose arrival was anxiously expected, had actually come." The whole tenor of his speech was distinctly, and in his usual adroit manner, meant for just such a class, and not for interested but peaceable citizens, and this the extracts given in the Lincoln history show. I was standing with a friend looking on from the outside of the crowd while it was in the square in front of the "Tribune" building when a sudden movement was begun towards the City Hall. I followed, or rather anticipated, the movement as I saw it begin, and when I found it was to be addressed by some one I moved up to within hearing distance, and listened to the speech.

That it was an apology for the rioters, who were told that they were unjustly dealt with by the Government, and that if they would abstain from violence the draft would be stopped through the measures that he had taken, was the meaning given to it by the multitude, and no other meaning was thought of then, and for some time afterwards, by any one. The governor had only recently made his great Fourth of July speech in the city when he had arraigned the Administration in the most violent manner, exactly in unison with his speech to the incipient rioters.

NEW YORK CITY. *Miln P. Dayton.*

### The Methodist Episcopal Church South.

IN the August CENTURY the authors of the Lincoln history say, "The Methodist Church in the South had separated from their brethren in the North fifteen years before the war on the question of slavery, and a portion of their clergy and laity when the war broke out naturally engaged in it with their accustomed zeal; but they were by no means unanimous, even within the seceding States, and the organization was virtually wrecked by the war."

The close of the war found the Methodist Episcopal Church South, with over 400,000 members, impoverished and more or less discouraged; but it was not "wrecked" in any sense that was not true of other churches in the South, and of the whole people. Nor did any part of the Southern people rally more quickly from this fearful blow. The 400,000 with whom this church started in 1866 became 1,101,465 in 1887, and its "organization" was never in more excellent working order than it is to-day. It is one of the great churches of our nation, not more than three or four others outranking it in any element of strength.

At the breaking out of the war the individual members of this church were for or against secession according to their individual ways of looking at things. But the church as such made no deliverance upon the subject, considering it to be its mission to preach the gospel to secessionist and unionist alike, and not to promote any special ideas of government.

DALLAS, TEXAS. *John K. Allen.*

### Erratum.

IN the July number of THE CENTURY, in the article "Gentile da Fabriano," an error occurs in the sentence beginning on the 27th line of the second column of page 450, "He was the contemporary," etc. The clause, "not far from the same time as Gentile," should come in after the first "and died" instead of after the second, which would make the sentence read thus: "He was the contemporary of the brothers Van Eyck, the elder of whom, Hubert, was born about 1366, and died not far from the same time as Gentile, in 1426, while John was twenty or thirty years younger, and died probably in 1446." So far as the historical facts go, the article contains the material for the correction of the error.

# BRIC-À-BRAC.

### The King's Daughter.

("THE KING'S DAUGHTERS" IS THE NAME OF A NUMEROUS BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN.)

WHIN you was out a lady called,
A lady foine and fair,
Wid swate blue eyes, and purty mouth,
And lovely banged up hair.

And whin she asked ef you was in,
Says I, "No, mum, she 's not;
But ef you 'll lave yer card wid me,
I 'll see it 's not forgot."

"Oh, niver moind," says she. "I came
A little news to bring
About some poor we 're doing for —
I 'm dau'ther av the King."

Thin, "houly saints!" I lost me wits,
And curtsied down so low,
That whin the princess left the door,
I niver saw her go.

But gettin' quick me sinses back,
I hurried down the strate,
And bowin' low, says I to her,
"Pray won't yer hoighness wait?"

She looked at me and smiled most swate,
Wid all her white teeth showin':
"No, not to-day; I 'll come again.
'T is toime I must be goin'."

Now, though I am a dimmycrat,
All kings and queenses hatin',
And bein' an American,
All white folks aqual ratin',

I 'd loike to know the princess' name,
And who moight be her father,
And what she 's doin' over here
So far across the wather.

And ef her Royal Hoighness wants
A maid to wait upon her,
I 'll do it on these blissed knaes,
Sure 's me name 's O'Connor.

*Mary L. Henderson.*

### To E. C. S.

(ON FINDING BARNUM IN FULL BLAZE BEFORE HIS DOOR.)

MY Edmund, lately listening to the tone
Of thy clear harp, the while I picked mine own,
Much have I marveled by what mighty sign
Thy conquering numbers so prevailed o'er mine.
But when I see, in fond familiar calls,
This blazon new of zoöphoric walls
Before the generous, ready-opening door
To numbers known — its own being 44 —
All in that vision is revealed to me.
How much thou owest to thy *vis-à-vis!*
Unmindful that the Greatest Show on Earth
As sponsor stood at thine each stanza's birth;
That these gay posters plenteously spread
Were but the curtains of thy Muse's bed,
Praise I gave only to the tuneful Nine,
And took no heed of other Pens than thine.

But, much it is that thus in soft retreat,
The cushioned ambush of a window-seat,
Reflected halos wreathed about thy head
Of chromoed gymnasts, green, and blue, and red;
Thy *rus in urbe* no contracted field,
But all of Afric's burning heart revealed;
Far from the madding crowd, compelled to pay,
Thou calm mayst sit and free the Show survey:
See the lithe leopard axioms confound,
Changing his spots at every agile bound;
The zebra, bearing with a martyr's zeal
The stripes that only those about him feel;
The tall giraffe a shapely neck display,
Where long, long woe might well be wept away;
While for communion if the giant cries,
Lo! the Fat Woman gives back size for sighs!

Here under thine own vine and fig tree's shade,
And the sweet influence of the Bearded Maid;
Nature anigh — not rocks, nor streams, nor dells,
But herds, heard often, and wild woodsy smells
(But a bare pole's length from the canvas where
The sleek seal scuds before the Polar bear);
Here thou mayst sit and thy light zithern play,
The ostrich rival with thine easier lay;
Soft sonnets warble to the timid deer,
Troll bolder ballads to the buck-a-near.
Tiring of concourse that thy pace confines,
Of quadrupeds — and quadrupedal lines,
With longer stride let Pegasus then lope —
Pentameter — loved and approved of Pope;
That all who visit the Great Show may see
Thou 'rt not outfooted by thy *vis-à-vis;*
And own, though Barnum permeates the street,
Thy airs, O Singer! all are strangely sweet.

Indeed, when I reflect on all thou hast,
And with thine own my lowlier lot contrast,—
No circus near, no beasts about my door,
Save the one wolf that sits there evermore,—
I ask why Fate does thus deny to me
The beasts and blessings she bestows on thee.

In mood more generous it is joy to know
Within thou hast that — something — passing show;
Without, the rarest raree-show e'er shown —
For thy rare Muse the one Museum known.
If still with greed I view thy *vis-à-vis*
One further thought bids all such baseness flee:
When Night comes on and the dark shades descend
On man and beast — and queer things without end;
When wild cats try their subtler quaverings
And tame ones tune their yet unfashioned strings;
When social simians to the chimpanzee
Speak in a tongue none understands but he,
And Jumbo answers from his misty shroud
Back to the joyous apes that call to him aloud;
Then when from broken slumbers thou dost crawl
To hurl a bootjack at the — *blank*, blank wall,
With sharp, swift speech that cleaves the midnight air
Curt as a curse but heartfelt as a prayer —
Speech all thine own, though neighbors think they hear
English as spoke by thy old "Buccaneer";
Then, O my Edmund! then I envy thee
Thy verse, thy *vis* — but not *thy vis-à-vis!*

*Charles Henry Webb.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. G. TIETZE, BY PERMISSION OF PAUL AND DOMINIC COLNAGHI, LONDON, AFTER THE ENGRAVING BY SAMUEL COUSINS, A. R. A.)

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX. DECEMBER, 1889. NO. 2.

## SELECTIONS FROM WELLINGTON'S LETTERS.

APSLEY HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W., December 2, 1888.

DEAR MRS. DAVIES-EVANS:

I am very glad to give you permission to publish the letters of my grandfather which you have already submitted to me for perusal. Yours very truly,

WELLINGTON.

MRS. SPENCE — THE "LOUISE" OF THE LETTERS. (FROM A PICTURE IN POSSESSION OF THE DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.)

THE great Duke of Wellington's character from a military and a political point of view has been fully discussed by several writers: namely, W. H. Maxwell, Prebendary of Balla, in his "Life of Wellington," 1839; Charles Duke Yonge in his "Life of Wellington," 1860; Gurwood's "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington"; the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General to the Forces and Prebendary of St. Paul's, in his "Life of Wellington," translated from the French of M. Brialmont, Captain of the Staff of the Belgian army.

The first two authors do not touch on his private and social life; and Mr. Gleig does so only in two chapters, a considerable portion of one being devoted to the duke's opinion of the military defenses of Great Britain. It has been thought that the accompanying letters would interest the public, as showing the gentler side of those qualities which habitually occur as characteristic of the "Iron Duke"—

> He that gained a hundred fights,
> Nor ever lost an English gun.

Mr. Gleig indeed explains that the sobriquet was given to him in jest, and "not, as has been said over and over again, that the duke never entertained a single generous feeling towards the masses." He continues:

> Great misapprehension exists both at home and abroad concerning its origin. The fact is, that it arose out of the building of an iron steamboat which plied between Liverpool and Dublin, and which its owners called *The Duke of Wellington*. The term *Iron Duke* was first applied to the vessel, and by and by, rather in jest than in earnest, it was applied to the duke himself. It had no reference whatever, certainly at the outset, to any peculiarities of his Grace's disposition.

The letters in question were written to a young friend of his, Mrs. Jones of Pantglas, afterwards Lady Levinge. At her death they came into the possession of her daughter,[1] Mrs. Davies-Evans, the "Lilla" referred to in them.

[1] Mary Eleanor, wife of Herbert Davies-Evans, Esq., of Highmead, Lord Lieutenant of Cardiganshire.

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He was very kind and much attached to Mrs. Jones, who at the time was nearly sixty years his junior, and who went much into society. Among other things she was gifted as a conversationalist and letter-writer, and in the latter capacity contributed the news of the day to him in an easy manner when his increasing deafness rendered general society irksome. That this was so will be seen by his letter of October 15, in which, after descanting on the delight of English country houses, he says:

I have been in the habit of visiting much, and enjoyed the society until I have become so deaf as to be unfit for social life; and I now go only to attend Her Majesty's Invitation, or to meet Her Majesty

MRS. DAVIES-EVANS — THE "LILLA" OF THE LETTERS. (FROM A MINIATURE.)

as recently at Lord Ellesmere's, as I find it irksome to pass eighteen hours out of twenty-four in Society, and not hear one word that is said. I never go anywhere now excepting to Lord Salisbury's for a night.

How much he appreciated Mrs. Jones's letters is evident from the various allusions throughout the correspondence, and less than a month before his death he writes, "My delight in receiving and perusing your letters augments daily."

The letters from himself are written from London, Walmer Castle, and Strathfieldsaye, with the exception of a few from Worsley and Windsor. They have been selected with a view of either giving his account of current affairs, or demonstrating some special trait of character. Under the first heading are those describing the Queen's visit to Manchester and Lord Ellesmere's, etc. At the latter place, although many of the festivities had to be carried out in the midst of drenching rain and in the open air, he describes the sight as "beautiful!" and he gives the palm to the entertainment of Her Majesty at Worsley as outshining any he had ever witnessed. "I have been at the Reception of the Queen at many of the great Noblemen's Houses, and I have received Her Majesty myself. But I have never witnessed arrangements more perfect or handsomer than those made here."

It is curious now to read of the Queen traveling by canal boat to the "Canal Station," and to hear of "a party of 300 to 400 well-dressed people, ladies and gentlemen," running beside the duke's carriage through Manchester and escorting him to the railway station.

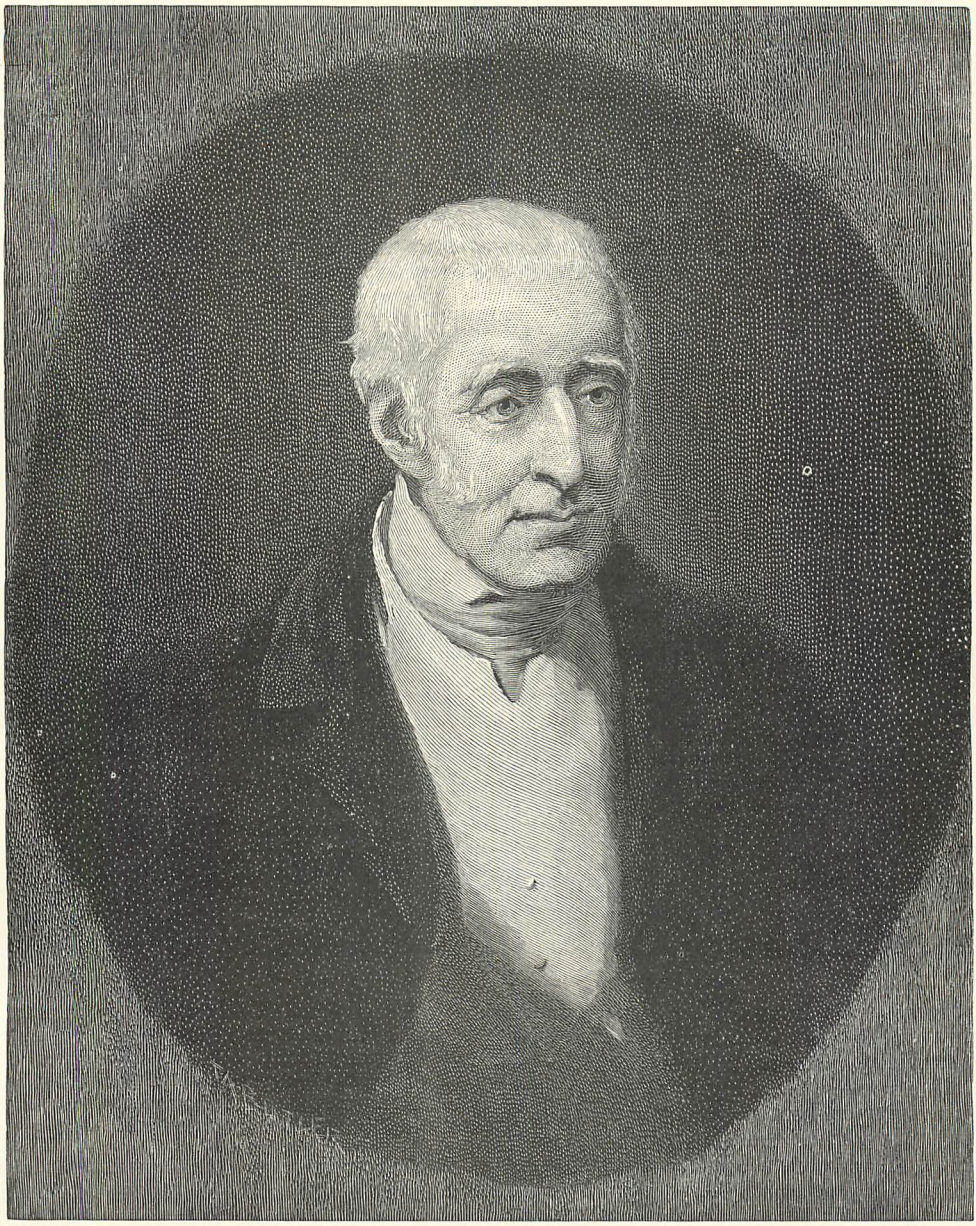
His account of his first visit to the Crystal Palace, the "Glass Palace" as he calls it, is amusing as showing the great discomfort which is possible to accrue from extreme popularity.

Never did I see such a Mob [he says], or get such a rubbing, scrubbing and mashing. There were 100,000 people in the Building. . . . They rushed upon me from all directions — Men, Women, and Children, all collecting into a crowd and endeavouring to touch me! I had rode there and sent my horses from the Eastern Entrance to the Southern one opposite Princes Gate into the Park, and many followed them and met me in the Transept. I expected at every moment to be crushed, and I was saved by the Police alive!

We gather from the correspondence that he distrusted the kinsman of his old enemy, for the comments he makes on Louis Napoleon and his *coup d'état* are by no means favorable. Political allusions are very slight and thinly scattered through it.

With regard to the second heading, personal traits and peculiarities, the illustrations are much more numerous. One of the first that we notice refers to his love of nature.

"I continued to admire the beauty of the Sky and the Sea, as I hope you did! . . . I never was out on a more beautiful afternoon," he writes to Mrs. Jones after returning from a ride on the Downs with her, and showing her the beauties of the neighborhood. And connected, perhaps, with this is the fact that he never became quite reconciled to railways. From Windsor Castle he says: "I arrived here by the road to the great amusement of the Queen. But I was in excellent time — indeed before the other Knights of the Chapter." And from Strathfieldsaye: "I have come down by the Road, and made a good journey. . . . I had the sun in my eyes during the whole of it, but preferred it by far to going by the Railroad, tho' I should have travelled with the sun behind me."



WELLINGTON. (AFTER THE PORTRAIT, SUPPOSED TO BE BY BENJAMIN HAYDON, OWNED BY RICHARD P. HERRICK.)

And in his very last letter from Walmer Castle:

> I have been twice to Folkestone, going and returning the short distance between Dover and Folkestone by Railroad! which takes a great deal of time, as one must wait at the stations for the hours at which the Trains pass on the great Lines!

The grave and earnest tone running through the correspondence is particularly noticeable in an age in which badinage and a wish on the part of so many to be amused is conspicuous. Though always cheerful, there is scarcely a word of pleasantry in it, except in the following instances:

> I heard this morning that the Duchess of Gloucester lives upon the visits which the Duke of Wellington pays her. I hope her Royal Highness will thrive upon them! . . . I went to visit my young friends in Biggin Street. But they and the Governess must have gone as all others in Dover did to see *the Show* in the streets [meaning himself holding a Pilot court] at the very same time at which *the Show* went to see them! . . . I hope you was

amused at Goodwood, and did not lose *your money*. . . . If you come at six and we dine at seven, there will be ample time "*pour la toilette!*"

—a sentiment most of the smart ladies of to-day would hesitate before indorsing!

Then we are struck by his activity of mind and body, his undulled sympathies with all the questions of the day, and the utter absence of that stony indifference which so often accompanies and chills old age. The four letters relating to the painful tragedy of the burnt ship *Amazon*, in the Bay of Biscay, are touching from the concern and grief he displays, although all the passengers were unknown to him. "It kept me awake for two nights!" he says. And what energy and practical care are evident in the way in which he searches for measures to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe! In the last year of his life he still goes out hunting. In February he writes from Strathfieldsaye of waiting for the meet of the hounds, "which may detain me for some hours, as I conclude the people will not be satisfied if I should not take a gallop with them," and it is pleasant to find him joining in the sports and pastimes of his neighbors to the very end.

But certainly the dominant feature in the correspondence is the way in which it illustrates his well-known love for children.[2] To begin with Royalty: he is delighted with his godson, Prince Arthur, whom he thus describes:

I have seen my Godson, who is in a very prosperous state. He trots about in hand perfectly. He saluted me in my fashion! Put his hand up to his head! He is a fine and clever child.

Mr. Gleig tells us of "his affection and care for his own"; and it is perhaps worth while appending what he says:

STRATHFIELDSAYE, SEAT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.[1]

The Duke's fondness for children was great, and he was, as might be expected, strongly attached to his own grandchildren—the children of his son, Lord Charles Wellesley. One of them was taken ill when on a visit to Walmer, and the Duke's anxiety about the little sufferer knew no limit.

But the feeling was not new with him, as it sometimes is with men who for the first time come under its influence when well stricken with years. Though never demonstrative under any circumstances, and though the pressure of constant business cut him off from indulging much in pastimes with his sons, he was extremely fond of them, and took the deepest and truest interest in their early training and education. The Rev. W. Wagner, Vicar of Brighton, became tutor to the Marquis of Wellesley, and to Lord Charles Wellesley in 1817, and he thus describes his first interview with their illustrious father:

In 1817, when the Duke sent for me to go to him at Mont St. Martin, the headquarters of the army

[1] From a photograph kindly supplied by his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

[2] For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung.
*Tennyson, Ode on Wellington.*

LADY LEVINGE — MRS. JONES OF PANTGLAS. (FROM A PICTURE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. DAVIES-EVANS.)

of occupation, at the very first interview he told me his intention was that "the boys should serve the king." He desired that they might be brought up as Christian gentlemen, in all singleness and simplicity, every consideration being postponed to that duty.[1] The interest that he took in their education may, in a manner, be exemplified by a single fact. During the period of seven years that I was with them he never failed to answer, by *the very first post*, any inquiry or letter connected with the well-being of his sons. No matter what were the Duke's occupations, whether en route for the inspection of the fortresses in the Low Countries, whether at the Congress of Vienna, or on a special mission to St. Petersburg, he invariably answered my letters touching his sons by the first post.

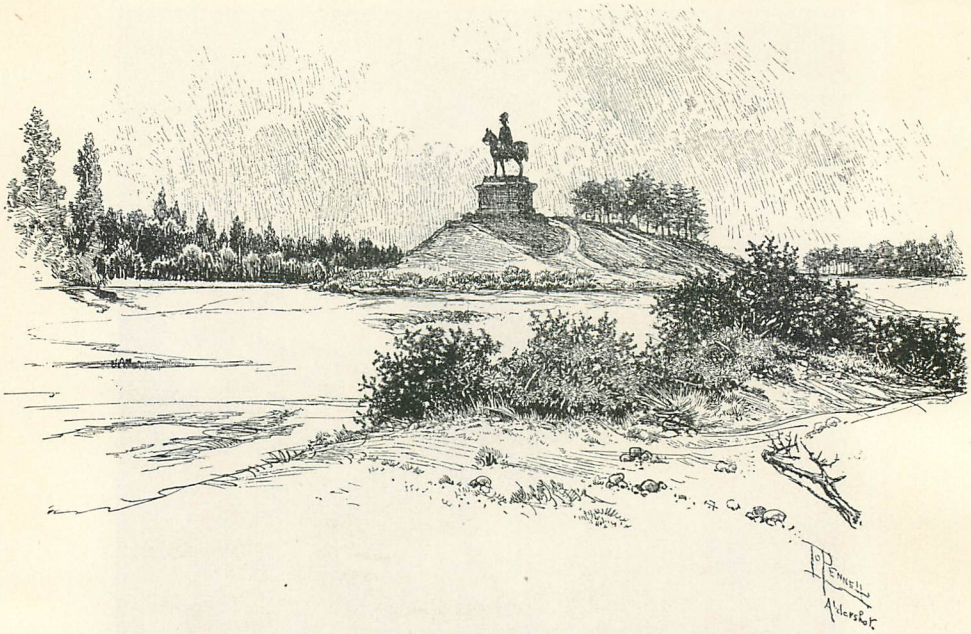
[1] One that sought but Duty's iron crown.
*Tennyson.*

The group of letters about the children in Biggin street gives us a real insight into the simple and faithful nature of the man who wrote them.[2] Very quaint and touching is the picture of the hero of "a hundred fights," as he tells us how much he enjoys and prizes the affection children have for him:

When they become familiar with me I believe that they consider me one of themselves, and make of me a sort of plaything! They climb upon me and make toys of my Hair and my fingers! They grow up into friends. I have known most of the fine Ladies about London as children!

Mrs. Jones of Pantglas had left her children in

[2] And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime. *Tennyson.*



STATUE OF WELLINGTON AT ALDERSHOT.

Dover during October, 1851, while she was paying visits. When he finds that they are there he goes to see them, and describes his visit thus:

> I went to see your children in Biggin St. They were in health, appearance, spirits, and every other respect, as you could wish that they should be — excepting the eldest, I don't think that they knew me again! [The youngest was two.] I thought there were four! I saw only three.
>
> The Governess, who can only speak in French, appears well satisfied with everything, and likes Dover. I desired her to let me know if any of them should be sick! and gave her my address, and desired her to write to me in case anything should occur to any of them. She knew me, and said she had accompanied you on a visit to Walmer Castle. You may rely upon it, that if any interference on my part should be necessary, I will do by them exactly as I would if they were my grandchildren.

This last sentence would have been with many friends a mere *façon de parler*, no sooner uttered than forgotten; and indeed at the time it seemed a very remote contingency that it should ever be anything more than a friendly sentiment. How exact he was to his word, and how faithfully he kept his promise, to the utmost letter, when he was put to the test, and the children sickened with measles, no testimony will prove so eloquently as his own words. The way in which he entered into all minutiæ, interviewing the landlady and the governess, sending for the "Apothecary" to meet him, visiting the children personally in their sick-room, and reporting their state in daily bulletins, illustrates Ruskin's saying that "The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making."

That he had an innate sympathy with children, the present writer can vouch from experience. Her earliest recollection is of the cannon at Walmer with the duke explaining their uses, and then showing her the piles of shot belonging to them. She remembers distinctly the patriarchal fashion in which he used to lay his hands on her head according to the formula in the letter from Scotland, "Give her three gentle pats with your hand, and a kiss upon the forehead for me." The awe and the grief she experienced when told that she should see him no more are quite vivid to this day, and there is no one else of his age who stands out so distinctly in those misty memories of former years. There must have been something very childlike in the nature of this great man to attract the young in the way in which he did. He must have been eminently able to put himself in their places to realize that "the glory and the dream" were still with them; and to remember how it had once been with himself. Perhaps it is in forgetting this that so many middle-aged people are out of sympathy with the young, and, failing to understand their keen enjoyment of the moment, look on them as a race apart. His latest letters show us how his intellect and his interest in everything continued vigorous and bright to the last, and when he sank to rest it was like the sun in unclouded splendor after a long summer's day. It was

just as he would have wished, for the last Christmas he spent on earth he wrote:

I am much obliged to you for your good wishes. I hope that I may keep my health and strength! I should be an awkward sort of old man if weak and doubled up!

He was in perfect health till the morning of the day he died, September 14—just a week after the date of the last letter in this series.

THE PAINTING BY F. WINTERHALTER, ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL COUSINS, A. R. A.
BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES & COMPANY.

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.
*Tennyson, Wellington Ode.*

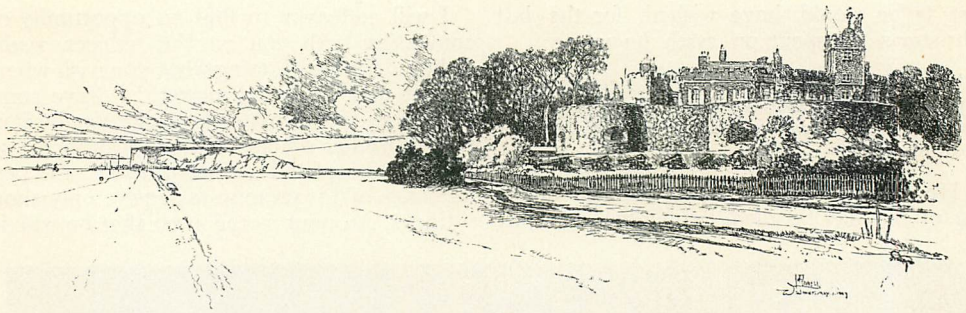
COPIES OF THE LETTERS.

LONDON, August 5th, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES: I have received your note of yesterday's date and I am much flattered by your desire to possess a Portrait of me, and that it should be executed by an artist whom you think deserving of Patronage and Protection.

I will endeavor to find an opportunity of conversing with you on this subject, really feeling desirous of doing what you wish whenever it may be in my power. I have some experience in the matter of sitting for my Portrait as well as others. It is impossible for an Artist to complete his work if held to the performance of his promise to require only short sittings! An hour is the least that he will in reality require — and for every hour of sitting, the sitter must reckon upon three hours interruption of occupation. This loss must be of the earliest hours of the day, and those in which the command of light is the most perfect. This is a serious affair to a man, every moment of whose time during the 24 hours is allotted! However I have not decided not to comply with your desire. But I will converse with you about it and merely point out to you that what you wish is not a matter of course! I have in this season sat to Winterhalter at Buckingham Palace for a Picture for the Queen! Every sitting for an hour, and there were some by loss of time took three hours often!

Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.



WALMER CASTLE FROM THE BEACH LOOKING TOWARDS DOVER.

LONDON, —— 6th, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES: I have been to Mr. Weigall's and have fixed to give him a regular sitting on Tuesday at 12. I find that I must be dressed accordingly. I will take care that all is as it ought to be.[1]

Ever yours most sincerely,

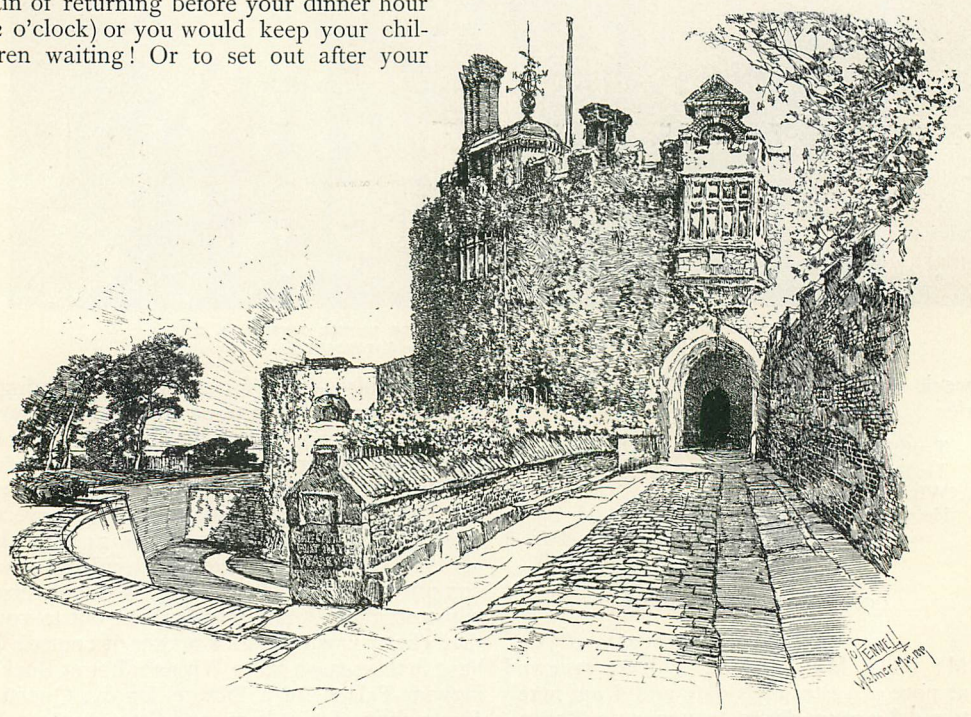
WELLINGTON.

WALMER CASTLE, Sept. 7th, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES: I have not yet settled the roads to be taken to Waldershore. It seems to me that you ought to set out from Dover at so early an hour as to be certain of returning before your dinner hour (2 o'clock) or you would keep your children waiting! Or to set out after your dinner, say Half past two or three? You must reckon upon two hours to go and return and possibly one for the visit—and at this season we ought all to look to be at Home at least to avoid to ride in a gallop over the Downs after five o'clock.

Let me know if I am right in the view which I have taken of the necessity for your being at home at the dinner hour, two o'clock, as I must be guided accordingly in the proposition to be made for you to ride to Waldershore or elsewhere. Ever yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.



ENTRANCE TO WALMER CASTLE.

1 His ordinary dress in summer was a blue frock-coat, white waistcoat and white trousers, and white cravat fastened by a silver buckle behind. In winter the waistcoat was blue, sometimes red, and blue trousers. He never wore a great-coat, but in severe weather a short cape made of blue cloth lined with white.

WALMER CASTLE, Sept. 11th.

I have returned very prosperously, as I hope that you have, my dear Mrs. Jones — but I am afraid not quite so soon as I have. I ought to have taken leave of you on the other side of Osney Woods; our distance then would have been about the same. But I wanted to show you the Nine Acres! I continued to admire the beauty of the Sky and the Sea, as I hope you did!

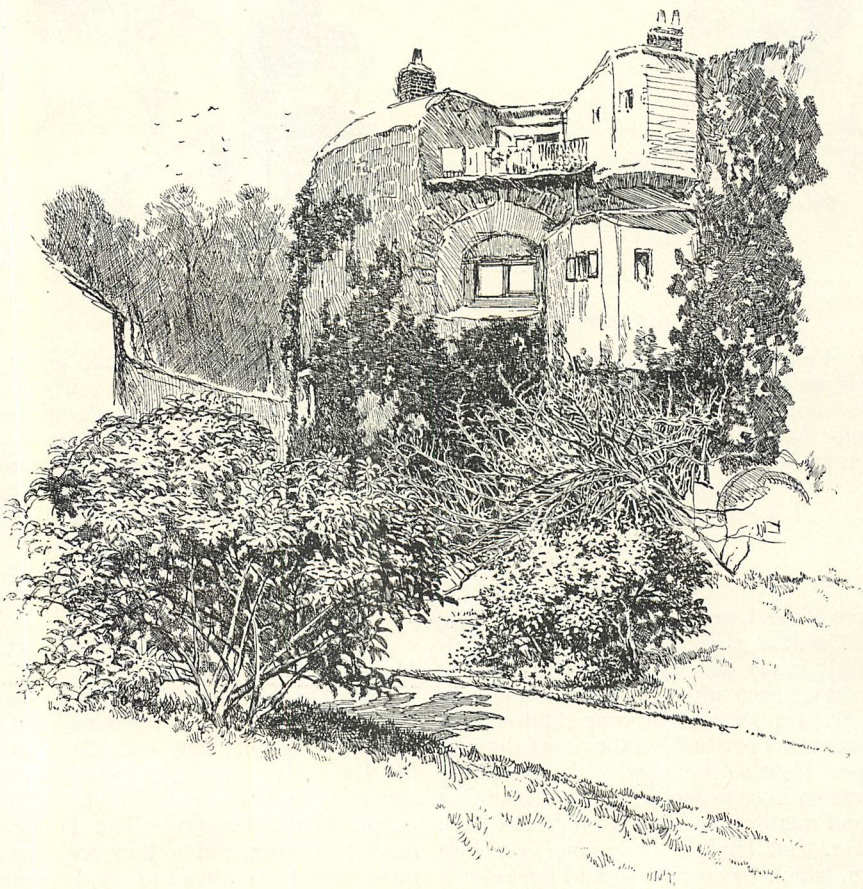
I think it probable that Lady Douro will come away from Balmoral before the 24th.

Ever yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I thank you for writing to me and particularly for recollecting my sea girt Castle, my walks upon the Platform, of the Waves and Ramparts, my beautiful garden and its sheltered walks, while you are flying on your Railroad!



WALMER CASTLE FROM THE MOAT, SHOWING WINDOW OF ROOM IN WHICH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON DIED.

I never was out on a more beautiful afternoon, God bless you. I will propose a meeting for a ride on some of these fine afternoons.

Believe me ever yrs most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

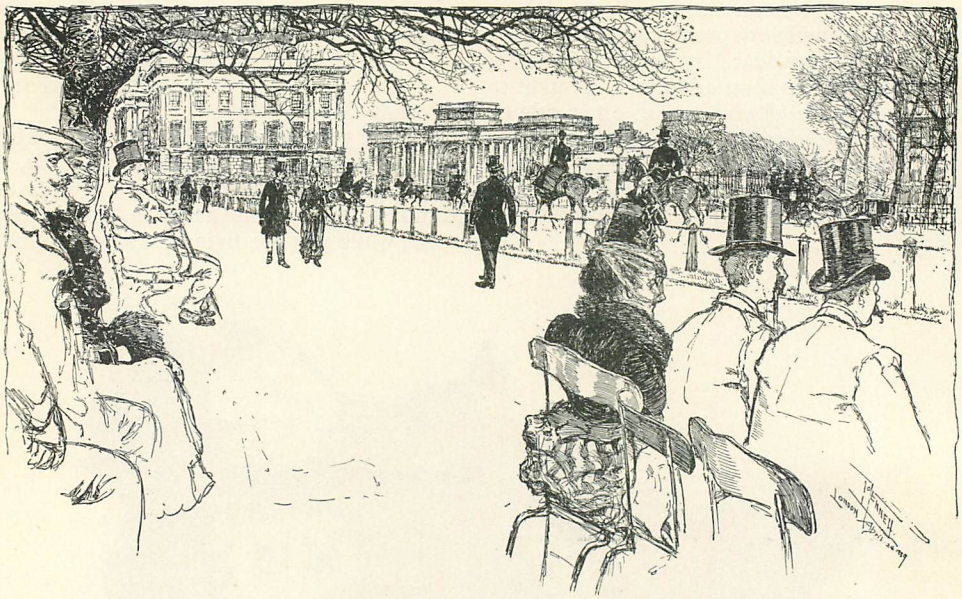
WALMER CASTLE, Sept. 13th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

Lady Charles and her children have arrived this evening, having made a very prosperous journey, so that my Platform is quite gay this evening. I have heard no news.

We have had no fair day, scarcely a fair moment since you left! The wind has changed to the S. West, and the rain has been constant. I have not been to Dover since you went; and I don't know whether your children are there — but I understand that up to last night the Shore at Dover had not been injured by the effects of the Gales which had prevailed; and that our Works are all in good and successful progress. I had the Lords of Deal Castle at dinner again here yesterday, and Lady Pembroke, Lady Clanwilliam's mother, in addition.

I will take this to London and send it from



APSLEY HOUSE, PICCADILLY, FROM HYDE PARK.

thence. You will receive it just as soon as you would if put in the Post here to-night.

I go to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, and into Lancashire on Wednesday. With best compts. to Mr. Jones,

Believe me
Ever yrs. most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, Oct. 6th.

I have arrived, my dear Mrs. Jones, having left the Castle at eight this morning, and finding myself in my own House in Piccadilly at ten. I have been already to your house in Dover St. to enquire about your children, and have learnt that you had left them, as I thought probable. I am so provoked with myself that I did not go over to see them. It is true that it was bad weather, and that I could not have rode over. But I might have gone in a close carriage, which I certainly should have done, if I had known that you had left them. It is true, and you will have perceived from my letters to you that I thought they were gone — but I concluded that you would have mentioned them, if they really were. I cannot tell you how much I enjoy and prize the affection which children have for me. When they become familiar with me I believe that they consider me one of themselves, and make of me a sort of plaything! They climb upon me and make toys of my Hair and my fingers! They grow up into friends. I have known most of the fine Ladies about London as children! I have received your letter of Sunday and am delighted that you find your old mansion so gay. I am about to follow your example and to pay a visit to the Glass Palace. I will write to you before I leave London on Wednesday and also from Worsley, and whenever I hear anything that can interest you. I have not heard of any of the marriages that you mention, but have seen nobody. Remember me to Mr. Jones.

Believe me ever
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, Oct. 7th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I went to the Glass Palace according to the example set me by you, and as I told you I would in my note sent yesterday; but never did I see such a mob, or get such a rubbing, scrubbing and mashing. There were 100,000 people in the Building. The Police advised me not to enter, and if they had not exerted themselves to take care of me, I should never have got out! They rushed upon me from all directions — Men, Women, and Children, all collecting into a crowd and endeavouring to touch me! I had rode there and sent my horses from the Eastern Entrance to the Southern one opposite Princes Gate into the Park, and many followed them and met me in the Transept. I expected at every moment to be crushed, and I was saved by the Police alive! I have heard no news excepting that it is reported that the illness and death of the King of Hanover would impede the festivities in Lancashire. This is apprehended at Liverpool. I don't hear of the King of Hanover's illness here, and I think the report so little likely to be true, that I pur-

pose to go off in the morning. I shall be happy to be able to write you from Lancashire.

Ever yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

WORSLEY, Oct. 8th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I made a good journey here yesterday, but did not arrive till towards six o'clock. Her Majesty will come here from Liverpool at the same time this day. I found here the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Westminster, Lord and Lady Wilton, and a son of Lady Westminster's, Lord and Lady Brackley, and the family of the Host. I purpose to return to London on Saturday. Lord and Lady Stanley will come this day. We all go into Manchester to-morrow. I shall return to London on Saturday and then back to Walmer Castle. I hope that you continue to be amused. Yesterday was a very fine day. It rains heavily now, but I hope will clear up for the arrival of the Queen.

With compts to Mr. Jones,

Believe me

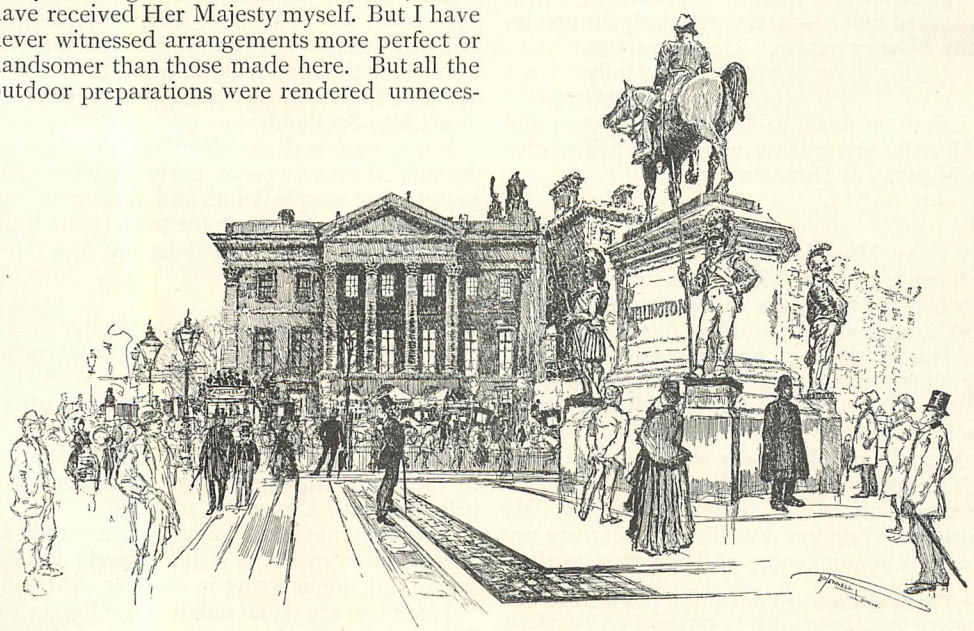
Ever yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

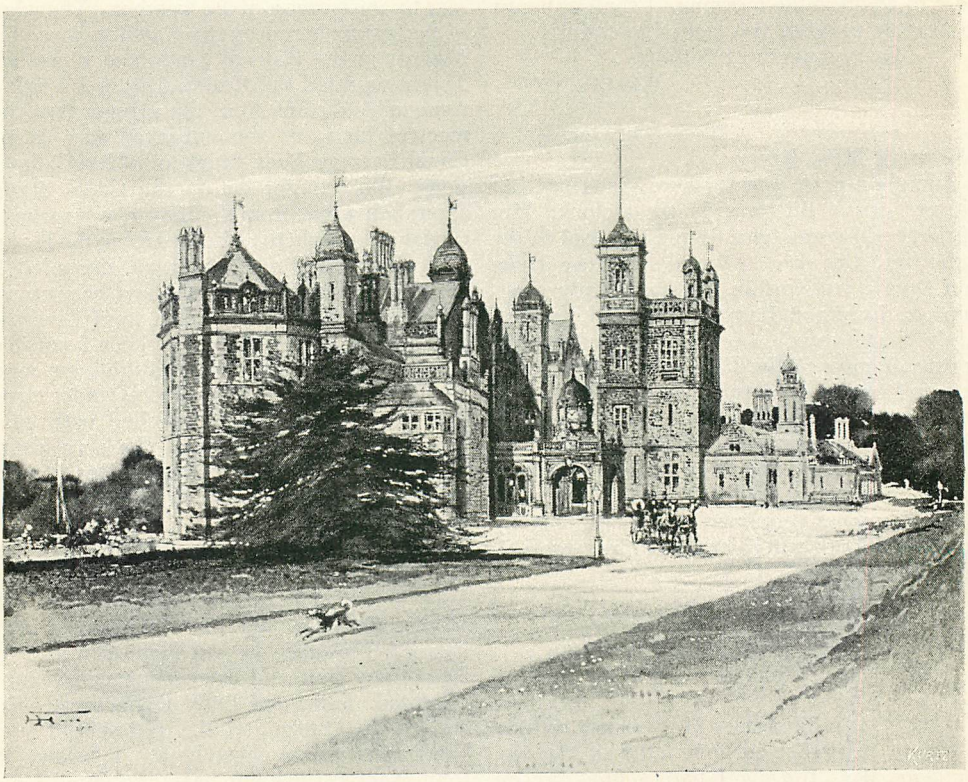
WORSLEY HALL, Oct. 10th.

I have just received your letter of the 9th, my dear Mrs. Jones. I had a fine day on Wednesday for my journey. But yesterday was a very bad one for all the operations in this county. It rained from morning till night. I have been at the Reception of the Queen at many of the great Noblemen's Houses, and I have received Her Majesty myself. But I have never witnessed arrangements more perfect or handsomer than those made here. But all the outdoor preparations were rendered unnecessary by the badness of the weather. The whole of the guests here went by Canal to meet Her Majesty at the Railway Station at which Her Majesty quitted the Railroad from Liverpool, some miles distant from the House. We then received her; and she embarked with us in a Canal Passage Boat, fitted up of large dimensions. We brought her to the Canal Station about half a mile from the House, from whence carriages brought the whole party to the House. The banks of the Canal were occupied by curious visitors. There would have been crowds of well-dressed persons both from Liverpool and Manchester if the day had been favorable; but as it was, the sight was beautiful, but much more agreeable to have looked at under cover, than to the lookers-on drenched with rain! This day has been beautiful. We have just returned from Manchester, where Her Majesty took a seat in the Town Hall, and received some addresses.

We proceeded in procession of carriages thro' the streets of Manchester for more than three hours. The streets were thronged with people, almost as full as I found the Crystal Palace! However, we got there without accident of any kind, and I never saw people more delighted. Lord and Lady Derby have come besides the Queen and the Household since I informed you of those here. I believe Sir John Hanbury has just been appointed Colonel of a Regiment. I rather think that the knowledge that he was to be appointed was what induced me to enquire from you whether he was related to Lord Bateman. I never saw



APSLEY HOUSE AND STATUE.



WORSLEY HALL, MANCHESTER—SEAT OF THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

or heard of the Lady or even of the Lt. General himself till I thought of him for the Regiment.

I received your design for a bracelet,[1] which I admired much,—and particularly the universality of your genius. God bless you.

Ever yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

I shall go down to London to-morrow and shall write you a letter which you will receive on Monday at Shobden Court.

LONDON, Oct. 12th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I wrote to you on Friday an account of our proceedings up to the last moment when the Post went out. There was a fine Assembly at the Hall in the evening, and yesterday morning all separated, each on his departure to his Home. The Queen went to Windsor, and I am in London.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than H. M's reception at Lord Ellesmere's. I have not been present at one that was more so. My journey to London was dilatory, yet there was but one apparent cause of delay, that, to allow the Queen's train to pass the general one, which was an hour after we had quitted Manchester. I did not reach home till nine at night, having quitted at ten—not far from twelve hours! I purpose to go to Walmer Castle to-morrow, and will write to you from thence to Scotland. I conclude that you must come up from Herefordshire to Manchester and Liverpool in order to get into Scotland.

I was very well received on my passage through Manchester—a party of 300 to 400 well-dressed people, ladies and gentlemen, ran with my carriage through the town to the Railroad Station! God bless you, my dear Mrs. Jones.

Believe me,

Ever yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

WALMER CASTLE, Oct. 14th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I came down here from London yesterday by the Railroad, and I have taken my usual gallop over to Dover this morning.

I missed much my amiable companion in former rides over the same ground in this season, but she is flying in another direction!

I went to see your children in Biggin St. They were in health, appearance, spirits, and

[1] The design referred to was that of a bracelet with a miniature of himself, that he purposed giving to Lady Douro.

every other respect, as you could wish that they should be — excepting the eldest, I don't think that they knew me again! I thought there were four! I saw only three.

The Governess, who can only speak in French, appears well satisfied with everything, and likes Dover. I desired her to let me know if any of them should be sick! and gave her my address, and desired her to write to me in case anything should occur to any of them. She knew me, and said she had accompanied you on a visit to Walmer Castle. You may rely upon it, that if any interference on my part should be necessary, I will do by them exactly as I would if they were my grandchildren.

I shall stay here till the 14th of November, so that you need have no anxiety about them for that period of time. Lady Charles has gone into Nottinghamshire to see her father, who is not well, and has left here the children. I am here quite alone with them. I expect Prince Frederick of Orange, and some other foreigners, and probably Lady Douro. But I shall certainly break up on the 14th of Nov.: I will look in upon my young friends in Biggin St. whenever I go into Dover. With best compts to Mr. Jones,

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Jones,
Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

WALMER CASTLE, Oct. 15th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I have just received your letter of the 13th, from which I learn that you were to arrive at your destination in Scotland this morning, after travelling all last night. You will have had fine weather, I hope, for your rapid journey.

You will be pleased with the letter I wrote to you yesterday about your children, after I returned home.

I see that after quitting Scotland you are to make a long visiting tour before you will return to London. You are quite right. The country-house society is the most agreeable in England!

It is perfectly understood and well arranged in all parts of the country. I have been in the habit of visiting much, and enjoyed the society until I have become so deaf as to be unfit for social life; and I now go only to attend Her Majesty's Invitation, or to meet Her Majesty as recently at Lord Ellesmere's, as I find it irksome to pass eighteen hours out of twenty-four in Society, and not hear one word that is said. I never go anywhere now excepting to Lord Salisbury's for a night. I will let you know when I shall see your children again.

Believe me ever,
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

I have no account of Lady Charles. There is nobody here excepting the children and myself.

Field-Marshall Count Nugent and his son are coming to-morrow, and I expect Prince Frederick of Orange.

WALMER CASTLE, Oct'r 16th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I could not have heard of your arrival in Scotland, nor have I of your children, which is all right — I shall not hear unless there shall be sickness or something amiss! The Queen has taken my guests from me, having invited them all to Windsor. They do not come till Saturday.

I have got some little medals to give your children, the same as I have given to my grandchildren and to all my little Play-fellow Children! I shall deliver them to them on the first day that I shall go to Dover. Our weather continues moderate. With best compts to Mr. Jones. Believe me ever,

Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

WALMER CASTLE, Oct. 17th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

This day being at last as fine as any in your time, the detention of my guests by the Queen enabled me to avail myself of it to gallop over to Dover, and see whether the bad weather of Wednesday had injured my works, or had occasioned any encroachments of the sea upon the shore, and to visit my young friends in Biggin St.

I am just returned, and found the latter as well looking, as well, comfortable, and happy as you could wish them! The sun was shining upon their rooms, which were very airy and comfortable. I presented medals to each of them, with which they appeared pleased. The youngest girl and boy appeared to know me better.

I got Madame Simon to give me her name in case I should have occasion to write to her. She told me that you had arrived on Tuesday night. But I understood not before Wednesday morning.

It is very much to be lamented that much of the information respecting the Exhibition had not been communicated in the Catalogues instead of being published in the Report of Prizes. I never could learn while the Exhibition continued as open to find anything! We have all the information now that all is over! I expect my guests to-morrow. Lady Charles is still absent — nobody with me but the children. God bless you. Believe me,

Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

ALFRED JONES — THE BOY REFERRED TO IN THE LETTERS.
(FROM A PICTURE IN POSSESSION OF GERWYN JONES OF PANTGLAS.)

WALMER CASTLE, Oct'r 23rd.

I have been to my Pilot Court at Dover, my dear Mrs. Jones, and have returned in time to write to you by this post.

I went to visit my young friends in Biggin Street. But they and the Governess must have gone as all others in Dover did to see *the Show* in the streets at the very same time at which *the Show* went to see them! Unfortunately we did not meet, and I saw only their attendant who knew me, and informed me that they were all as well and as comfortable as possible. As usual I was accompanied through Dover by a Mob, and could not wait for their return, and I have been obliged to come away without seeing them. But I shall return on the first quiet day I can have, will see them, and let you know how they are. I have received an intimation that it is probable that I shall be summoned to Windsor on the 4th, which will oblige me to go to London on Monday, the 3rd, but I shall return here on the 5th, and stay the usual time. I understand this day that I shall finish at Dover on the 13th and go to London on that afternoon. With best compts to Mr. Jones,

Believe me,
Yrs Most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

WALMER CASTLE, Oct. 25th.

I have taken advantage of a fine day, my dear Mrs. Jones, to gallop over the Downs to Dover to visit my young friends in Biggin Street. I found them as well, as comfortable, and as happy as you could wish. They had just dined when I went in. They were out walking when I went to see them on Monday.

I have received a sort of Notice that I may be summoned to Windsor Castle on Tuesday next to a Chapter of the Order of the Bath, as well as on Saturday, the 1st of Nov'r, to a Chapter of the Order of the Garter.

My sister-in-law, Lady Mornington, who has long been very unwell and confined to her bed, died on Wednesday last; and I have but indifferent accounts of Mr. Pierrepoint, Lady Charles's father. She is with him at Thoresby. Charles is there likewise. The children are still with me.

With best compts to Mr. Jones,
Believe me ever,
Yours Most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

WINDSOR CASTLE, Nov. 4th.

You are quite right, my dear Mrs. Jones, to complain when you think that you are not properly attended to! I write to you whenever I have anything to tell you that will be agreeable to you. I know that any tidings of your children, or any accounts of their various doings even though I should not have seen them will be agreeable to you — and I invariably write on each occasion. I write to you whenever I hear from you, and you are very kind in writing to me, and I am delighted with your letters. But you forgot that there is no Post on Saturdays, and that on Wednesday and Friday in last week I passed my time either at the Funeral Ceremony or on the Railroad. I have since written and directed to Edenwood as I did not understand you intended it should be directed to Edinburgh. I am fully sensible of, and feel your kindness as it deserves I should.

I arrived here this morning by the road to the great amusement of the Queen. But I was in excellent time — indeed before the other Knights of the Chapter. The Earl Fitzwilliam is the Knight elected. He and others stay here this night. I stay till Thursday.

Mr. Pierrepoint is still in an uncomfortable

state, but he is in less pain, and possesses his mind and faculties and takes nourishment. But he is very ill.

You are right in crossing the Border. The weather is becoming exceedingly cold. God Bless you. With best compts to Mr. Jones,

Believe me ever,
Yours Most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

WINDSOR CASTLE, Novr. 5th.

The world of the Chapter went away this morning, my dear Mrs. Jones! I have been desired not to go till to-morrow. I believe probably that I may have an opportunity of seeing my Godson this day!

I have heard no news excepting that the King of Hanover is very unwell. . . . They say that the Duke of Cambridge thought him looking very unwell, grown quite emaciated! That is a bad symptom for a man so old as His Majesty is! He cannot be much less than 76.

I saw last night the fine rubies presented to the Queen by the East India Company. They are quite transparent, and beautiful as well in size as in other respects.

You will have seen from the perusal of my letter of the night before from London, that detailed instructions about your address was exactly what I wanted.

I will avail myself of your instructions, and you may rely upon hearing from me whenever I have anything to tell you that is interesting to you besides the expression of my constant interest about my amiable companion on the British Downs!

Believe me Ever,
Yours Most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

P. S.—I have seen my Godson — who is in a very prosperous state. He trots about in hand perfectly. He saluted me in my fashion! Put his hand up to his head!

He is a fine and clever child.

WALMER CASTLE, Nov. 9th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

My letter of yesterday directed to Marchmont, if you received it, contained expressions of my concern that I could not go to Dover to pay my usual visit to Biggin Street. The enclosed, which will amuse you, will show you that my young friends there recollected me and began to feel uncomfortable at my long absence! I shall go there to-morrow certainly. I will go over in a carriage if it should not be fine enough for me to ride there.

I am glad that my amiable companion and friend was satisfied that I had not neglected her. She must be satisfied of my sincere regard and respect for her, and may be certain that I shall never be guilty of any slight or neglect of Her! I hope that I have correctly understood your directions and that you will receive this on your arrival at Swaffham, and that you will inform me of it, and your doings there. I shall write to you all about my young friends when I shall return from Dover to-morrow. God bless you. With best compts to Mr. Jones,

Believe me,
Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

(Copy of the letter inclosed from Biggin Street.)

SAMEDI, 8 Nov.

MONSIEUR LE DUC:

Je profite de la permission que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me donner, pour vous dire que n'ayant pas eu l'avantage de vous voir cette semaine, les enfants et moi nous sommes inquiétés de votre santé. Tous les jours ils me demandent pourquoi vous n'êtes pas venu, et sont très occupés de vous Monsieur, car ils vous aiment beaucoup. À part un peu de rhume ils se portent bien.

Pardonnez moi, Monsieur, la liberté que je prends de vous écrire, en faveur de ma bonne intention, car lors qu'on vous connait je crois qu'il est impossible de vous oublier.

J'ai l'honneur d'être,
Monsieur Le Duc,
Votre dévouée servante,
LAURE SIMON,
Gouvernante des enfants de
M'dme Jones.

WALMER CASTLE, Nov. 10th.

In conformity with what I stated in my letter yesterday, my dear Mrs. Jones, I have been to Dover notwithstanding the rain. Previous to my departure I received the enclosed letter, but none from yourself. This was written by the Mistress of the Lodging House! On my arrival at the door, I was informed that your eldest daughter[1] as well as your son[2] was sick, and both in their beds. I went into their apartment, and there found them in their beds. It was said they were better this evening and had been in the right stages. Poor children! They looked lively and were much pleased to see me. There was no heat about their skin, and they were but little flushed in the face. I enquired who attended them? A respectable Apothecary by name Coleman. The Mistress of the House talked highly of him — I desired

1 Lilla L., Mrs. Davies-Evans.
2 Alfred (since dead).

to see him. She sent her husband to fetch him! The youngest girl [1] is as well as possible, and in good spirits, and looked quite well. But I am afraid that it is not possible to expect that she should not catch the disorder. I recommended to M'dme Simon to keep her separate from the others as much as possible. I did not see Mr. Coleman; the Master of the House returned before I went away. Mr. Coleman had gone out, nobody knew where. I was under the necessity of coming away without seeing him. He had fixed to see the children again this evening. M'dme Simon talks of the disorder lasting only a few days, but that they must be kept in the house for a week. It appears to be a decided case of measles, and any physician will tell you what the course of the disorder is, and how long it will probably affect the patient. I will go over to Dover as often as I can between this and Thursday, when I shall go to London, and you may depend upon hearing from me on Thursday exactly how they are.

I will be in Dover on that day, and will come to London direct from thence. I will certainly see them on Thursday, and their Doctor Coleman, and you shall hear at your house in London on that evening the most correct accounts of them. The youngest girl was looking this morning as well as ever. It appears that the Boy was taken ill on Saturday Evening, but it was discovered he had measles on Sunday—yesterday the eldest girl had caught the disorder.

My children go away from hence on Wednesday and I go on Thursday. I am to attend the Harbour Committee at Dover ¼ before twelve, and to go to London by the 2 o'clock train. I shall call and see your children at about eleven. God bless you.

Believe me,

Ever yrs most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

I have lent my Castle to Lord Ellesmere from Thursday next, on which day he will take possession of it.

WALMER CASTLE, Nov. 11th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I have been so much occupied that I have not been able to go to Dover. But I send you a note which I received this morning from Mr. Coleman, who, I told you, attends your children. I wish that I could have seen him yesterday as I probably should have been able to relieve your mind from uneasiness, as mine has been, & as yours undoubtedly will be by the perusal of this report. I will write the man a civil answer, and will appoint a time to meet him in Biggin Street. You may rely upon it no harm will result from my having shewn an interest about them. I will bring you up on Thursday the last authenticated report of their state on that morning. You shall have it in Dover St. on Thursday evening, or as soon as possible afterwards if I shall know where you are. God bless you. Give my compts to Mr. Jones, and

Believe me ever,

Yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

I thank you for letter from Marchmont of the 8th. I have not yet heard of your visit to Swaffham.

DOVER, Nov. 13th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I have seen your children and Mr. Coleman this morning, and I am happy to be able to inform you that those which had been attacked by the disorder are now perfectly well and have not the appearance of having been sick. They look quite well and are in good spirits. The medical gentleman says that they have no disease, but he is desirous that they should not go out, in order to avoid catching cold, and they were still in their room.

They were very glad to see me. The youngest girl is quite well, looking as well as you could desire, and in very good spirits. I don't think that she will now catch the disease, being so strong and healthy. Mr. Coleman thinks that she will, but he makes very light of it, and thinks it better that she should. I requested M'dme Simon to continue to keep her separate from the others, at least as long as it is necessary to prevent them from going into the open air. I sincerely congratulate you upon the state of things. You rely upon it, that it is accurately what I have seen, and it has been confirmed by Mr. Coleman, who appears a kind and sensible man. He says that the disorder has been a very mild one, but has gone through all its stages, and that they are now free from it. I write this previous to my departure from Dover, meaning to send it by the first post office I find in London, and will besides write to you to your House in Dover Street. I enclose the report which I received this morning from Mr. Coleman before I quitted Walmer Castle, that you may see the whole progress of the case.

Ever yours with sincere affection,

WELLINGTON.

LONDON, Decr. 2nd.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I have been to pay a visit to my Dowagers. The Duchess of Gloucester was tolerably well, but not sufficiently so to go out. She talked a good deal of the Weimar marriage and other

[1] Louise, now Mrs. Spence, wife of the Dean of Gloucester.

events. She told me of an extraordinary event, which she said she had been assured had reached London by Telegraph — that Louis Napoleon had dissolved the Chambers by Proclamation, and had thrown *Himself upon the Country*. However, oddly, I have not heard of the event in any other quarter! Indeed I have not been in the way of hearing of it.

I have heard this morning of a marriage that will cause some sensation — that of Louis Napoleon with Miss Erskine, daughter of Lady Augusta Erskine, the natural daughter of King William. I have heard of this in one quarter only.

Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, Decr. 3rd.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I have had here this morning many hundreds of hard rings to enquire my opinion of insurrection at Paris, of which however I have heard no more than is in the Morning papers. I think that there must be a fight! The friends of those who have been arrested will endeavour to have them set at liberty. This alone will cause a collision in the streets. I have heard no more of the marriage I told you of yesterday. I had so much to do that I could not go to Lady Powlett's last night. I hope that you made a satisfactory journey.

Ever yrs most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, Decr. 4th.

I thank you for your note, my dear Mrs. Jones. I rejoice that you like your Residence! I hope that Mr. Jones will have good sport shooting. Short days add to the zest of such parties!

I have heard nothing that is not in the Newspapers. Paris was still quiet last night! It is reported that Monsieur Mole asserts that he is not one of those sent to Varennes! He is at least as comfortable in his own House in Paris! He can confine himself in that if he likes.

My children are going on well in the Cough[1] Part of the Disease! Lady Charles uninfected last night!

Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, Decr. 12th.

The honors and rewards of the Officers in the Service of the East India Company and my relation with them are an intricate question for the explanation of which time must be required, and it is not easy for me to discuss one of such claims with a London fine Lady, without such previous explanation!

It has been very dark all day — I have had candles since seven o'clock this morning! I write from the Home Guards, and I doubt very much being able to find my way home in my Plaid.

God bless you.
Ever yrs most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

[1] They had whooping-cough.

LONDON, Decr. 20th.

I wrote to you on Thursday, my dear Mrs. Jones, after seeing Mr. Jones and the children, and directed my letter to Brighton. I heard this morning that the Duchess of Gloucester lives upon the visits which the Duke of Wellington pays her! I hope Her Royal Highness will thrive upon them! I have been to pay her one this day! but I have not heard any news. I understand that people begin to complain of our sending troops to the Cape. They say we ought to wait and see the result of what is going on in Paris.

God Bless you.
Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, Dec. 23rd.

I have just now called at your House and seen your children, who are as well as you can wish them to be. I never saw them looking in better health. They were very happy to see me! Give my best love to Lilla, and tell her I was much pleased by her recollection of me. I think and understand that it is seriously thought that Louis Napoleon's Election is certain.

Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, Dec. 24th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I believe that we may consider the Election of Louis Napoleon quite safe.

In the mean time there is a screw loose in the Machine called the British Cabinet, of which I think there is a very rational account in the "Times" this morning. I have heard nothing of it from Windsor or from any other authority! I am going to Strathfieldsaye with Lady Douro. With best love to Lilla,

Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, Decr. 27th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I am much obliged to you for your good wishes! I hope that I may keep my health and my strength! I should be an awkward sort of old man if weak and doubled up!

I have heard of no cause for the late resignation from any authority excepting the "Times" newspaper! Indeed I should not credit it if

I did not know that the successor was appointed. With best love to your little girl,

Ever yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

My daughters are both here and the children quite well.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, Janry. 4th, 1852.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

You may rely upon it that I have not forgotten you, nor am I tired excepting by having so much to do! I assure you that at times the reflection at night of all that I have gone through in the day astonishes me, notwithstanding my daily habits and long practice! The weather here also continues to be delightful. I have never known it so mild at this season of the year! This day is more like a day of July than of January! I have not been out with the hounds. The distances to go have been very long, and I have had too much to do and attend to! I have not fixed any time for going! But I am ready to go at a moment's notice! I hear of Balls all over the World. We shall end by making one great city of the counties surrounding London. I have not heard of Officers of the Guards excepting at your Ball in Surrey! There has been another great Ball at Hatfield. But I have not heard of Officers of the Guard at it!

I have had no news! The nine days' wonder has gone by! Lord Palmerston's resignation! People begin to ask what he will do next.

I hope that Lilla is quite well and enjoying herself! If she does not, I shall reproach myself! as I believe that something that I said to you one day has been in part the cause of your taking her with you and separating her from the other children.

Believe me,

Most sincerely ever yours,

WELLINGTON.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, Janry. 10th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

Your favourite Rifle Regiment went from Plymouth on its Voyage to the Cape on Wednesday night! We had an alert here yesterday morning! Lord Fitzroy Somerset arrived whilst I was at breakfast with letters from Government on the state of war at the Cape, which gave me a good deal of employment. I sent him back with the answers! I don't know of any occasion on which I have been so much annoyed as by the misfortune of the *Amazon* Packet in the Bay of Biscay! It kept me awake for two nights! I am anxious by a knowledge and study of the details to discover some mode of avoiding, or at least of mitigating the evils of such misfortunes in future. I witnessed last spring in Lambeth the effect of a discovery by an Individual of a mode of extinguishing fires which was certainly very extraordinary.

The principle of action was to smother the flame by overwhelming it with steam; which certainly was successful when water failed. I see that a discovery has also been made of machinery by the use of which the Commander of a steam vessel might be enabled any time to convey to any part of his vessel as he might think proper any portion of the steam with a view to smother any fire. This is very important and I hope that such machinery will be introduced into all vessels navigating with steam in the future. Give my best love to Lilla & Believe me,

Ever yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, Janry. 13th.

General Cathcart having come down here on Sunday to converse with me, it was not necessary for me to go to London on Monday, which I had intended — I should have gone to see your children, and to reconnoitre the work of the fallen Balcony if I had gone up.

The loss of the *Amazon* has been a terrible affair. It has greatly disturbed me, notwithstanding that I knew nothing of any of the persons embarked in her! I had read of Mr. Warburton whom you mention! but now grieve his loss more than before!

I am much gratified by the recollection of Lilla and yourself. Be so kind as to give her three gentle pats with your hand, and a kiss upon the forehead for me.

Believe me ever,

Yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, Janry. 14th.

I have received your letter of yesterday from London, my dear Mrs. Jones. We have had rain likewise, and this is but a damp day. I confess that I have no hope that any other boat can have been saved from the *Amazon!* The whole case of it is terrible, and the investigation most interesting! How did it occur? How did it ignite? Fire originating in the Hold of the Vessel or by accident? or in the Engine Room? and thence by heated red-hot flues to the deck? This last cause may occur in any of those Ships of which the Master may be desirous of making a short ———[1] or of partly accelerating the rate of going! What are the best and most certain modes of extinguishing the fire in a ship? I have seen the experiment of that machine to which you refer. It is doubted by some whether it could be successful in a ship. Then the Life Boats, in what manner and where are they to be carried to

[1] Manuscript illegible.

be out of the way of fire, and yet easy to get at when required?

How prevail upon the terrified passengers to place themselves in the Life Boats in tranquillity and order? I have been more at sea than most men in the Naval Profession, and it is very strange have met with severe accidents. I was shipwrecked . . . but it is very strange that I have always thought that the greatest danger of all in a ship at sea was that of fire! The aspect of it is terrible! Nobody will go aloft when it is mentioned! I cannot tell you how anxious I have been about the *Amazon*, and still continue anxious! although I know of nobody on board of her! Give my best love to Lilla and the two others, and

Believe me ever,
Yours most affly,
WELLINGTON.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, Janry. 18th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I write to you to London, concluding you are still there! I am summoned to go to Windsor Castle on Tuesday, where I shall go, and return here on Thursday.

I see that reports have been received that another boat saved from the *Amazon* had arrived at Plymouth! I observe that there never existed anything to equal the representations of the confusion and human misery on board that unfortunate Ship.

Give my best love to your children.

Believe me ever,
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

WINDSOR CASTLE, Janry. 21st.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I arrived here yesterday as usual by the Post Roads! The weather has been fine and moderate, but I have not been either hunting or shooting this day!

We have here Lord John Russell and the first Lord of the Admiralty! But, as usual, I have not heard more than is in the newspapers! Of course there must be anxiety regarding the turn up in France! I return home to-morrow, and believe that my son and daughters return to town on the following days, and I propose—indeed I must go to town soon afterwards. Give my best love to your children.

Believe me Ever,
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

I have just seen my Godson in good condition. He trots about quite well.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, Janry. 25th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I am not at my ease about Louis Napoleon. He is going too fast. I see that his Ministers have resigned on account of his last act—the Plunder of the Property of the Orleans Family! This is a great mistake! The whole World will be against him on account of it. But it must not be believed that there is much feeling for the Orleanist Family! The feeling is on account of the atrocity of the act!

With best love to my friends, your children, God Bless you.

Believe me ever,
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, Febry. 27th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I came down here yesterday after the Levee—without my companion Lady Douro, who was too unwell. But Lady Charles has arrived from South Hants. The Judges have not yet arrived. I understand we are to have the Hounds here, which may detain me for some hours, as I conclude the people will not be satisfied if I should not take a gallop with them.

Believe me ever,
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, April 13th.

I have come down by the Road, my dear Mrs. Jones, and made a good journey! I had the sun in my eyes during the whole of it, but preferred it by far to going by the Railroad! tho' I should have travelled with the sun behind me! I was delighted to see my friends so flourishing and well! I hope your accounts from Carmarthenshire are satisfactory. With best compts to Mr. Jones,

Believe me Ever,
Yours Most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

I don't think that I shall be allowed to remain long out of London this time!

LONDON, July 27th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I thank you for your note received from Edenwood. I am delighted to learn that my young friends are well pleased and recollect me! I have not forgotten them and shall be delighted to see them again!

So many fancy themselves interested in misrepresentation of the strength of the Party with which they are acting, and misrepresentation of the truth! I don't think on the whole the Elections have been so favorable to Lord Derby's Government as was expected by the World! But I can't say what will be the exact result. I must go to Winchester again on the 13th of August! In the mean time I shall not

be surprised if I should be under the necessity of going to Walmer Castle one of these fine mornings! but only for a moment as I must finally settle the Militia in Hants and the Tower Hamlets before I establish myself there!

Ever, my dear Mrs. Jones,
Yours Most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, August 17th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I have reason to think that the statements in General Cathcart's despatches are not entirely correct. I cannot answer for the statements in the Cape Newspapers!

This is quite certain. The whole coloured population is disaffected & in a state of Insurrection! The European population is to the last degree incensed!

There is Civil and Servile war in the Colony! But in England we are never satisfied with anything excepting entire success. In circumstances such as exist at the Cape, Time is required to prove any result which our impatient working is willing to grant!

The Queen returned to Osborne last night, I believe. She passed Calais at three o'clock in the afternoon and steering to the West.

I have still here the Russian Grand Duchess. I believe the American affair[1] has been settled. God bless you.

Ever yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

LONDON, August 19th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

My delight at receiving and perusing your letters augments daily! I am still hard at work about raising the Militia, but I believe that I shall be under the necessity of going to Town next week.

The Queen has returned and postponed the Parliament till October, but it does not appear that is the time fixed for the Assembly. It will probably be in November.

Give my love to Lilla — my friend.

Believe me ever,
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

WALMER CASTLE, August 26th.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I have received your letter of Tuesday! I write to you very constantly, and I am glad you feel sensible of my attention and all you wish.

God Bless you.

Give my love to my friends.

Believe me ever,
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

My visitors will be here on Friday.

WALMER CASTLE, August 31st.

MY DEAR MRS. JONES:

I have been so much occupied by the Reception here of the Grand Duchess Catherine of Mecklenburg Strelitz that I have not written to you since I came here. She came here on Friday with a suite that filled the House. There was nobody here but myself. Lady Charles and her children do not come until Friday next. I had all the Notables here whom you know to meet her at dinner! She breakfasted and had lunch here on Saturday, and I went down to Dover with her after luncheon in order that she might embark and go that evening to Ostend. She was delighted with her Reception and Residence here, and wished much to prolong the latter. But her husband the Grand Duke is an Officer of the Artillery in the Service of the Emperor of Russia, and was under the necessity of attending a Review in the South of Russia in the month of October, and she was obliged to go.

I am happy to hear that you and my young friends are so well. I see that you visit Yorkshire for the Doncaster Races, but go back to St. Andrews. I am delighted with your account of yourself and your friends — say to them from me Everything that is kind. I understand that Parliament will certainly meet for the disposal of business between the 10th and 15th of November. I have already made arrangements which have for their object to enable me to quit this part of the world a week sooner than usual! I generally go about the 14th or 15th of November,[2] but I shall go at least a week earlier this year. God Bless you.

Believe me ever,
Yours most faithfully,
WELLINGTON.

WALMER CASTLE, Sept. 7th, 1852.[3]

I have been a good deal occupied since I wrote to you last, my dear Mrs. Jones. I have been twice to Folkestone, going and returning the short distance between Dover and Folkestone by Railroad! which takes a great deal of time, as one must wait at the stations for the hours at which the Trains pass on the great Lines! I went to see Mr. Croker who is here for change of air. He has had a most extraordinary attack. He has lost one half of his pulse, that is to say his Pulsation was 70 odd strokes in a minute! It now strikes only 30 odd less of the number of times! He walks and talks and looks and feels just as ever! But he has no appetite! The doctors have ordered him to avoid any sudden exertion, or movement, or excitement.

[1] The disputed fisheries in the Bay of Fundy.
[2] He was buried on the 17th.
[3] He died September 14.

The weather continues to be beautiful.

Parliament will certainly meet on the 11th. I understand that the Government feels very confident of success. With kind love to my friends, Believe me ever,

Yours most faithfully,

WELLINGTON.

I should think that Mrs. Scarlett must wish very much that my opinion should prevail — viz: that an Englishman has no claim to be treated by the Tribunal, in any country otherwise than as a native of the Same.[1]

ON that very day week the duke was seized with his mortal illness. As the bright autumnal day passed away he went with it, and so calmly and quietly, that it was only when a mirror was held to his lips that life was seen to be extinct.

He had said in one of his latest letters that this year he would go up to London a little earlier than his usual date of the 14th or 15th of November — little thinking how he would make the journey.

On the 10th of that month, by the light of torches and with the pealing of minute-guns, his earthly remains, which had lain at Walmer Castle for eight weeks under the faithful guardianship of his old regiment, the Rifle Brigade, were removed to Chelsea Barracks. There all London thronged to see him as he lay in state. The great hall, lighted only by waxen tapers in silver sconces and draped in black, brought into strong relief the crimson coffin in which reposed the "good gray head" with its expression of perfect peace. At its foot lay all the decorations which he had so nobly won. Life-guardsmen with their arms covered guarded the apartment. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The Queen was led weeping bitterly to her carriage, having broken down when she got to the center of the hall, and sorrow and solemnity were stamped on every face.

Of the impressive funeral through the heart of London, lined with the troops he had led through so many perils to so many victories, we need not speak. All who could assembled to do him honor on that last journey to St. Paul's, where he rests beside the "Mighty Seaman" of Lord Tennyson's ode.

Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

*Mary E. Davies-Evans.*

[1] This remark has reference to the "Mather" case at Florence.

# PERDITA.

(ON SEEING MISS ANDERSON IN THE RÔLE.)

SHE dances,
And I seem to be
In primrose vales of Sicily,
Beside the streams once looked upon
By Thyrsis and by Corydon:
The sunlight laughs as she advances,
Shyly the zephyrs kiss her hair,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

Dance, Perdita! and shepherds, blow!
Your reeds restrain no longer!
Till weald and welkin gleeful ring,
Blow, shepherds, blow! and, lasses, sing —
Yet sweeter strains and stronger!
Let far Helorus softer flow
'Twixt rushy banks, that he may hear;
Let Pan, great Pan himself, draw near!

Stately
She moves, half smiling
With girlish look beguiling —
A dawn-like grace in all her face;
Stately she moves, sedately,
Through the crowd circling round her;
But — swift as light —
See! she takes flight!
Empty, alas! is her place.

Follow her, follow her, let her not go!
Mirth ended so —
Why, 't is but woe!
Follow her, follow her! Perdita! — lo,
Love hath with wreaths enwound her!

She dances,
And I seem to see
The nymph divine, Terpsichore,
As when her beauty dazzling shone
On eerie heights of Helicon.
With bursts of song her voice entrances
The dreamy, blossom-scented air,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

*Florence Earle Coates.*

# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

## BARN-STORMING IN MISSISSIPPI.

IT is to be hoped for the credit of humanity that the old philosopher was in error when he said that we feel a sad gratification even in the distress of our dearest friends. But, be that as it may, it is quite certain that those of our fellow-creatures whose lives have been burdened with sorrow command our respect and excite our interest more than the high and mighty. Belisarius, stricken blind, wandering, a beggar in tattered rags, and asking alms of the people he once led to victory, presents a figure that calls for our deepest sympathy; while we cannot shed tears over a dethroned monarch with a corner lot. By these reflections I am strengthened in the hope that I may not be tiring my reader with the continuous recital of our misfortunes, and that he will not grow as weary of them as we did. If he will but patiently wade a little farther through this "slough of despond," I promise in the latter part of my narrative to give some account of my less interesting success.

Our disastrous seasons were not exceptions. The country had been in a chronic state of theatrical bankruptcy since the panic of 1837, and continued in it for many years. Actors often had to turn their hands to something else for a livelihood besides the profession. My father painted signs for a whole summer in Vicksburg, and our leading man manufactured genuine Havana cigars in the same studio. I often acted as "drummer," and, when business was slow, would sally forth among the wharf boats to solicit orders.

It is likely that some of the events I have recorded may not have followed in the order in which I have placed them, but I do not feel that this is of much importance. Accurate statistics, with dates, long rows of figures, and unimportant casts of plays, are somewhat tedious. Tony Lumpkin says, with undoubted truth, that "the inside of a letter contains the cream of the correspondence." I must therefore crave your Honor's pardon for acting on this hint by endeavoring to trace the interesting portion of this history,—if it has any interest,—casting unimportant details into oblivion.

Mary's death reduced our quartet to a trio, and I next found myself in the town of Grand Gulf, in the State of Mississippi, with my mother and sister. We were there awaiting the arrival of my half-brother, Charles Burke, who was somewhere in the interior of the State, with a small company of actors, struggling along from town to town. Our letters to him had crossed or miscarried; so we were obliged to remain there for several weeks until we could hunt him up. There was no telegraph in those days, and postal communication was uncertain.

The money had run out, and we were in a straitened condition, when, to our joy, my brother arrived. He burst like a ray of sunshine into the house, and we crowded about the dear fellow, smothering him with tears and kisses. It seems that his company was at Port Gibson, only eight miles away, where they had arrived the night before, and he had started at daylight, walking to Grand Gulf to meet us. After breakfast he went out for the purpose of hiring a wagon and team to take us on. This was soon done, and we started on our journey. We had got but four miles from the town when I observed my brother and the driver in close conversation. I saw that something was wrong. Presently the driver pulled up and the wagon stopped. My brother turned round and said: "Mother, I have made a bargain with this man to take us to Port Gibson for ten dollars. I have no money, and expected to pay him out of to-night's receipts after the play. He says this arrangement will not do for him; he seems unwilling to trust me, so he must be paid now or he will turn back." I looked at my mother and hinted that perhaps, if she searched hard, something might be found in the stocking. Her eyes filled with tears, and I saw by her face that the bank was broken. There was nothing left us but to get out of the wagon and remain by the roadside until my brother should go back and make another trial. The rain came down, and we took shelter under a large tree, awaiting his return. My mother had once been one of the most attractive stars in America, the leading prima donna of the country, and now, from no fault of her own, was reduced to the humiliation of being put out of a wagon with her two children, in a lonely road in the far-off State of Mississippi, because she could not pay a wagoner the sum of ten dollars.

This was so far the darkest hour we had

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passed. About noon the sun shone bright, and shortly afterwards my brother appeared in sight, mounted on top of an ox-cart driven by an old negro. We were only four miles from Port Gibson, but it required as many hours to make the journey, so about sundown our party alighted at the hotel.

We now entered upon a course of the most primitive acting, going from town to town and giving entertainments in the dining-rooms of the hotels. As there were no papers published in these small villages, there were no printing-offices, consequently no bills; so flaming announcements of our arrival in a bold handwriting were displayed in the three important points of the town, viz.: the hotel, the post-office, and the barber-shop. It fell to my duty, being an adept with the brush, to write, or rather paint, these advertisements. The plays were acted in costume, but without scenery or curtain. The nightly receipts were small — just about enough to get us from place to place.

Our objective point was the town of Liberty, Mississippi; but there was some difficulty in getting there, as the distance was greater than we could accomplish in a day. A farmer who had been to the theater the night before for the first time in his life was so struck by the performance that he proposed to have his teams brought in and take us to his farm-house, about twenty-five miles distant. According to his suggestion we were to rest for a day, give an entertainment in his barn, and so go on to Liberty.

"But," said my brother, "you tell me there is no other house there but your own. What shall we do for an audience?"

"Well," said the farmer, "all my family will come, to begin with, and there is a dozen or more on 'em; then there 's eight or ten farm-houses close by, and if one of your men will drive there with my son and blow the horn they will all come, for there ain't one on 'em ever seen a play before. I 'll insure you a full barn."

So the matter was settled, and we actually played in a barn, the house that we staid in being the only one in sight. It seemed in vain to look for an audience in such a lonely place, but the farmer was right. Soon after the sun had gone down the full harvest moon rose, and by its dim light we could faintly see family groups of people, two and sometimes three on a horse, coming from all directions over the hill — now a wagon with a great load. Some of them walked, but all were quiet and serious, and apparently wondering what they were going to see.

Those who have traveled through the Southern States will perhaps remember the kind of barn we acted in: there were two log houses joined together with an opening between them which was floored and covered in. The seats were arranged outside in the open air—benches, chairs, and logs. The double barn on each side was used for dressing-rooms and for making entrances and exits, while the opening was devoted to the stage. The open air was well filled, containing an audience of about sixty persons. Our enthusiastic admirer, the farmer, collected the admission fee, a dollar being charged and freely given. The plays were "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Spectre Bridegroom." The farmer had supplied us liberally with candles, so that the early part of the entertainment was brilliantly illuminated, but the evening breeze had fanned the lights so fiercely that by the time the farce began the footlights were gone. The little "flaming ministers" had all sputtered out, so "The Spectre Bridegroom" was acted in the moonlight.

It was curious to watch the effect of a strong emotional play like "The Lady of Lyons" upon an audience that had never seen a drama before: they not only were much interested, but they became excited over the trials of the hero and heroine; they talked freely among themselves, and, at times, to the actors. One old lady insisted that the lovers should be "allowed their own way," and a stalwart young farmer warned the villain not to interfere again "if he knew what was best for him."

We continued traveling through the State of Mississippi, sometimes in wagons or on a stray stern-wheel steamer that was hailed from the bank of some little village where we had acted. As the spring opened the rainy season set in, and the roads became almost impassable. Fortunately at this time my mother received an offer for us to join the new theater in Galveston, to which place we proceeded, my brother and his wife going North to act under Mr. Burton's management at the Arch street Theater, Philadelphia.

### PUDDING STANLEY.

At the termination of our Galveston season the company embarked on board a small stern-wheel steamer that wound its way through a narrow, crooked stream and landed us at the city of Houston. I say the company, but it was only a remnant of it, as most of its members, being weary of the hot weather and despairing of any more regular-salary days, had returned to the North. We acted for several weeks in Houston, but with a feeble kind of patronage that just enabled us to keep our heads above water; still, the ever-hopeful disposition of the itinerant actor buoyed us up, and we struggled on in the anticipation of a reaction.

We had by this time resolved ourselves into what was called a "sharing scheme," dividing the profits, when there were any, *pro rata*

with our salaries. First the board was paid for, then the rent, then the printing, then the orchestra — the latter always ready to strike at a bar's notice; the rest we shared. These uncertain dividends were looked forward to with much interest, for home was far away and difficult to reach.

As the season approached its close and the disbanding of our company was under discussion, a new sensation occurred in the arrival of an old actor and ex-theatrical manager by the name of Stanley. This remnant of an earlier era had been upon the retired list for many years, and now suddenly burst upon us with enticing schemes to better our condition. I had never seen him before, but several of our company knew and recognized him as a veteran barn-stormer of the olden time. He had been living in San Antonio for many years, and having heard that a company of players were at Houston the slumbering old war-horse within him was awakened, and disdaining the dangers of a long journey through the chaparral,— for the country was at this time full of hostile Indians, — he had ridden three hundred miles in the wild enthusiasm of an old manager-actor, thirsting for the revival of three-sheet posters and a high stool opposite that fascinating spot, the pigeon-hole of the box-office. Naturally, in the first flush of his arrival, laden as he was with flattering promises of double salaries and clear third benefits, we were in a delightful flutter of anticipation. His accounts of San Antonio and the surrounding country were dazzling. There had been no dramatic entertainment ever given there, the gold mines of Mexico were close at hand, and, in short, it seemed quite clear that our fortunes would be made if we concluded to embrace his offer. He further informed us that he was well known all through Texas, and that his popularity was second only to that of the late Davy Crockett; that, under the very "shadow of the Alamo," as he poetically expressed it, he kept a bar-room in conjunction with a fandango, a keno table, and a faro bank — by which means it seems he had endeavored to refine the depraved tastes of the citizens. Mr. Stanley's figure was portly, so that his friends, in order to distinguish him from the other and less important Stanleys in town, bestowed upon him the title of "Pudding Stanley," or "Pud," as he was more briefly and affectionately called.

As I have said, we were at first overwhelmed with his amazing description of our future Eldorado, but upon holding council to consider the situation dispassionately our ardor cooled. First came the dreaded journey of three hundred miles through a wilderness of chaparral inhabited only by jack-rabbits and hostile Indians. Our leading actor remarked that he did not mind jack-rabbits, but considered the Indians an impediment. He was a courageous man, too, upon the stage. I had seen him play the *Chief Osceola*, and scalp one "super" after another with great nerve; but now he seemed to think with *King Lear* that "Nature 's above art in that respect," and while he reveled in being the hero of an artistic assassination, realistic effects of this kind were not to be thought of.

Another reason for our not relishing the proposal was contained in the recollection of a really serious matter in connection with actors and Indians that had occurred in Florida during the Seminole war. It seems that a manager by the name of William C. Forbes had taken a theatrical company into the very jaws of the disturbance. The troupe acted at the different forts and garrisons along the line of battle, and on one occasion, while going from one military station to another, without an escort, it was attacked and roughly handled by the savages. Forbes and most of his people escaped, but two unfortunate actors were captured and butchered. The theatrical wardrobe belonging to the company fell into the hands of the Indians, who, dressing themselves up as Romans, Highlanders, and Shaksperean heroes, galloped about in front of the very fort, though well out of gunshot, where Forbes and the more fortunate members of his company had fled for safety. Several of the Indians were afterwards taken, and as they were robed and decked in the habiliments of *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and a host of other Shaksperean characters,— for Forbes was eminently legitimate,— their identity as the murderers was established, and they were hanged in front of the garrison.

The recollection of this incident acted as anything but a stimulus to our wavering courage, and we took the liberty of mentioning to the ex-ranger that it was within the bounds of possibility that the warlike Comanches of Texas might have no more respect for the legitimate drama than the Seminoles of Florida, in which case history would inconveniently repeat itself.

The tempter ridiculed our fears, looking upon us, I think, with a ranger's contempt. He said there were a few Indians here and there certainly, but they were cowardly, and generally kept themselves concealed in the chaparral. On being cross-questioned as to why they concealed themselves in the chaparral, he replied, "Well, possibly ambush; but they are great cowards." He said the safest plan would be for the entire party to keep together; going all in one wagon, we would then exhibit "the full strength of the company," and weli armed with such theatrical weapons as we might

possess, there would be no danger. Theatrical weapons — just think of it! The armory of a theater in those days consisted of two pairs of short broadswords, a half-dozen stuffed sticks, and a rusty flint-lock horse-pistol that always snapped once and generally twice before virtue felt itself secure. A cold shiver ran down my back as I imagined myself facing a Comanche with an article whose uncertainty had on more than one occasion compelled the heavy villain to commit suicide with a table-spoon.

It is needless to say that I had inwardly resolved not to go, and I think the entire company were of my mind. Of course we laid it all on the leading man, who had at least been bold enough openly to express his fear; but we decided not to go!

Stanley was of course disappointed, as he had looked forward, he said, not only to the renewal of managerial responsibility and importance, but to donning again the sock and buskin and acting with us. Upon this hint we suggested that if he really desired to act again, and would appear one night in Houston for our benefit, we should be proud to support him. If *Richard III.* could tempt him — we knew this to be his weak point — it was at his service. Of course at first he pretended to demur, saying that he had no wardrobe, and that it was so long since he had acted that he "really feared." But he could not conceal an undercurrent of secret delight at the thought of again striding the stage. He consented. He was so well known in Texas that we felt quite sure, in securing his services for a joint benefit to the company, our treasury would swell from its present slender dimensions and give us the means of returning to Galveston with flying colors.

Stanley's professional and private histories were both interesting, as they covered a period when artistic, commercial, and military matters were curiously mingled. He had acted in the then far West under the management of Alexander Drake both in Louisville and in Cincinnati; he had then drifted off into Texas, joining the rangers against Santa Anna; then back again to the Mississippi, where he encountered the celebrated Chapman company, who had ingeniously fitted up a steamboat and converted it into a floating theater. This huge dramatic barge used to ply from one town to another on the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers, giving theatrical entertainments at the various points where there were no theaters. The roving spirit again taking possession of him, he left the Chapmans and returned to Texas.

The night was arranged for the benefit, and such was the popularity of the volunteer that tickets amounting to the capacity of the theater, and even beyond it, were sold without delay. As I before said, *Richard III.* was his pet part; and while he considered himself unequaled in the character, he confided to me that he did not mind privately confessing that in the later scenes he drew his inspiration from the example of Edwin Forrest. Stanley now employed his mornings in walking as majestically as his ungainly figure would permit up and down the stage, gesticulating violently and roaring out the soliloquies of *Richard;* and his afternoons in accumulating raw cotton, in order that the hump and the bandy-legs of the crook-backed tyrant might be properly deformed and traditionally disfigured.

Our volunteer reminded me of an actor I once knew who used to wear upon the stage a red wig so like his own hair that whether he had it on or off there was no perceptible difference in his appearance. So with Stanley: his bandy-legs and round shoulders, even when unadorned, quite harmonized with the accepted idea of Gloucester's deformity; but, looking upon himself as an Apollo, our hero had piled such a mountain of cotton on his natural hump that it made "Ossa like a wart."

On the auspicious night the house was packed to the doors. A few ladies came; but their escorts, seeing that the audience were disposed to be turbulent, took them away, so that the friends and admirers of the star were unchecked in their noisy cat-calls and demonstrations. Law, order, and decorum were set at defiance. The friends of the old ranger had come for a frolic and evidently intended to have it. The placard of "No smoking" was totally disregarded. Pipes and cigars were vigorously puffed, and the house was so filled with smoke that one would have supposed that the battle of Bosworth Field had taken place before the opposing forces met. The weather was sultry, and the general heat, combined with the stifling atmosphere of a crowded house, ran the little box of a theater up to the temperature of an oven in full force.

At the rise of the curtain the expectant audience was on tiptoe to greet their comrade. At the wing stood the sweltering *Richard,* absorbed in his character and embedded in cotton, and as he strode upon the stage the theater rang with applause and shouts of welcome. After bowing low his acknowledgments he began the famous soliloquy. The performance proceeded quietly for a time, the silence being broken now and then by expressions of approval in complimentary but rather familiar terms. During the love scene with *Lady Anne*, her ladyship was warned by some one in the audience, who claimed to have an intimate knowledge of *Richard's* private domestic affairs, that the tyrant had already two Mexican wives in San

Antonio. Nothing daunted at this public accusation of polygamy, "Pud" pressed his suit with ardor.

The retired actor had not forgotten some of the old-fashioned tricks of the art, and would take the stage with tremendous strides from the center to the extreme right or left after making a point, thereby signifying to the audience that if they desired to applaud then was their time. "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!" and away he would go. In one of these flights, being over-stimulated by excitement and applause, he nearly tumbled into the private box. Straightening himself up, his ostrich plumes became entangled with a spermaceti chandelier and set him in a blaze of glory. He glared with indignation at the convulsed audience, being himself entirely innocent of the illumination until the unmistakable odor of burnt feathers warned him that his diadem was in danger. In the death scene, just as *Richard* expired, a voice, signifying that the game was over, shouted "Keno!" This allusion to "Pud's" commercial pursuits brought him to life, and as the curtain was descending he sat up and warned the interlocutor that he would "keno" him in the morning.

### IN MEXICO.

THE declaration of war with Mexico caused a great stir in Galveston; speculations were rife in all quarters as to the probable result from a commercial point of view. Of course no doubt existed as to the ultimate success of our side; but the question as to how much was to be made out of it seemed to absorb the public mind. Our manager was a thrifty soul, and foresaw the prospect of good financial results by following up the army with his dramatic forces. My mother was considerably alarmed lest I should be conscripted, and I was not a little uneasy on those grounds myself.

In May, 1846, we embarked on board a condemned Mississippi steamer for Point Isabel. This leaky old boat, crowded with soldiers, gamblers, and a few actors, feebly wended its uncertain way along the coast and arrived at its destination in about four days. Luckily, the sea was as calm as a mill-pond; for if one of those dreadful cyclones so frequent in the Gulf had overtaken us, many good soldiers, indifferent gamblers, and bad actors would have found their way to the bottom of the sea, and these important reënforcements to General Taylor never would have put in an appearance. Point Isabel, on our arrival, was all bustle and activity. It was a flat, sandy, and uninteresting place, covered with tents and boiling over with military preparations. The battle of Palo Alto was fought on the 8th of May: these were the first guns fired, and we could distinctly hear the booming sounds of opposing cannon; it ended at sunset with victory for the American army. The next morning I saw the ambulance bringing in the wounded form of Major Samuel Ringgold, who died soon after. This celebrated hero introduced into this country the flying artillery, to the efficiency of which the success of the day was attributed. The Mexicans had retreated only a few miles, and, being reënforced, gave battle the next day, and the memorable engagement of Resaca de la Palma was won by the gallant charge of Captain May at the head of his dragoons. Then came the bombardment of Fort Brown, and on the 18th of May the city of Matamoras was occupied by the United States army, with our gallant band of comedians bringing up the rear, elated at our military success.

The manager took advantage of the distressed position of the town, and, by permission of the American commandant, occupied the old Spanish theater. Victory had crowned our arms; so the soldiers, settlers, gamblers, ragtag and bob-tail crowd that always follow on in the train of an army, like "greedy crows" that hover over the heads of the defeated party, "impatient for their lean inheritance," were ready for amusement. Here we acted to the most motley group that ever filled a theater. But in the middle of September the trumpet blast sounded in our ears again; the soldiers were ordered to march on to Monterey. The town was deserted and the theater closed. Our manager, seeing that all further hopes of their return had vanished, disbanded his company, and with all the cash he could collect, including our back salaries, "wandered away, no man knew whither." Here I was left with my mother and sister, thrown on our own resources, which were very small, in a strange country, and among a people not at all on good terms with us. The only member of the company left besides ourselves was Edward Badger. He was my brother comedian and friend; his father was the well-known Alderman Badger of Philadelphia. Our situation was somewhat desperate; so we held a council of war to determine on our future movements. The soldiers had gone, but the gamblers remained; and the brilliant idea occurred to us, that as we could no longer minister to their intellectual entertainment we might make something by furnishing them with internal comforts. So we boldly resolved to open a coffee and cake stand in their interest. We arranged to place the stand in a bar-room in the central part of Matamoras, the locality offering the best position for our commercial enterprise. The establishment was dignified by the high-sounding title of "The

Grand Spanish Saloon," and consisted of a long room, with a low ceiling, having a counter, or bar, running the full length on one side, and a row of gaming-tables on the other, where roulette, keno, chuck-a-luck, and faro were industriously pursued with the usual integrity which generally attaches itself to these pastimes. The walls were beautifully whitewashed and the floor was well sprinkled with sand. In front of the bar and at regular intervals were kegs cut into halves and filled with sawdust, these being the cuspidores of the pioneers. From the ceiling were suspended chandeliers made of barrel-hoops, tastefully covered with pink, blue, and white paper, cut in different patterns, in which candles were placed to illuminate the cheerful and tragic scenes that alternately occurred in this fascinating but dangerous place.

Badger, after convincing the proprietor that the introduction of a stand for cake and hot coffee at one end of the room would not only add to the refinement of his establishment, but increase its custom by providing the patrons with refreshment during their hours of relaxation from business, came to terms with him. We were to furnish everything and give him ten per cent. of our gross receipts for rent, it being verbally understood that if either Badger or myself came to an untimely death at the hands of any of his attachés the person so offending should be discharged from his service at once.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than this arrangement, so I at once set about the decoration of our café, while Badger went off in search of an old Mexican woman, said to be an expert in the manufacture of coffee and pies. The construction of our stand was simple and effective; a large dry-goods box on which two boards were placed so as to reach the bar-counter made a permanent and secure foundation for the reception of our viands. The boards were tastefully draped and masked with Turkey-red reaching to the floor. Large sheets of white paper were spread over the top, and on the right, next the counter, stood a large and elaborate tin coffee-urn, and beneath it an alcohol lamp emitting a beautiful blue flame. This monument was surrounded by a dozen old cups and saucers, in which, placed at right angles, gleamed a corresponding number of shining spoons, giving a pure German silver flavor to everything they touched. A fat sugar-bowl and an attenuated milk-pitcher completed the coffee service. Four flat pies, two pyramids of sandwiches, a box of cheap cigars tilted up on a brick, and a large plate of home-made Mexican cakes completed the assortment. Among the dainty articles which adorned our counter were some large, round, burnt-sienna-looking cakes called mandillos. I think they must have been indigenous to the soil of Mexico, for I rejoice to know that I never saw one anywhere else. They were sparingly sprinkled with dry currants, and glazed on top with some sticky stuff that never dried during the whole summer: if an unlucky fly lit on one of these delicacies his doom was sealed. I have no idea what they tasted like, for I never had the courage to try one; nor did I ever know a customer who ventured on one for the second time. One gentleman — an epicure from Texas — said that he would not mind giving one a trial if he could be sure which were the currants and which were the flies. This kind of pleasantry we could afford to smile at, but when a ranger remarked on one occasion that any man who would sell such things ought to be shot, we decided — for the sake of our customers — that we would remove this objectionable feature from our bill of fare; so the cakes were forthwith banished to the top shelf, well out of sight, and utilized as fly-traps for the rest of the season.

When our arrangements were first completed Badger and I stood with folded arms at the far end of the long room, contemplating the effect with pride and satisfaction. It was now about time for the doors to open. We were quite nervous and excited; for, in the innocence of our natures, we expected a great rush from the public. Our spirits were somewhat dampened, therefore, to find that no one seemed to know or care anything about us or the new venture in which nearly all of our available cash was invested.

As the day wore on, stragglers dropped in one by one; blear-eyed gamblers, freshly shaved, with shaky hands and gloomy looks, called for their morning cocktail at the bar. Now and then we caught a stray customer: our coffee, clear and strong, was a great success; and the pies did pretty well, too, but the "Colorado Claros" were a dead failure. Our point now was to watch the public; if an article was not in demand we discarded it at once, and offered another in its place. By these tactics, before the week was over, the cash returns were more than satisfactory. My partner and myself conformed to the regular business hours of the establishment: at about three o'clock A. M. the order to close was given and "Vamoose!" was shouted by the stentorian lungs of the proprietor. The roulette ceased to revolve, the dice were discarded, the faro cloth was rolled up, and our alcohol lamp was extinguished. Those members of the sporting fraternity who could stand on their feet reeled home (?), and those who could not were dragged along the sanded floor and deposited on the sidewalk; the candles were blown out and the doors of "The Grand Spanish Saloon" were closed to the world. Badger and I would trudge to our

room arm in arm, carrying our money in a shot-bag between us, and each armed with a Colt's patent "pepper-caster."

The dwelling-houses in Matamoras were generally one story high, built of brick, plastered, and painted yellow; one door and an iron-barred window in front on the street, and the same at the back, leading to a courtyard which was used in common by the occupants of the house for washing, ironing, cooking, and eating. We occupied one of these establishments.

In the morning little tables, with white cloths, were brought out and set for breakfast in the open air. The different families would sit at them and drink their hot coffee, eat their fruit and bread, smoke their cigarettes, and talk away as gaily as if no war were going on. The courtyards were entered by a large gate, and hired out to passing caravans of muleteers or rancheros, who occupied the middle of the space. Here they also took their meals and sold their fruit, vegetables, chickens, and dry goods of cheap and gaudy-colored stuffs, Mexican blankets, sombreros, and baskets. The courtyard at night was a lovely sight. The little houses surrounding it were all lighted up within, the doors wide open so that we could see the families, men, women, and children, knitting, smoking, dancing, singing, and playing cards — always for money (everybody gambled in Mexico); and groups of muleteers in the center were seated around their camp-fire, which would blaze and shed its light over the scene. I had a great fondness for this locality, for here I met my first love. Her mother was a full-blooded Mexican, but her father must have been pure Castilian, for the girl was not only beautiful, but her features were aristocratic. She had the prettiest little feet and hands that could be imagined. Her merry black eyes fairly danced and sparkled with brilliancy, and when laughing she would throw her head back in ecstasy, showing two rows of pearly teeth. Metta — that was her name — was as wild and graceful as a deer. I was quite in love with her at first sight, and when she began to teach me to play the guitar and smoke cigarettes I was entirely captured. She had that rich, olive complexion that one sees in a pale Key West cigar, and, like that article, was about half Spanish. Her great delight was to make a full half-dozen of her Mexican sweethearts jealous by flirting with me; but as she spoke not a word of English, and I was entirely ignorant of Spanish, we could only make eyes and smile at each other. Perhaps this was all for the best, because had it been otherwise, I am afraid that, though I was only eighteen, my mother would have been astonished with a Mexican daughter-in-law before we left the country.

Our business affairs were flourishing at the saloon, and but for a strong propensity that my speculative partner had for trying his luck at the side tables now and then, we should have made a small fortune. Of course there was a heavy risk of life and property in such a place, as the frequenters of the "Grand Spanish" were more numerous than select, and, to paraphrase an old saying, "when the rum was in, the knife was out." Several times the firm had dodged under the counter to escape contact with a stray bullet, and on one occasion the offending coffee-urn had been fatally shot.

I now divided my time between attention to commerce and learning the Spanish language from Metta, but I am afraid it was a case of pleasure before business. She was the most innocent, simple child of nature that I ever saw, and yet, with all her modesty, a perfect miniature coquette. She would jump for joy and clap her little hands together if she only could contrive to make any of her lovers jealous. The scowling brows of one of her native admirers, together with the liberal display of a small arsenal of unconcealed weapons encircling his waist, always gave me a disagreeable turn, and at these times I would insist on Metta's not lavishing so much public attention on me. I never saw the fellow's dark eyes glaring at me but there came up a vision of that old engraving of the Spanish lady on a moonlight night smiling from her window on her favorite lover, and a melodramatic looking rival in the background peering around the corner and grasping a stiletto as big as a hand-saw, ready to stab the accepted lover in the back.

A noted character on the border line in those days, one Buck Wallace, was a frequenter of this place — a lump of good nature and kindness when unmolested, but if the demon in him was aroused he became a desperate and dangerous man. He was a Philadelphian by birth; and as that was my native city, Wallace and I struck up a great friendship, though he was full thirty years my senior. He was an interesting fellow, with a strange mixture of tenderness and ferocity. His life had been an adventurous and romantic one; as a boy, he had served under Captain James Bowie, after whom the famous bowie-knife is named, and was with Davy Crockett at the fall of the Alamo. After the assassination of Crockett and Bowie by the Mexicans, Wallace returned to Philadelphia, and, as extremes meet, strangely enough married a beautiful young Quakeress. He now resolved to settle down and lead a steady life, but the City of Brotherly Love was a trifle too peaceful for his belligerent nature; so, taking his young wife on his arm, he again sought the border, squatting on a ranch in the

heart of a wild and lonely spot on the banks of the Nueces. This river marked the fighting line between Mexico and Texas, so it was congenial soil for "Bully Buck," as he was familiarly called, though I am afraid the friendly spirit of his gentle wife was often shocked by his deeds of daring. He used to talk to me of this sweet lady and their only child with tears in his eyes, for he was a loving savage. They had been cruelly murdered by the Comanche Indians during the absence of Wallace from his home. This crazed him for several months, and when he came to himself a morbid craving for revenge took possession of him. It is said that if Buck met a Comanche alone, it was all up with the redskin. His knowledge of the country made him of much importance at this time to the United States Government, by whom he was employed as spy, scout, ranger, and detective; his bold nature won for him the admiration of his friends and the fear of his enemies. He had in his way educated himself, and was very fond of quoting poetry of the morbid and romantic order. Byron's "Corsair," Poe's "Raven," and Scott's Highland tales were special favorites with him; but he had a thorough contempt for Cooper's novels, and put no faith in the existence of "Boston Indians."

One evening — the last on earth for him, poor fellow! — just as the candles were lighted and the games in the "Grand Saloon" were in full play, Wallace, without hat or coat and with his hair disheveled, rushed wildly into the room. He shouted to the crowd: "Give me a knife or a pistol, for God's sake, quick, or I 'm gone!" Everybody started to his feet; the man was so well known that the sound of his voice and his desperate appearance seemed to terrify the crowd. In the midst of the confusion three dark-looking Mexicans rushed into the room and began a furious attack upon Wallace. He was unarmed, and, seizing a chair, he fought desperately for his life. He felled the first man to the ground, but before he could turn he was stabbed to the heart by one of his other assailants and fell heavily to the floor; the assassins, brandishing their knives, cleared a way through the crowd and escaped. This was the darkest tragedy I had yet seen, and that night, as I turned the matter over in my mind, I felt that however congenial this atmosphere might be for a Texan ranger, it was no place for a legitimate comedian. So I proposed to Badger that we should at once hunt up some Mexican having a commercial turn of mind and sell out. This was easily done; the business was a thriving one, and the death of poor Wallace seemed to have made the place more popular. So we sold the good-will, divided our capital, and dissolved.

I had to break the dreadful tidings to Metta that I must go away. I do not think she cared half so much for me as I did for her; but when she realized the fact that I was about to "vamoose" she got up quite a little scene. Through our interpreter I told her I should soon make my fortune and return to her to claim her as my bride, and bear her off with the whole family — there were sixteen of them — to my own country. It was pretty hard to make her understand that there was any other country but the one she was living in: she had often wondered where I and all the other cruel people had come from to make war on her family, and always fancied that the little town where she was born was the all and end of everything. In fact, Metta in Matamoras was like the minnow in the brook; she "knew not of the sea to which the brook was flowing."

The parting between Metta and myself was very affecting; her mother and all her little barefooted brothers were weeping away in the Mexican tongue as I departed. In a month after that I had quite forgotten Metta, and the chances are that within a year she had allied herself to that animated arsenal the dark-eyed rival.

### MR. AND MRS. JAMES W. WALLACK, JR.

We had a permit to leave Matamoras in one of the Government boats that was taking back wounded soldiers to Brazos Santiago. Many of the poor fellows were on board, and, having left various members of their bodies on the battlefields of Mexico, they were anxious to get what was left of them home as soon as possible. I was an eye-witness to much of the suffering; the water, the climate, the blazing sun, and the drenching rain thinned their ranks with more effect than Mexican valor could have done. One by one they dropped off, and by the time we reached Brazos Santiago there were but few left alive. Here we left the Government steamer and took passage on a brig bound for New Orleans.

I am not aware as to how attractive their places of business may be to the members of other professions, but when I was a youth the first place an actor sought out when he arrived in town was the theater. Actors seemed to be in love with their vocation and fluttered about the footlights, whether they had anything to do or not. I scarcely think that the attachment is so strong to-day, and there are many reasons, too, why it should not be so. At the time of which I write actors mixed but little with the public and seldom went into society. Salaries were small, so they could not afford expensive amusements, and I cannot call to mind that there was a dramatic club in America. Now they have their yachts, their horses, their clubs,

and their country homes. Then their only place of rendezvous was the theater.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that on our arrival in New Orleans the brig we came in had scarcely touched the wharf when I leaped ashore and bought a morning paper to see what theater was open. At the St. Charles — still under the management of Ludlow and Smith — there was announced the "Tragedy of King Richard III." from the original text, the stars being Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wallack, Jr., who appeared as the *Duke of Gloster* and *Queen Elizabeth*, the evening's entertainment concluding with the farce of "A Kiss in the Dark," with the then rising young comedian John E. Owens as *Mr. Pittibone*. Of course I went at once to the theater. As I had acted there the season before, I knew all of the attachés and most of the company, and I naturally expected to be something of a lion, having just returned from the seat of war. In this, however, I was somewhat disappointed; for as I had arrived in a sailing vessel, they knew more of the conflict than I did. That night I saw the performance. James W. Wallack, Jr.,[1] was in those days at his best. Young, vigorous, and handsome, he was the most romantic-looking actor I ever saw; there was a dash and spirit in his carriage, too, that was charming. I say he was at his best in those days, because in after years the acting of Macready, whom as an artist he idolized, had an unfortunate influence upon him, as he ultimately became imbued with the mannerisms of the English tragedian, which were so marked that they marred the natural grace of the imitator. All who remember Mrs. James W. Wallack, Jr., will attest the force of her tragic acting. In the quality of queenly dignity I think she even surpassed Charlotte Cushman, though she lacked perhaps the spirit and fire of the latter. War usually increases the nightly receipts of the theater, but the struggle with Mexico seemed to have a contrary effect. So I remember that, though the bill would have been considered an attractive one under the usual condition of public affairs, the audience was small. The American Theater, then under the management of James Place, was not open, but the company was still in town, and there were as many actors as citizens in front.

The play was finely acted but indifferently mounted, the armies of York and Lancaster being wretchedly equipped and quite limited as to quality and quantity. The faint and unmilitary efforts that they made to march with time and precision gave them anything but a warlike aspect. In keeping step there was a glaring difference of opinion, the pursuing army treading more upon their own heels than upon those of the enemy, and in the final collision there was a friendly tapping of tin spears on pasteboard helmets that told too plainly of a bloodless battle.

But the really furious fight between *Richard* and *Richmond* made amends for the docility of the rank and file. Wallack was a superb swordsman, and I do not remember to have seen a stage combat fought with finer effect.

[1] So called to distinguish him from his uncle, who was the father of Lester Wallack.

### JOHN E. OWENS.

I HAD for the last year at least been buffeting about in barns and tents, so that anything like a legitimate production was a great treat. But my chief interest on this occasion was centered in the farce, and my thoughts were dwelling on the approaching efforts of the rising young comedian — and why not? Was I not a rising young comedian myself? I certainly had reached that height in my own estimation, at least, and I felt a burning desire that a time should come when some newspaper would proclaim it for me as the New Orleans "Picayune" had that day announced it for Owens.

At last he came, and certainly he conquered. As he entered briskly upon the stage, humming a sprightly song, I thought him the handsomest low comedian I had ever seen. He had a neat, dapper little figure, and a face full of lively expression. His audience was with him from first to last, his effective style and great flow of animal spirits capturing them and myself too — though I must confess that I had a hard struggle even inwardly to acknowledge it.

As I look back and call to mind the slight touch of envy that I felt that night, I am afraid that I had hoped to see something not quite so good, and was a little annoyed to find him such a capital actor; in short, I experienced those unpleasant twinges of jealousy that will creep over us during the moments when we are not at our best — though these feelings may occasionally produce a good result. In me, I know, it stirred up the first great ambition that I remember ever to have felt, and from that night of pleasure and excitement I resolved to equal Owens some day, if I could.

### CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

IT was now decided that my mother and sister should remain in New Orleans with some old friends while I went to join my half-brother in Philadelphia. He had been urging us for some time to come to the North, writing that arrangements were made for me to act the second comedy to himself and W. E. Burton, then manager of the Arch street Theater. My mother was banker, and so had charge of the money. I took enough to see

MRS. JAMES W. WALLACK, JR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.)[1]

me to Philadelphia, supposing that no accident would happen; but before our steamer arrived at Wheeling the river was blocked with ice, and we were delayed over a week before we could reach the line of stages that crossed the Alleghany Mountains.

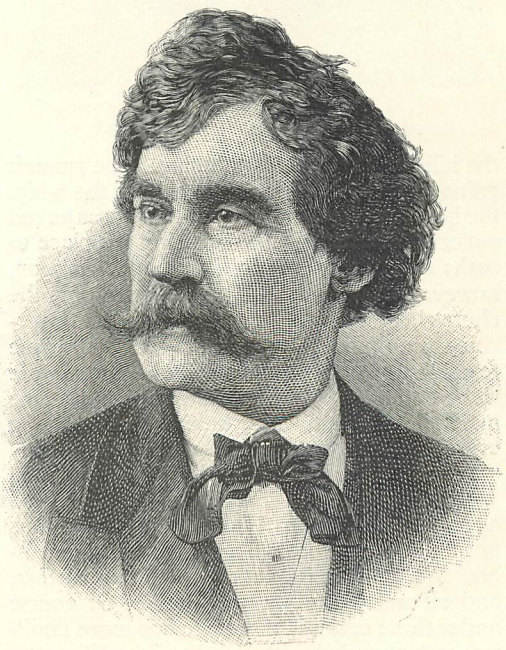
Some of the old folks of to-day, who live only in the past and stolidly witness the improvements of the present, passing no remarks upon them except when there is an opportunity to condemn, are always preaching about the delights of the olden time and extolling the comforts of the stage-coach. I will describe, by way of contrast with travel of the present day, how the Alleghany Mountains were crossed in 1846.

It was midwinter when we arrived at Wheeling. Our steamboat was tied to the wharf about three o'clock in the morning, and as the stage-coach was to start at five no one thought of going to bed, so we wended our way along the frozen streets to secure through tickets to Philadelphia. The morning was pitch-dark and bitter cold — that damp, penetrating weather piercing wraps and overcoats until it reached the very marrow in one's bones.

We got to the little "den," by courtesy called the "office," where we found a half-dozen more passengers equally damp, cold, and ill-natured with ourselves. There was a handful of coal burning in a very small grate, about which were grouped the round-shouldered, unsympathetic people who were to be our fellow-travelers. They glanced up at us as we entered, and, closing up all the open space near the fire, said as plainly as they could without speaking: "You don't get in here, we can tell you. You have no right to travel in our coach, anyhow."

At one side there was a small table on which stood a large coffee-pot, some white cups and saucers, a plate of cold sausages,— frozen stiff, — and an unattractive loaf of bread; behind this banquet was a tall darky, leaning against the wall, and fast asleep. Here he remained undisturbed, not only because his refreshments were not tempting, but because we were given to understand that we could get a good breakfast twenty miles from Wheeling. At the appointed time the heavy old coach came up and we all climbed in. As our places were not designated on the ticket, we stowed ourselves in pell-mell, and I presume no one got the seat he wanted.

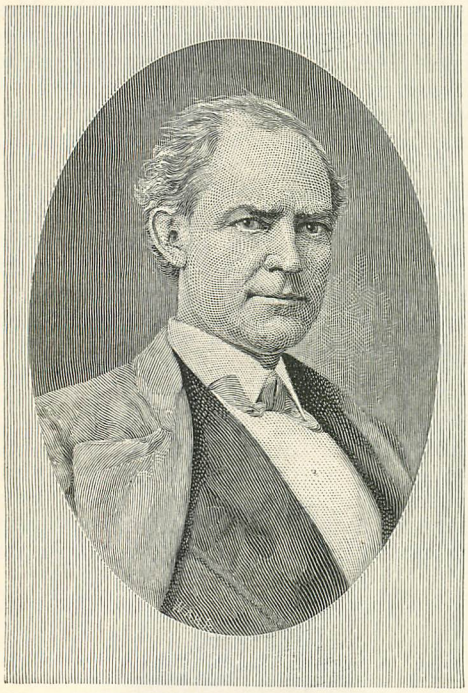
A short way from town there was a long hill up which the horses toiled, so this gave the inmates of the coach time to settle themselves down for a quiet nap. One snore after another announced the accomplishment of this feat, and in a few minutes at least six out of the nine passengers were oblivious of their miserable condition. I never before had so fine an opportunity to study the philosophy of snoring. A large, fat man opposite me had a short, angry snore; at one time he snored so loudly that he woke himself up, and he had the impudence to glare about at the company as though he hoped that they would not make that noise again. The old lady who was crushing me up in the corner snored deeply and



JAMES W. WALLACK, JR.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY.)

[1] Unless otherwise stated, the pictures in this article are from the collection of Thomas J. McKee.

contentedly. Some one off in a dark corner, whom I could not see, had a genial way of joining in, as though he snored merely to oblige the passengers; but the grand, original musician of the party sat opposite me. I never heard anything approaching him, either for quality or for compass. It was a back-action snore that began in a bold *agitato* movement, suddenly brought up with a jerk, and terminated in a low whistle. As the coach steadily moved up



JOHN E. OWENS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH.)

the hill the band was in full play. The summit gained, there was a sharp crack of the whip, the horses started, and as everybody was jerked violently backward, the snoring gave place to oaths and pshaws and jolting about. As soon, however, as we got used to this sensation, the chorus began again; and as I was quite overcome and tired, I joined in until the coach came to a full stop at the stable where the horses were to be changed. The sun now rose, and came in at all sorts of places, waking and blinding everybody. What a discontented and unhappy lot we were! and how we all hated one another!

Breakfast at last! Ah, hot coffee, ham and eggs, and buckwheat cakes! The meal was not half over before we were a band of brothers. We could not do enough for one another, and all was harmony and peace. Of course under these conditions we became more familiar, and one vied with another in making the time pass agreeably.

Two gentlemen pitted themselves against each other in telling funny stories. Their talents and qualities in this respect differed very widely; one invariably began his anecdotes by telling the joke first and then relating the story, whereas the other told his tale in a capital way until he came to the point, and that he never could remember. The fat man sang a sentimental song about "My Mother, Oh, my Mother." His voice was not bad if he had only kept in one key, but his natural independence set all such trifles at defiance, and in his most extravagant wanderings he would look about with an expression of countenance which clearly admonished us not to give him any advice in the matter.

Of course I was expected to contribute my share of amusement, particularly as it leaked out that I was a young actor; in fact, I should have been offended if they had not pressed me. I sang a comic song about "The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve," the passengers liberally joining in the chorus. I followed this up with some bad imitations of Forrest and Booth. These seemed to give great satisfaction, the old lady exclaiming that the imitations were wonderful; but as it afterwards turned out that she had never seen the originals, her criticism must be received with some caution. The day rolled slowly away, and as the darkness came on a mountain storm of snow and driving wind enveloped us. As we ascended the mountain the cold became intense.

It was rather late in the night when we arrived at the supper station, as in consequence of the slippery state of the roads we were fully three hours behind time; but the cheerful look of the dining-room with its huge blazing fire of logs repaid us for all the suffering we had endured. We found that a large pile of bricks was being heated for us in front of the fireplace: these comforting articles were intended for our feet in the coach, and nothing, not even the supper, could have been more welcome.

The horses changed and the passengers aboard, we were again ready for our journey —more perilous now than ever, for, as we reached the summit of the mountain, the storm increased in its fury. At times we thought the stage would blow over; the icy roads caused the horses to slip, and several times the leaders went down. It was a night to be remembered. A little after daylight we rolled into the town of Cumberland, the terminus of the stage line and the beginning of the railroad. Shivering and benumbed with cold, we alighted and sought the hotel for warmth and shelter. The driver of the coach was frozen stiff and had to be assisted down from the box. Another hour on the road would have been fatal to him.

Twenty-four hours of suffering and peril took

JOHN E. OWENS AS "SOLON SHINGLE."[1]

us from Wheeling to Cumberland — a journey now made in six, with a comfortable bed to lie on and a warm sleeping-car for shelter.

### MY FRIEND THE SCENE PAINTER.

A REUNION with my brother was always delightful. We took the greatest pleasure in each other's society, and he seemed never tired of making any sacrifices for my advancement, and, while we were both acting at the Arch, would often persuade Mr. Burton to cast me for parts far beyond my reach.

At the end of the season Burke joined the Bowery Theater in New York, and I was installed in his place at the Arch. I was destined to meet in this theater one of my oldest and dearest friends, Tom Glessing. (Dear Tom, as I write your name how my thoughts run back to the olden time — not that we were happier then in each other's friendship, for it is a great comfort to reflect that throughout the many years we knew each other our affection never weakened.)

Tom was the scenic artist of the Arch street Theater, and noted for great rapidity in the execution of his work. The same generous nature that prompted him to lavish all he had upon his friends rendered him equally prodigal in the use of paint; he wasted more than he used, and bespattered everything and everybody, himself included. Such was the generosity of his double-pound brush, that it scattered benevolence in all directions, and woe betide his dearest friend if ever he came within the circumference of its bounty. His was the loudest and the heartiest laugh I ever heard. Nor had he any control over it, and often during the quiet scene of some play that was in preparation his boisterous roar of merriment would burst forth from the paint room and, echoing through the theater, upset the serious business of the play. At such times the stage-manager would have to assert his authority, and demand of Glessing that he should stop that "dreadful roar" in order that the rehearsal might go on. If he had a fault it was that he was a trifle mischievous, and his enjoyment of a practical joke, played on any of

[1] From an article by Brander Matthews, entitled "The American on the Stage," in this magazine for July, 1879.

his companions, was delightful to behold: when he tried to tell of it he would laugh so immoderately that one could never understand half he said. Fortunately, none of his pranks resulted seriously, except sometimes to himself; and when recounting some of the mishaps that had befallen him, in consequence of indulging too freely in his sport, he seemed to enjoy his own discomfiture quite as much as that of the other party. Practical jokers, like physicians, seldom take their own prescriptions with pleasure; but Tom was an exception, and would even delight in being the victim of the game.

I recall the first time we met in the paint room: he was hard at work, splashing in a turbulent ocean with angry billows breaking upon the rocks. The storm was very severe, and the artist must have had a narrow escape, for he was so bespattered with spray that he seemed to have been battling with the breakers.

We were friends from the first moment. Sincere attachments usually begin at the beginning. He had but one sorrow — it was a domestic one — and he bore it nobly, never uttering a word against those who had caused his unhappiness. Years afterwards he married again, and so happily that it repaid him for the trouble he had passed through in his youth. Gaiety became contagious in his presence, and cheerfulness followed in his wake. He dreaded to look upon the serious side of life, for his nature was so sympathetic that he suffered the pangs of others, and at the mere recital of human grief his eyes would fill with tears. He was fond of acting, and could n't act a bit, poor fellow; but it was delicious to hear him recount his failures.

Mr. Burton had married Tom's sister, and he and Glessing traveled together through the South on one of the comedian's starring trips. In Natchez, Mississippi, the manager offered to give Tom a benefit if he could prevail upon Mr. Burton to play for him. This was arranged, and for two days he practiced the speech he intended to deliver in front of the curtain, as a tribute of gratitude to a generous public. He had written it out, and had sat up all the previous night to commit it to memory. It began, "Being totally unprepared for the honor you have done me." After rehearsal he walked out to the edge of the town, so that he could practice it in the open air, where he could elevate his voice without disturbing the citizens. On his way towards the woods he met a drunken Indian, who was staggering from side to side in the road, and flourishing an empty whisky-bottle at the white man in general and Glessing in particular. When any one is anxious to avoid a drunken man, by some strange fascination the intoxicated person invariably makes directly for him; you may look the other way, or pretend to be unconscious of his existence, but it 's of no use: he will introduce himself. The Indian was no exception; for though poor Tom, who was frightened to death, whistled a lively tune and looked up at the tops of the trees, the gentle savage would not be avoided.

"Hey! you white man, look me too. Me good Indian, good Indian. Yes, ah?" said the red man.

To which Tom assented at once, most emphatically: "Certainly, you are a splendid Injun; you 're as good — I may say you are the best Injun I ever saw."

"You think me drunk, eh?"

"Drunk!" said Tom. "No. Let me hear any one dare to say you 're drunk, and I 'll kill him. Give me that bottle and I 'll kill him with that."

"No; me *am* drunk," said the savage, glaring fiercely at Tom.

"You may be a little drunk, but not much — just enough, eh?" said Tom, desirous of agreeing to anything under the circumstances. The Indian became sullen and moody, as if brooding on the wrongs that the white man had inflicted on his ancestors, when it suddenly occurred to Tom that the United States Government, when the Indians got troublesome, always softened their anger by the bestowal of costly presents; so, offering a dollar to the chief, Tom bade him return to his wigwam and take some whisky home to his squaw and papoose. The offering was accepted, and had the desired effect. After two or three affectionate embraces they parted, and Tom got away in the opposite direction.

Finding himself once more alone, and in a secluded spot, he began to go through his speech. He tried various methods, first the cheerful; and, stepping forward with bright, jaunty manner, he raised his voice in a high key: "Ladies and gentlemen, being totally unprepared for this honor." On second thought, it appeared to him that his manner was a little too free and undignified, so he now assumed the grave and thoughtful. Placing one hand in his breast, and pulling his hair over his eyes, to give him a poetic and dreamy air, he paced slowly forward, and in a solemn, deep voice began again: "Ladies and gentlemen, being totally unprepared." Just at this point he raised his eyes and observed the astonished heads of two farmers peering over the rails of a worm fence. He immediately gathered up his hat and manuscripts and started for the town at a brisk pace; but remembering that the "good Injun" might be in ambush awaiting his return, he was forced to skirt the town for miles before he reached his hotel.

He would go on by the hour and tell such

WILLIAM E. BURTON AS "DOCTOR OLLAPOD." (FROM THE PAINTING BY INMAN, AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY SARTAIN.)

stories, and was always the most pleased when he was the hero of them and placed in some absurd position.

About this time I was haunted by a professional borrower. Just eighteen, and in the receipt of what was considered in those days a fair salary, I was a shining mark for his skill, though I was such easy game that I think he held me in slight contempt. But, for all this, he was crafty enough to impress me with the simplicity of his nature, and what a toy and plaything he had been for fortune's sport! He was a dreadfully bad actor on the stage, but a star of the first magnitude in private life; so much so that for many weeks he tortured and defrauded me with the ease and confidence of a master.

Conventional beggars are as conventional as any other professionals. That time-honored custom of assuming a nervous and uncertain manner, as if this was the first time they were placed in such a position, is a favorite attitude with them; while in reality they are cool and collected. My tormentor was an expert, and his costume quite a study for an amateur in the business. Although his ample shoes were full of gaping wounds, they shone with a high polish that any man might feel proud of; and if his tall hat was a trifle weak, it had a gloomy, ruined-tower look that won him respect from strangers; and his clothes were of a shabby black, just "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of time. Sometimes he would meet me with a sad, sweet smile, clasping my hand warmly, and regarding me as if I was the one ray of light that illumined his gloomy path. I believe he once said these very words; at all events he looked them, and at times I really thought I was. The first thing a sly old rascal like this does is to study the weak points of his victims; and he knew mine better than I did. He had a large supply of tears that he could turn on at will, and after getting under a full headway of grief he would revolve slowly round and dry his eyes with his back to me. I used to imagine that he did this so that I might not observe him weep; but since then I have thought differently of it.

He knew perfectly well when salary day came, and would waylay me at the stage door. On these occasions he would assume a surprised and startled look, as if we had met

quite by accident; and then he would exclaim, in a half-retrospective tone, "Dear me! dear me! it must be nearly a week since we last met." It was just a week, to the minute, and he knew it, the villain! At such times Tom Glessing would fairly revel in my discomfiture. If he saw that my tormentor had buttonholed me on the corner, he would delight in passing close to us with an "Ah, how are you? At it again, eh?" And on he would go, fairly holding his sides with laughter, while my "corkscrew," as Glessing used to call him, was drawing the dollar notes out of my pocket, one by one. The most provoking thing about the fellow was the air of patronage he assumed when negotiating a loan: in our early transactions he used to make me feel that he was doing me an immense favor by levying these little drafts on my slender income. He would

WILLIAM E. BURTON AS "CAPTAIN CUTTLE."
(FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY MEADE BROTHERS, AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY SARONY & MAJOR.)

begin by saying that if it were not for the regard he had formerly felt for my father he would not demean himself by sinking so low. I put up with this for some time, not out of any charity, for I had gradually lost all respect or pity for him, but from a kind of fear. He had an overawing and at the same time despairing look that quite terrified me, and as lately he had hinted that the time was drawing near when he thought of trying his luck in the Delaware, I really feared he might commit suicide.

I can hardly describe what I suffered from the persecutions of this man, and it was nothing but a sense of shame at being the dupe of such a low fellow that determined me to break my bondage and turn from him. When he saw that I made a bold stand against him he became abusive; finding that this did not have the desired effect he lapsed into the dismal, whining and mourning over his crushed feelings, and lamenting his personal degradation. But I had discovered his cloven foot, and it was too late for him to attempt further imposture.

Such men are to be found in all grades of life, and they are usually adroit and cunning fellows, attacking their victims right and left, and using just the sort of weapons that are the most difficult to parry. They lie in ambush for the innocent traveler, and suddenly pounce upon him with a well-told tale, so got by rote, and so often rehearsed, that they act the part of injured innocence to the life. If the victim be timid he is lost, for they recognize his nervousness at once, and browbeat him out of his benevolence.

This vile weed — the borrower — grows and luxuriates in all the capitals of States and countries. The ever-changing soil of fresh visitation seems well adapted to nourish it. Sometimes women indulge in this practice, but not often; you are at least safer with them than with the men, particularly if they are old. A feeble old mendicant generally uses her collection for some purpose that gives her comfort at least. Coal, tea, and warm worsted stockings are necessary, and they must and should have them; but the man has many avenues through which he can filter your bounty — the gaming-table, the bar-room, and worse.

## WILLIAM E. BURTON.

If Mr. Burton was not at this time a fixed star, he was certainly a managerial planet of the first magnitude, and in this position was naturally surrounded by a number of small satellites that basked in the moonshine of his affection. These lesser lights seemed to gyrate in eccentric orbits, generally going out of their way to carry tales to their superior.

Nothing is more distressing to the members of a stock company than to have spies set upon them who eavesdrop and report every little trifle to the manager. It is natural that the occupants of the dressing-room, and even of the greenroom, when the manager is not present, should now and then indulge in the

harmless amusement of criticizing and even censuring the policy of the theater; it serves to pass away the time between long waits, and, like *Doctor Ollapod's* small dose of magnesia, does "neither harm nor good."

The tale-bearing element in Mr. Burton's theater was fully organized under the generalship of one of the most ingenious informers that I have ever met with. If I do not speak affectionately of this gentleman, it is because I was at that time smarting under the effects of one of his secret-service reports to the Star-chamber, to which apartment I had been summoned on a charge of "contemplated desertion." It seems that I had been incautiously bragging among my comrades in the dressing-room of a large offer I had received to leave the Arch and join Mr. Killmist at his theater in Washington, stating that I was shortly going to send in my resignation to Mr. Burton. I had also been abusing the management, both criticizing and condemning its short-sighted policy; and though there was no stated reward offered for the exposure of such offenses, the informer was anxious to get me out of the theater, looking for his compensation in being cast for some of the good parts that were already in my possession.

I was ushered into the manager's office by the call-boy, and stood there like a prisoner ready to be sentenced to the rack for daring to express my opinion of the "powers that be." Mr. Burton sat in state at the farther end of a long table, supported on each side by his stage-manager and the prompter; this august tribunal frowned on me with a most discharging countenance as I stood before it. The scene as I look back at it seems comical enough, but just at that time it was a serious matter for me, as my prospective engagement was not positively settled, and under the most favorable circumstances could not be entered upon short of two months, and a dismissal just at that time would have been financially inconvenient. The accusation of a "contemplated desertion" being made, I demanded the name of the informer. This being withheld, I declined to make any answer to the charge. Those who remember Mr. Burton's face will recall its wonderfully comical expression, even when he was serious; but when he assumed a look of injured innocence the effect was irresistible. I did not dare laugh then, but I do enjoy it now when I think of it. The examination proceeded, and on the first question being again put I acknowledged the fact point-blank, stating also that being engaged for no stated length of time I intended to give the customary notice and to resign.

CHARLES BURKE.
(FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.)

The manager demanded to know on what grounds I presumed to take such a step without first consulting him. I told him that I had been offered double the salary I was then receiving. Upon his asking who made me worth "double the salary," I replied that I was quite willing to admit that he did, and proposed that he should give it to me. At this rather impertinent remark he waxed wroth, and said I was not worth it, and never would be worth it, but that I had been insubordinate and disloyal to him, and that he should take legal steps to prevent my appearing at any other theater if I left him.

There is no doubt that Mr. Burton thought that his denunciation and threats of an action would crush me, but he knew little of human nature, for I now went up at least one hundred per cent. in my own estimation. The very thought of being threatened with a lawsuit made me feel at least an inch taller. I, who up to the present time had thought myself of small consequence, threatened with an action for breach of contract! It was delightful; and I have no doubt that I drew myself up with much dignity as I informed him that he could pursue whatever course he pleased in the matter—swaggering out of the room with the defiant air of a "heavy villain."

Of course quite a little knot of actors were waiting at the back door to hear the result of the trial and learn the verdict of the judge. When I informed them with a lofty pride that I presumed the affair would end in a lawsuit, they were amazed. If they had never envied me before, they certainly did now. It was not

**Mr C. BURKE. AMERICAN COMEDIAN.**

*in Comedy, Drama, Farce & Burlesque.*

(FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY J. L. MAGEE.)

a hanging matter, and the most serious result could not go beyond "damages for the plaintiff"; and what actor of my position in those days could ever have afforded to pay damages? We might have dreaded a long vacation in the summer, or quaked at the rebuke of a dramatic critic, but the law! So far as damages were concerned, we defied it! The case, however, never came to trial; for about a week after this the Washington theater was destroyed by fire, and I was only too glad to remain where I was without double the salary.

As an actor of the old broad farce-comedy Mr. Burton certainly had no equal in his day, and his dramatic pictures of the characters of Dickens would have amazed the author if he had been so fortunate as to see them. *Captain Cuttle* and *Micawber* were his greatest achievements; his face was a huge map on which was written every emotion that he felt; there was no mistaking the meaning of each expression. His entrance as *Van Dunder*, in the drama of "The Dutch Governor; or, 'T would Puzzle a Conjurer," was a comic picture so full of genius that it stamped itself indelibly on the mind, an effect never to be forgotten. The great stupid face was a blank. The heavy cheeks hung down stolidly on each side of a half-opened mouth; the large, expressionless eyes seemed to look hopelessly for some gleam of intelligence. There he stood the incarnation of pompous ignorance, with an open letter in his hand. The audience swayed with laughter; for, though he had not said a word, they knew that he had just received an important state document and could n't read it.

As a manager he achieved much success, but met with some disastrous failures, not seem-

ing to understand the difference between competition and opposition. The first deals with our own affairs, and, if pursued with honesty and industry, invariably leads to good results. The latter meddles with the business of other people, and generally brings about the downfall of the opposer. Burton was always temperate, and very industrious; he had literary talent, too, as his contributions to "The Gentleman's Magazine" (which he edited) will attest. Edgar A. Poe was also a contributor to this periodical, but he and Burton were always "at daggers drawn"; they had a paper war for many months in Philadelphia, and splashed their angry ink at each other much to the amusement of the public. Poe lost his temper, and Burton, seeing his advantage, fired off his humorous artillery, so that the comedian got the better of the poet. If people could only realize how little the public care for the private quarrels of individuals — except to laugh at them — they would hesitate before entering upon a newspaper controversy.

I have often thought that Mr. Burton must have had Irish blood in him, for he was continually spreading the tail of his coat for a fight — I mean an intellectual fight, as physically he was not pugnacious. Quarrelsome persons who do not indulge in pugilistic encounters are fond of lawsuits; it is only another way of having it out, and Burton must have spent a fortune in fees. His humor on the witness-stand was quite equal to that of Sam Weller. On one occasion, while the actor was going through bankruptcy, an eminent lawyer in Philadelphia thought he detected a desire on Burton's part to conceal some facts relative to a large sum of money that he had made during the production of the "Naiad Queen." Rising with great dignity, and glaring fiercely at Burton, he demanded, "What became of that money, sir?" The comedian looked him straight in the face; then rising in imitation of an attorney, he replied, "The lawyers got it."

### AN EFFORT IN GREEK TRAGEDY.

During the first season that I acted at the Arch great preparations were made for the production of a Greek tragedy, the "Antigone" of Sophocles. In a theater, as we have seen, there are apt to be two or three discordant spirits that criticize and condemn the course of the management, and I presume that most public institutions are honored by small private bands of conspirators; so that on being confronted by this ancient drama in the greenroom we naturally shrugged our shoulders and wondered what Mr. Burton meant by it. This same sublime tragedy of "Antigone" had been freely translated and acted in Dublin at the Theater Royal some forty years before. The audience was quite bewildered by this performance, and at the close of the play called for the author; whether to applaud or to chastise him does not appear. The manager came forward to apologize for the absence of Sophocles, but promised faithfully to produce him if ever he allowed one of his plays to be acted under his management again. Notwithstanding that this Greek tragedy had always failed to attract public attention, our manager determined to revive this previously unfortunate drama. It has been said that Mr. Burton was classically educated; naturally he felt justly proud of his scholastic attainments, and having a desire to display them he selected the Greek tragedy as just the thing for its accomplishment. Apart from his undoubted claim to erudition, he had that wonderful stage tact and executive ability that thoroughly qualified him for the management of a theater; so that whether he had drunk deep at the "Pierian spring" or not, he certainly had quenched his thirst at the public fountains, and refreshed himself at all those little intellectual brooks that flow along the roadside of an actor's life. This kind of knowledge may be superficial, but it is most useful to an actor-manager.

But to return to "Antigone." During its rehearsals a marked change came over our manager. In arranging the lighter and more colloquial plays he was accustomed to be cheerful, and rather inclined to intersperse his directions with anecdote; but now he assumed a dignity strangely at variance with his usual manner, and we, the company, who had been in the habit of associating his comical figure with *Paul Pry* and *Jem Baggs*, could scarcely be expected at this short notice to receive this change of demeanor with the same solemnity with which it was given. Of course we did not dare exhibit our irreverent feelings, for there is no doubt that had Mr. Burton detected the slightest attempt to guy either him or his new venture an immediate discharge of the offending party would surely have followed. Tom Glessing, myself, and several minor members of the company had got hold of some Greek quotations and would slyly salute one another in the classic tongue when we met at the theater in the morning, always, however, when the manager's back was turned; for if in his presence we had dared talk Greek we should certainly have walked Spanish.

I was cast for one of the unhappy Chorus,— I think there were four of us,— and when the curtain rose a more wretched looking quartet was never seen. I think the costume we wore was unfortunate, and added neither to our comfort nor to our personal appearance. We were crowned with four evergreen laurel wreaths, which bloomed unsteadily upon our heads, and

were done up to the chin in white Grecian togas. Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wallack, Jr., were in the cast, and for their fine declamation and classic tableaux were much applauded; but when we as the Chorus attempted to explain what it all meant the effect upon the audience was dreadful.

The failure of this sublime tragedy caused Mr. Burton to be seriously out of pocket, as well as out of temper. He blamed first the public, then the unfortunate Chorus, and, finally, himself.

In domestic matters I had good opportunity of forming my judgment of Mr. Burton, as we were for some time quite intimate, and I often visited him at his house. The affection he lavished upon his children was almost feminine in its warmth and gentleness. He had three lovely little tyrants, who managed him quite as well as he managed his theater. They were extremely fond of their father, and he delighted to walk with his lovely daughters and show them off. I have often met the group strolling hand in hand in Franklin Square on a fine Sunday morning in the spring, the pretty little girls, tastefully dressed, tossing their heads and shaking their curls in childish vanity with their portly parent looking proudly down upon them.

The Arch, during the time I was under Mr. Burton's management, had met with many of those vicissitudes that were so prevalent in theatrical ventures when the production of the "Glance at New York" struck the popular taste of that curious and uncertain element known as the "public." The "public" means in reality nobody; it is an elastic term; we are indeed prone to call every one the public but ourselves. We wonder that the public can support this or that trashy entertainment, forgetting that we have been to see it once, and perhaps twice. "Life in London," upon which the "Glance at New York" was founded, ran for two seasons in London, when both lords and ladies went in crowds to witness the vulgarities of low life; the knocking down of watchmen, the upsetting of an old woman's apple stall, and the dancing of *Dusty Bob* and *African Sal* occupied the attention and delighted the audience of seventy years ago.

Years before, Monk Lewis's melodrama of "Castle Spectre," a ghostly and ghastly piece of business, drew crowds of people, to the exclusion of the works of Shakspere, Sheridan, and Goldsmith. Nondescript actors, of the ranting and fantastic school, were in demand, while the Kembles and a host of great comedians were playing to empty benches. Likewise, we find Colley Cibber complaining that in his day the legitimate drama had fallen so low in the estimation of the public that he and his company of fine comedians were put aside and made subservient to the Italian singers and French ballet dancers that then flooded England.

We must not always condemn the public of the present day for these curious characteristics which seem to have come to them by a legitimate inheritance. Besides, there may be a necessity for this seeming inconstancy, and it is quite possible that the mind requires now and then a change of diet as the stomach does; the palate being satiated with rich and delicate viands often craves a little coarser food, if only to assist digestion.

But to return to Mr. Burton and his new venture. The great success of the "Glance at New York" caused him to look in that direction himself. A full treasury had excited his ambition, so he proceeded to New York and purchased Palmo's Opera House for the purpose of opening it as a comedy theater. He was an early riser, very industrious, and extremely temperate. These qualities, combined with energy and an inordinate ambition to lead, made him a formidable adversary for Mr. Mitchell, who was then in the very height of prosperity at the Olympic. This latter gentleman, like Mr. Burton, was a comedian and a manager of rare ability; he had surrounded himself with an excellent company of actors and actresses, who were so quaint and so well chosen that the dramatic treats given at the "Little Olympic" became the rage and talk of the town. Mr. Burton saw this, and his desire for a dramatic battle urged him to oppose Mitchell, and this he did with much force and judgment, bringing to bear the heaviest theatrical artillery that New York had ever seen. When I say that these great guns consisted of William Rufus Blake, Henry Placide, W. E. Burton, John Brougham, Lester Wallack, Oliver Raymond, Lysander Thompson, and Charles Burke, I think that those who remember these extraordinary actors will fully agree with the statement. I do not think that Lysander Thompson and Charles Burke were with this company at this time, but they joined it afterwards. In the midst of this conflict between the managers Mr. Mitchell was stricken with paralysis; this rendered the contest still more unequal, and the "Little Olympic" surrendered.

To give some idea of the excellence with which Mr. Burton's plays were cast, I may mention that I saw Shakspere's comedy of "Twelfth Night" produced at his theater with Blake as *Malvolio*, Placide as the *Fool*, Burton as *Sir Toby Belch*, Lester Wallack as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, and Miss Weston as *Viola*. I do not believe that this play has been acted with greater skill since Shakspere wrote it, although there is no denying that, with regard to scenic effects, costumes, ingenious stage-man-

agement, and elaborate ornamentation, the Shaksperean productions of our own time far exceed those of the earlier revivals.

Burton's ambition to succeed in the various tasks he had set himself was strongly fortified by his quick apprehension and great versatility. He was at the same time managing the Arch street Theater in Philadelphia, the Chambers street Theater in New York, acting nightly, and studying new characters as fast as they came out. In addition to these professional duties, he was building a country residence at Glen Cove, writing stories for the magazines, and taking prizes at the horticultural shows for hot-house grapes and flowers. If his success and happiness were marred, it can only be attributed to his too great ambition; this trait led him to oppose everything that came within range, and at times he would even go out of his way to search for a new antagonist. In a fit of excitement, brought on by some domestic shock, he was suddenly stricken down, and never rose again. During his last hours he was lovingly attended by his daughters, who had grown up to womanhood, and I am told by one who was present that the parting with them touched the hearts of all who saw it.

### CHARLES BURKE.

It was a rare treat to see Burton and Burke in the same play: they acted into each other's hands with the most perfect skill; there was no striving to outdo each other. If the scene required that for a time one should be prominent, the other would become the background of the picture, and so strengthen the general effect; by this method they produced a perfectly harmonious work. For instance, Burke would remain in repose, attentively listening while Burton was delivering some humorous speech. This would naturally act as a spell upon the audience, who became by this treatment absorbed in what Burton was saying, and having got the full force of the effect they would burst forth in laughter or applause; then, by one accord, they became silent, intently listening to Burke's reply, which Burton was now strengthening by the same repose and attention. I have never seen this element in acting carried so far, or accomplished with such admirable results, not even upon the French stage, and I am convinced that the importance of it in reaching the best dramatic effects cannot be too highly estimated.

It was this characteristic feature of the acting of these two great artists that always set the audience wondering which was the better. The truth is there was no "better" about the matter. They were not horses running a race, but artists painting a picture; it was not in their minds which should win, but how they could, by their joint efforts, produce a perfect work. I profited very much by these early lessons.

Dying at the age of thirty-two, it is wonderful that Charles Burke left such an enduring reputation as an actor. I do not mean that his fame lives with the general public, but his professional brethren accorded to him the rarest histrionic genius. I have sometimes heard comparisons made between Burton and Burke, but they were so widely different in their natures and their artistic methods that no reasonable parallel could be drawn. Burton colored highly, and laid on the effects with a liberal brush, while Burke was subtle, incisive, and refined. Burton's features were strong and heavy, and his figure was portly and ungainly. Burke was lithe and graceful. His face was plain, but wonderfully expressive. The versatility of this rare actor was remarkable, his pathos being quite as striking a feature as his comedy. He had an eye and face that told their meaning before he spoke, a voice that seemed to come from the heart itself, penetrating, but melodious. He sang with great taste, and was a perfect musician. His dramatic effects sprung more from intuition than from study; and, as was said of Barton Booth, "the blind might have seen him in his voice, and the deaf have heard him in his visage."

Although only a half-brother, he seemed like a father to me, and there was a deep and strange affection between us. As I look back I can recall many social and professional sacrifices that he made for me, and my love for him was so great that if we were absent from each other for any length of time my heart would beat with delight at his approach. It is scarcely fair to intrude upon the reader one's domestic affections, but I am irresistibly impelled to write these words. And so they must stand.

*Joseph Jefferson.*

(To be continued.)

# NIGHT IN THE SICK-ROOM.

IN torments lying on my bed,
I wait the hour that heals;
The night lamp, flickering overhead,
Each well-known shape reveals.

Beethoven's death-mask paler grows,
And grimmer, through the night;
Thou too, O man of many woes!
Hast wearied for the light.

Near by the Hermes, smiling now
And ever, knows not pain;
No sin stains that angelic brow,
Where thought and beauty reign.

O radiant shape of sunlit Greece!
Whisper the sacred charm
That turns despair and doubt to peace,
Unrest to deathless calm.

Alas! the marble lips refuse
The mystic words to speak;
Yet still their beauty bids me choose
The saving truth to seek.

My waking sense grows faint and sore,
But to my inward eye
Forms long since dead appear once more,
Beneath an alien sky.

I stand within the prison-wall
Where, amid tears and sighs,
Socrates drinks the hemlock's gall,
And Greece's glory dies.

I see the deep and turbid pool,
By the Ionian Sea,
Where maddened Sappho plunged to cool
Her burning agony.

I see the tool Praxiteles
Wields from his fingers glide,
As he sinks, spent with weariness,
His matchless work beside.

A vast throng pass unfaltering,—
Bards, prophets, heroes, saints,—
Each face bears marks of suffering,
But no voice utters plaints.

And while I gaze a form draws near,
A voice the silence breaks;
Fixing me with his look austere,
Music's great master speaks:

"Cursing thy lot, thou dream'dst these men
Quaffed life in joy and pride.
'T was never so; as now, so then
All sorrowed, suffered, died.

"Yet ever dauntlessly these toiled,
Though weighed by sins and flaws,
Obeying still, however foiled,
The soul's unwritten laws.

"To the great heart of Nature these
Inclined a reverent ear,
Till through life's blurred dissonances
A theme divine rang clear.

"If staining still thy faith's bright gold
Commingles doubt's alloy,
Stand by my bed, where deaf, poor, old,
I heard the Hymn of Joy.

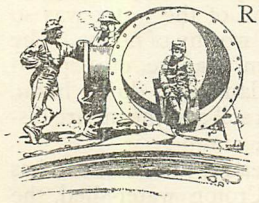
"And when my mighty harmony
Rolls on thine ear again,
Know that there sounds in majesty
What once I wrought in pain."

Deep stillness falls; then happy birds
Stir 'neath my window eaves,
A rustling wind sweeps by, and herds
Like sheep the fallen leaves.

The white dawn glimmers on my eyes
The morning's pledge to give,
Night's shadows flee as darkness dies
To let the new day live.

*Margaret Crosby.*

# THE NEW CROTON AQUEDUCT.



ORDINARILY, a dwelling-house, measuring say 33 by 35 feet, and standing where the rainfall is not less than 45 inches in a year, will collect on an average about 90 gallons of water per day; that is, supposing that all the water that falls in the area of the building is saved, that none is allowed to evaporate, and that the cistern is big enough to hold the excess of water that falls in the wet winter months. Practically, such a roof will not give on an average ninety gallons a day, and in a dry year will yield very much less. Such a dwelling-house may be supposed to contain a family of five people, and at even ninety gallons a day this would be only eighteen gallons apiece. A tenement house five stories high and of the usual New York area has about the same roof surface. In such a tenement five families, or twenty-five people, would find homes, and if the theoretical ninety gallons were divided among them, they would have only a trifle over three and a half gallons each.

When in the rapid growth of New York City the population reached three hundred thousand it became necessary to obtain more water than could be supplied by the wells or roof tops. A small supply had been obtained near by, but it was not enough, and it became very evident that the needed water must be brought from some distant water-shed far beyond any injury from the smoke, dust, and refuse of a great city. There were some who looked to the Housatonic Valley in Connecticut. Others thought the pure, deep lakes among the mountains of New Jersey would be nearer and more abundant. Next to these was the valley of the Croton River, about thirty miles north of the city. The Croton was within the State of New York, and its many branches, winding among wooded hills and meadow-dotted valleys, covered over 360 square miles of thinly settled country. It was for these reasons the most available water-shed in easy reach, and was selected as the big roof from which to fill the municipal water-barrel.

The original Croton aqueduct was begun in 1837 and finished in 1842. It is a brick conduit built on or near the surface, and extends from the dam at Croton Lake (which is artificial) along the Hudson River to High Bridge, crossing the deep valley of the Harlem on that beautiful structure—a true aqueduct that suggests the grand aqueducts of Rome. The capacity of the aqueduct is from ninety-five to ninety-eight million gallons of water every twenty-four hours. For the New York of the 'forties this was an abundant supply, and a curious result seems to have followed the use of such a vast quantity of water by such a comparatively small population. Three hundred gallons in a day for each person—no one could use so much water. Why take thought of its use? The people of New York never did, and they became, so far as water was concerned, a wasteful people, and they have never been cured of the habit. Prayers, entreaties, threats, fears of a water famine, have made no impression.

Within the life of one generation the average daily supply of ninety-seven million gallons has come to be insufficient. The people on the lower floors continued to go on in the same cheerful wastefulness, with no thought of their neighbors or of the morrow, until all upstairs New York was reduced to very short commons. Then thousands of small pumping engines were put into the tenements and many roofs carried a water-tank. With the ever-growing population the share of water for each individual has rapidly decreased. The public fountains have been shut off and the use of private hose has been restricted. In 1884 the Bronx River aqueduct was built, and for a while it served to help the upper part of the city. To-day, even with this extra supply, there are only 115,000,000 gallons daily to be divided among 1,500,000 people. Even this apparently liberal supply implies plenty of rain. If the season be dry and the rainfall scant there will be serious trouble at once.

When in the early 'eighties it was proposed to bring more water into the city it seemed best to go once more to the Croton.

Speaking roughly, the Croton River and its branches cover about 360 square miles of hilly country in Dutchess, Putnam, and Westchester counties, New York, and also a narrow strip of the western edge of Connecticut. The main river flows in a southwesterly direction

into the Hudson, the lower part following a narrow and winding valley among high hills, the upper portion spreading out into three main channels called the East, West, and Middle branches. It is naturally a country of brooks and ponds, and is musical in spring with the sound of many waters. If the entire surface on which the falling rain seeks an outlet above the present Croton Dam is measured, hills, fields, and lakes, we have 338.82 square miles of available water-shed. Of course all the territory below the Croton Dam is virtually useless as a water-shed. The rain indeed falls, but it flows away and is lost in the salty waters of the Hudson. There are therefore two water-sheds, one the present water-shed above the dam, and the larger district (including the former) below the dam, and which might be used were a second dam built lower down the river. This larger water-shed would give a surface of over 360 square miles. As this lower dam is not yet built, it may be best first to consider the smaller water-sheds now available above the present dam.

The Croton Valley is distinctively a dairy country. The underlying rock is a micaceous gneiss of remarkably uniform character. This rock is greatly broken up on the surface and appears in steep, irregular hills scattered about in great confusion. Glacial action in the past is plainly marked, and the surface is covered with a thin, gravelly soil, or is bare and stony. Woods formerly completely covered the entire country; but the early settlers cleared off the forests, and to-day there is a second growth of woods covering the steeper and rougher hills. The cleared lands are almost exclusively pasturage and hay-fields, and only a portion of the soil is available for crops. In the southern and eastern parts of the water-shed the few towns are scattered along the main stream of the Croton, for the sake of the water power. Towards the north and west the population is more scattered, and the hills rise to wild and deeply wooded mountains. In point of fact the water-shed is a part of the Highlands of the Hudson, the center being directly opposite West Point, and the mountains are, as it were, foothills of the great Appalachian backbone of the Atlantic seaboard. These stony hills and sloping pastures, these woods and fields, make the great roof on which the rains and snows deposit their pure waters that New York be not athirst. So far as nature is concerned, it is as good and sweet a place to collect water as may be found in the world. If there be any injury to the water, it must come from known and preventable artificial sources. The gneiss rock is practically watertight, and all the water that falls is saved, less the amount that is lost by evaporation. The soil that covers the surface is a filter to restrain any natural impurities that may contaminate the rain or snow. The grass, trees, and vegetation serve as a sponge to hold the water after every rain and let it escape slowly and evenly into the streams. The only possible contamination that can come to the water collected on such a surface must come from the habitations of men and animals. Twenty-five years ago the population of the Croton Valley was very small, and the actual contamination of the water was so small that it was hardly worthy of notice. The ordinary waste of a farm, manure, etc., spread upon grass or plowed land, can do no harm, because the pure, sweet soil and the air are disinfectants and purifiers.

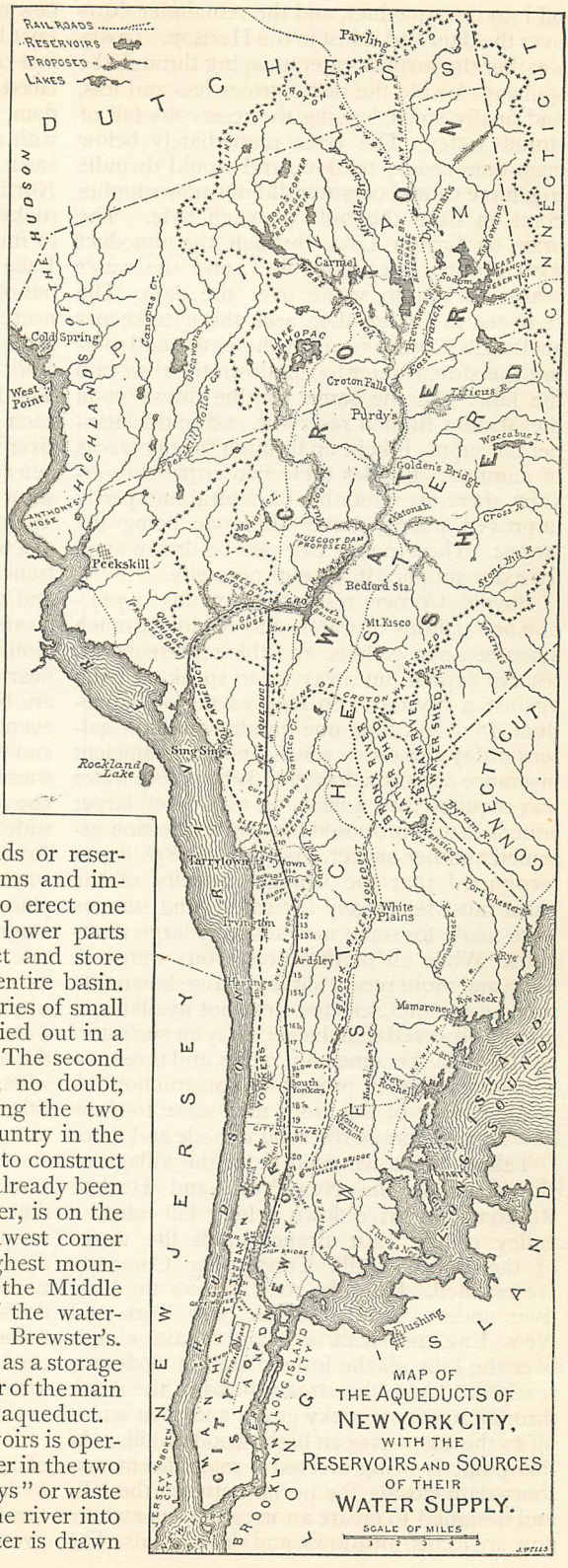
Within the last few years a third railroad has been built across the Croton water-shed, the towns have rapidly increased in size, a large number of summer hotels and boarding-houses have been built, and manufactories have multiplied. From all these may come contaminations. The population of this valley are plain folks, quite as selfish, quite as indifferent to sanitary laws, and quite as firm in their belief in their right to do as seems to them fit, as the rest of us. The Croton gives them water power, its bed is a good place to deposit refuse. Why, they doubtless say, why not use it for water power and a sewer? From the piazza of a farm-house it is difficult to sympathize with a tenement house. A number of committees and commissions have from time to time inspected the Croton water-shed with the view of ascertaining the possible and probable injury to the water that may arise from the neglect or carelessness of the people living there. The last investigation was made by the State Board of Health in 1887, and from their report and from other sources it is evident that the danger from contamination is rapidly increasing. In the opinion of experts the danger is not yet serious. The point is that it grows, and grows rapidly. So evident is this danger that laws have been passed to police the entire district. It therefore depends wholly upon the officers appointed to conserve the water-shed whether we drink in the future pure water or impure water. Had the citizens of New York any real faith in the persons whose duty it is to care for the cleanliness of our big drinking-cup they might rest in peace. Unfortunately so long as they permit certain "private clubs" to decide who shall hold public office that faith must be at least a trifle unstable.

The annual rainfall in the Croton River, as recorded at Boyd's Corner from 1870 to 1886, ranged from 38.52 inches in 1880 to 55.20 inches in 1882. These were the dryest and the most rainy years, and were exceptional, the average being 45.97 inches. This, in a water-

shed of about 360 square miles, is ample for a much larger city than New York for a generation to come. There is, of course, a large percentage of loss by evaporation from the surface of the reservoirs and from the ground, yet there should be gathered here sufficient water, provided it is all properly managed, for several generations to come, and enough to form the larger source of supply for a century or longer. There is water enough and to spare. The question is how to economize it, a problem some of the ablest hydraulic engineers in the world have done much to solve.

The rainfall is never evenly distributed through a year, or even through a series of years, and while the average rainfall may be sufficient, the actual supply will be so irregular as to be wasteful and even dangerous. The engineers who have at different times been in charge of the public works of New York have recognized for a long time that the entire rainfall must be conserved. The restraining influence of the woods and ponds must be extended by artificial means. The abundant rains of winter must be saved for use in the dry season of midsummer. Two plans have been proposed. One is to construct, at intervals along the upper waters of the Croton, a large number of artificial ponds or reservoirs, by erecting dams across the streams and impounding the water. Another plan is to erect one large and several smaller dams on the lower parts of the main streams, and thus to collect and store virtually all the water falling into the entire basin. The first of the plans, that of having a series of small storage reservoirs, has already been carried out in a limited way, and is now being extended. The second plan is still under advisement, and will, no doubt, ultimately be carried out, thus combining the two plans. The peculiar character of the country in the Croton basin makes it comparatively easy to construct artificial storage reservoirs, and two have already been built. The first of these, at Boyd's Corner, is on the upper waters of West Branch in the northwest corner of the basin, among the wildest and highest mountains of the district. The second is on the Middle Branch of the Croton near the center of the watershed, between the villages of Carmel and Brewster's. Croton Lake is too shallow to be regarded as a storage reservoir, for its chief duty is to lift the water of the main stream to a level with the mouth of the old aqueduct.

The plan on which this system of reservoirs is operated is very simple. In wet weather the water in the two reservoirs flows away through the "spillways" or waste weirs beside the dams, and runs down the river into Croton Lake. Here a portion of the water is drawn

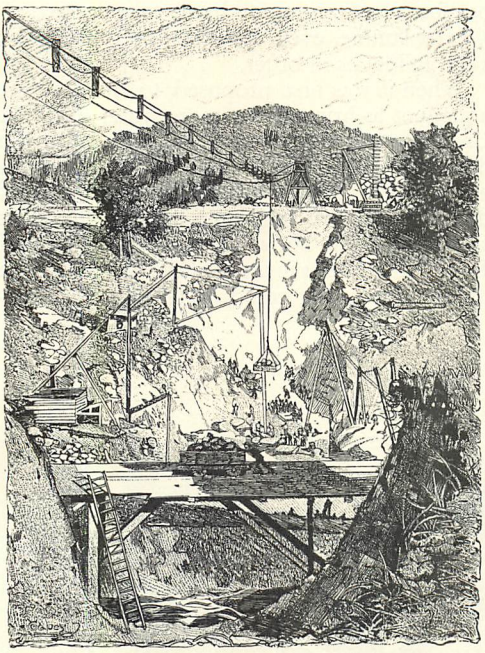


off into the aqueduct, and the remainder flows over the dam and is lost in the Hudson. In dry weather the surplus water escaping through the spillways beside the dams grows less and less, and finally stops, leaving the reservoirs full of stored water. The river immediately below each dam ceases to flow, and would dwindle to a mere thread of water did not new supplies come in from the hills on each side. The drain on Croton Lake through the aqueduct soon absorbs the entire flow, and the water ceases to run to waste over the dam. The engineer in charge then asks the gate-keeper at Boyd's Corner to open the gates and permit the stored water to run down the river into the lake. In the same way he draws upon the Middle Branch reservoir, and in this manner the supply is kept up through the dry weeks of summer. Besides these two artificial reservoirs, there are a number of natural and partly improved ponds, Lake Mahopac being the largest. These ponds can also be drawn upon for extra supplies in case of necessity.

Boyd's Corner reservoir contains 2,727,000,000 gallons of water, and Middle Branch 4,004,000,000 gallons, and this represents our reserve capital put away, so to speak, in bank against a dry day. So long as the old aqueduct drew less than one hundred million gallons a day these two reservoirs were sufficient insurance against a drought. When more water was required and a new and very much larger aqueduct was proposed the entire question assumed another aspect. As early as 1858 it was recognized that the storage capacity of the basin must be largely increased, and surveys were made for some new and very large reservoirs. While all of these reservoirs were not built, and more recent surveys have shown that some of the sites selected were not available, it may be observed that the necessity for such storage lakes has become imperative, and three reservoirs are now in process of construction. A passing study of this work may serve to show how a great storage reservoir is made and used.

Taking the town road from the village of Brewster's on the New York and Harlem Railroad, we drive down a long hill into the valley of the East Branch until the works of the Borden Milk Condensing Company are reached. Here the road follows the little river under a bridge of the New York and New England Railroad and again climbs over the hills till the little village of Sodom is reached. There the stream turns to the south through a narrow rocky gorge and then winds off to the east between high, wooded hills. At this point is being erected a magnificent masonry dam closing the portal between the hills and designed to create an irregular lake where now are farms, meadows, and deep woods. The new reservoir will eventually consist of two distinct bodies of water formed by four dams. The first of these dams is of solid rubble masonry faced with dressed granite. To the east of this dam, on the crest of the hill and at right angles with the stone dam, will be a long, low dam of earth and having a heart or core of masonry. North of the dam, on the other side of the rocky hill, are two more earth dams, designed to impound the waters of a little pool called Lake Kishowana and a small brook that flows out of it. Under the hills is to be a tunnel connecting the two reservoirs. The building of the three earth dams is comparatively simple. The work on the stone dam is quite complicated. The first steps were to bore into the hills on each side of the stream and in the bed of the river with diamond drills to ascertain the character of the bed-rock. The borings having shown that the rock is comparatively uniform in character, the river was diverted by means of a temporary crib-work dam, and then a deep trench was blasted out of the bed of the river and out of the steep sides of the hills to form a safe support for the dam. In this trench the foundations of the dam are laid. In the center, near the bottom, large iron pipes with gates are built into the foundations, the pipes being eventually the escape or outlet for the water, and while the dam is being built they serve as a waste weir or outlet for the river. The dam is 500 feet long, 53 feet wide at the base, 12 feet wide at the top, and 78 feet high. The earth dam is 700 feet long, and there will be a roadway on the top of each dam with a turning-place at the end. When finished it will be a magnificent drive, with the broad lake on one side, the deep, rocky valley on the other, with its white fountains below and the wide spillway at the end of the dam, where the surplus water will pour in an enormous waterfall down the rocky face of the cliff. The present hill, where stands the white church, will be like an isthmus between the two reservoirs, the tunnel to connect the two being directly under the crest of the hill. The accompanying pictures give one an excellent idea of the character of the country above the dam, and show the work in operation just as the walls of the great stone dam began to rise above the massive foundations sunk in the hills. The first two illustrations show the deep trench cut in the hills as a foundation for the dam, and the cable hoist used in handling stone. The third picture gives an idea of the character of the country to be eventually submerged.

It is a curious commentary on the demands of modern civilization to observe the effect of building this dam. The million people in the city need a reserve of drinking water, and twenty-one families must move out of their

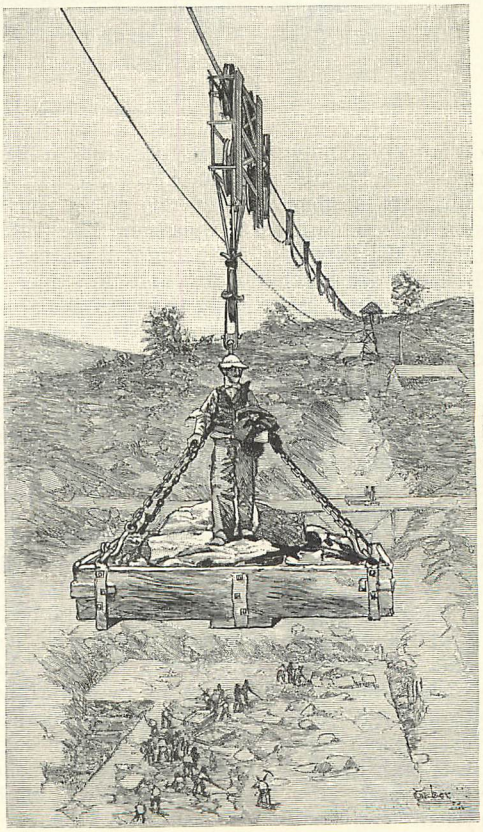


EXCAVATION FOR SODOM DAM.

quiet rural homes and see their hearths sink deep under water. The entire area to be taken for the reservoir is 1471 acres. Twenty-one dwellings, three saw and grist mills, a sash and blind factory, and a carriage factory must be torn down and removed. A mile and a quarter of railroad track must be relaid, and six miles of country roads must be abandoned. A road twenty-three miles long will extend around the two lakes, and a border or "safety margin" three hundred feet wide will be cleared all around the edge to prevent any contamination of the water. This safety border will include a carriage road, and all the rest will be laid down to grass. As the dam rises, the water will spread wider and wider over fields, farms, and roads. Every tree will be cut down and carried away. Every building will be carted off, and the cellars burned out and filled with clean soil to prevent any possibility of injury to the water. Fortunately there is no cemetery within the limits of the land taken for the reservoir. Had there been one it would have been completely removed before the water should cover the ground. Fifty-eight persons and corporations, holding one hundred and eleven parcels of land, will be dispossessed in order to clear the land for the two lakes and the dams, roads, and safety borders.

This East Branch reservoir will give the city two good-sized additional storage reservoirs, and while they will add considerably to the present supply, they will not meet the wants of the city in a year of drought. The Croton watershed is not yet by any means exhausted, and as fast as needed more of these storage reservoirs will be provided at different places. One will probably be placed near Purdy's, on the little Titicus River. An excellent site for the dam has already been found where the stream passes through a narrow, rocky gorge. A dam will here flow a very large tract of fine farming country to the east and give another sweet, clean drinking-cup for the city. Still others are under consideration near Carmel, and above Croton Lake on Muscoot River.

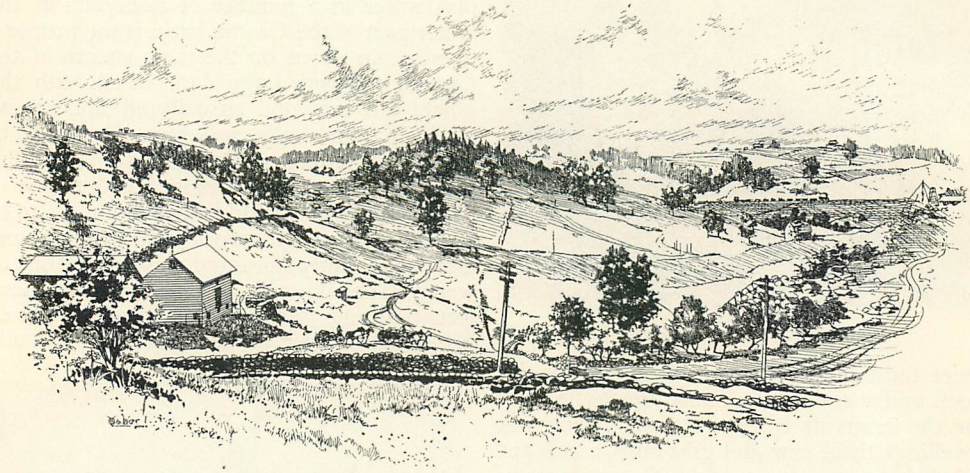
In addition to this plan of storing the surplus water in a number of reservoirs at the upper part of the Croton basin is the proposal to erect, far down on the main stream of the Croton, one very large dam, which with the others will impound virtually all the rainfall of the Croton basin and save thousands of millions of gallons that are now lost. This proposed dam is to be placed within one or two miles of Quaker Bridge. If built it is to be the largest dam in the world, and will impound more than thirty thousand million gallons of water. The lake will be on an average 3000 feet wide and 72,000 feet long, with an average depth of over 30 feet. The dam will add



CABLE AND BUCKET AT SODOM DAM.

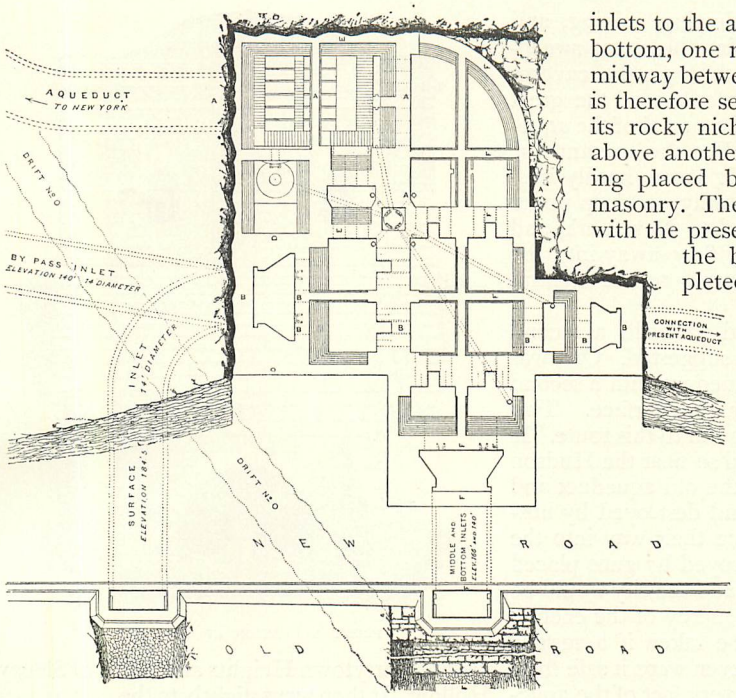
115 square miles to the now available water-shed, and save about all the water now lost on this great surface. Very much has been written both for and against this great dam, but the consensus of opinion appears to be in favor of its erection. That it can be built is beyond discussion. It can also be built with entire safety, both in a sanitary sense as a storage place for water, and in a mechanical sense as a structure absolutely safe against overthrow by floods. The key to the safety of any dam is found in the spillway. Given a good design, good materials, and good work, a dam may be as secure as any structure that can be built. Its life therefore depends on the provision for relieving extra pressure. The water behind the dam rises as the rainfall increases. Before it can reach the top and flow over it finds an outlet in the spillway and runs harmlessly away. It is believed that American engineers are in the front rank of their profession, and modern science places in their hands the exact data of rainfall, water pressure, and strength of materials. It becomes, therefore, only common sense dealing with large figures; and this dam, great as it may seem on paper, is within the ability of our engineers, and its construction and maintenance are within "the limits of safety." The smaller reservoirs will not be useless when the large dam is built, and all these proposed small dams should be built as well as the greater work. It will take five years to build the big dam. Each of the smaller dams can be built in two or three years, and New York cannot go on another year without more water. True wisdom suggests both plans, the smaller reservoirs on the head waters, the larger lake below. Both systems can be used together and be controlled from one point, and then there will not be, for a generation at least, any danger of a water famine, even should two dry years like 1880 follow each other.

When it was first proposed to build a new aqueduct to bring down more water from the Croton water-shed it was suggested that the new and larger dam should be built at once and that the aqueduct should start at the great dam. It was also suggested that the aqueduct should start just above the old dam at Croton Lake. The points in favor of this last plan were these: The water could be let into the aqueduct as soon as completed and without waiting for the new dam. If it were afterwards decided to build the great dam and submerge the present dam, the water could be just as well taken there as at the dam itself. If the dam were built a part of the old aqueduct would be submerged, and it could be used as a supply pipe for conveying the water back from the new dam to the new aqueduct. The old aqueduct could also be connected with the new reservoir at or near the new dam, tapping the river several miles below the present inlet. This plan, therefore, seemed the best, and the new aqueduct was laid out along a line beginning at a point just below Croton Dam.



A FUTURE LAKE AND ISLANDS AT BREWSTER'S.

The Croton Valley at the foot of Croton Lake is very narrow and the stream is walled in by steep, rocky hills. This very fact led to the erection of the present dam at this place. The old aqueduct is on the south bank and follows the line of the country road close under the steep cliffs that line the shore. The new aqueduct would require a gate-house, and, as there was no room on the bank without interfering with the old aqueduct, it was decided to blast out an excavation directly in the side of the hill. This excavation, like an enormous scar on the side of the hill, made the first important




GENERAL PLAN OF THE NEW GATE-HOUSE.

step in the great work of moving the rainfall of the Croton basin into New York. The aqueduct itself begins just opposite the iron bridge, seventy feet below the ground and below the bed of Croton River.

The most simple way to connect an aqueduct with its reservoir, or source of supply, is to place the end of the aqueduct below the level of the water and to put a gate in the conduit to control the inflow of water. This was the plan followed in the old aqueduct. The latest science leads to grave doubts whether this is the best way. Water stored in a reservoir is in different temperatures and in different conditions at different depths. It may be warm near the surface and cool below. It may contain minute forms of life near the surface and be barren below. The engineer should therefore be able to draw the water from different points according to the season and according to the temperature and condition of the water. It is evidently better to let the cold bottom water flow into the city in summer than the tepid surface water. A gate-house is necessary in any event, and in planning the gate-house for the new aqueduct provision was made for the future control over the selection of the water to be sent to New York.

Very soon the great dam must be built. When it is built the water will rise forty feet above the present dam, and the lake opposite the new gate-house will be deep enough to give three inlets to the aqueduct — one near the bottom, one near the surface, and one midway between. The new gate-house is therefore set high up on the bank in its rocky niche with three inlets one above another, the building itself being placed behind a massive wall of masonry. The middle inlet is on a level with the present road on the bank, and the bottom inlet, when completed, will pass directly under the old aqueduct, and will be many feet under the present surface of the lake. All this is, of course, provisional and for the future. For immediate use there is a fourth, temporary, inlet, called the "by-pass inlet," that takes the water from the lake a few hundred feet above the dam. This inlet is the only one that can be used at present, and we must take the water, as we do now, from a point near the surface of the old Croton Lake. Another point with respect to the future had also to be considered. The old aqueduct passes in front of the new gate-house, and by connecting it with the gate-house the water for the old aqueduct could be controlled from the new gate-house and the old gate-house could be given up.

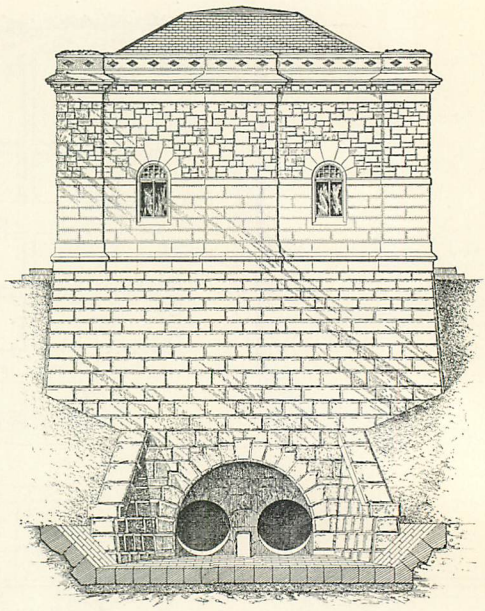
The new gate-house must be regarded as a masterly piece of engineering, both in design and in construction. It is a nearly square structure, built of granite and brick and divided into a number of compartments or vaults. The aqueduct being below the level of the river, it will be impossible to permit the water to rush directly into it under pressure. The aqueduct is here a "flowing conduit." That is, the water does not fill it, but occupies only about four-fifths of the tunnel and flows easily along like an underground river. The water enters the gate-house through the by-pass under pressure, and to relieve this pressure and permit the water to escape into the aqueduct with only its natural pressure or weight it is passed through a series of reducing chambers until its force is spent and it is ready to start easily and slowly on its long, dark journey to the sea. This grand gate-house gives us the key to the whole great engineering work before us.

Walking over the iron floor of the immense room within we may before long peer down into the deep black caves where the great waters are to flow. Here the engineer may guide a whole

river under the hills, selecting, mixing, and controlling from day to day the water sweeping with ceaseless roar through the caverns below. Looking down into one of the great vaults of the gate-house the portal of the aqueduct can be seen. It is like the entrance of a cave under the hills. It seems hardly possible that this black archway, so deep under ground, is the direct road to New York, and that the water will easily flow away into the blackness on its long journey to the Central Park reservoir.

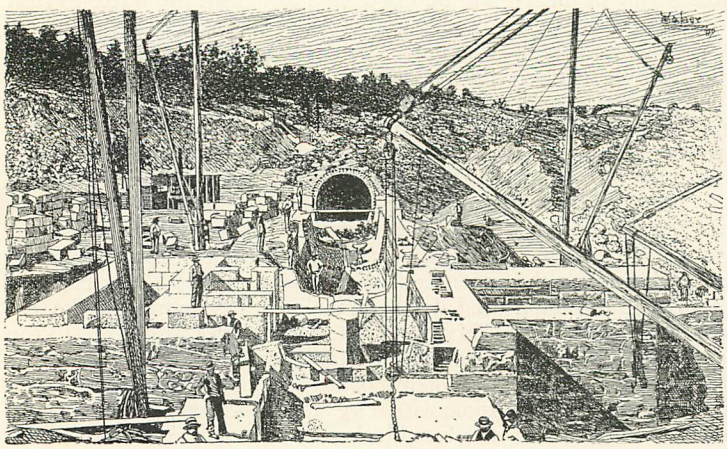
When it was proposed to build a second aqueduct two plans were suggested. One was to parallel the present aqueduct with a second one placed on or near the surface. Two serious objections were found to this route. If the aqueduct were placed so near the Hudson it would interfere with the old aqueduct and could be easily shelled and destroyed by hostile ships that might force their way into the Hudson, or even be destroyed by guns placed on the New Jersey shore, and the city would be without water and at the mercy of the enemy. Some such route must be taken if a surface aqueduct be built; and even were it safe from attack from the river the very fact of the aqueduct being on the surface would always be a menace, as it could be easily destroyed by a mob. Common sense and military prudence plainly pointed to a tunnel placed deep under ground out of reach and easily guarded at the few points where it might come to the surface. Besides this, land owners are content to accept a very small fee for right of way if the tunnel is a hundred feet under their houses and the inconvenience of surface operations is avoided.

These considerations led to the construction of the new aqueduct in the form of a continuous tunnel extending from Croton Dam to High Bridge. The path of the aqueduct is a perfectly straight line from the gate-house to a point just



FRONT ELEVATION OF BLOW-OFF.

west of Tarrytown Heights and north of Sleepy Hollow. It then turns slightly to the east, passes under the hills, and enters the valley of the Saw-mill River. It then passes, with an occasional slight turn to right or left, directly to the great siphon where the water is to pass under the Harlem River. Reaching Manhattan Island near 180th street, it follows Tenth Avenue to the new gate-house at 135th street, where the aqueduct will end and the pipe lines begin. The pipe lines will then convey the water to Central Park reservoir and to other points for distribution through the upper part of the island. For the entire distance from Croton Lake to 135th street the aqueduct is built of solid brickwork and masonry, reënforced in places with wood and iron, and all, except at three points covering a few thousand feet, is sunk to an average depth of 170 feet and underground. The aqueduct itself is divided into two portions, each part being of different size and shape. The larger part, extending from the lake to a point near the city line, is a horseshoe section and is a flowing conduit; that is, the tunnel is filled to about four-fifths of its capacity. The other portion, extending from the city line to 135th street, is smaller and of

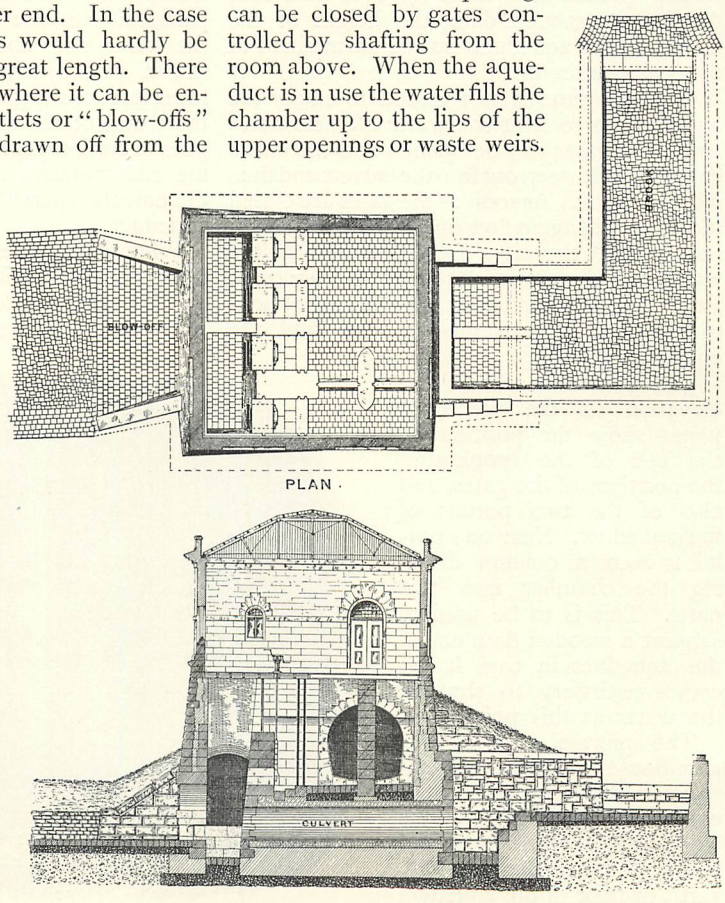


BUILDING THE FOUNDATION OF A GATE-HOUSE AT SOUTH YONKERS.

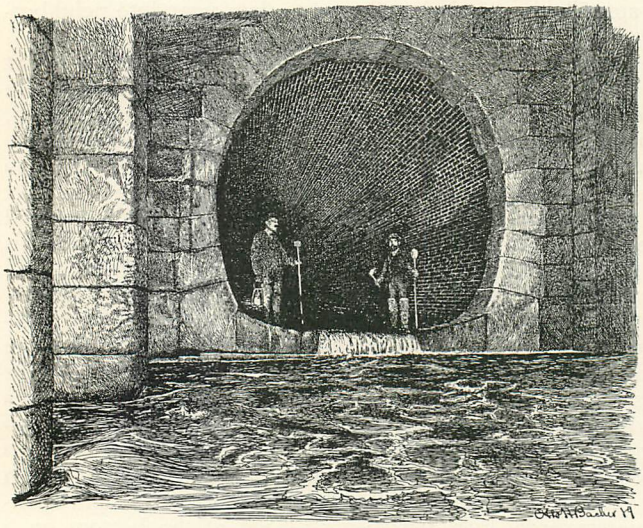
a circular section, and here the water fills the entire tunnel and is under pressure.

In planning an aqueduct two things have to be considered. There must be arrangements made for the steady filling or supply of the aqueduct and for the safe conveyance of the water without contamination and without loss. There must also be provision for shutting off the supply and emptying the aqueduct in order to clean or repair it. We have seen how the new aqueduct is to be supplied from Croton Lake, and its ability to carry the water without harm or loss can be studied as we travel along its route. The fact that the aqueduct is deep underground insures the safety and purity of the water. The next problem was more serious, and involved a long and thorough preliminary study of the country through which the aqueduct passes. A pipe placed deep underground and full of water is difficult of access if at any time it becomes necessary to clean or repair it. If it be of a uniformly descending grade it is possible to empty it by shutting off the supply of water. The water will gradually run out, and the tunnel can then be entered from either end. In the case of the new aqueduct this would hardly be practicable, because of its great length. There must be numerous places where it can be entered, and a number of outlets or "blow-offs" where the water can be drawn off from the whole or a part of the tunnel. There must also be waste weirs for the escape of surplus water, and for maintaining the flowing water at a uniform height in the aqueduct. The actual problem in the case of the new aqueduct was even more difficult, because it was necessary to make at two points sunken loops or inverted siphons. The first of these was made to avoid a swamp, by diving under it, and the second and deeper siphon is under the Harlem River. In emptying the aqueduct the water would lodge in these low places and provision must be made for lifting it out. At other points advantage was taken of the contour of the country, and outlets or "blow-offs" were placed in low valleys, where the water could be allowed to flow away into neighboring streams.

A study of the gate-house and blow-off at South Yonkers will give a general idea of the plan on which these outlets are arranged. Here the aqueduct appears at the south side of a hill and is then built for a short distance in an open cut. As the land falls the aqueduct comes to the surface and is built on the ground and covered with an embankment. At this point a small brook is diverted from its old bed and passes, through stone culverts, directly under a massive granite gate-house. The gate-house consists of a large chamber on the line of the aqueduct and of the superstructure or building (one room) overhead where the gates are controlled. This chamber is built of massive blocks of granite and is divided into two parts by a cross wall or partition parallel with the aqueduct. In this partition are eight openings, four being placed at the bottom on a level with the floor of the chamber, and four placed about ten feet above the first. All of these openings lead directly into the culvert below. The four lower openings can be closed by gates controlled by shafting from the room above. When the aqueduct is in use the water fills the chamber up to the lips of the upper openings or waste weirs.




BLOW-OFF AND WASTE WEIR AT SOUTH YONKERS.



BLOW-OFF AT SOUTH YONKERS, LOOKING NORTH.

These waste weirs are provided with channels or grooves cut in the stone-work, and by sliding planks into these grooves and thus forming a wooden dam, the height of the water in the aqueduct can be maintained at any point desired.

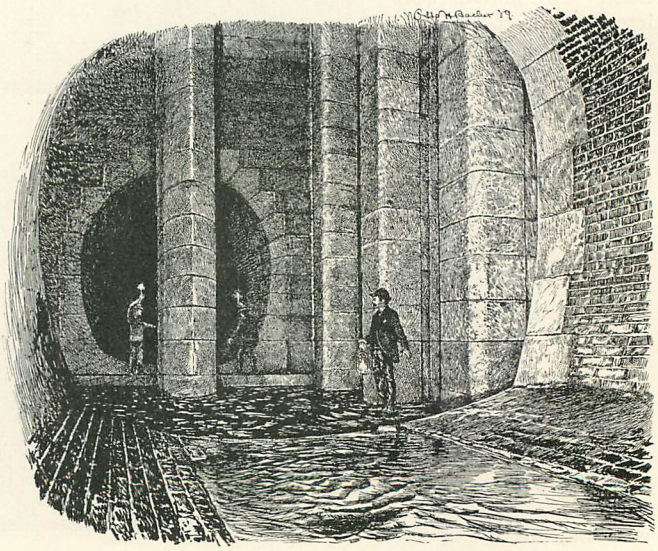
If at any time it is required to empty the aqueduct or to shut the water off below this point, the gates can be opened and the entire contents will sweep out into the culvert and then into the brook. As soon as the gates are closed the water will again flow on through the chamber towards the city. In the same way the water may be turned aside at Ardsley or at Pocantico, or be shut off at the lake and allowed to escape at any of these points until the aqueduct is empty.

The plan and section and elevation on the preceding pages show the position of the bed of the brook and the positions of the gates, and also of the two portals of the aqueduct. Near one portal is seen a column dividing the chamber into two parts. This is to be used to support a wooden dam across the aqueduct in case it becomes necessary to shut off the water at this point.

The picture showing the gate-house while being constructed will also assist to a correct understanding of the work. The construction had reached a point where the "invert" or floor of the aqueduct on each side of the gate-house had been laid, also the floor of the chamber, the gates, and the lower part of the central column. A portion of the aqueduct is seen to the north just as it emerges from the hill.

The accompanying pictures from photographs in the gate-house reveal the massive character of the stone-work, and also give an impression of the comparative size and shape of the aqueduct at this point. One of these pictures gives a view from the chamber looking north into the aqueduct. Another is from a photograph taken within the aqueduct and looking south across the chamber into the south portal of the aqueduct, and showing the massive walls of the gate-house and the dividing column in the center of the chamber. The picture on the opposite page shows the partition with the gate openings below and the waste weir above. At the left the arch shown in the other picture appears at the lower part of the gate, daylight showing under the crown of the arch. The elevation of the gate-house, on page 212, shows its position on the embankment, and also the openings of the culvert where the brook passes under the aqueduct.

When it had been decided that a new aqueduct should be built in the form of an underground tunnel, careful and elaborate surveys were made of the country to the south of

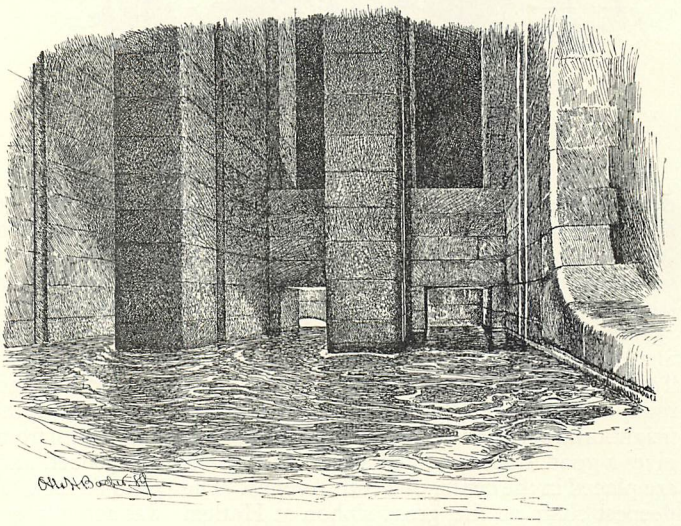


LOOKING SOUTH ACROSS GATE-HOUSE AT SOUTH YONKERS.

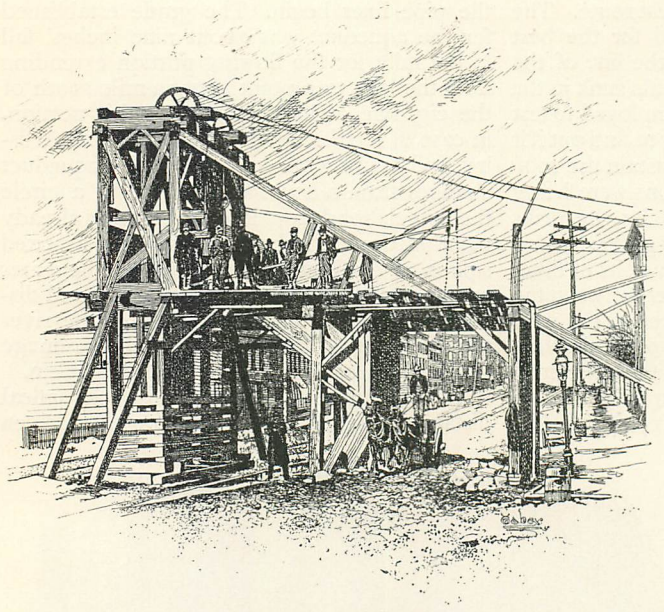
Croton Lake to determine the best route. The hills and valleys were searched for the best positions from which to reach the line of the proposed tunnel by means of shafts sunk in the ground. Diamond drills were employed to test the character of the rock in order to find out if it would be sufficiently strong to sustain the roof of the tunnel while the excavations were being made. The cores brought up by the drills showed the bed-rock to be of a generally uniform quality of gneiss with a few belts of limestones, over the entire thirty miles between the lake and a point near 135th street on the west side of the city. Careful studies of all the data collected in the field showed that a tunnel could probably be excavated directly through the rock at an average depth of 170 feet below the surface. The surveys showed that after passing under the high hills to the south of the lake the valley of the little Saw-mill River offered a route to the Harlem that would not require very deep shafts to reach the line of the tunnel. This route would also give two or three points where the tunnel would come to the surface and give opportunities for the building of gate-houses, blow-offs, and waste weirs. From these studies the final plans were made and the drawings and specifications drawn up for the entire work.

The plans showed that the line of the tunnel could be reached by thirty-two shafts and four open cuts. To gain time, the number of shafts was afterwards increased to thirty-five. For convenience the work was divided into five divisions and these again divided into fifteen sections. The first four sections extended from the lake southward to a point near East Tarrytown and included the open cuts at Pocantico, a distance of about thirteen miles. These sections included the deepest shafts and made the longest portion of the tunnel entirely underground. Sections 5 to 9 inclusive carried the tunnel to the city line and under lower hills, the tunnel twice coming to the surface. Sections 10 and 11 included all the route to the Harlem River, and here the tunnel dropped down deeper under the ground, because if continued on that grade it would have approached too near the surface. Section 12 included the great siphon under Harlem River, and Sections 13 and 14 carried the work to the gate-house at 135th street, where the aqueduct ends and the pipe lines begin. The grade established for the aqueduct was about nine inches' fall in the mile for the flowing portion extending from the lake to a point about a mile south of the city line. The drainage for this portion, in case of repairs, escapes at Pocantico, Ardsley, and South Yonkers. Where the aqueduct changes from a horseshoe section to a circle the tunnel dips deeper into the earth, as already mentioned, and the drainage is into the inverted siphon at the Harlem River, where the water can be pumped out through a blow-off and discharged into the Harlem. South of the river the tunnel gradually rises and the drainage flows north and escapes into the Harlem.

It was estimated that the most economical distance at which a heading could be driven from the bottom of a shaft would be about half a mile, and the next step was to define the positions of the shafts. The selection of the sites was guided in part by this distance of one mile (half a mile each way), in part by the valleys, and in part by convenience in disposing of the "spoil," or waste rock. The bottom of a valley would give the shortest shaft, but leave no room for dump-heaps, and thus all the shafts, while in valleys, were really on the sides of the hills above the bottom or lowest part of the depression to give room for the gigantic heaps of broken stone (spoil) that would gather about the mouths of the shafts. These considerations finally resulted in the selection of thirty-five shafts to be excavated directly into the earth. For convenience the shafts were numbered from 0 to 32, and it is curious to observe the variety of places in which they were started. "Number 0" is a straight drift into the hills from the edge of Croton River below the dam, and the



BLOW-OFF AND WASTE WEIR.



HEAD-HOUSE OF SHAFT ON TENTH AVENUE.

dump-heaps form a gigantic embankment along the south side of the river. Shafts from Nos. 1 to 17 are either in woods or on farms, some of them being deep in the hills far from any town or village. Shafts 24 and 25 are directly on the banks of the Harlem. Shafts 27 to 30 are placed in the middle of Tenth Avenue, between the tracks of the cable road, and some of them in a thickly built-up neighborhood. The accompanying illustration gives a good idea of the way some of the shafts are placed in the center of Tenth Avenue. The deepest shaft at the great siphon at Harlem River is 419 feet, the deepest among the hills near the lake is 370 feet, and the shortest shaft is only 32 feet.

The actual work of sinking the shafts began about the middle of January, 1884, twenty-four shafts being very soon under way. The first shaft to be excavated to the depth of the top of the tunnel was shaft No. 11A, thirty-one feet deep. Other short shafts were soon after completed and the work of excavating the tunnel was begun. The deepest shaft in the hills, No. 3 (370 feet), was completed in thirty-four weeks from the start, there being five weeks when for various reasons little or no progress was made. The short shafts along Tenth Avenue were not begun until February, 1886, and were completed in from ten to twenty-two weeks. The maximum progress in any one week was forty-two feet in the drift No. 0, and the maximum progress in the vertical shafts was twenty-one feet.

The actual work of driving the tunnel began in shaft No. 11A, in March, 1885, the progress for the first week being forty feet to the north and twenty-four feet to the south. By the 1st of April work was under way in four more shafts, and by May 9 work was in progress in ten shafts. By the 1st of July nineteen shafts had reached the level of the tunnel, and in thirteen of these the tunnel was advanced in one or both directions. The first piece of excavation to be completed was near Shaft 14. It was only fifty-five feet long, and extended to the open cut at Ardsley. The next piece of excavation to be finished extended from Shaft 9 north to Pocantico cut, a distance of 1727 feet. In September, 1886, four more of the drifts either met under ground or had reached an open cut, and in October three more connections had been made, and the tunnel had begun to assume something of its grand proportions. Up to January 1, 1887, a period of ninety-six weeks from the start, the maximum progress in the heading from the shafts or portals (open cuts) had been 84 feet in one week, and the highest average weekly progress in any one heading had been 45 feet. The highest average weekly rate of approach between the headings (south from the shaft, north from the next) was 70 feet, and in many places it ranged from 50 to 60 feet. This was for the time when work was actually going on.

Up to January 1, 1887, the tunnel and open cuts had been excavated for a total distance of twenty-two miles, leaving at that time only eight miles, which were completed in the spring of 1889. The excavation was soon large enough to admit the masons, and work in the tunnel lining began. Parts of the tunnel did not need any interior support, but it was thought best to reënforce it with a brick lining called the "tunnel lining," this brick-work being in turn firmly braced at the sides and roof against the walls of the excavation. The work of making the tunnel lining began in Shaft 9, September 28, 1885. During 1886 the work was under way in one or both directions from a number of shafts, and on the 1st of January, 1887, the side walls of the finished tunnel had advanced 32,382 linear feet, and the "invert," or floor, had been laid for 7722 feet, while the arch, or roof, had been completed for 16,713 feet. The entire brick-work of the tunnel is now completed, and makes a continuous tunnel 29.63 miles long. The total

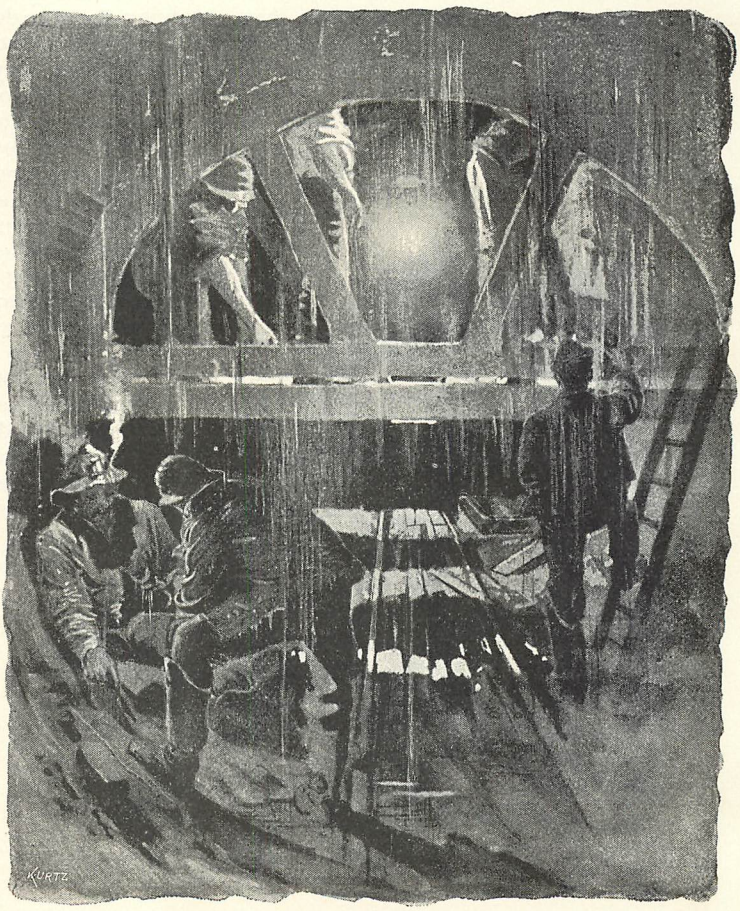
number of bricks exceed 163,000,000, or sufficient to construct thirty-three buildings like the "Tribune" building in New York City.

In this enormous labor at one time ten thousand men were employed, with hundreds of mules and horses and a great number of steam engines, and their labors underground were lighted by scores of electric lights. The mere handling of this vast amount of material involved important questions of transportation. The line of the aqueduct is several miles back from the line of the Hudson, and touches tide-water only at the Harlem River near High Bridge. The only railroad convenient to the line is the New York and Northern, a short, single-track route reaching from the elevated railroad on Eighth Avenue at 155th street to the Croton River basin. Fortunately it has docks on the Harlem, and could load cars with brick and cement from barges and canal boats sent up from the East River. Whenever convenient, materials were sent by this route. For the portions within the city materials were sent by team from points on the Hudson. The enormous mass of broken rock (spoil) taken out in making the excavations involved the purchase of land on which it could be dumped. The material itself is practically valueless, except for filling on town roads or railroads. It has been tried for road surfacing, but is wholly useless, as it soon grinds up to fine powder.

However carefully the plans for such a great engineering work as this are drawn, there must be an element of uncertainty in the actual work. It is impossible to foresee what difficulties may be met deep under the hills. For instance, in sinking Shaft 24, on the east bank of the Harlem, water was encountered in great quantities, so that the work had to be performed under the greatest difficulties. Costly pumping engines were erected and put in operation. Afterwards, when for certain reasons a second shaft had to be sunk still lower, a new position was selected for this shaft not twenty feet away, and this second shaft was as dry as a bone. The diamond drill might have gone a few inches to one side and not have told the exact truth about the rock.

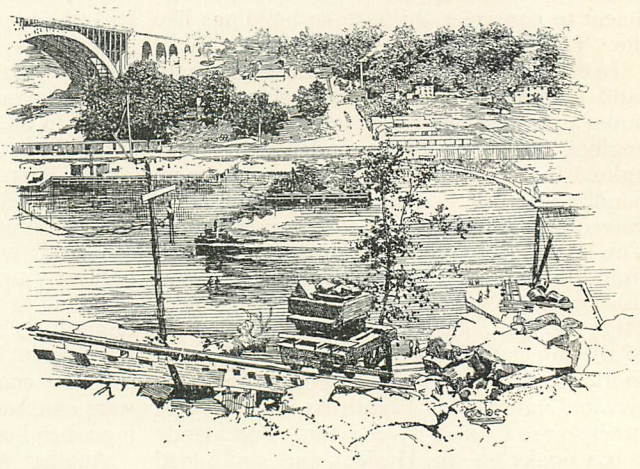
The first serious difficulty was met at a place called Gould's Swamp, in Section 5. The soil proved to be a wet muck overlaying sand with boulders — in fact, a swamp. The only way to avoid this soft spot was to go round it or to pass, deep in the bed-rock, under it. This was finally done, and two shafts were sunk, Nos. 11A and 11B, on the hillsides on each side of the swamp, and these were connected by a short tunnel, thus forming a bend or inverted siphon.

Another serious difficulty was met at shaft No. 30, near 149th street. Soft, crumbling rock was found that threatened to cause dangerous leakage of water, and it became necessary to line the interior of the tunnel with plates of cast iron. These plates were bolted together to



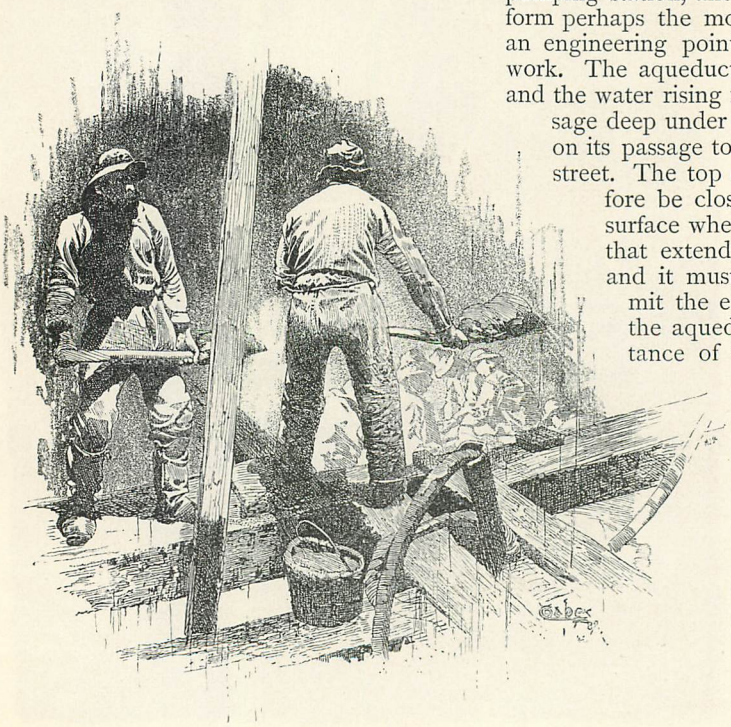

REËNFORCING THE TUNNEL.

form a circular pipe the size of the aqueduct at this point (13 feet 3 inches), and outside of this iron pipe the brick-work was laid as in the other portions of the aqueduct. The illustration on the preceding page shows this work of reënforcing the aqueduct. This iron-lined portion of the aqueduct extends for about 230 feet in the south heading and is about 400 feet south of the shaft.



THE SITE OF THE GREAT SIPHON.

The most serious difficulty met in the entire work was encountered in crossing the Harlem. Two shafts on each bank of the river, Nos. 24 and 25, had been sunk to what seemed to be a proper depth, and headings had been driven east and west across the river where a fissure was met near the west bank of the river, and it was decided to sink the shaft deeper. Shaft No. 25 was continued to a depth of 419 feet; headings were then started, and in due time they met and were lined with brick. The work was not alone one of the greatest difficulty, but it may also be regarded as of the first importance from an engineering point of view. Shaft 25 is one of the largest in this country; it is double, one portion being used for the water and the other for the bucket that is used in lifting the water out of the siphon in case of inspection and repairs. The arrangements for emptying the aqueduct at this point are specially interesting, because not only is the part under the river very deep, but only at this place could a blow-off be arranged for draining that part of the aqueduct south of this point. Here are being built a gate-house, pumping station, and blow-off, and they will form perhaps the most interesting spot, from an engineering point of view, in the entire work. The aqueduct is here under pressure, and the water rising in the shaft after its passage deep under the river must again rise on its passage to the gate-house at 135th street. The top of the shaft must therefore be closed at a point under the surface where it joins the aqueduct that extends along Tenth Avenue, and it must also have gates to permit the escape of all the water in the aqueduct to the south, a distance of two miles. Shaft 26, a few hundred feet from Shaft 25, is arranged with an overflow and blow-off, and it virtually acts as a safety-valve for all that portion of the aqueduct to the south. The overflow here regulates the height of the water in the gate-house at 135th street, two miles south. A short pipe line connects Shaft 26 with the blow-off at the foot of the bluff at



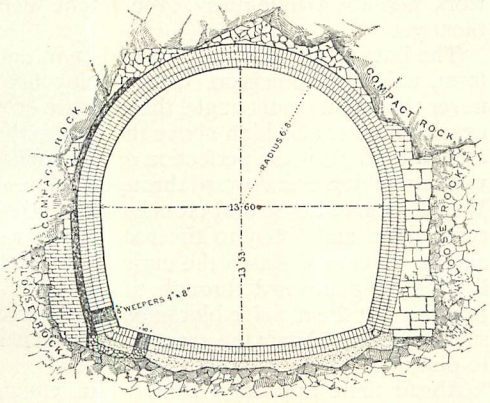
IN SHAFT 25.

Shaft 25. Shaft 24 has also a blow-off for the water to the north as far as South Yonkers.

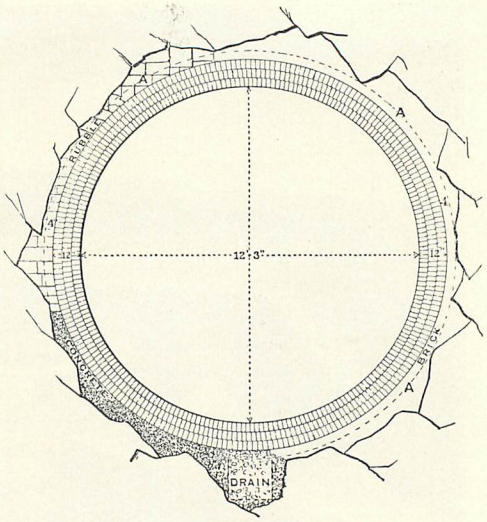
There are, therefore, three grand hydraulic works concentrated within a few hundred feet and in the midst of what promises to be a populous part of the city. Moreover, these works, though partly unseen, are placed between two other great works that testify to the skill of American engineers. To the south is High Bridge, justly famous as a lofty and beautiful stone structure, and to the north is the Washington Bridge. This new bridge is formed of two immense steel arches, the largest single arched spans in the world. The picture on the opposite page gives an idea of the character of the Harlem Valley at this point. The picture gives a view across the river, and shows the head-house and other works at Shaft 24. At the left is seen a portion of the new bridge, and below, on the river banks, are the two landing stages where the brick, cement, and other materials used in the aqueduct were landed. It also gives a view of the inclined railway for bringing brick and stone up from the river to Shaft 25.

In addition to the larger and unexpected difficulties met in building the aqueduct more trouble was looked for in the way of soft, broken, and weak spots in the rock. These were overcome by means of timbering, as in a mine. However, the amount of timbering required was not excessive, only about 39,000 feet of the aqueduct tunnel being supported by timbers outside the brick lining. This timber-work was put in before the bricks were laid, and in some cases was left in position when the lining was put in. Completely inclosed from the air, it will last for a long time; and even if it decays no harm can follow, as the tunnel lining is backed up by masonry and is amply strong enough to carry the weight of the rock.

The difficulties at all points along the aqueduct have now been overcome and the great engineering work is virtually complete. The




THE HORSESHOE SECTION FOR FLOWING WATER.

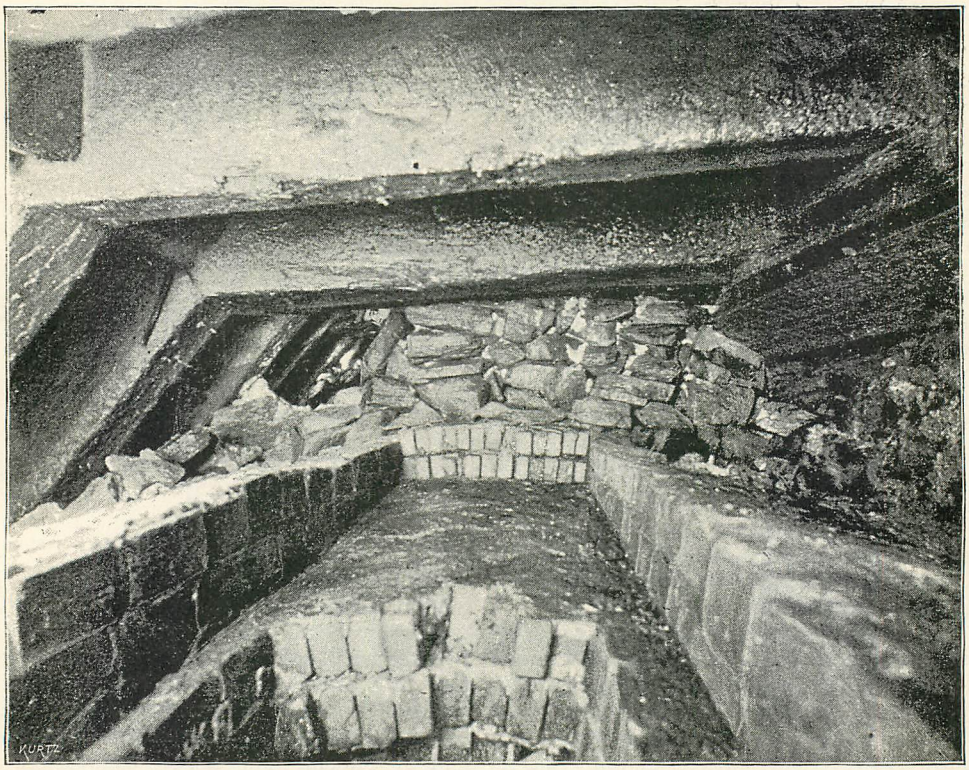



THE CIRCULAR SECTION FOR WATER UNDER PRESSURE.

upper part from the lake to a point near the city line is of a horseshoe section, the interior dimensions being 13.60 feet wide at the top of the side walls and 13.55 feet high in the center. The accompanying section shows the shape of the tunnel lining. The lining consists of three and sometimes four cornices of brick laid in cement. The actual excavation, as shown in the diagrams, is larger than the tunnel lining, and the space between the lining and the sides of the excavation is represented as filled with masonry or with additional brick-work. This exterior work was essential in order to brace the arched lining against the weight of the rock overhead. Without this masonry at the sides and top of the lining the pressure of the rock might crush or distort the brick-work and destroy or seriously obstruct the aqueduct.

The tunnel south of the city line descends deeper underground and is circular in section and smaller in diameter, and will connect with an additional storage reservoir to be built at Jerome Park. The section above gives a good idea of this part of the excavation and of the round tunnel lining. It also shows the masonry backing used to reënforce and protect the lining and assist in carrying the weight of the rock above. The diameter of the circular part of the aqueduct is twelve feet three inches, except under the Harlem River, where it is reduced to ten feet six inches.

Not long ago the writer walked for a mile or more through both the arched and circular portions. Entering by an unfinished portal, left open on account of repairs, the first impression was rather depressing. The ladder was wet with clay, and the sunlight fell upon the curved walls and a wide and rapid brook flowing between




CAVE OVER CROWN OF ARCH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

them. A rubber hat, rubber coat, and long rubber boots were awkward but comfortable. There was a cool wind blowing from the two black-arched caves, and it was but a moment's change from bright sunshine to intense darkness, relieved only by the lantern in the hand. The floor had a gentle slope towards the center and for about a foot on each side was comparatively dry. The sense of walking half in a brook and half on its slippery bank was peculiar at first, but in a little while the trick of walking on the edge of the water close to the side wall had been learned.

The spot of sunlight behind us faded away to only a yellow star that at last went out. The intense darkness was blacker by contrast with the black walls that here and there in the light of the lamps sparkled with drops of moisture. Occasionally a white mark gleamed with strange distinctness on the walls, showing where the engineers or inspectors had measured the work or left traces for future measurements or inspections. The silence, the cool air gently moving through the tunnel, the narrow circle of light about the lantern, appealed strongly to the imagination. Every splashing footfall echoed strangely, and there seemed at times to be a deep murmur in the air. We paused and listened, but heard nothing save the faint ripple of the water. Then might come a distant sound, or rather reverberation, like the ghost of a thunder peal. Standing in the water in the center of the tunnel and looking either way there was only deep blackness, and it was difficult to decide from which direction came the faint rolling sound. A word spoken seemed to start tremendous echoes, and a note sung loudly floated away and came back again in a long-drawn-out sigh. Several words spoken quickly were repeated distinctly out of the black void beyond the little circle of light. Again we heard the far-away booming, and the engineer said that men were at work perhaps a mile away. We might meet them yet.

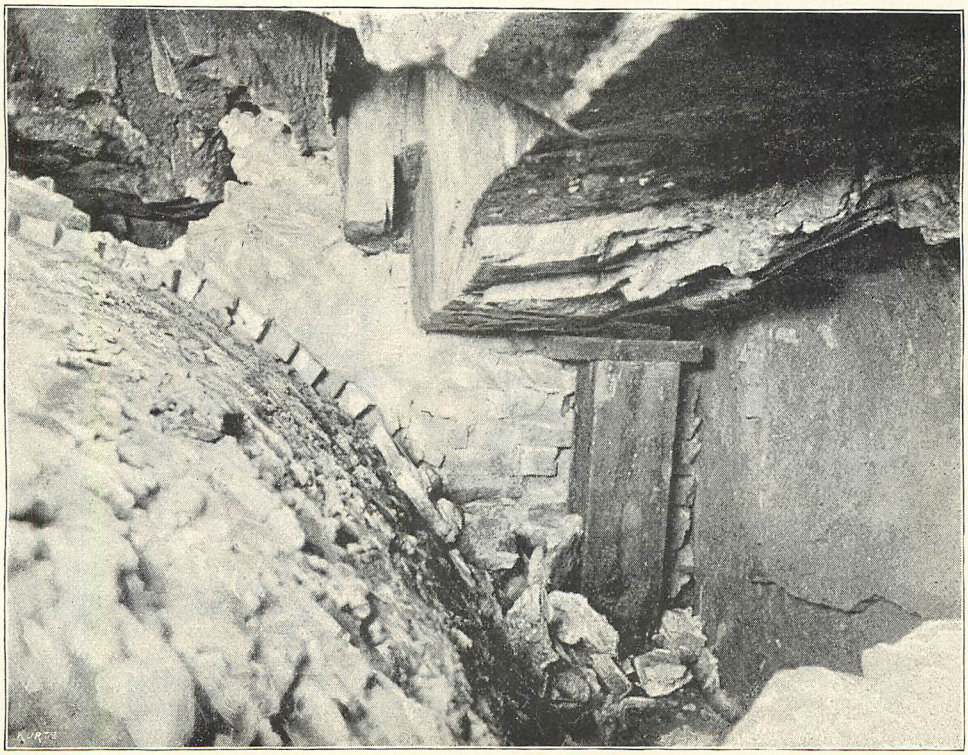
The lines of bricks stretch on and on in uniform, unbroken precision. The sloping floor never changes its exact angle, the walls are ever exactly in line, and high above the head is the arched roof. It is the perfection of mechanical work stretching ever onward through darkness. We pass a gate-house and cross its magnificent stone floor, and listen to the roar of the escaping water, and watch the curious effects of light shining upward through the gates and bringing out the massive blocks of granite into startling relief. Again the great arch welcomes to darkness.

Ahead there appears a faint, white cloud, or nebulous spot of light. In a moment we

are close to it, and find it some workman's tools covered with white canvas. It is only a hundred feet distant, and yet seems immensely removed. All sense of distance is lost in such deep darkness. Looking up, a circular opening is seen where daylight streams faintly down a shaft, lighting an iron ladder. This is one of the finished shafts, and the light shining on the white canvas spread over the tools at the bottom gave that peculiar nebulous appearance in the gloom. Nearly all the shafts are completely closed, and only a few are left like this—permanently open. The ladder ends in a little house that serves as a protection from the weather and from improper visitors to the tunnel.

As we walk on there are sounds in the air, echoes from yet unseen workmen. Soon through the murky air are seen star-like spots of light. There is a flash from an electric light and we meet piles of brick, stone, and cement. There are voices and a sound of tools and we come to a wooden staging, or "false work," and climb a short ladder and stand close to the roof among a group of workmen. There is a square hole cut in the arched ceiling, and with much scrambling we crawl through and sit down directly on the top of the tunnel lining. The space between the lining and the rock is not high enough to enable one to stand upright, yet high enough for a comfortable seat on the top of the work. The cave-like place extends for some distance in both directions. The candles light up the wet, ragged rocks overhead, some heavy timbers in the distance, and the clean red bricks of the arch.

This space over the tunnel lining is only one of a great number that have been found at different points along the aqueduct. They appear sometimes at the top, sometimes at the sides, sometimes extend completely over the tunnel lining from side to side. In the specifications for the work all these spaces are marked as filled up solid with rubble masonry. The masonry is necessary to the strength of the aqueduct, and it was to be supplied in all cases for the whole length of the tunnel. It was not so supplied in this and in many other places. Moreover, the specifications call for three, and in some cases five, courses of solid brick laid in cement. The upper course in this cave is not laid in cement at all. The bricks on the top of the arch are as clean as on the day they were made. No cement was used, and the bricks were merely laid loosely in place and left there. The hole cut in the arch was made by the engineers to test the work, which was found wanting.

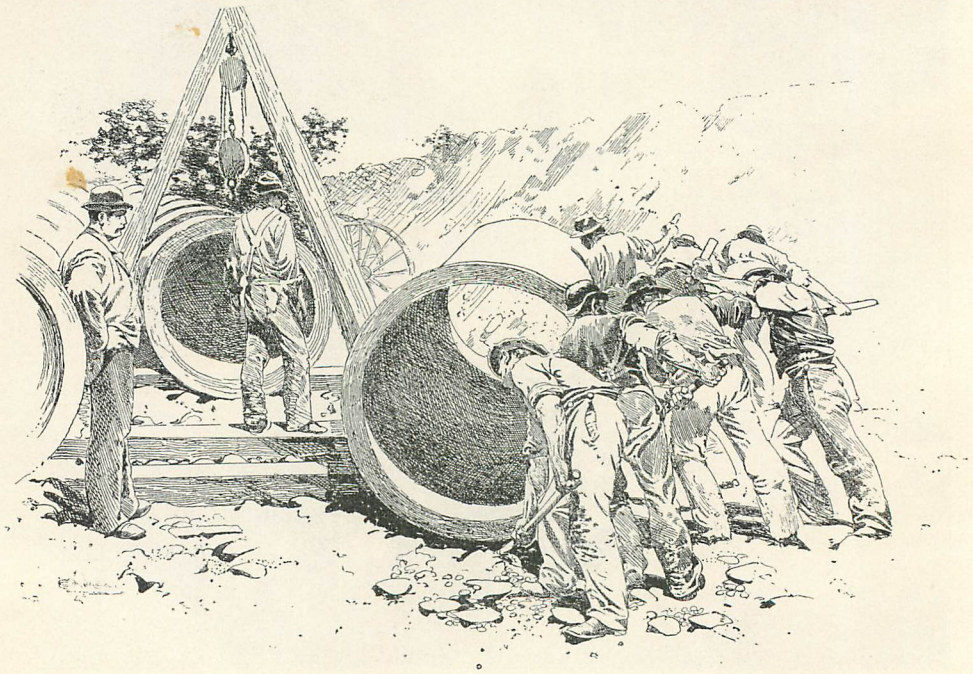


CAVE AT SIDE OF ARCH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

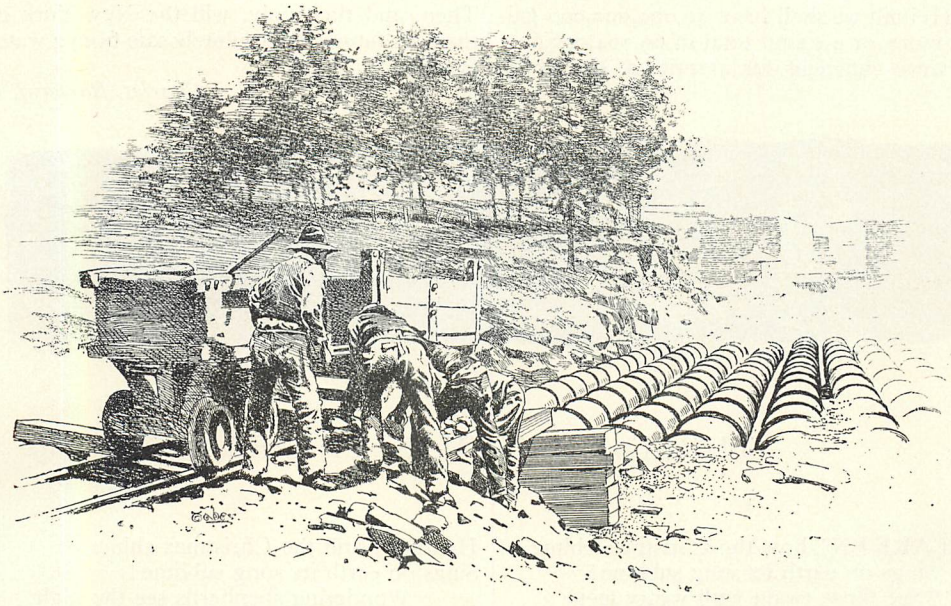
That this statement may not seem exaggerated, two pictures are presented on the preceding pages from photographs taken in two of these caves. In the first the hole cut in the arch is shown with one course of brick properly laid, two courses badly laid, and two courses simply left out. More bad work can also be seen in the other picture. The rock above is the roof of the excavation, and all the empty space represented in the picture was paid for by the citizens of New York at the rate of about five dollars a cubic yard. In some of these caves cross-walls were built to deceive the engineer and lead him to think all the space had been built in solid. In one of the pictures such a cross-wall is shown with a hole knocked in it to show that another cave existed beyond. It is now known that these defects occur in the larger part of the aqueduct, and that over one million dollars were at one time paid out for work that was never performed, and that was certified to have been performed by those appointed to watch the work.

Happily the faults of which these pictures are such unimpeachable witnesses have been repaired, at the expense of the contractors, but they resulted in a complete change in the administration of the work, and the whole business is now but a bad memory. We can only hopefully look forward to the day when "practical politics" shall no longer rule our great public works. The time is fast coming when the selfish greed of political "halls" and the personal necessities of aspirants for public office can no longer thrive on the robbery of the people. Some day the American people will insist that neither governors nor mayors shall appoint public servants at the behest of political managers.

The aqueduct itself ends at the gate-house at 135th street and Tenth Avenue. The water rises through a shaft into the great vaults of the gate-house and then flows through eight lines of huge iron pipes into the city. Four of the lines of pipes lead directly to the reservoirs at Central Park, and four of them branch off at different points to supply the upper and central parts of the city. The laying of these pipes was of itself a great piece of work. The gate-house is a few hundred feet east of Tenth Avenue, and the pipe lines all start from the bottom of the gate-house deep underground. The surface slopes rapidly to the south, and advantage was taken of some partly unoccupied land to lay out a new street extending in a south-east direction from the gate-house to 125th street. This new street, now called Convent Avenue, made a bed for the eight lines of pipes. A trench was cut out the entire width of the street, and in it the pipes were laid. At one or two places the pipes came to the surface, and here the street was raised to cover them. The illustrations on other pages give an idea of the size of these great pipe lines and of the manner in which they were laid. At 124th street gates were put in the pipe lines, and



WORKING ON THE PIPE LINE.



PIPE LINE ON CONVENT AVENUE, FROM GATE-HOUSE.

blow-offs were arranged in connection with the sewers. At 125th street the pipe lines begin to branch off, one line turning east along that street. The other lines go on towards the south along the east side of Morningside Park. Other lines diverge at different points, and the four lines for Central Park pass down Eighth Avenue until they enter and cross the park to the old reservoir.

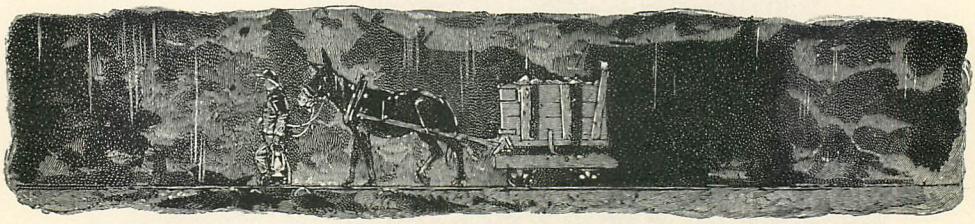
Compared with other tunnels, the new aqueduct is easily at the head of all works of a like character in the world. The cities of Chicago and Cleveland are each supplied with water through tunnels extending out into a lake. The first Chicago tunnel is 5 feet in diameter and 10,567 feet long. The second tunnel is 7 feet in diameter and 31,490 feet long. The Cleveland tunnel is only 5 feet in diameter and 6661 feet long. All of these tunnels were laid in comparatively soft materials. The Baltimore water supply includes a rock tunnel, twelve feet in diameter and seven miles long, and is lined with brick-work for about two miles. The old Roman aqueducts were several of them longer than the Croton Aqueduct, but they were all very small, and were merely masonry conduits a few feet in diameter. The Liverpool water supply is conveyed by an aqueduct about twice as long as the Croton Aqueduct, but it is mainly a surface aqueduct, there being only a little tunnel-work. A portion of the aqueduct is merely a pipe line. The supply is from a reservoir formed like that at Croton or at Sodom, by building a dam across a narrow gorge in a valley among the mountains in Wales. The dam is larger than that at Sodom, being 136 feet high, while that at Sodom is only 78 feet. Compared with the proposed dam it will be small, as the new dam is to be over two hundred feet high, and will be the highest dam in the world. The aqueduct tunnel, when compared with railroad tunnels, is a little smaller in diameter than the three most famous tunnels, but is very much longer. The Hoosac Tunnel is only 24,000 feet long, the Mont Cenis is 8 miles long, and the St. Gothard 9½ miles long, while the new Croton Aqueduct, as we have seen, is nearly 30 miles long.

In conclusion it may be observed that with the new aqueduct completed New York City can draw 318,000,000 gallons of water from Croton Lake. Combined with the old aqueducts it can have on tap, as it were, 415,000,000 gallons every 24 hours. In rainy years like 1888 and 1889 it will be able to use this great supply of water freely.

At the present time we have the Boyd's Corner reservoir, holding 2,700,000,000 gallons, and the Middle Branch reservoir, holding 4,004,000,000 gallons. These, with the 2,000,000,000 in Croton Lake, give a reserve of 8,704,000,000 gallons. The new reservoir at Sodom, now nearly finished, will add 9,000,000,000, and the reservoirs on the Titicus and Muscoot rivers and at Carmel, to be finished within three years, will give 22,000,000,000 gallons; so we are sure next year of 17,704,000,000 gallons, and of 39,704,000,000 two years later. Thus we have to-day a reserve of 17,700,000,000, or enough to last a few months only in a year of drought; but when the large

dam is built we shall have 30,000,000,000 gallons more, or a grand total of 69,704,000,000, a reserve sufficient for a series of dry years. Then, and then only, will the New York of the near future be absolutely safe from a water famine.

*Charles Barnard.*



## THREE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

I.

HEARKEN! how the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"See those twain with weary feet
Wander through the village street—
Doors are closed against the stranger.
See the Child, the meek and lowly,
Christ, the mighty, the all-holy,
Sleeping cradled in a manger."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas-time.
Be the loaf of plenty doled,
Be the poor man's heart consoled.
Thus we keep the Christmas-time.

II.

Hearken! still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"Wondering shepherds see the night
Flooded with celestial light—
Wondering hear the angel message;
Come, and let us kneel before him,
Let us find him and adore him.
Peace on earth this Child doth presage."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas-time.
Let all strife and hatred cease,
Kindness live, good-will and peace.
Thus we keep the Christmas-time.

III.

Hearken! still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"Eagerly the Magi sped
By the wondrous star-beam led,
Gold and myrrh and incense offer.
He brings most, yes, he the nighest
Draweth unto God the Highest,
Who a heart of love doth proffer."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas-time;
Love shall be the law to bind
In one band all humankind.
Thus we keep the Christmas-time.

*Constantina E. Brooks.*

# CAPTAIN JOE.

WANTED—A submarine engineer, experienced in handling heavy stone under water. Apply, etc.

IN answer to this advertisement, a man, looking like a sailor and wearing a rough jacket, opened my office door.

"I 'm Captain Joe Bell, out of a job. Seein' your advertisement, I called up. Where is the work, and what is it?"

I explained briefly. A lighthouse was to be built in the "Race," off Fisher's Island; the foundation was of rough stone protected by granite blocks weighing ten tons each. These blocks were to be laid, by a diver, as an enrockment, their edges touching. The current in the Race ran six miles an hour. This increased the difficulties of the work.

While my visitor bent over the plans, tracing each detail with a blunted finger that looked like a worn-out thole-pin, I had time to look him over. He was about fifty years of age, powerfully built, short, and as broad as he was long. The very fit of his clothes indicated his enormous strength. His pea-jacket had long since been pulled out of shape in the effort to accommodate itself to the spread of his shoulders. His trousers were corrugated, and half way up his ankles, in the lifelong struggle to protect equally seat and knee — each wrinkle outlining a knotted muscle, twisted up and down a pair of legs short and sturdy as rudder-posts. His brown hair protruded from under a close-fitting cloth cap, and curled over a neck seamed and bronzed, showing bumps where almost every other man had hollows: these short curls were streaked with gray. His face was round, ruddy, and wind-tanned, the chin hidden in a stubby beard, which clung to his lower lip; the mouth was firm, the teeth were like a row of corn, the jaws strong and determined. Everything about him indicated reserve force, endurance, capacity, and push.

Two things struck me instantly: his voice, which was deep and musical, and his eye, which looked through you — a clear, laughing, kindling, tender eye, that changed every instant, boring like a gimlet as he pored over the plans, or lighting up with a flash in the suggestion of ways and means to execute them.

As he leaned over the table, I noticed that his wrist was bandaged, the cotton wrappings showing beneath his coat-sleeve, discovering a partly healed scar.

"Burnt?" I asked.

"No, scraped. It don't bother now, but it was pretty bad a month back."

"How?"

"Oh, a-wreckin'. I 've been four years with the Off-shore Wreckin' Company. Left yesterday."

"What for?"

He looked me straight in the eye, and said, slowly emphasizing each word:

"Me and the president did n't gee. He had n't no fault to find with me; but I did n't like his ways, and I quit."

So transparent was his honesty, self-reliance, and grit, that such precautionary measures as references or inquiries never once entered my mind. Before he closed my door behind him the terms were agreed upon. The following week he took charge of the force and the work began.

As the summer wore on the masses of granite were lowered into position, Captain Joe placing each block himself, the steam-lighter holding to her anchors in the rip of the Race.

When the autumn came a cottage was rented on the shore of the nearest harbor, and the captain's family of six moved in. Later I noticed some new faces in the home circle, a pale, sad woman and a delicate-looking child, both dressed in black. They would sometimes remain a week and then disappear only to return again. She was introduced by the captain as "Jennie, widow of my old mate Jim."

"What happened to him, Captain Joe?" I asked one evening when she left the room to take the child to bed, leaving us alone in the modest sitting-room, from the windows of which I caught a glimpse in the twilight of the tall masts of the schooners, coal laden, and the jibs of the smacks at anchor near the village wharves.

"Drownded, sir; two year ago." And he looked the other way.

"Washed overboard?" I asked, noticing his husky voice.

"No. Smothered in his divin'-dress, with a dumb fool at the other end of his life-line. We wuz to work on the *Scotland*, sunk in six fathoms of water off Sandy Hook. The president sent for me to come to the city, and I left Jim alone. That week we wuz workin' in her lower hold, Jim and me, I tendin' and Jim divin', and then I goin' below and he lookin' out after my air hose and line. Me bein' away that day, they put a duffer at the pump. Jim got

his hose tangled up in a fluke of the anchor, they misunderstood his signals, and hauled taut when they should have eased away. He made a dash at the hose with his knife, but whether it wuz the brass wire wove in it, or because he wuz beat for breath, we don't know. Anyways he warn't strong enough to cut her through, and when they got him up he wuz done for. That wuz mighty rough on me, bein' with Jim mor'n ten years, in and out o' water. So I look out for Jennie and the young one. No, it ain't nothin' strange nor new. While I 've got a roof over me she 's welcome. He 'd done the same for me, and I 've got the best of it, for there 's only two of his'n, and there 's six o' mine."

Gradually an accumulation of old rope, blocks, chains, diving-gear, and odds and ends of wrecker's outfit were heaped up on the small dock below the cottage, where a "shanty," vacated by some fishermen, served as a store-house.

As the work on the lighthouse progressed the force and plant increased. A steam-tug was added, stone-sloops were chartered, and the gradual filling up of the interior of the foundation began. The owner of one of these sloops was a tall, sunken-cheeked old man named Marrows, who lived near the village on a small stone-incrusted farm. Outside of its scanty crop this sloop and her earnings were his sole resource.

Late one afternoon she returned to the harbor with her shrouds loose, her mast started, and her forefoot chewed into splinters. Her captain, a retired, bony fisherman, named Barrett, had miscalculated the tide, which cut like a mill-tail in the Race, and she had swirled, bow on, atop of the stone pile. When she struck, Captain Joe was in his dress, his helmet off. In a moment he had loosed his heavy iron shoes, caught up a crow-bar, and was bounding over the rugged rocks surrounding the foundation, giving quick, sharp orders to his men, who sprang into a yawl and began paying out a heavy line, Captain Joe following with the shore end of it, and taking breath meanwhile to swear at Barrett for his stupidity.

"Haul that line taut, you! Make fast to your starboard-cleats aft. Quick, you — fool! do you want her masts out of her? Now drop that kedge into the yawl."

While the men in the yawl pulled, as for dear life, astern of the endangered sloop, and slung the kedge anchor far enough out to get holding ground, others were leaping over her rail and running aft to the windlass, winding up the line, which tightened with a strain on the kedge.

All this time Captain Joe was under her bowsprit, his back braced against her chains, his legs rigid as hydraulic jacks. Every time the sloop surged he straightened out, concentrating his enormous strength and assisting the movement, so that when she struck again she came a few inches short, the wave having spent its force. There he stood for half an hour shaking his head free from the great sheets of white foam breaking clear over him, shouting his orders until the stern line began to draw, and the sloop was windlassed clear of the stone pile and saved.

Marrows was on the little harbor dock, peering through the twilight when his sloop dropped anchor. Captain Joe held the tiller. He began as soon as Marrows's gaunt figure outlined against the evening sky caught his eye:

"I tell you, old man, Captain Barrett ain't fittin' to fool round that rock. He 'll get hurt. I tell you he ain't fittin'."

"I believe you, and I 've told him so. Is she sprung, Captain Joe?"

"A leetle mite forrard, and her mast a touch to starboard, but nothin' to hurt."

"Will she be any good any more?" Then, as he came nearer, "Why, you 're soaking wet; the boys say you was clear under her." Then, lowering his voice, "You know, Captain Joe, she is a good deal to me."

The captain laid his great rough hand tenderly on the old man's shoulder.

"I know it, I know it; that 's why I wuz under her chains." Then, raising his voice, "But Barrett ain't fittin'; mind I tell you he ain't fittin'."

The next day being stormy, with a gale outside and no work possible, Captain Joe tightened up the shrouds of the disabled sloop himself, reset the mast, lecturing Barrett all the while, and then sent word to Marrows that she was "tight as a keg, better 'n ever, and everythin' aboard, 'ceptin' the bony fisherman who was out of a job."

The winter closed in with the foundation but partly completed. Before the first December gale broke on the rock the derricks were stripped of their rigging and left to battle with the winter's storms, the tools were stowed in the shanty, and all work was suspended until the spring. During the long winter that followed Captain Joe took to the sea, having transferred his diving-gear to the sloop; and before April three coal-laden schooners were anchored, or stranded, as befitted their condition, on the shoals in front of his dock in the village harbor. It made no difference to him how severe was the gale, or how badly strained the helpless vessel, he was under her bottom almost as soon as a line could reach her, and a patch of canvas, or half a cargo of empty oil-barrels, buoyed her up until the tug could tighten a line over her bow, and so on to an anchorage

inside the lighthouse. It seemed in truth that winter as if each luckless craft, in its journey up the Sound, did its level best to keep its rail above water long enough to sink peacefully and restfully upon some bar or shoal within reach of Captain Joe's diving-tackle. There it died contented, feeling sure of a speedy resurrection.

If a wrecked schooner, coal laden, was an unusual sight along the harbor shore, a wrecker, distributing her cargo free to his neighbors, was a proceeding unknown to the oldest inhabitant. And yet this always occurred when a fresh wreck grounded on the flats.

"That 's all right," he would say; "better take a couple of boat-loads more. Seems to me as if we wuz goin' to have a late spring. No, I don't know the price, 'cause I ain't settled with the underwriters; but then she came up mighty easy for me, and a few tons of coal don't make no difference, nohow."

When the settling day came, and his share as salvage was determined upon, there was of course a heavy shortage. He always laughed heartily.

"Better put that down to me," he would say. "Some of the folks along here boated off a little. Guess they wuz careless, and did n't know how much they took."

Little indiscretions like this soon endeared him to his neighbors. Before long every one up and down the shore knew him, and everybody sent a cheery word flying after him whenever they caught sight of his active, restless figure moving along the vessel's deck, or busy about his dock and wrecking-gear. Even the gruff doctor would crane his head around the edge of his curtained wagon to call out "Good-morning," although he might be clear out of hailing distance.

So passed the winter. With the first breath of spring over the marsh the shanty for the men on the rock was rebuilt and the work resumed.

During all these months the captain never once referred to his early life or associations, or gave me the slightest clue to his antecedents. Now and then he would speak of Jim, his dead mate, as being a "cur'us square man," and occasionally he would refer to the president of the Off-shore Wrecking Company, his former employer, as "that skin." Such information as I did gather about his earlier days was fragmentary and disconnected, and generally came from his men, who idolized him, and who had absolute belief in his judgment and the blindest confidence in his ceaseless care for their personal safety. This care was necessary: the swiftness of the current and sudden changes of wind, bringing in a heavy southeast roll, submerged the rock at wave intervals, while the slippery, slimy surface and the frequent falling of the heavy derricks made the work extremely dangerous. He deserved their confidence, for through his constant watchfulness but one man was hurt on the work during the six years of its construction, and this occurred during the captain's absence.

One morning when tacking across the Race in a small boat in a stiff breeze, with only the captain and myself for crew, I tried to make him talk of himself and his earlier life, and so said, suddenly:

"O Captain Joe! I met a friend of yours yesterday who wished me to ask you how you stopped the leak in the Hoboken ferry-boat, and why you left the employ of the Off-shore Wrecking Company."

He raised his eyes quickly, a smile lighting his weather-beaten face.

"Who was it — the president?" He always spoke of his former employer in that way.

"Yes — but of one of the big insurance companies; not your Wrecking Company."

"No, reck'n not. He ought to keep pretty still about it."

"Tell me about it."

"Oh, there ain't nothin' to tell. She got foul of a tug, and listed some, and I sorter plugged her up till they hauled her into the slip. Been so long ago I 'most forgot about it."

But not another word could be coaxed out of him, except that he remembered that the water was "blamed cold," and his arm was "pretty well tore up for a month."

In the shanty which was built on the completed part of the work, and which sheltered the working force for the three years of this section of the construction, were gathered that night a crew of a dozen men, many of whom had served with Captain Joe when Jim was alive. While the captain was asleep in the little wooden bunk, boarded off for his especial use, the ceaseless thrash of the sea sounding in our ears, I managed after much questioning and piecing out of personal reminiscences to gather these details.

One morning in January, two years before, when the ice in the Hudson River ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferry-boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in mid-river. The weather had been bitterly cold for weeks, and the keen northwest wind had blown the great fields of floating ice into a hard pack along the New York shore. It was the early morning trip and the decks were crowded with laboring men, the driveways choked with teams; the women and children standing inside the cabins, a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort, an ocean

tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point, and crashed into her sides, cutting her below the water-line in a great V-shaped gash. The next instant a shriek went up from a hundred throats. Women, with blanched faces, caught terror-stricken children in their arms, while men, crazed with fear, scaled the rails and upper decks to escape the plunging of the overthrown horses. A moment more and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wrecking tug *Reliance* of the Off-shore Wrecking Company, making her way cautiously up the New Jersey shore to coal at Weehawken. On her deck forward, sighting the heavy cakes, and calling out cautionary orders to the mate in the pilot-house, stood Captain Joe. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheel-house of the ferry-boat, he sprung forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water-line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilot-house of his own boat, spun her wheel hard down, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath ran the nose of the *Reliance* along the rail of the ferry-boat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

If he had fallen from a passing cloud the effect could not have been more startling. Men crowded about him and caught at his hands. Women sank on their knees, and hugged their children, and a sudden peace and stillness possessed every soul on board. Tearing a life-preserver from the man nearest him and throwing it overboard, he backed the coward ahead of him through the swaying mob, ordering the people to stand clear, and forcing the whole mass to the starboard side. The increased weight gradually righted the stricken boat, until she regained a nearly even keel.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred, he dropped into the engine-room, met the engineer half way up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets, racks of clothes, overalls, cotton waste, and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater, until the space of each broken plank was replaced, except one. Through and over this space the water still combed, deluging the floors and swashing down between the gratings into the hold below.

"Another mattress, quick! All gone? A blanket, then—carpet—anythin'—five minutes more and she 'll right herself. Quick, for God's sake!"

It was useless. Everything, even to the oil-rags, had been used.

"Your coat, then. Think of the babies, man; do you hear them?"

Coats and vests were off in an instant; the engineer on his knees, bracing the shattered planking, Captain Joe forcing the garments into the splintered openings.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be recalked, and only to rush in again.

Captain Joe stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine-room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and, before the engineer could protest, had forced his own body into the gap with his arm outside level with the drifting ice.

An hour later the disabled ferry-boat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm, from shoulder to wrist! An hour later, when the color began to creep back to his cheeks, he opened his eyes, and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages:

"Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to his work aboard the *Reliance*.

In the mean time the Off-shore Wrecking Company had presented a bill to the ferry company for salvage, claiming that the safety of the ferry-boat was due to one of the employees of the Wrecking Company. Payment had been refused, resulting in legal proceedings, which had already begun. The morning following this action Captain Joe was called into the president's office.

"Captain," said that official, "we 're going to have some trouble getting our pay for that ferry job. Here 's an affidavit for you to swear to."

The captain took the paper to the window and read it through without a comment, then laid it back on the president's desk, picked up his hat, and moved to the door.

"Did you sign it?"

"No; and I ain't a-goin' to."

"Why?"

"'Cause I ain't so durned mean as you be. Look at this arm. Do you think I 'd got into that hell-hole if it had n't 'a' been for them

women cryin', and the babies a-hollerin'? And you want 'em to pay for it. If your head wuz n't white, I 'd mash it."

Then he walked straight to the cashier, demanded his week's pay, waited until the money was counted out, slammed the office door behind him, and walked out cursing like a pirate. The next day he answered my advertisement.

THE following year, when the masonry was rapidly nearing the top or coping course, and the five years of labor were bringing forth their fruit,— the foundation and the pier being then almost ready for the keeper's house and lantern, from which since has flashed a welcome light to many a storm-driven coaster,—one lovely spring morning I was sitting overlooking the sea, the rock with its cluster of derricks being just visible far out on the water-line.

Beside me sat a man famous in the literature of our country — one who had embalmed in song and story the heroic deeds of common men, which are now, and will be, household words as long as the language is read. To him I outlined the story, adding:

"It is but half a mile to the captain's cottage, and, being Sunday morning, we shall find him at home; let him tell it in his own way."

We took the broad road skirting the shore, overlooking the harbor with its white yachts glinting against the blue. High up, reveling in the warm sunlight, the gray gulls poised and curved, while across the yellow marshes the tall tower of the harbor light was penciled against the morning sky. Over old fences, patched with driftwood and broken oars and festooned with fishermen's nets, stretched the boughs of apple trees loaded with blossoms, and in scattered sheltered spots the buttercups and dandelions brightened the green grass. A turn in the road, a swinging gate, a flagged path leading to the porch of a low cottage, and a big burly fellow held out both hands. It was Captain Joe. He was in his Sunday best, with white shirt-sleeves, his face clean shaven to the very edge of the tuft on his chin.

With a child on each knee, the younger a new-comer since the building of the light-house, we talked of the "work," his neighbors, the "wrack" the winter before,—the one on Fisher's Island, when the captain was drowned, —the late spring, the cussed sou'east wind that kep' a-blowin' till you thought it were n't never goin' to wollup round to the west'ard again; in short, of everything — but himself.

Beating the bush with allusions to sinking vessels, collisions at sea, suits for salvage, and the like only flushed up such reminiscences as fall to the lot of seafaring men the world over — but nothing more. In despair I put the question straight at him.

"Tell him, Captain Joe, of that morning in the ice off Hoboken, when you boarded the ferry-boat."

He would, but he had 'most forgotten, been so long ago. So many of these things a-comin' up when a man 's bangin' round, it 's hard to keep track on 'em. Remembered there wuz a mess of people aboard, mostly women and babies, and they wuz all a-hollerin' to wunst. He wuz workin' on the *Reliance* at the time — captain of her. Come to think of it, he found her log last week in his old sea-chest, when he wuz lookin' for some rubber cloth to patch his divin'-suit. If his wife would get the book out, he guessed it wuz all there. He wuz always partic'ler about keepin' log aboard ship.

When the old well-thumbed book was found he perched his glasses on his nose, and began turning the leaves with that same old tholepin of a finger, stopping at every page to remoisten it, and adding a running commentary of his own over the long-forgotten records.

"*January 23.*—Yes! that 's when we worked on the *Hurricane*. She was sunk off Sandy Hook, loaded with sugar; nasty mess that. It was somewhere about that time, for I remember the water wuz pretty cold, and the ice a-runnin'. Ah! here it is. Knowed I had n't forgot it. You can read it yourself; my eyes ain't so good as they wuz"—pointing to the entry on the ink-stained page.

It read as follows:

"*January 30.*— Left Jersey City 7 A. M. Ice running heavy. Captain Joe stopped leak in ferry-boat."

*F. Hopkinson Smith.*

## TWO FLOWERS OF LOVE.

GAY love half conquered by fleeting pain
Is a rose that droops in the April rain,
But passion unvanquished by deeper woe
Is a flower that lives in the alpine snow.

*William H. Hayne.*

# THE LIBRARY.

GIVE me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book,
Two windows will suffice for air
And grant the light admission there;
One looking to the south, and one
To speed the red, departing sun.
The eastern wall from frieze to plinth
Shall be the Poet's labyrinth,
Where one may find the lords of rhyme
From Homer's down to Dobson's time;
And at the northern side a space
Shall show an open chimney-place,
Set round with ancient tiles that tell
Some legend old and weave a spell
About the firedog-guarded seat,
Where one may dream and taste the heat:
Above, the mantel should not lack
For curios and bric-à-brac,—
Not much, but just enough to light
The room up when the fire is bright.
The volumes on this wall should be
All prose and all philosophy,
From Plato down to those who are
The dim reflections of that star;
And these tomes all should serve to show
How much we write — how little know;
For since the problem first was set
No one has ever solved it yet.
Upon the shelves toward the west
The scientific books shall rest;
Beside them, History; above,—
Religion,— hope, and faith, and love:
Lastly, the southern wall should hold
The story-tellers, new and old;
Haroun al Raschid, who was truth
And happiness to all my youth,
Shall have the honored place of all
That dwell upon this sunny wall,
And with him there shall stand a throng
Of those who help mankind along
More by their fascinating lies
Than all the learning of the wise.

Such be the library; and take
This motto of a Latin make
To grace the door through which I pass:
*Hic habitat Felicitas!*

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

# NATURE AND PEOPLE IN JAPAN.

WITH PICTURES BY THEODORE WORES.[1]

JAPAN has become the mikado's empire again, and feudalism in the realm has passed away. After more than six hundred years' lease of power to lieutenants at Kamakura or at Yedo, the throne and the people are again united. A vast change in the habiliments and in the mental attitude of the Japanese is noted by outsiders: the hermits have chosen the world's society.

For years to come it will be a question of interest as to how far the recent revolutions mean a return to ancient forms and customs. How much have the Japanese gained by introducing, for the third time, a foreign civilization? How much have they lost by casting away what was native? Rarely in history have we seen an instance of a nation acting so thoroughly in accordance with the economy of a serpent in sloughing off its old skin; or, perhaps we might say, of a silk-worm emerging from cocoon-like isolation into the brilliancy of the moth.

Alien observers are too ready to declare that this modern renaissance of one of the smallest of Asiatic nations is entirely the result of contact with Western civilization. They see in all the constant flux and change only the imitation, even to servile copying, of things European. On the other hand, the patriotic native insists that the first idea and ruling motive of the revolution of 1868 was original with the Japanese, was from within, not from without, and that the main force was generated before the "black ships" of Perry cast anchor in Yedo bay. The presence of foreigners without doubt hastened a crisis that was already imminent, but even had Japan's isolation remained inviolate, a mighty political upheaval would have taken place. Almost to a certainty the duarchy would have gone down, with the reduction of the tycoon to his level as one of many vassals of the emperor. It is also possible that the wreck of the feudal system would have followed. In this general opinion the profoundest students and the best foreign scholars are in substantial agreement.

But it is certain that all those changes which are real reforms, and which most affect the common weal, are fixed beyond the possibility of speedy alteration, and are true returns to the law and customs of ancient times. The present whims and fancies, the rage for the study of English, the adoption of European food, costume, and architecture, may have their day and then cool or die, but the renovated national institutions are not likely to be abolished during the days of those who see the twentieth century.

The real explanation of the changes most recent and most visible is that the Japanese have cast off feudalism and have returned to ancient ideas reënforced by whatever foreign elements seem best fitted to aid them in national progress. As a matter of fact, we see to-day what was peculiar to Japan from the seventh to the twelfth century. The soil, no longer cut up into fiefs held by an oppressive nobility and gentry, is now held by peasant proprietors. Twenty years ago the "daimio" and the non-taxpaying "samurai" farmed the land in bulk, and the tillers of the soil were *adscripti glebæ;* in 1886 the average farm was less than an acre in area, and the taxpayer owned the land he tilled. The old sumptuary laws, which forbade the lower classes, seventeen-eighteenths of the populace, to ride on horseback, or to dress, build, or spend money at will, and which denied them redress, are abolished. Before the revolution few indeed were the rights of the common people that the leisure class of sword-wearers were bound to respect. Now the mechanic may sue gentry or nobles, and the lowest in the land sends his children to the public school. The small property holder has the privilege of voting in the local elections, and all classes have equal rights before the law. In other words, the "heimin," or commoner, stands where he stood a thousand years ago, having regained all the old rights of which feudalism robbed him, together with modern advantages. The country is again divided into "ken," or prefectures, ruled by governors sent out from the capital, and the mikado, as in ancient days, is the fountain of honors and the source of all power.

The one thing which the ministers of the court are determined to keep inviolate is the sanctity of the person of the mikado. The foundation of social order is the throne, and this must not be disturbed. Certainly the greatest force in the national history, and the main-

[1] See also "An American Artist in Japan," written and illustrated by Theodore Wores, in this magazine for September, 1889.

spring of every reform, has been the affection of the people for their sovereign. The popular reverence and confidence are not to be lightly shaken, even though the imperial prerogative is to be modified and a national parliament is to be summoned by Mutsuhito himself to meet in Tokio in 1890. Full well do these earnest patriots, educated abroad, know that critical scholarship applied to the ancient and hitherto unchallenged documents, the spread of Christianity and science, and the entrance of Western ideas generally, will quickly enough dissipate in the common mind the inherited notion of the mikado's divine descent. They purpose to hatch the egg of democracy with healthy warmth, but not to hasten it to ruin in a furnace.

In foreign policy also Japan has changed mightily, but this change likewise is not without precedent. In the sixteenth century her keels plowed the seas from Calcutta to the Philippines, and from Siberia, Corea, and Annam to Mexico, and in earlier periods her sea-rovers were the Northmen of Chinese Asia. The present influx of foreign ideas is the third or fourth great wave of civilization from the West and the second from Christendom. The Japanese have always shown themselves a curious and knowledge-seeking race, and the sealing of their ports, the burning of their sea-going ships, the expulsion of foreigners, and the eradication of Christianity were in no sense national acts or the expression of popular desires. It was the high-handed policy of a despot who seized the time of national exhaustion to rivet upon the country the clamps of an elaborate feudal system, hoping by such means to maintain for centuries the calm of despotism. For over two hundred years, in her thornrose castle, Japan slept the dream of peace, of art, of literature, of refinement, of etiquette, of sensuous enjoyment. Her reaction is but the assertion of national instincts.

Even in her rapid change in those things in which men change slowly, religion and ethics, there seems less cause for surprise when we consult history. During the Middle Ages missionaries converted the Japanese people from Shintō to Buddhism, which, however, never secured the same hold upon the intellect of the samurai that it gained over that of the people, the former holding stoutly to Confucianism, with its code of ethics so well suited to feudal conditions of society. Furthermore, long before the coming of Perry and the still living Christian missionaries, Buddhism was losing its grip upon the masses. The impulses to reform, the orders of popular homilists, and the schools of ethical literature which sprung up during the first half of this century were not from Buddhism. The famous preachers of the "Shingaku," or new learning, whose sermons, translated by Mr. Mitford and others, have so amused and delighted English readers, were practical moralists who owed little to the peculiar teachings of Shakamuni. Their successes were evidences of a crisis in the history of a cult which had neared its decay. On the other hand, the fall of feudalism robbed the Chinese ethical system of half its value. When the new politics substituted patriotism for the old personal ties of loyalty, most of the reasons for the existence of the Confucian ethics in Japan lost their significance, and therefore their right of existence. Furthermore, after the success of the revolution Buddhism was disestablished. Once rich in land, edifices, investments in brain and money, it is now weak in purse and mind, but weaker yet in popular regard because of the relaxation of morals and ascetic practices among the clergy. While Confucianism is emptied of its old meaning, and Buddhism subsists by openly borrowing certain tenets of Christianity, the earnest native, commoner or gentleman, is in need and in search of a religion. Nearly as impressive to the mind as the existence of a quarter of a million of nominal Christians in Japan is the corollary fact that heretofore the males have been in the great majority in the churches. Only recently have the women become communicant members in equal proportion. The leading laymen and nearly all the native preachers are samurai and former retainers of the daimios.

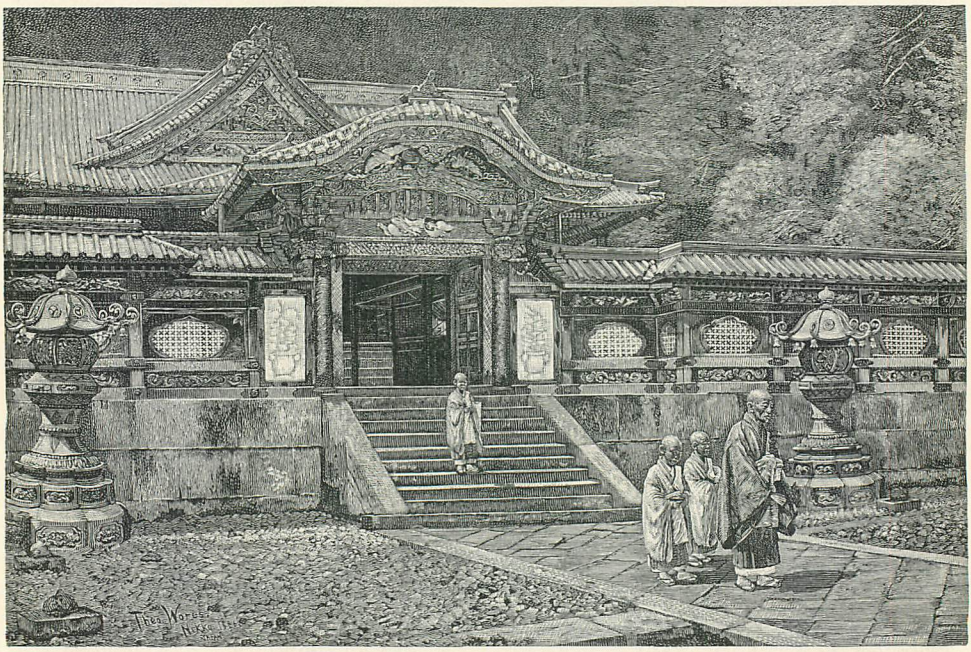
The student of political and social Nippon is not, therefore, so ready as is the artist to wail over the imagined losses of the Japanese, nor to suppose that they are "going to pieces," or are likely to lose their own genius in a servile imitation of foreigners. But, with the artist, he rejoices that besides the one unchanging conservative, the human heart, nature still abides in her glory, new every morning and fresh every evening. The same causes which have in the past so mixed the elements in the native disposition will continue, under every change of fashion or politics, to mold the people of these volcanic islands which are daily rocked in the cradle of the earthquake. The same light-hearted carelessness for to-morrow, fondness for sensuous pleasure, pursuit of the arts of enjoyment, keen and brilliant intellectualism, love of art and refinement, intense conviction of duty, and tendency to count life as nothing when its sacrifice for an idea is called for, will remain permanent characteristics. Fiery, patient, faithful, winsome, the Japanese show on their moral and intellectual side some of the noblest qualities that glorify human nature. Their own lofty ideal of Yamato Damashii (the spirit of unconquerable Japan) has been a thousand times illustrated in unquailing courage, in generous sacrifice, in unselfish devotion, and in lavish

A JAPANESE JULIET.

expenditure of life simply for a conviction. Such traits stamp the Japanese as men who deserve to be treated by Christians as men, and not as barbarians, as in the eye of the treaties they are held to be.

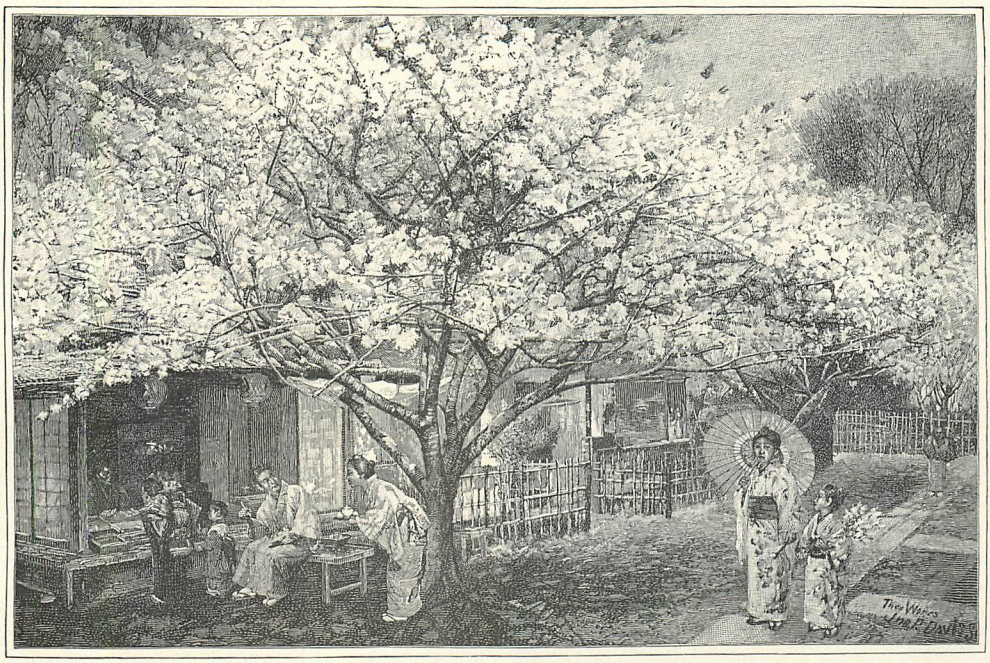
The aspects of nature and types of humanity in the archipelago, though long tempting to dalliance with the camera, are more justly reflected in colors on canvas. Indeed, one who has studied hundreds of photographs, whether plain or tinted, may get an entirely different impression when the picture is in pastel or oil and pigments. Comparatively few artists have as yet visited Japan with leisure, but among such are Wirgman, La Farge, Mempes, and Wores. The last, a young American artist educated in Munich, spent two years chiefly between Tokio and Nikko, or in the region, anciently named by the first explorer, and still poetically called, Adzuma (my wife). Unlike many who sketched in Japan and finished at home, Mr. Wores patiently completed his canvases on the spot. The result is a collection unique in faithfulness to truth. All foreign elements and alien suggestions are absent from his work. Besides exact presentation of aboriginal nature, he has given in dress, costume, and architecture only what was of Old Japan before the revolution of 1868. The only exception is, perhaps, the "jinrikisha," or man-power carriage, invented in 1870.

To those who remember the universal gun-hammer top-knot, and the brace of swords at the samurai's belt, absence of these is noticeable. Mr. Wores's collection also emphasizes humble life, for the glory of color and the splendor of costume which some of us remember are now bright dreams of what has vanished. The spectacular fascinations of feudalism which once made Yedo daily like the stage of a vast theater have passed away forever, and the generation born since 1868 cannot recall them. The artist complains that even when he would paint his picture of the maidens in silk and crape going out on their annual "hanami," or flower-view, in the cherry groves of Mukojima, he could with difficulty find the old costumes. One week the man of easel and palette saw the high-bred daughters of Tokio, on their way to school, filling the street with pictures of fresh faces and a subdued glory of purple and crimson costume in harmony with all Japan. The next week, presto! they made locomotion in the whole foreign toggery of bonnets, skirts, stockings, and shoes. Happily in the paintings we have the old-time grace and beauty.



MEMORIAL TEMPLE OF THE SHŌGUN IYÉMITSŬ.

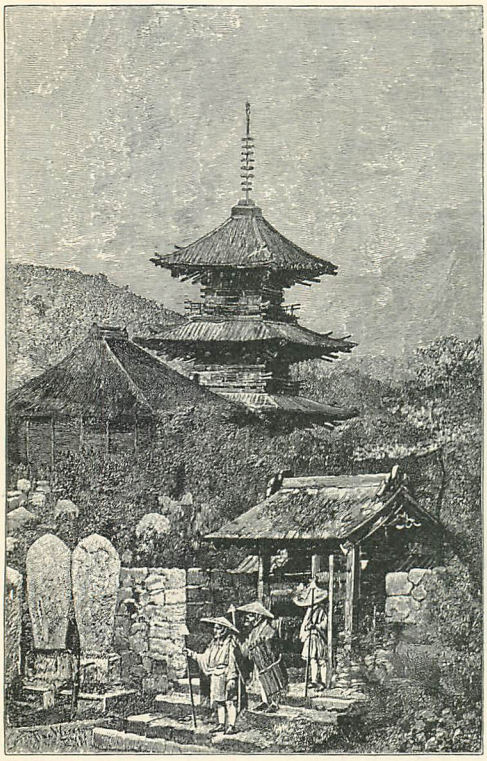
Flirtation in the land of the Rising Sun is not by handkerchiefs, and, though eyes may speak a language without words, it is not by winking. The verses on the cherry trees often serve as postal facilities not under parental or imperial patronage, and pledges of personal property given on the sly are redeemed at appointed time and rendezvous. The picture of "A Japanese Juliet" shows how a first meeting



A TEA-HOUSE IN CHERRY TIME.

may ripen into love and betrothal. On a platform or upper veranda of the Hall of Silvery Waves, or Fragrant Pavilion of Vistas, stands Miss Swaying Bamboo, who has not yet come to the writing of her name with the figure 21. Mr. Foot of the Mountain's second son beholds the vision of girlish loveliness. He loves his pipe-case, but the vision more. He would behold again. *Now* he cannot, that is certain. She is under parental or guardian eye, and a chat with a man stranger or a callow youth is out of order. However, under her modest mien and bashful eye there lurks encouragement. Her sleeve waves, and the swaying of a sleeve is a sign of willingness. It is enough. Romeo, in lieu of a rose, tosses her his smoker's chatelaine, with ivory *nētsŭke*. If she flings it back, or drops it, his hopes are blighted. If it finds safe hiding in her girdle, then there will be a meeting, and perhaps love and marriage. What boots it that books and society unite in saying that marriages must be and are arranged by parents? Love laughs at locksmiths, and often the parents, in innocent ignorance of the fact that the children ever met, confirm the suggestions made and the contract secured by the "go-between."

Mr. Wores's pictures show the samurai, the former wearer of a brace of swords, only on his peaceful and gentle side; for like Browning's man he boasts two soul sides—one to face the world with, one to show a woman that he loves her. The samurai is the incarnation of the spirit of Japan. He is proud of his name and history, which is that of servant and service. The revolution which destroyed feudalism and made a new Japan came about because the samurai yearned to be and not to seem, to do what he professed and to practice what he preached. The term means servants of the mikado, and the class included all from the proud "shōgun" of Yedo, called by foreigners the "Temporal Emperor,"—an expression which made the "mikado reverencers" gnash their teeth,—to the humblest retainer, whose salary and perquisites netted scarcely fifteen dollars a year. Theoretically the poorest gentleman was a samurai, and the shōgun nothing more; and so feudalism and tycoonery were webs and veils of lies. The "soul of the samurai," the sword of 1868, cut away the fraud of centuries and revealed the truth. The gentry, now called "shizoku," is the middle, or rather the high middle class, and numbers in all about two million souls. Their origin is to be found in the period between the fifth and twelfth centuries, when hardy men rising from the ranks of the peasantry formed the military class, which in field and council served the mikado by bringing all the tribes of the archipelago beneath his sway. Under feudalism the samurai was landlord and paid neither tax nor toll. His symbol of rank was his pair of swords. One of these, the long two-handed saber, he drew against his lord's enemies; the other and shorter found its sheath in his own bowels when as a beaten or wounded soldier he earned honorable suicide on the battlefield.



PAGODA AT NIKKO.

The samurai wore a splendid costume, and was the embodiment of culture, often of austere morals, and often of cruelty. In a word, the virtues and the vices of feudalism were incarnate in him. Out of this same class came statesmen, scholars, soldiers, thinkers, prophets, models of refined life, who contrasted startlingly with the rakes, ruffians, swaggering swashbucklers, and assassins who were ever ready to cut from behind. Those who abused their position were sensual, dissipated, lazy, cruel, and worthy only of being improved off the earth; those who lived under the ideals of *noblesse oblige* adorn the annals of Japan, and are the fathers of those young men who in Europe and America have given us "a covert missionary retort" by their gentleness, winsome politeness, and fine mental traits.

In days remembered by the writer a samurai would no more appear in public without his swords than a gentleman among us would promenade Fifth Avenue in his shirt-sleeves. Then, his pomatumed top-knot, voluminous silk trousers, and crest-embroidered coat were his glory; now, he attends to the serious business of life in workaday trousers and leather boots. At home, however, or in cherry time, he may don his old easy garb, and keeps his hair clipped.

Feudalism, which the samurai created, and, under a conviction, destroyed, we associate most with the dynasty of the Tokugawas, which Iyéyasŭ (E-yaý-yas-u) founded in Yedo in 1604, after having made the village of Bay-door Japan's most splendid city. The finest architecture in the empire is illustrated in the family tombs, pagodas, temples, and mausoleums at Kuno, Nikko, and Tokio. The contrast between the austere simplicity of a mikado's tomb and a Tokugawa's resting-place is amazing. One is a simple, inexpensive, outdoor affair colored only by lichens and weather; the other is an immense aggregation of all the splendor, coloring, and consummate craft that art and trained nature can lavish. Both Taikō and Iyéyasŭ, who were the great unifiers of the empire, made use of Buddhism as a help to their peaceful policy. As nurse and patron of art, this faith appeals both to the classes and to the masses. Taikō was able to turn the thoughts of his captains and warriors from camp and sword to the mild joys of tea and poetry parties, where keramics were admired, and pictures, carvings, and bronzes were critically appreciated. Iyéyasŭ first encouraged his vassals to build and adorn shrines and temples and to patronize the popular religion, and then allowed himself to be canonized under the name of the Orient-illuminating Manifestation of Buddha. The ashes of himself and Iyémitsŭ his grandson, the third of the line, rest amid the famed glories of Nikko, while the other twelve sleep in the heart of the great city, six at Shiba and six at Uyèno. With vast patience and skill Mr. Wores has transferred to his canvas the amazing detail which, with characteristic extravagance, the Tokugawas lavished on edifices which were approaches to the simple bronze barrel of ashes. The "bonzes," or priests, of the Jōdō sect are still the custodians of the shrines, in the outer pebbled courts of which stand hundreds of stone memorial lanterns, the reverent tribute of feudatory vassals. The late Edward Greey has shown that these florid specimens of modern art are but conventionalized forms of the common five-tiered tombstone, which in its courses and arrangement typifies the five elements — earth, air, water, fire, and ether, from which man comes and to which he returns.

Learning in Japan was first the prerogative of the priest, then of the courtier, then of the lady, then of the samurai. In the age of the soldier, as in medieval Europe, the bonze was the sole scribe and interpreter. After peace settled down, education became common. In these last days, since the name of Yedo has become Tokio, there are old priests, and, indeed, young neophytes; but the youth of the land are not in the monasteries, and the bonze is rather a lonely figure amid the soughing cryp-

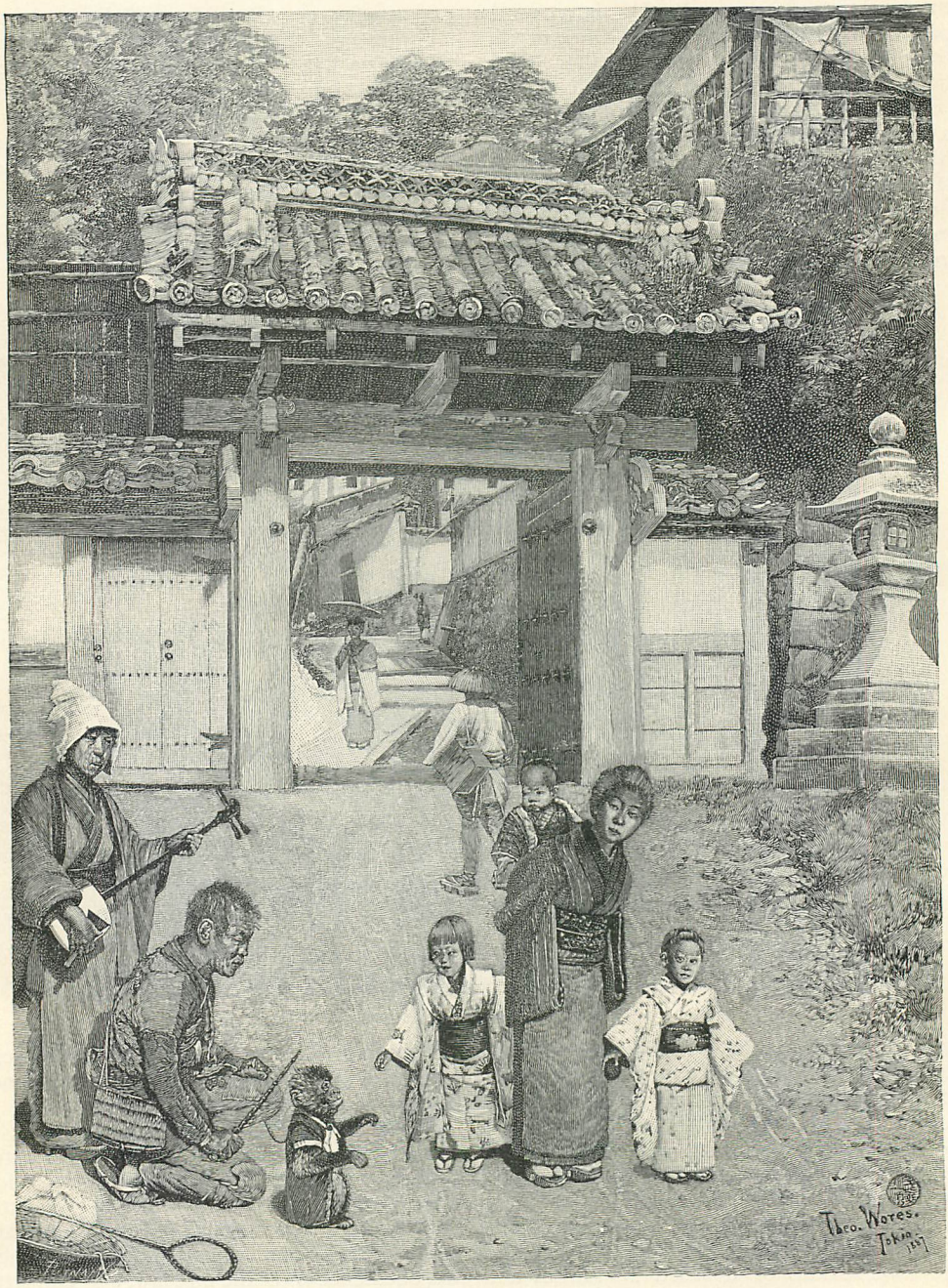
tomerias or the lotus-ponds. He sighs over the past as he feeds the pigeons with rice or clips the pink lotus-buds to adorn the altar. Christianity, the once outlawed alien faith, with the prestige of Western civilization is coming in like a tidal wave, and the saints are now in Cæsar's household. Nevertheless, Buddhist altars are still blazing with gold and fragrant with the flower so rich in the symbolism of Buddha's cult. By the side of the decayed and moss-grown monastery gate we see the ever-swaying and endlessly graceful bamboo, and out from the cloistered stillness we catch vistas of streets in sun and shade. Too old to change, and surrounded by irreverent children spoiled by Western conceits and more familiar with physical science than with ancient traditions, the lot of the old shaven-pate is sad.

GATHERING LOTUS-FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

Christianity gains in the cities first. The country people are still mainly heathen, and the superstitions of debased Buddhism and primitive fetishism are dyed into their deepest mental fiber, though the public schools are doing much to bleach them out of the rising generation. What was revolting and parasitic in the old systems, the incredibly obscene processions, the phallic shrines, the old festival parades so generally accompanied with extortion and sensuality, are now mostly things of the past. The ancient wayside shrines, local temples, and red pagodas, memorials to heroes and benefactors, still abide; and the landscape still preserves with slight change the features Buddhism began to introduce into it a thousand years ago. Nature soon covers the work of man in wood or stone with a carpet of moss and her own heraldry of lichens; and despite the frequent use of steps and stone platforms the damp climate would soon bury the sacred places in greenery. "Tomb-cleaning day" is an annual feast of fun, frolic, and work, when the women with brushes, brooms, and scrubbers declare war on the accumulation of vegetation. Often enough, however, the stones keep their coats of gray or green.

Whatever Japan may be to the adults, it is certain that to the children it is the "country between heaven and earth." Alcock first called it the paradise of babies. The coppery little shaven-heads seem at once dolls and live children. Petted, fondled, and indulged as they are, obedience is yet the first law, and etiquette is constantly taught them. Probably no other country in Asia is so full of toys, toy-shops, and people who make a living by amusing the youngsters.

The "eta" was the pariah of Japan, and considered outside of humanity. How he originated is uncertain, though tradition says that these "not-humans" were descendants of Corean prisoners. They numbered probably a half-million souls, and a colony of them was




A STREET SHOWMAN OF TOKIO.

usually found at the poorest end of most towns. To give fire, food, or drink to these people was a rare act, and when done the vessel was sacrificed; for to touch or handle any thing once in an eta's possession was a defilement to be avoided with horror. No process of law could pursue a samurai who even wantonly took the life of an eta, while to save the life of one in danger of drowning was not usually attempted. The eta men earned their subsistence as cobblers, buriers of dead animals, prison attendants, etc.; the women, by begging or by playing on the three-stringed banjo. Sometimes they trained monkeys and thus gleaned a few iron or copper coins from children. Mr. Wores has drawn the picture of a

man and his wife and a monkey amusing a family group in some temple inclosure. Upon no part of the nation have the recent revolutions had such mighty influence as upon the eta; for by a decree of the mikado this hated and despised class has been restored to citizenship. Though it will be generations before the social stigma is entirely removed and their former history forgotten, yet their future is full of hope. Before the tribunals of Japan a man born an eta may now sue a former daimio; he may gain money and spend it as he wishes; with property, he may vote. It is even possible for the creature in whom neither religion nor politics acknowledged a soul to become the adviser of Mutsuhito, who, as "King of Heaven," governed Nihon, the land ruled by the theocratic dynasty of the mikados.

As the wise men of the country look less to the clouds for the source of power and more to the consent of the governed, striving to enlighten those whom they tax, so will the throne be more truly based upon the people's will. The old fictions, dogmas, and mystery-plays which awed the people into obedience will not be too rudely destroyed, if the men in power carry out their own profession that education is the basis of all progress. Those who charge the Japanese with headlong haste, irreverent iconoclasm, and a feverish love of novelty that does not care for consequences are unjust. They do not know either the thoroughness of reform or the intensity of earnestness characteristic of the leaders of new Japan. Certainly those who most honestly strive to get at the inner facts find little to regret in the loss of feudalism, while they find very much to admire in imperial Japan.

In her foreign policy Japan has thus far failed to obtain justice at the hands of the treaty powers, though she is straining every effort to deserve it. Though sixteen years have elapsed since the promised revision of the conventions, the mikado's ministers have not halted for a moment in the work of reform. Patiently and with the utmost care they are perfecting codes of law and preparing to afford such guarantees as will satisfy foreign governments of their ability to protect aliens and to secure the right administration of impartial justice to all.

Japanese politics are now largely shaped upon two questions: how far the national parliament proclaimed February 11, 1889, to meet in December, 1890, will follow the German Diet or approach the British model, and on what basis revision of the treaties shall proceed. One party of ultra-patriotic men claims that Japan as a sovereign state should demand of the powers recognition and equality without offering specific guarantees. If necessary, they would denounce the treaties and stand on the defensive, even to war. The other and more enlightened party desires that the fullest guarantees should be offered, and the wisest reforms should be thoroughly carried out, so as to win recognition of sovereignty by being worthy of it. They argue that the Government will not dare to treat foreigners better than they treat natives; therefore, if the best codes and courts are provided on western models, the Japanese will profit by them even more than the subjects of foreign rulers.

To the philanthropist, therefore, the long-delayed revision of the treaties, which has already been the source of woes innumerable to an ambitious and worthy nation, is seen to be a double wrong. Their re-negotiation in the interests of righteousness will be a blessing to all concerned. Considering that the first treaties of amity, and also of commerce, were made by the United States, whose diplomatists, Perry and Harris, first introduced the obnoxious clauses which have proved manacles to a weaker nation, ought not our Government to initiate the needed policy of justice—if indeed it has not already done so? Were the Father of his Country with us at this date, seeing our long and apparently hearty adhesion to the European policy of oppression by treaty, he might muse on the uselessness of giving advice. In our treatment of our Pacific neighbor we have long been mixed up in one of the most disgraceful as well as most entangling European alliances.

*William Elliot Griffis.*

## OLIVE.

DOVE-BORNE symbol, olive bough;
Dove-hued sign from God to men,
As if still the dove and thou
Kept companionship as then.

Dove-hued, holy branch of peace,
Antique, all-enduring tree;
Deluge and the floods surcease—
Deluge and Gethsemane.

*Joaquin Miller.*

PAINTED BY FORTUNY. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

## UNE DAME ESPAGNOLE.

(FORMER OWNER, J. H. STEBBINS; PRESENT OWNER, A. C. CLARK. PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ, THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.)

# PORTRAIT D'UNE DAME ESPAGNOLE.

THE hand that drew thee lies in Roman soil,
Whilst on the canvas thou hast deathless grown,
Endued by him who deemed it meaner toil
To give the world a portrait save thine own.

Yet had he found thy peer, and Rome forborne
Such envy of his conquest over Time,
Beauty had waked, and Art another morn
Had gained, and ceased to sorrow for her prime.

What spirit was it — where the masters are —
Brooding the gloom and glory that were Spain,
Through centuries waited in its orb afar
Until our age Fortuny's brush should gain?

What stroke but his who pictured in their state
Queen, beggar, noble, Philip's princely brood,
Could thus the boast of Seville recreate,
Even when one like thee before him stood?

Like thee, own child of Spain, whose beauteous pride,
Desire, disdain, all sins thy mien express,
Should need no absolution — hadst thou died
Unhouselled, in their imaged loveliness.

All this had Fate decreed, — the antique skill,
The halt, the poise, the long auspicious day, —
Yielding this once, thy triumph to fulfill,
Velasquez' scepter to Fortuny's sway.

Shine from thy cloud of night, fair star, nor fear
Oblivion, though men thy dust inurn,
For who may bid thy counterpart appear
Until the hand that drew thee shall return!

*Edmund C. Stedman.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

# FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

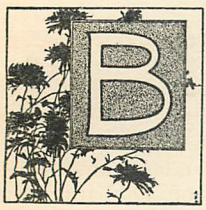
Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

## III.

### "THE WAY TO REST."

"Christian saw the picture of a very grave person, and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of Truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back, it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head."

"Gathered from many sects the Quaker brought
His old beliefs; adjusting to the thought
That moved his soul the creed his fathers taught;
One faith alone, so broad that all mankind
Within themselves its secret witness find:
The soul's communion with the Eternal Mind;
The Spirit's Law—the Inward Rule and Guide."



EYOND Milnthorpe village Nathaniel came in sight of the woods which encircled Sandys Hall. He had been dimly conscious through all his spiritual turmoil of the glory of the setting sun and the clouds floating and burning in the west with the hue of a carmine-colored flame. But when he passed through the park gates the splendor had faded away, and the cumulus masses lay dead and ghostly in the cold gray air. The silent, colorless land-scene added its pathos to his troubled mood, and some strange sympathy with it made him draw rein and give his weary horse permission to walk soberly through the wooded avenues. They were already misty with the vapors from the mountains and the sea, and to his excited mind were full of images as mysterious and incoherent as the background of dreams.

When he came within sight of the house he forgot himself in the sad fate of its old possessors. For the last of the family had fallen in the battle of Marston Moor fighting for the king, and the estate had subsequently been sold by the Puritan Parliament to Roger Prideaux, a wealthy goldsmith of Paul's Walk, London. Roger was a Westmoreland man, and the hope of his heart, as he saw his wealth increasing, had ever been to buy a home in some sweet valley of his native county. The fact that there was no heir to Sandys, and that he would not therefore be dwelling in the rooms of any unfortunate living man, decided him in the purchase of Sandys Hall.

He had shown a singular respect and even tenderness towards its original holders. The portrait of the last Sandys still hung in its place over the hearthstone of the great dining-hall. The furniture had been renovated and not removed; the ornaments and pictures, though many of them objectionable to Puritan taste, were still in their places. Sometimes he had thought of casting the latter away; but the pictured faces had always pleaded for themselves, and in the ornaments his daughter Olivia found pleasure. And if Olivia saw no harm in the Indian gold and silver work, the sandal-wood and ivory carvings, surely there could be none. For Olivia had a virgin conscience, pure as the snow and clear as the light.

Nathaniel remembered very well the young Lord Sandys. The night before he left the home which was to see him no more forever Nathaniel met him upon the road which he had just traversed. Where in all the universe of God was the young man now? It was with this solemn thought in his heart that Nathaniel reached the door of the house. Roger Prideaux met him there. He was a spare man of medium height, with the shrewd face of a successful tradesman. But his eyes were the eyes of a mystic—wistful, speculative, so full of light that the dropped eyelids were almost transparent.

"Nathaniel, thee is welcome. I have been thinking prayerfully of thee all this afternoon."

"I confess that I needed it. I have been too blind to go right and too presumptuous to stand still. But I observe that you have many lights and the appearance of company."

"We have Friends here this night whom thou hast wished to know."

Then he led Nathaniel to a room on the ground-floor which he had often occupied, and a servant brought him his saddle-bag. And he was not sorry to reflect that this bag contained a handsome change of clothing, for he noticed in crossing the hall that many people were passing up the great staircase of polished oak—beautiful women in shining satins, with their hands lightly resting on the arms of their husbands or lovers. And he thought of the excellently beautiful Olivia, and felt that the utmost nicety of apparel was but the most obvious of duties if a man ventured into her presence.

When he left his room Roger Prideaux was waiting to offer him the sunset meal. "We have eaten already," he said; "but thou must have something to strengthen the flesh, for it cannot feed at that table where the spirit waits and is satisfied."

"To say truth, I am in a hungry humor, Roger, and at this present the pullet and white wine are extremely tempting."

"Thou hast been to London, I know?"

"I have."

"And thou hast seen Oliver Cromwell?"

"Yes; I saw him."

"Then thou sawest a man who has had many secret conflicts and baptisms, but who when the time of trial came has not been able to stand to the unfoldings of duty."

"I think surely that he has done great things for England."

"If thou wouldst remember how many of God's people are buried alive in holes and dungeons: hearts broken, homes desolate, men and women, of whom the world is not worthy, suffering daily scourgings and oppressions. And he whom we have made Protector cares for none of these things."

"Cromwell is beset on every hand. Give him time; he will right all these wrongs."

"But thou knowest in such grave matters the instant time is the fittest time."

"I have seen this, Roger, that the Quakers are a sort of men very impatient and unreasonable. They will have their own way, even though it run against law and custom and all men's liking for it. They preach peace, but their lives provoke to a constant breach of the peace. And they stand so stiff in their own judgment that no man can convince them otherwise."

"I am right glad of it. And, if it please God, prisons shall be schools for prophets and nurseries of strong men in Christ Jesus."

"Three thousand Quakers are now in prison, Roger. If they are indeed bearers of a true message, how can they deliver it? Even the Word must fail, if it have not way."

"The Word will run to and fro till it fill the earth. Three thousand prisoners can do nothing, but God and three thousand prisoners can do all things."

"I doubt it not. But it seemeth to me that the way of moderation is better than the way of martyrdom. While I was in London a Quaker entered the Protector's presence in Whitehall. He uncovered not his head, he used not the commonest civility, and he rated Oliver as Elijah rated the wicked Ahab. My lord Stanley told me that the Protector was patient with him, and when it came to Scripture routed him with his own weapon. And when he saw that the Protector could give him verse for verse he argued no longer, but he took from his pouch a linen cap and tore it in two with a stern passion, saying, 'Thus shall the Lord rend the kingdom from thee and from thy family.' Men like not to be prophesied against; and they judge Cromwell wide of the mark who think he can be terrified into any course of action."

"Nathaniel, when thou hast the true wisdom thou wilt speak more wisely."

Then the conversation turned to more personal matters and soon flagged a little, for Nathaniel saw that Roger Prideaux's heart was not with him. As they left the room they passed a long panel-mirror and the young man glanced at his figure in it. His black doublet and white-laced band, his breeches with a black ribbon at the knees, his silk stockings and low shoes fastened with silver latchets, set off in a noble fashion his fine form and spiritual face. And there was an expression about the lips which strengthened it pleasantly. For Nathaniel judged rightly that he was to be brought under the influence of Quaker doctrines, and he was fully making up his mind to keep his own convictions intact.

They crossed the main hall and ascended the stairs to a large and lofty parlor on the next floor. It was well filled, and the company were mostly of Nathaniel's own social class, known to him as men know one another who live within certain boundaries and who meet on market-days and on Sabbath-days with the same motives. There was Squire Godlee, and Squire Salkeld, and the young heir D'Acre with his two-months' bride, and the Rev. John Duttred, the Independent minister, and old Captain Zoltone, Edmond Heron, Gilbert Lamplon, and Walter Grandale, all middle-aged soldiers with the scars of battle upon them.

Nathaniel saw all these as he entered, but only as background to two other personalities. One was Olivia Prideaux. She sat apart from the rest within the embrasure of a projecting window. Her hands lay listlessly in her lap; she was doing nothing; she was not even listening. But there was a wonderful light on her calm face, the faint bright smile of one who thinks much of heaven and of all sweet, innocent things. For Olivia Prideaux had those vehement longings after God which spring up in young hearts. She delighted to go apart, to close all avenues of sense, to retire into those unseen depths of the spirit wherein lies the image of God; because she had found, even in childhood, that part of our finite nature which borders on the infinite, that gate through which God enters in to dwell with man.

She did not perceive the approach of her father and Nathaniel. After a moment's hesi-

tation Roger Prideaux passed her without a word, and Nathaniel felt constrained to the same course. Then he looked at the group towards which he was advancing, but mainly at the man who sat in a large chair on one side of the blazing fire. The majestic figure, the noble sweetness of the face, the luxuriant hair,— not cut short, Puritan fashion, but falling upon the shoulders with a slight natural curl in it,— the impressive manner in which he was speaking, and the rapt attention of those who listened to his words, made an instant impression upon Nathaniel.

Duttred leaned against the high chimney-piece with a disputatious aspect. D'Acre rested his hand upon the back of his bride's chair, and his face reflected the light on the speakers. The rest of the men were in different attitudes, but they were all standing. The women had drawn their seats in a circle round the hearth. Men and women alike were in Puritan dress. Some, however, had discarded the lace wristfalls and neckbands, and wore their silk or velvet or broadcloth without trimming of any kind, save the spotless lawn kerchiefs covering the bosoms of the women and the throats of the men.

"George," said Roger Prideaux, when they reached the side of the speaker, "this is my neighbor, Nathaniel Kelder."

Then George Fox rose and took Nathaniel's hand, and gazed at him with those piercing eyes which more than one judge found themselves unable to bear. "I have heard of thee, Nathaniel," he said; "now I see thee, and of the rest God will take care." As he spoke he looked at Nathaniel and he loved him, and there came into both men's faces that mysterious something which is the recognition and salutation of souls. This incident scarcely interrupted the conversation. Slowly relinquishing Nathaniel's hand, Fox sat down and turned his solemnly radiant face upon Duttred.

"Thee must not say that this doctrine of the indwelling Christ is a new one. Oh, no! To it give all the Scriptures witness. This is that divine change described by Paul, when he exclaims, 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' This is that divine union which Christ willeth, 'I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one.' This is that glorious fellowship promised: 'If a man love Me, . . . my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' Christ in us the beauty of holiness, the hope of glory. This is the keynote of the Gospel."

The wonderful magnetism of Fox's voice, charged with faith, thrilling with love, broke into the stillness of Olivia's soul. She moved like a spirit, and laying one hand on the back of Fox's chair said with an invincible conviction:

"We know that this testimony is true. You have heard, Friends, how the bird halcyon has ordained for it a week of wondrous calm when the year is at its wildest and roughest. Then upon the waves she builds her nest. Christ within us! In this hope the soul builds for herself a marvelous covert, which not only floats upon the waves of time, but charms them into stillness; so that in the very heart of storms our souls enjoy the halcyon days."

She spoke in a rapture of peace. Her voice was low and even, and had the softness and remoteness of dreams. Her face was illumined from the light within. Nathaniel's heart trembled with joy that was as pure as it was indefinable. At that moment he thought nothing of the girl's personal loveliness: it was her pure soul that charmed his soul, and he longed to hold communion with it.

After a moment's pause Duttred said querulously, "This is going too far. It gives to our vile bodies too much honor."

"John Duttred," Fox answered, "who gave thee permission to speak spitefully of the body? It is easy to call the body 'vile' and then use it vilely. But we *have* this treasure in earthen vessels, and our bodies *are* the temples of the Holy Ghost. And he that hath this hope purifieth himself, and feareth to defile the sacred place. We must go into the depths of our nature, John, for our repugnance to give the body its due. Is it not sensuality? Men who would not wrong their souls by stealing, or by listening to a Pelagian tenet, eat and drink and riot like pagans. But Christ redeemed the body with his own body."

"Can the Spirit of God dwell with the spirit of man?"

Duttred spoke with a scornful incredulity; for though religious and faithful to his convictions, he was full of personal jealousy, and therefore unsympathetic. "This is a strange doctrine, Mr. Fox."

"It would be a stranger one, John Duttred, if the Creator, in whom 'we live, and move, and have our being,' should not have direct access to the spirit of his own creatures."

"There are no faculties of our mortal nature adapted for such intercourse. The Church has no service or provision for it."

"Such secret favors dispense with, rather than demand, mortal aid or service. O John! thee hast not known the prayer of union, when the soul enters into the sweet, solemn solitudes of the Divinity, and sees and hears and feels unutterable things. In these preludiums of heaven, these neighborhoods of eternity, a mortal man may have such glimpses of God that whether he be in the body or out of the body he cannot tell."

"I enter into no controversy touching things

too high for me. No creed has taken knowledge of such a condition, no church provided for it. Even the Fifth Monarchy Men, who pretend to understand Daniel and the Revelation as well as the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, fly not so high as this. The Church around us is our best hope and protection."

"The Church around us! Very well, John; but also Christ within us!"

"If this doctrine be true, it is too much truth. Men who hold it are self-hurters if they speak of it. And, truly, I blame not the civil power for its controversy with them. When men say that Christ is in them, it is all one with saying that they themselves are Christ."

"Oh, no! We are nothing; Christ is all. And what kind of controversy is martyrdom? Doing men to death is not arguing with them. Moreover, I deny the civil power the right to touch a man's conscience. Conscience is placed out of sight; it is neither visible nor tangible. It is inaccessible to stripes. It cannot be bound in prison. While wicked magistrates are making the body suffer, conscience enjoys the Divinity. How then, John, can conscience be accountable to the civil government? Men who try to control it are usurpers of God's own right."

"Well, I know not what Quakers would have; and I wish they knew themselves. As for me, the old religion is good enough."

"The old religion! John, that is what Quakers want — the religion of Christ, and of the apostles, and of the primitive church."

"The church of Christ, which is the kingdom of Christ—"

"Is within us. Its real enemies are within. They are spiritual, and must be fought with spiritual weapons."

"In a word, then, how does a man attain to this condition of union with the Unseen?"

"By faith; for faith is the victory over whatever separates from God. Thou knowest what men have done through faith — how they have 'subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.' If faith can do these things, and more also, can it not open the door of the soul when he knocks, and say, 'Come in and dwell with me'? Can it not give him the whole heart, and enter into covenant with him? I can tell, for I have felt him nearer to me than breathing. He has beset me behind and before, and laid his hand upon me."

Fox rose as he spoke, and an indescribable majesty and authority clothed him as with a garment. His face shone, his clear, sweet voice penetrated into the secret places of every heart. The atmosphere of the room trembled to spiritual influence, and a feeling of infinite tenderness brooded over the small assembly. Duttred stood silent, tears were in his downcast eyes, and when George Fox stepped forward and offered his hand he took it with a troubled, questioning look.

"We are made poor by what we miss, as well as by what we lose, John. Go into thy room and enter into that spiritual communion which is beyond all visibles. Open the door of thy heart and ask Christ to come in and dwell with thee. Verily, he will keep his promise." And as Fox stood surety for his Maker he lifted up his face and it grew like an angel's, and an old man on the outskirt of the little assembly cried out:

"It is true! It is true!"

But Duttred said coldly: "My desire is to stand still at present, so that the voice of the stranger be not taken for the voice of the shepherd. Yet I will not flatly contradict or condemn the words spoken, lest I come within the apostle's reproof for speaking evil of things I understand not." Then looking steadily at Fox, he said, "Pray for me,—peradventure I am wrong,—that I may be led right."

"John, why ask any man to pray for thee? Abide in thyself and take hold on thy own possession."

Then Duttred explained at some length his views of the Atonement, and the necessity for a formulated creed and a regularly trained ministry. But after Fox's burning utterances his words were cold, for he spoke of Christ in a distant way, as of one holding the central place in a theological system, but far off from daily love and life.

"Oh, no!" answered Fox. "There is no such thing, John, as a system of divinity in the Bible. Nothing there but a living record of personal relations between the Creator and the souls he has made. No dogma in all the Book. Only human life touched by the Spirit of God. And as for trained ministers, when God says to a man, 'Preach the Gospel,' he needs no other preparation or authority. Schools cannot make ministers, and God dwells not in temples made with hands. 'I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was . . . a gatherer of sycamore fruit'; but the Lord raiseth the poor out of the dust."

Then the conversation turned upon Cromwell and his government, and Fox vindicated Cromwell in many things, and set lucidly before the assembly the difficult part the Protector had to play between all the sects that were then claiming recognition for themselves and persecution for all others.

"In the high noon of these dog-days of our

religious discords," he said, "things are done and spoken which will hardly bear reviewing when the cool of the evening shall come. Between Thomas Edwards writing furiously against liberty of conscience and toleration, and the Presbyterian clergy complaining 'that men of civil employment usurp the right of preaching, to the great scandal of the kirks,' and the Church of England men, and the Fifth Monarchy Men with Rogers at their head, and the Independents, and other sects too numerous to mention, what is the Protector to do? And I think well of him for the plain words he gave the Presbyterians concerning preaching."

"Doubtless they deserved them, whatever they were," said Duttred; "but I know them not."

"Truly he answered their complaint with some searching questions: 'Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function? I thought the Covenant and the professors of it could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ. If not, I say plainly that it is no covenant of God's approving, nor are these kirks so much the spouse of Christ. I hope,' he further said, 'that He that ascended up on high may give his gifts to whom he pleases; and if those gifts be the seal of mission, be not envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy.' Are not these words like himself — strong, stiff, and unbendable?"

"Yes; and John Milton likewise says that 'presbyter' is only 'priest' writ large." And Duttred spoke with a bitterness that made Fox look steadily at him.

"A good man is known by the company he keeps," said Roger Prideaux; "and what say you to Cromwell's? His two secretaries are John Milton and Andrew Marvell. The seraphic John Howe is his chaplain. He has put Dr. Owen over the University of Oxford. And thou knowest, George, that he listened gladly to thee, and brought thee into his house, and desired to talk with thee again. And thou wilt allow that Friends have been a little demanding with him?"

"Not too much so, Roger. When Friends are everywhere robbed and beaten to the death they have just cause to go to the Protector for protection. However, whether he speak for us or whether he forbear to speak, we are saved by divine alliance from any danger of defeat."

The company then began to leave, for most of them had some miles to ride over lonely and ill-kept roads. Nathaniel was glad of the peace and quiet of his own room, for the day had been full of emotion and not devoid of physical fatigue. Yet he was not inclined to sleep. He threw some logs on the fire and sat down before their blaze. For the first time he looked curiously at his chair, a large one of carved oak covered with Spanish leather. The gilding was worn, the leather had lost its brightness and curious stampings. It showed use, and he began to speculate about the men and women who had sat in it. His eyes roved from the chair to the great bed with its somber tapestry curtains. What fingers had worked the gigantic shadowy figures that lurked among their folds? Here and there a sword or a buckler in lighter silks gleamed out with a stubborn distinctness which was almost uncanny. The inanimate furniture revealed in the midnight a sort of personality. He could not but imagine the men and women who had known the room before him, and who had gone away forever. The empty chairs, the dim, vast couch, the little tapestry stool on the hearth, each and all had a lonely, mournful look, as pathetic and distinctive as that which hangs around a grave. He felt that the house preserved, like a book, the memory of those who had lived in it.

Into this melancholy atmosphere there came suddenly the memory of Anastasia, the mocking, brilliant face, the scornful voice, the laughter which he could now feel was but a thin veil for her anxiety. He lived over those moments of temptation, and his face burned, and he felt an intolerable shame in his own weakness and cowardice. He recalled the flight of his fearful soul up those terraced steps, and the heaviness of the body which so reluctantly followed it. Then he began to speculate on the assurance that "there is a spirit in man," and to compare it with the opinion of the Platonists, "that in all minds there is concealed a spark of the same wisdom that exists in the Supreme Being"—the inward light of Quakerism; the light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"; the divine light higher than knowledge, higher than grace, higher than love, which is only satisfied with that unity where no man dwelleth.

Hitherto he had lived on the outside of himself — in his intellect and reason and senses. Now he let everything go; reasoning, willing, hoping, fearing, and lost himself in a simple sense of this immediate God, so seldom sought, yet always so passionately longing to be sought and to bless — lost himself until the experience became more real to him than house, or home, or sun, or stars. He knew not how long he sat thus, but he rose trembling and awed with the revelation of this new capability of his nature. It brought him as yet no exaltation, only a solemn, dreadful reverence, mingled with an excessive physical chill and weariness. He lay down and slept heavily, and did

not awake in the morning until the sun was high in the heavens. The house was very still. He dressed and went into the dining-room, and found that the morning meal was long over, and that Roger Prideaux had gone with George Fox to Ulverstone.

A servant brought him bread and meat and wine, and he ate and drank with an eager appetite. The food refreshed him physically, and made him able to grasp the spiritual blessing that had come to him, and to feel its power and strength.

Then the bright sunshine, and the singing birds, and all the pleasant sounds and scents of nature spoke to him, and he went into the garden to enjoy them the better. Also he longed to see Olivia before leaving Sandys, and he hoped to find her there. But the sweet alleys of pleached beeches were all empty of human life. The box, and the privet hedges, and all the green palaces of the cherry trees were full of twittering birds, but in none of the pleasant garden-ways could he find the fair woman he wished to see.

Presently, however, he heard the sound of voices beyond the hedge, and he looked into the meadows and saw her there. She had two of her maids with her and they were gathering flowers. In a few moments he was by her side. Her apron was full of cowslips, and she opened it and let him press his face to the dewy, scented little blossoms.

"I am going to make them into wine, Nathaniel. Hast thou ever tasted cowslip wine? It is like the dew of spring. I think it hath the sunshine in it, and the scent of daisies and buttercups. My father thinketh it to be a good cordial. He went out early this morning, he and Friend George Fox. George felt drawn towards Ulverstone, and my father was clear to go with him."

They talked of many things as they went through the long grass, but Nathaniel was like a man in a happy dream. All his life after he could recall the feeling of the turf under his feet and the fresh wind blowing across his face. He stopped to listen to her innocent talk of a robin's nest which she had seen, and the great bed of violets under the oak tree, which she had not pulled, because they looked so happy in its shadow. He could find nothing to compare her to. He could pay her no compliments. She was exquisitely lovely and graceful and gracious, but he felt it to be impossible to tell her so.

When they came to the house they went into the large room where Nathaniel had eaten. She took off her hood and sat down with the flowers in her lap, and their delicate field-sweet perfume drifted between them. Then she hid her hands in their golden freshness, and her face caught a kind of glory from their color. Nathaniel thought her the loveliest flower of humanity that he had ever seen. Usually it was an easy delight to talk with her, but this morning she appeared inclined to stillness, and he even imagined that there was an expression of fear or anxiety in her eyes when she lifted them suddenly.

Once, as she did so, they rested on the likeness over the chimneypiece. They had often spoken together kindly of the dead lord, and Nathaniel felt impelled to describe his speculations on the previous evening concerning the family. It was an age of firm belief in ghostly visitations, and the most reverent souls saw visions and dreamed dreams. There were few large houses without their traditionary spiritual tenants, and to Nathaniel and Olivia it seemed quite natural that the old occupants of the rooms should revisit them. So also, when she looked at the face of the youth who fell at Marston Moor, its melancholy beauty and the predestined fate in its far-seeing eyes touched her with a peculiar nearness of sympathy.

"The world we cannot see is always blending with the world we can see, and I have often had a strange feeling about those who have not been long dead, Nathaniel."

"Tell your thought to me, Olivia."

"It is, that those just gone cannot have gone very far away. Dost thou think that I presume too much?"

Nathaniel's answer was prevented by the entrance of a servant, a middle-aged man called Asa Bevin, who had been with Roger some years in London, and who now filled in Sandys the post of house-steward.

"Olivia," he said, "here be two constables from Kendal, men of Belial both of them, drunken with wine and sin, and speaking loud, swelling words against the man thou wotst of."

She turned pale, but calmly answered, "Let them be brought here to me, Asa."

At the moment, without permission, entered the two rude, half-tipsy fellows whose natural bluster had been increased by visits to every public-house between Kendal and Sandys.

Olivia looked at the advancing men with a steady face. Nathaniel rose and stood beside her. His attitude was that of a soul alert at every point, but he knew not the business of the interruption, and could not interfere without reason. Yet as soon as he looked well at the officers he divined what their errand must be, and he regarded them with such piercing scorn that it was with difficulty the bolder blustered out:

"Mistress Prideaux, it is not you, but Master Roger Prideaux, we would see."

"My father is not at home. What is the business you come on?"

"Well, if thou must know, we want t' man who came here for hiding last night; t' man called John Whitehead."

"He came not here last night."

"That 's a put-off. He came this morning then; and it is like enough, seeing that he is a proper-looking young man, that you have hid him yourself, mistress."

"He came this morning, and I have given him food and shelter."

"Then, mistress, we have a mittimus for his arrest; and a warrant to search the house for him, if we are restrained in our duty. Let us at him, or it will, mayhap, be the worse for yourself."

As he spoke he laid his hand upon Olivia's arm, and the next moment Nathaniel had drawn his sword. With the flat side of the blade he struck the offending hand, accompanying the blow with a passionate order to the men to remove their hats in the presence of Mistress Prideaux.

"The devil take you for a Quaker dog! Who may you be, pray?"

"I am Captain Nathaniel Kelder, a magistrate, and one that stands so much your lord as to see that you carry yourselves as something better than brute beasts."

"We are in our duty, and while in it we fear not the face of clay."

"Nevertheless, I will see that you do your duty decently. Show me your papers."

The men had lived in plenty and had held petty office for some years, but breed is more than pasture. Their peasant nature cowered before the higher type, and with a sulky obedience they handed the writs to their superior.

"Isaac Sandal signs these, I see. Isaac Sandal is my cousin, and much beholden to me. Take care you go not one inch beyond the line of your orders." Then turning to Olivia he said:

"Mistress Prideaux, in the absence of your father you can lawfully withstand these demands, but this is within the compass of your wisdom."

She stood a few moments in perfect stillness; then crossing the room, she opened a door and said clearly: "John, thou art wanted. Fear not."

Immediately from the open door stepped a youth of about eighteen years of age. He had a bright, confident face and a refined, gentle manner, and he answered cheerfully:

"The mercy which keeps in heights and in depths, the holy Helper, is with me."

"Help may not come till the last moment, John, but thee will find that it never comes too late. And if there is a bitter cup for thee to drink, remember thy Saviour, and also thy brothers Andrew and James, who perished unshaken and always like themselves after so many cruel scourgings and crosses."

As she spoke the hands of the officer were on him, and he began to lock the heavy irons about his wrists. Then Nathaniel said angrily: "Leave the young man at liberty. His word is better than chains. I will be his satisfaction."

"Gad! that signifies nothing. I 'm not so off-at-side as to take your Honor's word, and the means for a bond are not here, nor have I the freedom to take one."

"Fellow!"

"Better not call me out of my name that way. I 'm doing my duty."

"On whose complaint is this arrest?"

"On the complaint of as good a man as any of your breed. Parson Derby's complaint."

"What hath this lad done against the priest?"

"Ask him. To boast of his sins is a thing a Quaker likes right well."

"What is thy fault, John?" Olivia's eyes were full of pity as she dropped them upon the lad's manacled wrists.

"I spoke to the people in the fish-market of a gospel free from rites and rituals, and of the indwelling light which sets the soul face to face with God, and no man-made priest between. And I said that God raises up his own ministers, and they dispense his Word freely, making no bargains, and indeed fearing that sinful commerce which exchanges heavenly things for earthly things. And the priest railed on me, and swore that I hindered his lawful tithes, which were secured to him by the Levitical law. But I told him that if he went back so far he must take notice that under that law not only the priests, but the fatherless and the widow and the stranger had their share of the tithes. And with that his fury was great, and he set the people on me with stones, and there was a riot, but in the midst of it three or four men made a wall for me, and I escaped."

"Ay, and thou saidst a deal more of t' same make, and it would have been a famous thing if thou had been trampled under t' feet of good honest churchmen — that I say; but my song! thou shall run to thy deserts now, for I 'll tie thee to my mare, and she will keep thy feet so busy that thy tongue will have a bit of rest, mayhap. It 's high time, I 'll go bail for that!"

"I will ride to Kendal with you," said Nathaniel. "And I will take care that you exceed not your warrant, which is to bring John Whitehead in safety. And you shall set the young man on your horse and lead the horse yourself, for I will ride at your side and put my sword against your malice; and if there is any grievance in the matter, I will answer to my cousin Sandal and the priest for it. Come! I am in haste, and will be gone at once."

"When Mistress Prideaux has given us some ale and some bread and meat we will take the road."

"By troth and faith! you will take the road this very minute. I will stop neither for meat nor drink."

Nathaniel was in a towering passion, though he restrained its violence, bridling and bitting it with a composure and a slow sternness of speech that cowed the craven bullies into a sulky obedience to his orders. He turned to Olivia as he left the room and met her kindling glance with one of tender assurance, and her eyes thanked him without a word. Silently they went to the door together. Nathaniel's horse was ready saddled, and it was brought with those belonging to the two constables. He saw John Whitehead placed upon one of these and then leaped upon his own animal.

At that moment Olivia stepped swiftly to the side of the prisoner. "John," she said, "this is the price of eternal peace. Is it too great for thee?"

"We must all pay the price or go empty away. I am thankfully willing. What should it profit if I gained a few years and lost immortal life?"

"'Look for thy Shepherd, he shall give thee everlasting rest; for he is nigh at hand, that shall come in the end of the world.'"[1]

"'I testify my Saviour openly.'"[2]

As she spoke Asa Bevin joined them. He carried a silver cup full of wine, and Olivia took it in her hands and raised it to the lips of the youth. He moved his manacled wrists involuntarily, and then bent his head. With a slight effort she held the cup while he drank. Nathaniel saw her lifted face, saw the shadow of apprehended martyrdom in her pitiful eyes, the rapture of apprehended glory in her holy smile. He commanded by his look and manner an absolute pause while this sacrament of sacred sympathy lasted. The officers stood still, agape and silent. Asa, with bent head, murmured a half-audible prayer. Nathaniel sat motionless, looking at the bound youth and the ministering maiden. When she moved the spell broke, the picture dissolved, the momentary visitation was over, was almost as if it had not been. The constables began to grumble and bluster.

"Lend me a nag, Mistress Prideaux," the dismounted man said. "I can't go afoot all t' way to Kendal. I never said as I 'd make t' prisoner do it, not all t' way. Come, mistress, it will be raining full drive afore long."

Nathaniel answered for her: "I will have you step as you purposed a better man than yourself to step. Keep at the side of Master Whitehead's horse. You shall go afoot this day, if you never do it again. Mistress Prideaux, fare you well!" He lifted his hat to the girl he loved so dearly, and then by a sharp movement of his hand indicated the order of the journey.

Olivia watched them out of sight, but Nathaniel never turned his head. She understood the intentness of his nature. She felt it to be right that his heart should be wholly set upon the thing he had resolved to do, for the work was in the way of mercy and justice. It was the righteous indignation of his heart, and not in this case its love, which made him the defender of the helpless. Olivia understood this, and she thought the more nobly of him for it.

She sat still a long time, musing in that sympathy which steals upon the meditative mind and grows with thought. Her pale, serious face and eyes of religious purity showed even in her brooding silence a certain misgiving. She could not forbear shaping in the future things which made her heart beat quick, for never until that morning had she thought of a lover. Her life was yet a virgin wilderness, but Nathaniel was just beginning to tinge the horizon of her thoughts.

As for Nathaniel, he would gladly have kept silence and recalled every word she had spoken and every expression which had flitted across her face. But he had long taught himself to subject desire to duty, and he believed it to be his duty to give John Whitehead an "opportunity." So he encouraged him to speak of that wondrous communion which was then not only "great" but also "new" tidings. His own heart burned by the way, but it was all "foolishness" to the two officers. The idea of a Christ far off in heaven was not an uncomfortable one. But a Christ in their own souls, illuminating all the dark corners and compelling them to purify themselves, was terrifying. Like the Gadarenes of old, they besought such an one to depart.

The conversation, however, so interested Nathaniel that he remained in Kendal until the next day, hoping to obtain the freedom of the youth. But the accusing priest was also judge, and John Whitehead's imprisonment was a preordained sentence. Ironed like a felon he was sent to Appleby jail, a dreadful dungeon, dark, damp, filthy, and fever-haunted.

With a heart full of pity Nathaniel bade him "farewell." But John had that "joy within" which disdained to take into account any outward misery. His bright young face was turned towards martyrdom, but he laid his chained hands in Nathaniel's hands, and said joyfully:

"This is the way to rest, Nathaniel; this is the way to rest forever!"

1 2 Esdras ii. 34. 2 2 Esdras ii. 36.

IV.

JOHN DE BURG.

"About some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't."

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

"Of all the virtues justice is the best,
Valor without it is a common pest;
Pirates and thieves, too oft with courage graced,
Show us how ill that virtue may be placed."

THE parting between Nathaniel and John Whitehead was in Kendal market-place. It was raining as it only does rain in that section of England, full drive, raining and ceasing, and then beginning again. The rifts in the black clouds threw lines of cold, steely light upon the houses and made them look strange and gloomy. There was also a wuthering wind sobbing through the narrow wet streets, and the natural outlook could scarcely have been more dreary and depressing.

Nathaniel forced his cloak and purse upon John, heeding not the opinion of the bystanders. But, indeed, they were singularly sympathetic, for the heroic calmness of John before his judge, and his heavenly resignation in the face of so much injustice, engaged the pity of the majority. Englishmen, in the mass, love fair play above everything, and the accusing priest for a judge, with a jury of churchwardens and church officers, did not strike them as fair play; so that Nathaniel's sympathy was in the main quite acceptable to the little crowd huddled in the shelter of the archways and the market-stalls. For a man really in earnest about heaven and hell, death and judgment, may be regarded as mad and an object of pity, but he is never a subject for contempt.

Then Nathaniel turned his horse's head towards Kelderby. He galloped with a savage earnestness of purpose, and Nathaniel found himself setting his angry thoughts to the rough natural music of the beating hoofs. He staid for a few moments at Sandys, but he did not alight. He fancied that Roger was constrained and cold in his invitation to do so, and he did not see Olivia at all.

The circumstance troubled him. He had expected Roger to praise him for his partisanship, and for the trouble he had taken in the affairs of a persecuted Quaker. He had expected — and he thought not unjustly — that Olivia would feel an interest in the fate of the young man she had sheltered. In such a storm it was not likely she would be from home, and he thought she must also have seen his approach. But he was judging as mortals do judge from the presenting side of events alone, and in this case the influence of the side not seen was not only undue but perplexing, unprecedented and incommunicable. In fact it was the influence of Anastasia de Burg, though exerted in a way outside of all his fears or suspicions.

For Nathaniel's refusal to aid in her brother's escape was really a more serious disappointment than he thought it to be. Suspicion follows hard upon mistrust, and the morning after Nathaniel's visit Stephen de Burg asserted, in a manner not to be trifled with, that he was positive he had smelt the odor of tobacco in the upper corridor on the previous night. Anastasia concluded instantly that it was best to resent this speech as an innuendo against her honor, and this she did with so much anger and such passionate and scornful asseverations of her innocence that for a time De Burg was led to doubt his discernment and the evidence of his senses.

But Anastasia knew that this was but a temporary satisfaction, and as soon as possible she went to her brother. He was in a worse temper than his father, and for the first time she saw in his face the evidence of all the sin and cruelty of which he had been accused.

"It is well you have come, Asia," he grumbled. "I am at the end of my patience. I have been twenty times on the point of setting fire to the old pile. Taking us all together we should make a nice burnt-offering to the devil."

She turned on him almost savagely. "The old pile can shelter you no longer, John. You must go, and at once."

"Where?"

"To Sandys."

"To the Quaker's?"

"This Quaker is a fool, John; and I 'll swear you are ten times a fool if you work him not to your purpose."

Then she stooped towards him and said in a low voice: "If you could 'thee and thou' I should say go as a persecuted Quaker, and Friend Roger would hide thee, and Friend Olivia would amuse thee, and thy consolations would be many. But you are altogether too daring and wicked, John, for such a merry disguise. You must wear your own cavalier dress, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the man. I hear he hath a great heart."

"If but one of his servants knew my face it would be the rope or the deep sea."

"His servants are such as came from London with him. And you are in so dangerous a taking that you must be another and a better man than yourself."

"Why risk so much? In a few days my ship will be off — "

"In a few hours it may be too late for you ever to reach your ship. You anger me beyond

all patience. I have told you how full of suspicion the house is. One of us must break the wonder soon. I have brought you a cloak left by Captain Bellingham at his last visit. Here also is a rapier of my father's and the last gold pieces I have. Be warned and go at once."

"To Sandys? But how? And fit me with a name, since I may not use my own."

"I have considered all. The late lord took with him to the field a poor cousin called Harald Sandys,—a man from the south,—and 't was said that he also died at Marston. Marry! that is a lie for you to contradict. *You* are Harald Sandys; and the name is the more fitting that I hear this Quaker finds a great content in honoring the dead family. So onward to Sandys, for I assure you this matter calls for dispatch."

"'T is some distance, and I am but a poor walker if it be not on the deck of my own ship."

"I have been riding, and I left my mare tied under the great sycamore. Take her. At Sandys park gates you can turn her loose; she will make shift to find her way home again."

"But listen, Asia—"

"Hush!" She stood with her right hand raised in the attitude of one listening intently. Her face blanched; she whispered in an agony of terror: "That is my father's step! Fly, fly! Down the great stairway! I will keep him in speech till you are away."

John was quite cool and collected. The cloak, the rapier, the gold, he forgot none of them, and just as Stephen de Burg sharply tried the handle of his daughter's door John de Burg stepped noiselessly through the corridor and down the stairway. There were two servants in the distance, but they were deceived by Captain Bellingham's cloak, and they took no notice of his egress. He had mounted the waiting horse and was flying through the park while as yet Anastasia answered her father's demands through the bolted door of her room.

"By God and the devil, mistress! I will know who is within your room. Draw the bolt, and let me enter."

"Not on such demand. It stands not with my honor."

In like parleying, every moment growing more passionate and offensive, Anastasia delayed her father's intention for a short space. But when she found that he would call help and force an entrance she flung wide the door with words of indignation and scornful reproach.

He had his riding-whip in his hand and he let it fall with pitiless weight upon her shoulders. It was a common discipline for the high-tempered dames of those days, and Anastasia took half a dozen strokes without any apparent sense of wrong or insult. Suddenly, however, she turned, and with a swift and unexpected movement snatched the whip from his hand and flung it beneath her feet. Her face blazed, her eyes defied him, she extended her arm and cried out in a tone impossible to contradict:

"Stand off, sir! That is sufficient for my disobedience. I have committed no other fault."

"Show me the company you had, and I will believe you. Here hath been too much whispering about it. If 't was not Captain Bell—"

"Captain Bellingham! Sir, I am your child, and faith! the De Burgs fall not to petty vices. The devil honors us all with great affairs." She dropped him a mocking courtesy with the words, and moved him to speechless anger by that untranslatable defiance which radiates from an indignant and wrathful woman.

He did not answer her specially, but went muttering about the room, throwing open awmeries and closets, and accompanying the act with a storm of abusive and suspicious words. Then he passed into the rooms beyond, and Anastasia opened the window, cast the whip into the garden, and then stood waiting for the blast of fury she knew would soon follow.

There had been no time to obliterate in John's room the traces of its occupancy. His pipe lay upon a table, and beside it there were still the remains of meat and wine. De Burg became suddenly silent when he saw them, and a feeling almost of satisfaction blended with his passion. He had been right then. His anger was just, it needed no longer to grope about in a blind rage seeking its object. He called Anastasia in a vaunting, strenuous voice, and she answered the summons at once.

He pointed to the pipe, the food, and the bottle, and she looked at them with the calm indifference with which we regard familiar and expected objects.

"I swear! I swear, mistress, I will blush for you, since you blush not for your own shame! Lord! What have you to say now?"

"For your sake, sir, I say nothing at present."

"I bless myself at my patience! God in heaven! I 'll find a way to make you say something. Name the villain, that I may spit him on my sword to the hilt-basket. Speak!"

"I have nothing to say."

For the moment he was unable to answer, but he went back to Anastasia's room and began to search the floor in a furious hurry. She understood his motive and said calmly: "If you are looking for your riding-whip, it is as far beyond your reach as it ought to be beyond your desire. Be reasonable, sir; then I will give you the satisfaction you cannot get from me with any amount of dog-treatment.

This also is an affair for ourselves; why breed a story about it? Do you wish all the footmen and serving-maids in the county to gape over us?"

There was something in her manner which shocked him into a dazed, reluctant kind of reasonableness. Her face expressed anxiety, but not even the shadow of shame. She stood a little distance from him, silent and hesitating, for she was trying to put off her confession in order to gain every moment possible for her flying brother. The voiceless tension was soon irritating to De Burg. "This silence is a mummery," he said. "You were ever too ready to speak. Whom have you been entertaining so near to your own room?"

"One of our own name."

She let the words drop slowly, watching her father's face as she did so. It terrified her.

"You lie!"

"No, sir."

"Name him, if you dare."

"Your son, John de Burg."

"You lie tenfold! I have no son."

"My brother, John de Burg."

"The curse of God and man! How dared you bring him under my roof?" And he threw her from him with a force that would have felled a frailer woman. Anastasia reeled, but recovered herself quickly.

"It is the truth. I would have saved you the truth if you had trusted me. John, as you well know, has been hunted off the sea. He came to the home earth, and for your sake I hid him. 'T was a strange hazard, and I do not deserve to be struck for carrying it out with so much bravery. All considered, can there be anything more absurd than that you should play Brutus in your own house? Plenty of ghosts wander about these rooms at midnight, wringing helpless hands. John in the flesh is manageable, but I would not have you the one to set his soul free of it. Nor had I a mind that our affairs should breed tittle-tattle among neighbors; so I lent him my mare, and gone he is."

"Where?"

"To sea. His ship was waiting off Barrow for him. Say what you will, you cannot but know that I have acted with a wisdom beyond yourself. Sir, go not away in such haste and distraction. 'T is beyond your power to come up with him, and why then set the country howling the name of De Burg to curses?"

"There is no curse too deep for him."

"Some also might say that it was a strange thing if John de Burg was so long under your roof without your connivance, and you are not without enemies who would make the most of the doubt."

De Burg listened to her with blazing eyes and a sullenly thoughtful face. There are generally circumstances surrounding every wrong which make it difficult or imprudent for the injured either to avenge or to right themselves. De Burg had been brought to a point which permitted him to take these into consideration, and Anastasia wisely left him to that employment. She occupied herself in putting straight the contents of a drawer, and while his mind was revolving words and deeds which could suggest nothing but the highway gibbet or the avenging knife his eyes were curiously noting her long white fingers as they folded a pink ribbon or slowly crimped a bit of English point.

At length he saw her take a lawn kerchief and fold it for a covering for her neck. The act reproached him, and he furtively lifted his eyes and saw the marks of his passion across her white shoulders. It was not a pleasant sight, so he moved in a slow, stupid way towards the door, muttering, "Where there are women there are all kinds of mischiefs"; but after having closed the door he re-opened it and bade her come down quickly and play a game of draughts with him. He was afraid of his own thoughts, and the large, empty rooms, turning shabby in the years of trouble in which nothing had been renewed, were indeed haunted even in the sunny midday with ghostly memories he could not endure to entertain.

It was at this same hour that Nathaniel was leaving Sandys as the protector of John Whitehead. Half way to Kendal the party saw John de Burg a little off the main road, riding like a man who rides to outrun disaster. The constables both turned to watch him, and Nathaniel also observed the mad hurry of the rider, the head bent to the neck of the animal, the cloak streaming out behind. The sight, after all, was only a natural one. But nothing in life deserves more attention than the things we call natural, since it is by the most natural doors that trouble enters.

As for John de Burg, he paid no attention to the party. It was not pursuing him, and his mind was wholly set upon reaching Sandys before his father could take any determined steps against him. At the park gates he dismissed the mare and made at once for the coverts of undergrowth, and thus he gradually advanced to the house. In the interval he recovered his usual cool assurance, and when the park became a garden he was prepared to meet any one wandering in its shade.

The sight of a white hood gave him pleasure. He rightly divined that the wearer was Olivia Prideaux, and he contrived to meet her in a narrow walk bordered by hedges of privet. There he threw himself at her feet

with an impetuous fear and a pretense of exhaustion which startled and alarmed the girl.

"Mistress Prideaux, have pity on me!" he cried. "My life is in your hands. Be so merciful as to care for it a little."

"I know thee not; but if thee is in trouble —"

"I am Harald Sandys. I have been to Penrith on the king's business, and am like to be run down by the king's enemies. I have come to the old home for shelter. I know not where else to go."

She looked with pity on the kneeling man, and touching his hand said: "Rise! Thou must not kneel to any mortal, and I think thou hast a right to shelter here. My father is at Ulverstone, but until he returns I will do his duty for him. Walk by my side. I am glad thou art yet alive. It was said, and fully believed, that no Sandys escaped the sword."

"Indeed, mistress, I was sorely wounded at Marston, where my noble cousin fell; but I was nursed and sheltered, and so I escaped to the king in whose service I spend my poor life."

There was no further conversation. She walked directly to the house, and John de Burg walked at her side. He felt that he had said sufficient, and that he could be silent and know that silence would be to his advantage. But he watched with a furtive delight the beautiful face at his side. Wicked as he was, he felt the purity of his companion, and he looked at the innocent girl with something of the same pleasure which a botanist feels when he suddenly discovers a wondrous flower unknown to him before.

Asa Bevin met them in the front hall, and looked with little favor on the dusty, disordered cavalier. Perhaps Olivia noticed the man's expression, for she said with a decided purpose and authority: "A neighbor in trouble, Asa. Thou wilt see that he has all things necessary for his comfort. Until my father comes home he is in thy care, and there is no other to know of his presence here."

Then she removed her hood and sat down to consider what she had done. But it was difficult even for her well-trained mind to follow out one train of thought. Nathaniel's looks and words, and his espousal of John Whitehead's case, would blend with the circumstances of this last most unlooked-for visitor. Asa's evident disapproval of him also annoyed her.

"Thou must judge with a fair mind, Asa," she said in reply to a very doubtful speech, "and thou must not let thy prejudices hinder thy kindness. I trust that Charles Stuart hath some good men in his service."

"Olivia, we have neither this nor that to do with Charles Stuart. Thou shouldst have waited for counsel and clearness in such a weighty matter."

"The man had his life in his hand. If our enemy hunger, we are told to feed him."

"If friend or enemy hath a crime against him, we are not told to prevent justice. And Friends are concerned to testify against mixing up with the world's people. This man hath their likeness and likelihood. I have not felt drawn towards him."

"To-morrow morning my father will be home. He will doubtless be given to see his duty. Until then let the stranger be in thy charge."

"Truly I will. I think not of trusting him, for I have been counseled by that which never failed me."

"Be not oversuspicious, Asa. The shadow of divine mercy is exceeding broad."

She sat down in it and lost herself in the sweetness and peace of its consolation. Was it not sufficient for all the sure anxieties of the present, and also for those which lurked in the obscurity of the future? A great calm fell upon her soul. She was at rest in the Lord, and they who ascend that height have all things under their feet.

It was near noon on the following day when Roger returned from Ulverstone. There had been a memorable meeting there. The very room had been shaken by the power of God, and from the awful glory of that experience many had risen to give themselves and all they had to the preaching of the indwelling Christ. The light and comfort of the Holy Ghost was with Roger, its reflection on his face, and his favorite hymn singing through his heart:

> Oh, be glad, thou Zion's daughter,
> Joyous news to thee are sent;
> Thou shalt sing a strain of sweetness,
> Sing it to thy heart's content.
> Now the friend of God thou art,
> Therefore shalt thou joy at heart,
> Therefore know no sorrow smart.[1]

At that hour the gift of life, with God and eternity to bless and crown it, seemed a very precious gift to him.

The news of John Whitehead's arrest and of Nathaniel's sympathy did not darken his happy mood. He almost envied the youths their opportunity for "testifying." But when Olivia spoke of the hidden guest waiting to see him Roger was troubled. For men with God to strengthen them may face martyrdom smiling, and the same men shrink and tremble before a financial crisis which is to be a question for quibbling lawyers and prejudiced judges.

The first mention of Harald Sandys raised in Roger's mind a grave and troublous question.

[1] Old German mystical hymn.

Would this Harald be heir-at-law? Would his own purchase of Sandys be void? Would his tenure of the house be in the discretion of this young man? He asked many particulars of Olivia and of Asa, and was not comforted by any report received.

It was just at this hour that Nathaniel called with his account of the proceedings in John Whitehead's case. He saw plainly that Roger was not himself; and as he could not imagine the true reason of his mental disturbance, he followed the usual course of men and women, and began to consider what *he* had said or done to induce the constrained courtesy, and to make himself unhappy over it.

He arrived at Kelderby in that mood which above all things asks for sympathy. And it so happened that he had just overstaid the moment in which sympathy still waited for him. Lady Kelder had been impatiently expecting her son for thirty hours. During at least twenty-nine of them she had waited for him with that alternating pleasure and wonder which is ready to accord with whatever mood asks fellow-feeling. But the strain had been a little too long; she had begun to feel injured, neglected, and of small account. As she drove her wheel round she told herself, and sometimes told the baron, who sat reading opposite her, that she was very silly to expect consideration when Anastasia was her rival. And the baron, hearing her voice only as discords through the measures of

> "Sydneian showers
> Of sweet discourse,"

answered vaguely that he thought likewise, and so mended nothing wrong, but rather made sense of neglect worse.

It was raining heavily yet, and the black, drizzling crags, the tilled fields swept by the wet wind, the grass black with shadows, the heights coifed with gray, ghostly vapors — everything around insensibly subdued the mind to a settled, melancholy quiet. It was such a day as breeds worries, even if they do not exist; and Lady Kelder, having waited with unused sympathy all the morning, felt now as if nothing could induce her to give what had been so long neglected. Her hour for waiting to be gracious was past, and she looked up at Nathaniel when he entered with an indifference which he felt it difficult to contend with.

The baron put down his book and said, with some effort of enthusiasm, "Glad to see you, Nathaniel! Let me tell you your mother and I have taken your delay very ill, and with rather small patience."

"'T was against my will, sir."

"Fie, Nathaniel! When a man is so passionately taken with a gentlewoman as you are with Anastasia de Burg, his will is a very spider-web for her to break."

"My dear mother, I left Anastasia within three hours after our meeting. This, on my conscience!"

"Nathaniel, what said my cousin Stephen to your news?"

"Indeed, sir, I think he took it with light gratitude. He was for the hills, and did not wait to speak his mind, nor did I wait to hear it at his convenience."

"I lost my hopes of any good out of Stephen de Burg long ago," said Lady Kelder. "Where there is no grace, how can there be gratitude? Pray how does Mistress de Burg endure what she mockingly calls 'the reign of the saints'?"

"She was not in a complaining humor. I found her engaged in a game of battledore with Captain Bellingham and Squire Chenage."

"And dressed like a May queen, or a picture of Mr. Lely's, without doubt."

"Indeed, mother, I remember not in particulars. She was in a glow of pink ribbons, and extremely handsome."

"And mincing and stepping with a delicate grace like King Agag, I 'll warrant her. And giving you such refuse of her smiles as Squire Chenage and Captain Bellingham could not miss. She had ever that kind of trick with you."

"Mother, you wrong me as much as you wrong the lady. And you are enough in my heart to know that I would humor no such beggarly grace."

"Come, Nathaniel, here is food, and I make no doubt you need it. While you eat you shall give us the rest of your adventures. Good meat and drink never yet spoiled a tale. If you left De Burg ere sunset, where spent you the night?"

"Baron, what need to ask? He spent it at Sandys, of course. Little wit is needed for that riddle."

"Indeed, mother, you have guessed to a miracle. I was at Sandys. There I found also many ladies and gentlemen of good degree; also your favored minister, John Duttred."

"John Duttred! If what you say, Nathaniel, be of your own knowledge, I will believe it; if you saw him not, I scarce know how to do so."

"What could take the minister to the Quakers'?" asked the baron curiously.

"To talk with one of whom all men may learn somewhat. George Fox was there, and Duttred had some disputing with him."

"A waste of time and testimony," said Lady Kelder. "George Fox listens only to himself."

"What thought you of him?"

"I think, father, that he is such an one as God uses to shake the souls of men. I can but wonder that he sent at one time Fox and

Cromwell. Surely England has been exalted to the skies by such favor."

"I am amazed at you, Nathaniel. 'T is nothing but an insult to the Protector to set him in the same sentence with a Quaker. And he would not forgive you very quickly for it."

"Mother, if you will allow me to repeat to you what George Fox said, you must needs see how much of prejudice there is in your misliking."

"I thank God I have no itching ear for strange doctrine; 'plain blasphemy' Master Duttred calls Quakerism. And if you will talk of it, 't will be in my absence. I have no senses for such people: no eyes to see them, no ears to hear them, no tongue to talk of them; no, truly, though it were of that pattern of all virtues, Mistress Olivia Prideaux!"

With the words she rose up in a passion from her wheel and said many things too positive to be reasonable. For the finest ladies, then as now, caught the spirit of their age, and Lady Kelder thought she did well to stand by the faith in which she had trusted from her childhood. And it cannot be denied that, being in a fit of bad temper, she was not sorry to find a point of conscience to excuse it.

"You, Nathaniel Kelder!" she cried passionately. "You! you, who are of the blood of the martyrs! *You* speaking for the Quakers is a thing not to be endured! Were your fore-elders, who died in the fires of Smithfield and perished in the cells of Newgate for their testimony to God's truth, under a delusion? Was my father, hunted to death on these hills for Nonconformity, deceived by his own imaginations? No, sir! And if they were in the right, then these Quakers are scandalously, and abominably, and blasphemously in the wrong. And as for the Protector, I blame him every hour and every minute for suffering them in the land at all."

She delivered this opinion with all the vehemence of a soul-conviction, and as neither her husband nor her son felt disposed to continue a defense not as yet definite in their own minds, Lady Kelder left the room with the private assurance that her words had touched the deepest feelings of both men, and had been felt to be unanswerable.

Then there was a few minutes of that uncomfortable silence of indecision which relieves itself either by motion or by gloomy intentness. Nathaniel walked about the room, the baron sat gazing into the leaping flames on the hearth, Jael came in and removed the dishes, and put by her lady's wheel, and pottered about the fire and the furniture until the very air of the room was irritable. But when left alone father and son were both ready to talk.

Naturally the De Burgs opened the conversation, and it turned at once to John de Burg and the proposal which had been made by Anastasia. "I acted, sir, without your advice, and I may have been in too great a passion of honor and honesty. John was born wicked. It seemeth to me that he hath inherited all the sinful tendencies of all the De Burgs before him. Perchance this ought to have been considered."

"I observe not in Scripture any special tolerance for such men, neither in nature do we make excuses for inherited evil tendencies. The dog too brutal for control is mercilessly slain. We put our foot upon the head of the adder. In foreign countries the tiger and the great serpent are not forgiven the consequences of their devilish desires because they are natural to them. And John de Burg was born under the chime of church bells, with the words of prophets and apostles in his ears. He knew the Name which would compel the seven devils within him to tremble and fly, and he never spoke it. This is most sure, or he had cleansed his soul with the good handsel of that name. You spoke well for me. My roof shall not shelter nor my bread feed him."

"If, indeed, he was truly sorry?"

"He would deliver himself to justice and pay the penalty of his crimes. His father, though a thorough malignant, hath so much of virtue and honor as to abhor the son who has linked his name with deeds conceived in devilish cruelty and wrought out with the cunning and treachery of a wild beast."

Now often when the heart is full of turmoil, restlessness, and anger, conversation about a wicked person acts as a salutary medicine. As the two men spoke of John de Burg it was as if the evil name drew to itself all that was evil or irritable in them. Gradually they spoke with less fret, until the mention of Roger Prideaux opened a holy and wonderful subject. In it they became more and more interested and in earnest. And anon the conversation was full of eloquent pauses and ellipses. Their voices grew low and solemn. In each other's eyes they caught meanings beyond words. The fire burned down to red ash, and they heeded it not. The evening shadows grew long and dim, they sat stiller and stiller in them; for the warmth of the hidden fire was in their hearts, and the glow of the inward light around them.

(To be continued.)

*Amelia E. Barr.*

# THE PARIS PANORAMA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## THE ARTISTS.

ONE of the attractions of Paris during the International Exhibition was the Panorama of the Nineteenth Century, the production of two talented artists, M. Alfred Stevens and M. Henri Gervex. Those in France best qualified to judge of such a production are unanimous in their opinion that it rises far above the general average of work of that class. Instead of merely putting on canvas, as is too often the case, confused masses of fanciful personages, the two artists have taken the trouble to paint life-like portraits of a thousand or more of the most illustrious men in French history, from 1789 down to the present year.

MM. Alfred Stevens and Henri Gervex, the authors of the panorama and of the following article, are not unknown in America.

M. Alfred Stevens is the elder. He was born in Belgium in 1830, and was the pupil of Navez, at Brussels. He came to Paris when only seventeen to work in Camille Roqueplan's studio and perfect himself in the technique of his art. Since then he has never left the French capital. By the time he attained his twenty-fifth year he was the object of considerable attention on the part of artists and connoisseurs; but the turning-point in his career may be said to date from the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, to which he contributed no fewer than eighteen paintings in oil-colors, some of which, notably "The Visit," "The Lady in Pink," "Miss Fauvette," "A Duchess," and "India in Paris," at once placed the young artist in the foremost rank of living painters. Ten years later M. Alfred Stevens exhibited "The Seasons," four panels that were purchased by the King of the Belgians, "The Lady in Yellow," "The Japanese Mask," "The *Mondaines*," "The Young Widow," "The Lady Visitors," "The Enigma," and "An English Lady taking a Walk." More recently he contributed to the world of art several well-known canvases, such as "The Little Boy," "View of Havre," and "Sunset at Sea," which greatly increased his reputation. While he takes rank among the best modern painters, he is also one of the most prolific.

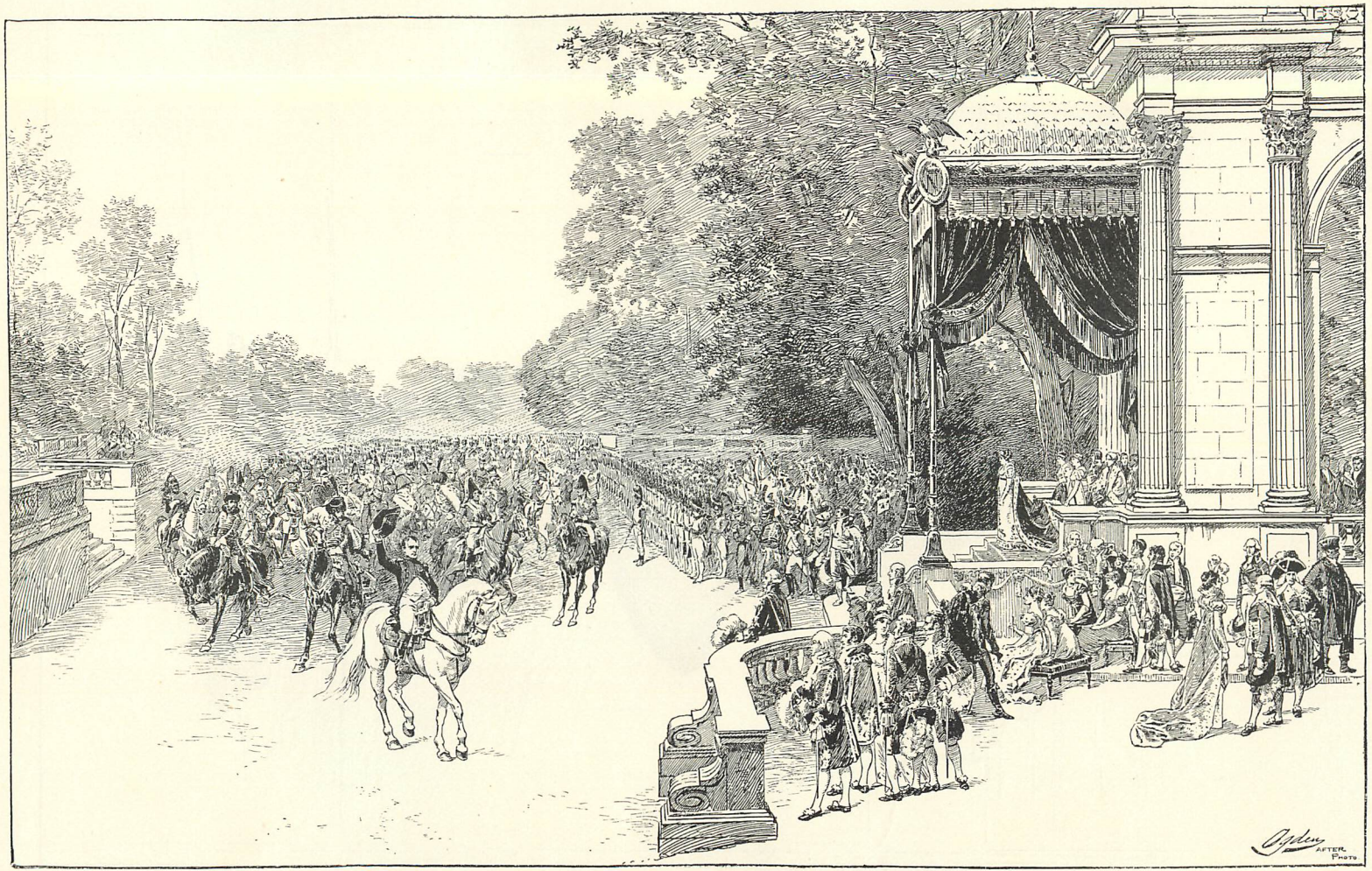
M. Stevens is much above medium height, of commanding presence and vigorous frame, with a heavy gray mustache, which gives him a military air. His features are regular and evince great force of character. He holds a high position in the social world of Paris, and may lay claim to a favor rarely accorded to living men by the city fathers, that of having a street named after him.

M. Gervex is twenty-five years younger than his colleague, whose pupil he was formerly, and of whom some years ago he painted a most striking portrait. He was born in Savoy, at the foot of Mont Blanc, but he also came to Paris at a very early age, and began painting at fifteen, under the guidance of M. Brisset. Later he followed the lessons of Fromentin and Cabanel.

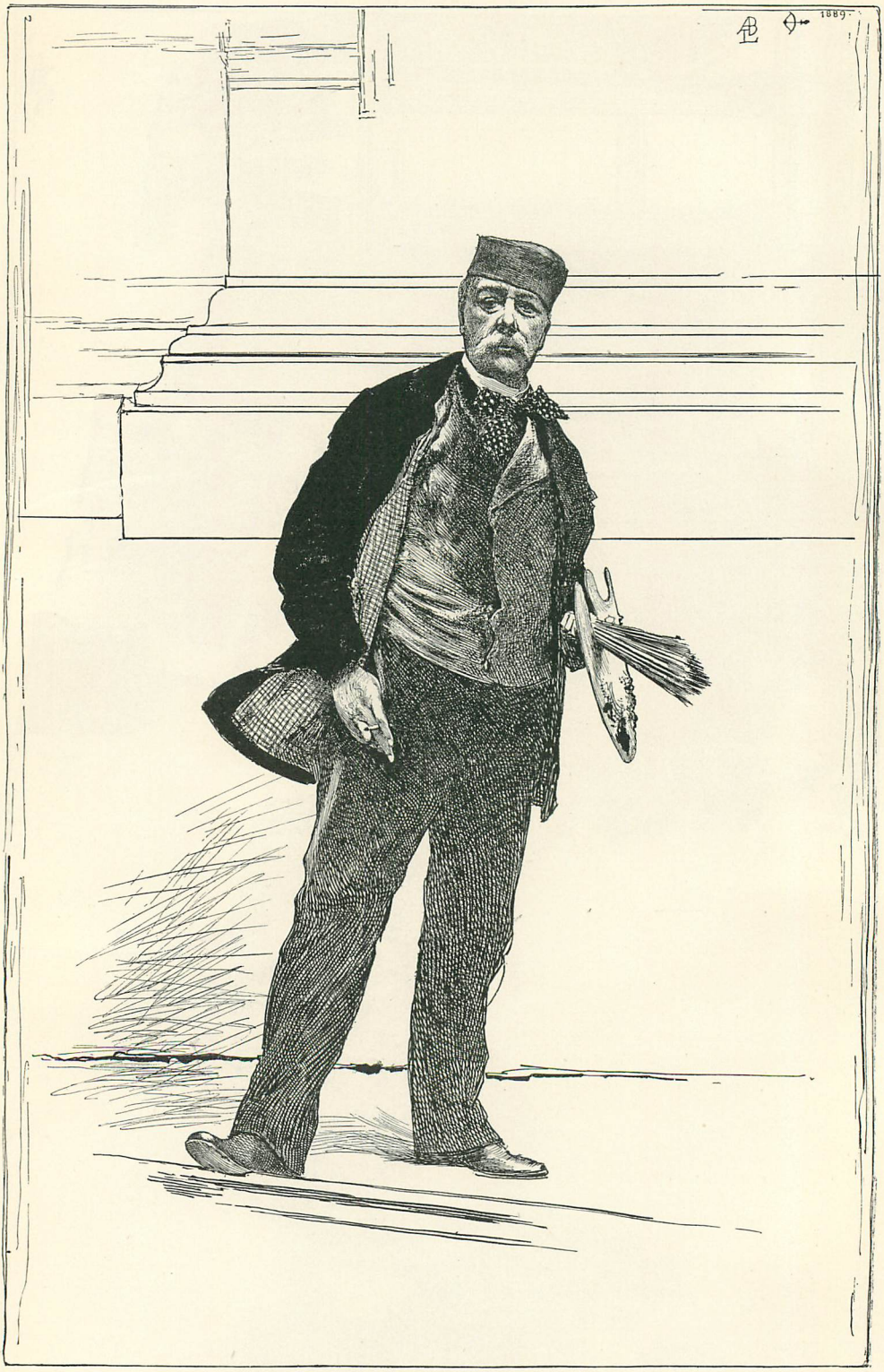
His *début* at the Salon dates from 1872, when he sent a study after the nude which was purchased by the state. Another work, "Diana and Endymion," sent the following year, was the object of considerable notice at the time; it figures to-day at the Luxembourg. Unshackled by the prejudices of the ultra-classical school, the young artist gave himself up entirely to the study of nature. He, too, desired to be "modern." All his more recent pictures bear the impress of that aim, as shown by "The Girl Communicants at the Church of the Trinité," "Rolla," and "Home from the Ball." In 1879 M. Gervex exhibited some cartoons for the decoration of one of the Paris *mairies* (mayoralty houses), and secured the order from the municipality over the heads of three hundred competitors. His subject was "Civil Marriage," and it ranks high as a work of art in the estimation of all connoisseurs. Among other of his works deserving of attention we may instance: "A Sitting of the Jury at the Salon of Painting," "After a Masked Ball, at Six in the Morning," "The Woman with the Mask," and "Dr. Péan at the Saint Louis Hospital." His pastel portraits of M. John Lemoinne, the Prince de Sagan, M. Guy de Maupassant, and of some very pretty feminine heads, the Comtesse de Montebello, the Baronne de Heeckeren, and others, have attracted considerable attention.

M. Gervex is of medium height, with a pleasant and refined countenance. He is clever at repartee, full of merriment, and is a general favorite in society.

THEODORE STANTON.

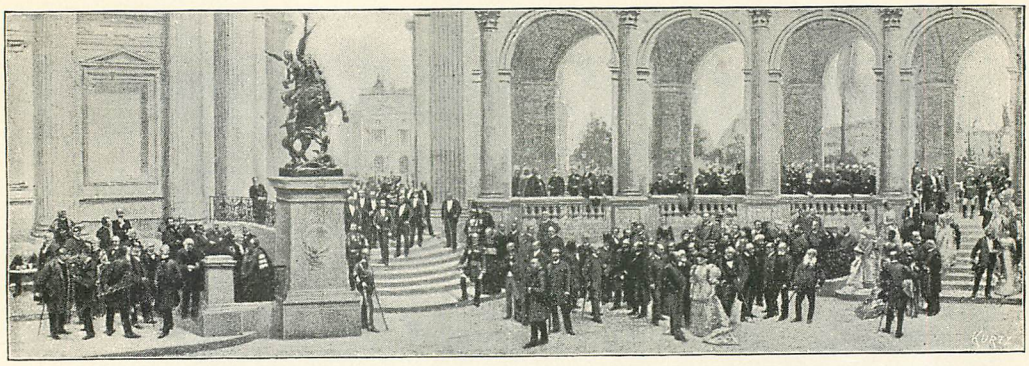


MURAT. NAPOLEON. NEY. LANNES. JOSEPHINE.




ALFRED STEVENS.

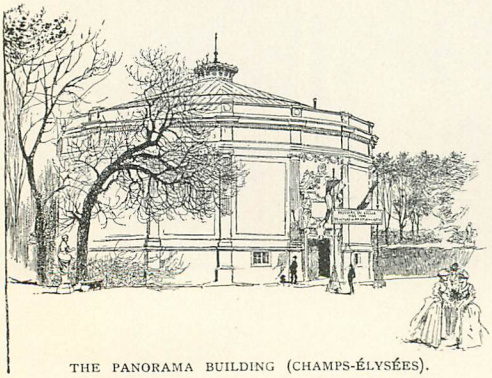
HENRI GERVEX.



THE PANORAMA.

PARIS was not built in a day. The same may be said of our panorama, which, far from being an improvisation, is the outcome of long, deliberate reflection. The first faint notion of such an undertaking suggested itself to our minds as we viewed the fine exhibition of portraits of noted personages of this century which was opened six years ago on the Quai Malaquais. The curiosity with which the public examined the lineaments, the details of every-day life, and even the costumes of the celebrities who had disappeared within the last thirty or forty years, struck us forcibly as characteristic of the time. The same public may be seen daily crowding outside the shop-windows wherein are displayed the photographs of men and women of note, the gods and goddesses of the hour, professional beauties, ministers in office, celebrated actresses, notorious criminals—all those, in fact, to whom the gale of popular favor lends an ephemeral existence. Exhibitions, indeed, are the craze of the present century.

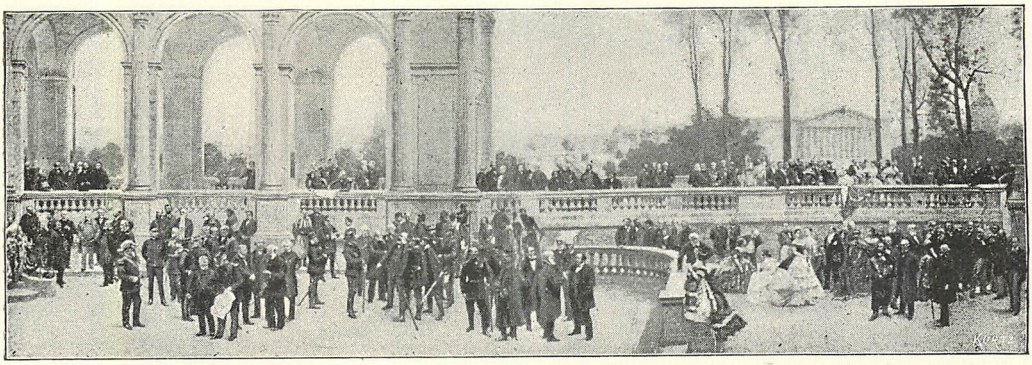
It appeared to us, however, that in thus ministering to the general taste photography usurped too large a share of the public attention. Why should not painting claim a like position before the world? Why should not the artist give attention to the variegated fancies of the age, and snatch from the living scenes that surround him a vivid sketch of Parisian life, depicting, for instance, a recent sitting at the Chambers, the last race at Longchamp, or the latest fashion in female attire? Surely such work would prove as interesting to the average sight-seer as the time-worn Andromeda, the ever-recurring Cleopatra, and all that Græco-Roman toggery with which even the French Institute itself is beginning to be heartily tired.



THE PANORAMA BUILDING (CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES).

Often these questions came up during our long, familiar chats, when, of course, many an obstacle was suggested and many an objection propounded. Under what aspect were we to embody our notion of "actual" life? In a country so instinctively mobile as our own, might we not run the risk of wasting our time over a task that must perforce be out of date even before we had quite got through it? To execute a work that would last was of paramount importance, or we should have to give up the idea at once. Now, in order to compass such a result, and at the same time excite and retain public interest in the undertaking, we must needs find something more durable to paint than a mere picture of the present "fleeting hour." Our object should be rather to revive, if possible, a long period of time; a whole century, for instance, wherein the past and the present would be, so to speak, juxtaposited; a graphic representation that would afford to the eye of the spectator as many elements of comparison as possible, from an epoch when the French Royal Guards had muskets down to our own Lebel rifles, and from a time when our grandmothers had curtains to their bonnets until the present day, when our elegant and fashionable ladies wear feathers in their hats.

These views seemed so beautiful, so grand, so ambitious, and at the same time so difficult, nay, so impossible of realization, that we relinquished the thought of such a work as quickly as it had suggested itself to us. Indeed, we had given up all talk on the subject, when one fine spring morning, while taking a stroll after breakfast, we happened to come upon that



lovely spot which every visitor to Paris delights especially to recall — the entrance gates to the Tuileries in front of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. Just at that moment we met two deputies, both friends of ours, who were coming from the Palais Bourbon.

"What news?" inquired we, by way of saying something, as they went by.

"Nothing," was the answer. They were about resuming their walk, when one of them turned back.

"Oh, yes; by the way," said he. "If this bit of news can be of interest to you, you are welcome to it. Yesterday the President of the Council of Ministers informed us that there would be an international exhibition in 1889, to commemorate the centenary of the Revolution."

After which both took their leave.

An international exhibition! The first thought of two artists when such an announcement is made to them is to inquire mentally what space is likely to be reserved to their works in the fine-arts section, and to see what they can do to get as much length of wall as possible "on the line." Absorbed in these selfish speculations, we held our peace for a while; when suddenly one of us struck the iron railing of the Luxor Obelisk with his cane, and exclaimed:

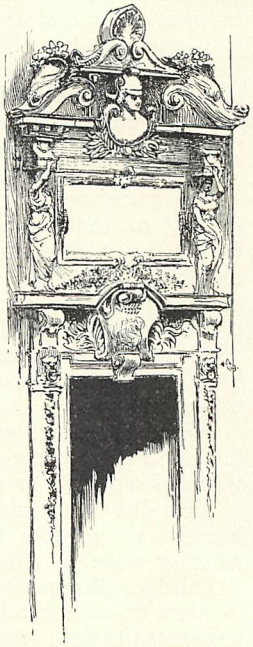
"I 've an idea, my dear fellow; I 've an idea!"

"What is it?" asked the other.

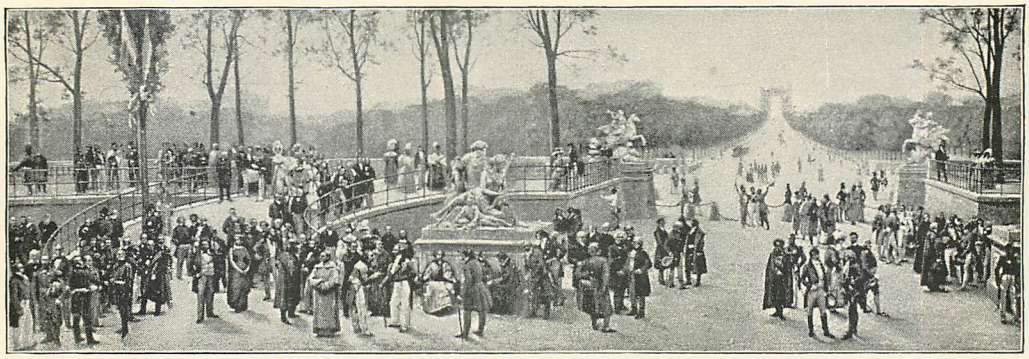
"Suppose we carry out our grand idea — the pageant of the century — for the exhibition of 1889? What do you say to a colossal panorama, where a spectator may review the last one hundred years of French history — a veritable *tableau-vivant* of the great men and the chief events of the century, evoked from out the past with all the witchery of historical reminiscences? One hundred years of history, which the sight-seer may review in half an hour, from Louis XVI. to M. Sadi Carnot; wherein, for instance, — not to go beyond the military, literary, and artistic orders, — General Lafayette, Beaumarchais, and Greuze would open the line of march, which Marshal MacMahon, Alexandre Dumas, and Meissonier would close!"

The one who made this suggestion spoke with such warmth that he soon brought conviction into the mind of the other, who in turn fired up, and replied:

"You have hit upon the idea. Good! I have found the background for our picture. Do you know where I would propose placing this review of the century? Right here — yonder, in the Tuileries. The old palace of the kings of France has, it is true, foundered in one of those political convulsions which afford subjects for our canvas; but the site remains. There lies the garden, and, beyond its trees, the eye catches sight, does it not? of the Louvre, which is only a prolongation of the Tuileries. We are standing in the full center, in the very heart, of Paris. All the great events of French history have been wrought within the circle of our present vision. Louis XVI., the Great Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, Napoleon III. — all have lived within that radius. Is not this Place de la Concorde which skirts the garden even to-day the antechamber, so to speak, of the Chamber of Deputies, and the spot over which flows the Paris world of fashion and elegance on its way to the Champs-Élysées? And is not this the obelisk to which Théophile



THE ENTRANCE.



Gautier (a poet not to be forgotten in our panorama) lends the words:

> Je vois, de janvier à décembre,
> La procession des bourgeois,
> Les Solons qui vont à la Chambre,
> Et les Arthurs qui vont au Bois.

"Yes, the Tuileries, long live the Tuileries! And, while I think of it, what matters it if the palace is destroyed? The personages of our panorama must not be crowded into an edifice. To be well seen, they must stand in the open air. As for the architecture, let us adopt lofty arcades, under which every figure may be brought out in a clear light, and above which may extend a long balcony filled with handsome women, all the queens of fashion, whether ladies of high rank or actresses, who for the last hundred years have, at one time or another, thrilled the heart of the great capital."

We shook hands and parted.

The matter was now settled between us. But we had to find a third associate who would furnish the needful capital. In less than three months we had done so. Our idea, it would seem, was not only artistic, but practical, for it won over at first sight bankers who were often less ready to subscribe even to a state loan. Shortly after, we drew up a brief outline of our scheme.

In the first place, we were to retrace with the brush an epitome of the whole history of France from 1789 to 1889.

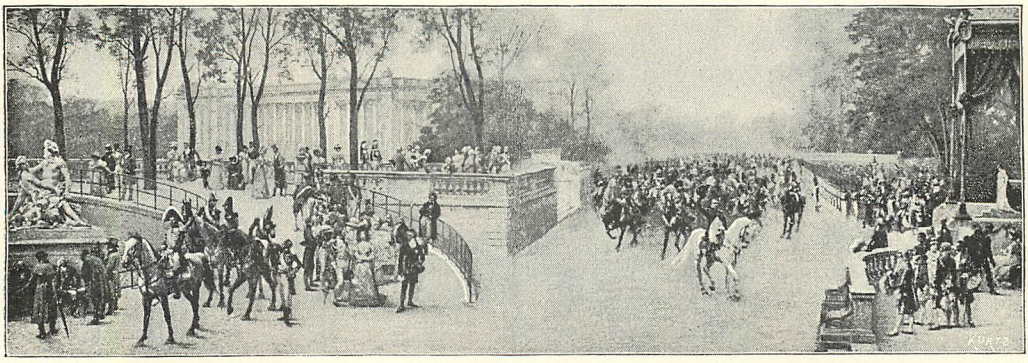
Secondly. We decided to give as perfect a likeness as possible to all the personages, whether male or female.

Thirdly. Our space being limited, we were to select from each reign or régime the more prominent scenes, and in so doing carefully set aside our own political preferences.

Fourthly. We were not to lose sight of the fact that our century is the century of Schopenhauer; but, at the same time, that our work must be as gay, chatoyant, and brilliant as possible.

These points being agreed to by both of us, we set about obtaining full data to work upon. Soon our artist friends were at a loss to recognize us when they met us. They saw us coming home with huge, atlantean folios under each arm. They learned that we had been found at the National Library, absorbed in the reading of innumerable manuscripts. They missed us at our social gatherings, and heard that we had been seen in the company of M. Taine, that austere and rigid investigator of contemporaneous French history. For fully six months we were looked upon as demented. The truth is, that during that period of incubation we had profitably gone over again our academic education.

But the hardest part of our task was the research and reconstitution of the female fashions. Of course we readily found portraits in oils or pastel, engravings and prints of the time; but these were insufficient for the purpose of artists whose chief object was accuracy. The stuffs must be touched and handled; the cut of a skirt and the fit of a corsage must be seen to form a right judgment of the object to be painted. One epoch especially was found to be sadly wanting in proper documents about ladies' wearing apparel. We refer to a time when the famous crinoline was so much the vogue, in or about 1860. The fashionable beauties of the day, who have since become grandmothers, had kept no dress of that period; they had long been made over to their chambermaids. Toilets which had cost their husbands such big prices had long since passed from second-hand stores into the rag-picker's basket, and the once glittering and showy texture converted perhaps into this very sheet of paper upon which we are now writing. What were we to do? Where should we look to find the material with which a crinoline dress was made, so that we might fix its evanescent form and color on canvas? We knew of one odd Parisian character whose amusement it was to have dolls dressed up each year by the best *couturière*, in order, he alleged, to preserve to posterity a yearly sample of feminine futility; but the trouble was



that this otherwise precious collection began just one year too late, when the crinoline had gone out of fashion. A thought struck one of us.

"M. Worth, the renowned man-milliner, considers himself to be a great artist," said the speaker. "Now an artist, whoever he may be, always keeps a sketch of the works he sells. It is impossible, therefore, that a man of genius like M. Worth should have completely destroyed the fruit of his many midnight vigils. Let us go and see him. We may perchance yet find in a stray corner of his atelier some patterns or models of the fine dresses that in bygone years he sent out to the four corners of the known world."

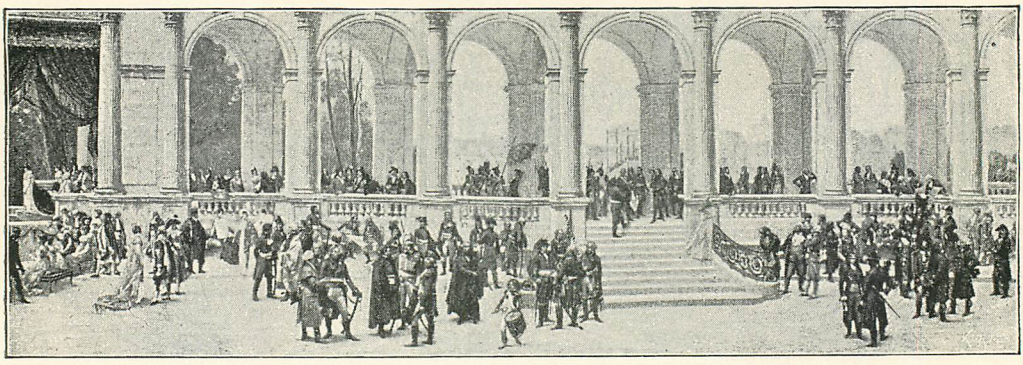
The following day we called on the *couturier à la mode*. Our inference proved correct. Like a genuine artist, M. Worth had gathered as in a museum the works of his scissors for the last thirty years. The crinoline therefore figures in our panorama, and the sight of it will prove a piquant contrast with the tight-fitting style of dress, which is to-day much what it was when it came into favor twelve years ago, in 1877.

But the fact of amassing historical material and drawing up afterwards a general plan were only a part of our preparatory work. We had also to find assistants. However diligent we might be, a division of labor was imperatively demanded to get through our task by the appointed date. We sought the coöperation of several young artists of merit, who cheerfully responded to our call and labored under our supervision. Among these were M. Sinibaldi, M. Stevens, junior, M. Gilbert, and M. Picard, and for the architecture M. Cugnet. These young men were all on hand every morning at nine o'clock, and worked diligently at our studio in the Avenue de Clichy, in the midst of a picturesque but most disorderly array of stuffs, uniforms, helmets, and objects of all kinds, the *bric-à-brac* of a century.

The sketching, which entailed two years of unremitting labor, was finally at an end. The next step was to transfer it to the panorama canvas, giving to each figure a size eight times that of the original drawing.

This part of the work was by no means the least important to execute. We must here state that our undertaking is, strictly speaking, more of a decorative painting than a panorama. We have followed the example of the great masters, more especially the Italians — Raphael and Paul Veronese — when they did fresco painting. The process is simple enough. Our decorations were traced on large cartoons and the figures appeared of the size at which they were to be painted. The outlines of the drawings were all carefully punctured with a thick needle or pointed tool, so that when powder was rubbed over the holes the drawing was found reproduced on the canvas. By this means we were enabled to obtain a most accurate reproduction. Such an elaborate process is by no means necessary in the ordinary course of panoramic painting, and if we have had recourse to it, it is only from a sense of punctiliousness.

We shall now enter upon a general description of the whole picture, which is, of course, painted in chronological order. Our first panel brings on the scene some of the members of the States-General, convoked in 1789. The Tiers-État — a generic expression for the *bourgeoisie* and the people — figure in the costume of the time, with the short, black, plaited cloak then worn. A deputy from Brittany, however, appears in the picturesque garb of his province. From this group Mirabeau steps forward, his arm directed in defiant gesture towards the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, grand master of ceremonies at the court of Louis XVI. Around him gather the rising members of the Constituent Assembly, Duport, Lanjuinais, and Sieyès. The deputies of the nobility, such as the Marquis de Rochechouart-Mortemart, the two Lameths, the Prince de Broglie, and the Duc de Montmorency, stand apart from the rest and discuss the grave events preparing. Farther off, members of the clergy, in purple



mantle, white band, and skull-cap, are also visible, while somewhat withdrawn from them and taking notes is the Abbé Grégoire, who at a later day voted for the death of Louis XVI. In the foreground are three celebrated personages — Bailly, who was mayor of Paris; Necker, then Prime Minister to Louis XVI.; and General Lafayette, in appearance still proud of the laurels he had won in America. The general has on the full costume of commander of the National Guard — white buff-skin breeches, blue coat, vest with white facings, and powdered wig.

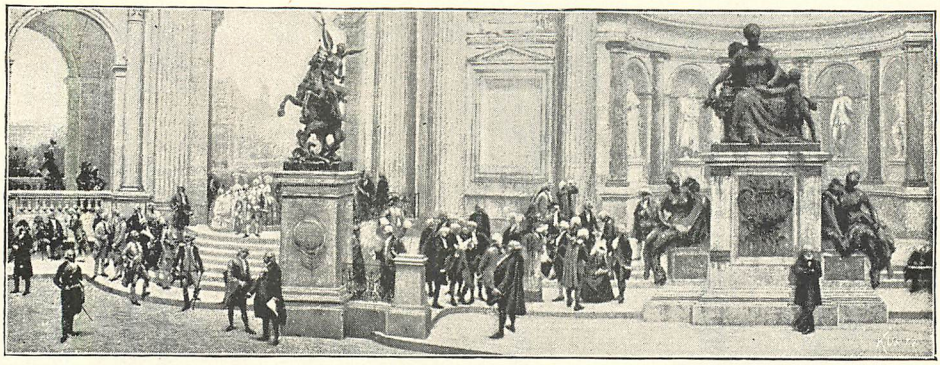
Under one of the arcades are assembled the Girondins, and with them is Mme. Roland, the ruling spirit of their party. One young man of the group, however, turns away his head, and gazes afar off at Queen Marie Antoinette, whom he secretly loves, and who may be seen dressed in the transitory splendor of her court. By her side stand King Louis XVI. and her ladies of honor, among whom is the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe. Louis XVI. wears the blue cordon over a mauve coat with lapels.

But events precipitate their course. Under the first arcade Camille Desmoulins, his arms upraised, incites the people to march on the Bastille. The Palais Royal is visible in the distance. Another background depicts the "Feast of the Federation." In the foreground are several members of the National Convention, among whom is Saint-Just; while under the same arcade cluster the terrible women of the Revolution, Théroigne de Méricourt and Cécile Renaud, attired in the cap and neckerchief of the time. Coming slowly down the staircase is another woman, who grasps a dagger in her hand and has her eyes steadfastly fixed on three men debating close by — Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. We know for whose heart the blade in her hand is intended, and we quickly recognize Charlotte Corday. At the foot of the stairs appear several generals, among them Dumouriez, the hero of Jemmapes, and Kellermann, the victor at Valmy.

In fact, the military epic now begins and unrolls its pages uninterruptedly. Here is Pichegru; there is Carnot, dressed as a representative of the people on a foreign mission. Beyond these are Joubert and Hoche; the latter consults a map, probably that of La Vendée, for the chiefs of that civil war, La Rochejaquelein and D'Elbée, are not far off. After these come the generals of Napoleon's expedition into Egypt, Kellermann and Desaix, side by side with such illustrious men of science as Monge and Berthollet, who shared their trials and dangers.

Farther on we find Paris under the Directory, with its *incroyables* who sport such inordinate neckties, and its belles who affect the antique peplum. Mme. Tallien and Mme. Récamier, the latter in all the beauty of her twenty-fifth year, help to make up a group in which figure such remarkable actors as Talma and such immortal painters as Prudhon and David. The latter, an old Terrorist grown tame, has an eye on the Empire, which is building on the ruins of the Directory; while two stanch members of the fated party (Barras and Rewbell) almost elbow some of the members of the Council of the Five Hundred, at whose head is Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of him who is about to assume the imperial crown.

In the next group is the Emperor, dressed in a green coat which, opening half way in front, shows the white waistcoat under it. He rides a horse richly caparisoned, and reviews his famous body-guard of grenadiers. A massing of the colors takes place, and the standards of the various regiments are conspicuous in a maze of brilliant uniforms. The Emperor holds in his hand his little black cocked hat. He salutes the flags, while those around salute him. His marshals flock about him, Ney and Lannes, Murat and Davoust, Duroc and Poniatowski, the last in a bright uniform of the Polish lancers. We have sought to depict the Empire at the period of its highest splendor and glory. "To-morrow will be St. Helena,



to-morrow will be the tomb," as Lamartine was to say at a later day. At present, it is Austerlitz.

With Louis XVIII. we enter upon a calmer period. Seated on the terrace of the Feuillants, in the Tuileries Garden, with the edifice known as the Garde-Meuble in the background, the brother of Louis XVI. wears his sky-blue coat, with the blue cordon and the cross of St. Louis. Near him stands his Egeria, Mme. de Cayla. Farther off is the lady of whom it was said that in her were condensed the smiles and gaiety of that whole reign, the Duchesse de Berri, mother of the Comte de Chambord. The duchess wears a fine gauze dress, trimmed with puffs and rosettes of satin, the corsage being adorned with *baguettes* of blonde lace. The headdress is all gauze and flowers. Under the same arcade with the duchess are three court gentlemen: first her husband, whom Louvel is to kill, then the Duc d'Angoulême, who will one day go into exile; and finally the Marshal de Bourmont, who has not yet had the glory of taking Algiers.

In 1830 the scene changes. Fronting the gates of the Tuileries extend the Champs-Élysées, with the Triumphal Arch at the top in course of erection. At the garden entrance stand a National Guardsman, a pupil of the Polytechnic School, and a workman; all three fraternize and sway above their heads the recovered national flag. Inside the garden, in front of the well-known statues which we have faithfully reproduced, figure all the great leaders of that artistic and literary renovation called Romanticism, side by side with those of the classical school, Musset and Balzac, Eugène Delacroix and Ingres, as well as the celebrated women of that period, Mme. de Girardin and Georges Sand, the latter, with uncovered head and heavy black tresses, seated in close proximity to Rachel, the great tragedian, upright in the red tunic of *Athalie*. In a less prominent position, Scribe, the prolific playwright, and Henri Monnier, the immortal author of *Joseph Prudhomme*, symbolize the *bourgeois* element of Louis Philippe's reign, which is further characterized by the presence of M. de Rothschild and Isaac Pereire, who bring to the king the plan of the first railway line in France. The king is viewed standing under the trees of the terrace, surrounded by the members of his family, his ministers, and his Algerian generals, the vanquishers of the Arabs in white bournous close by, among whom will be recognized Abd-el-Kader.

These generals, however, will not be able to save their king. Cast a look farther on, where stands the revolutionary Raspail, who jealously keeps watch and guard over an urn, or ballot-box, wherein for the first time universal suffrage may deposit its votes. The Republic has been proclaimed, and the members of the provisional government, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and others, with the republican scarf of office round their waists, appear under a "tree of liberty" adorned with flags, which is being blessed by Monseigneur Affre, the archbishop and future martyr. Two distinct groups, composed of Generals Cavaignac and Changarnier and the socialists Proudhon and Barbès, surround them; and as a connecting link between the new régime and that which is to follow we have represented Baudin, who fell, the 2d of December, 1851, on the barricades of the expiring Republic.

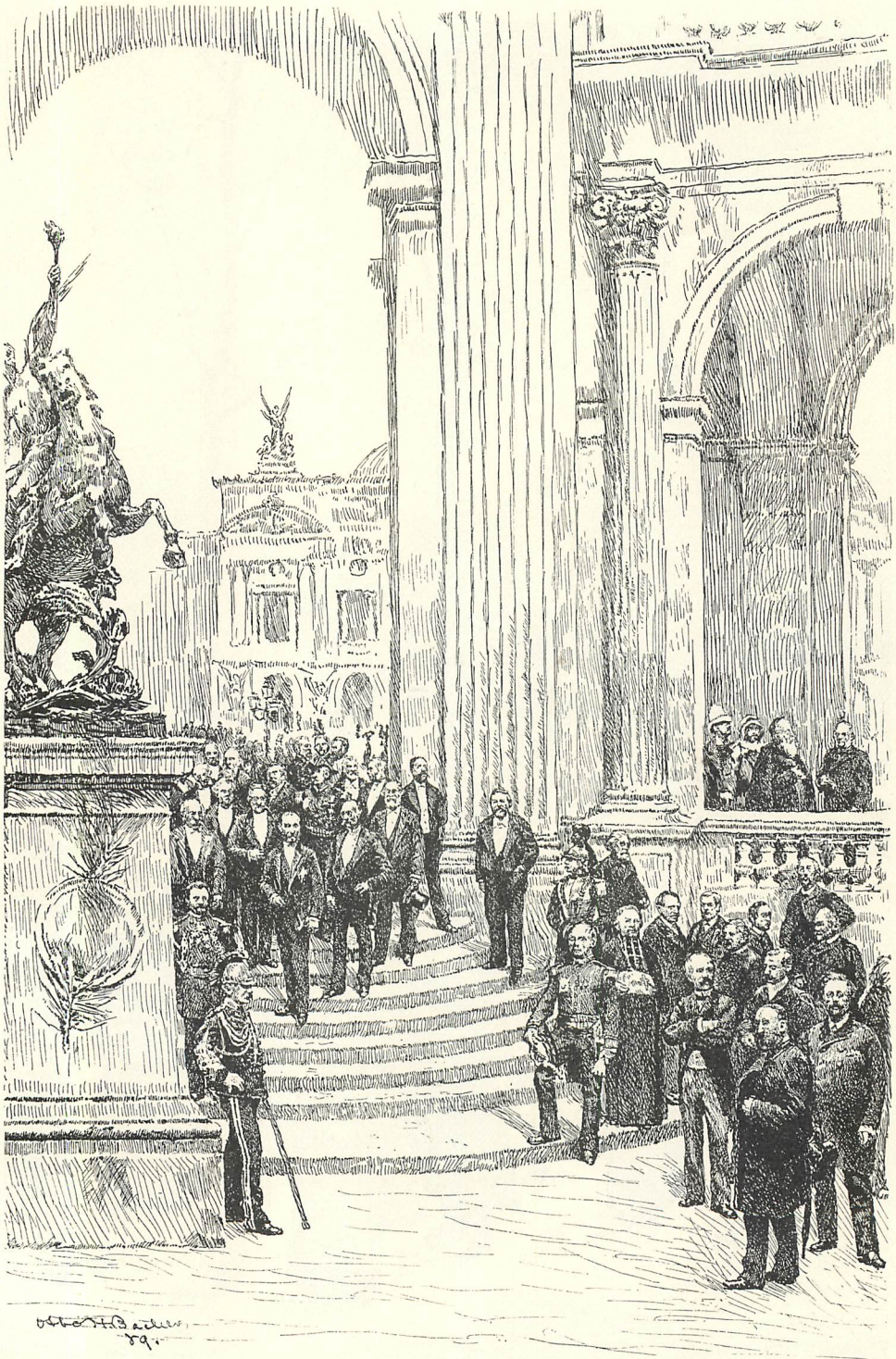
As a background for the Second Empire, we have chosen the terrace of the Tuileries which overlooks the Corps Législatif, to-day the Chamber of Deputies. The chief authors of the 2d of December are there, Morny, Persigny, St. Arnaud, and Maupas. Above them is displayed the imperial court: Napoleon III., in the uniform of a general of division; and the Empress, wearing the bee-strewn court mantle and a crown of diamonds on her head. To the right and left are Marshals Pélissier, Canrobert, Magnan, and Lebœuf; and the principal members of the Cabinet, Rouher and Walewski, with staff-officers and *cent-gardes* in the rear.

As an offset to this political and military

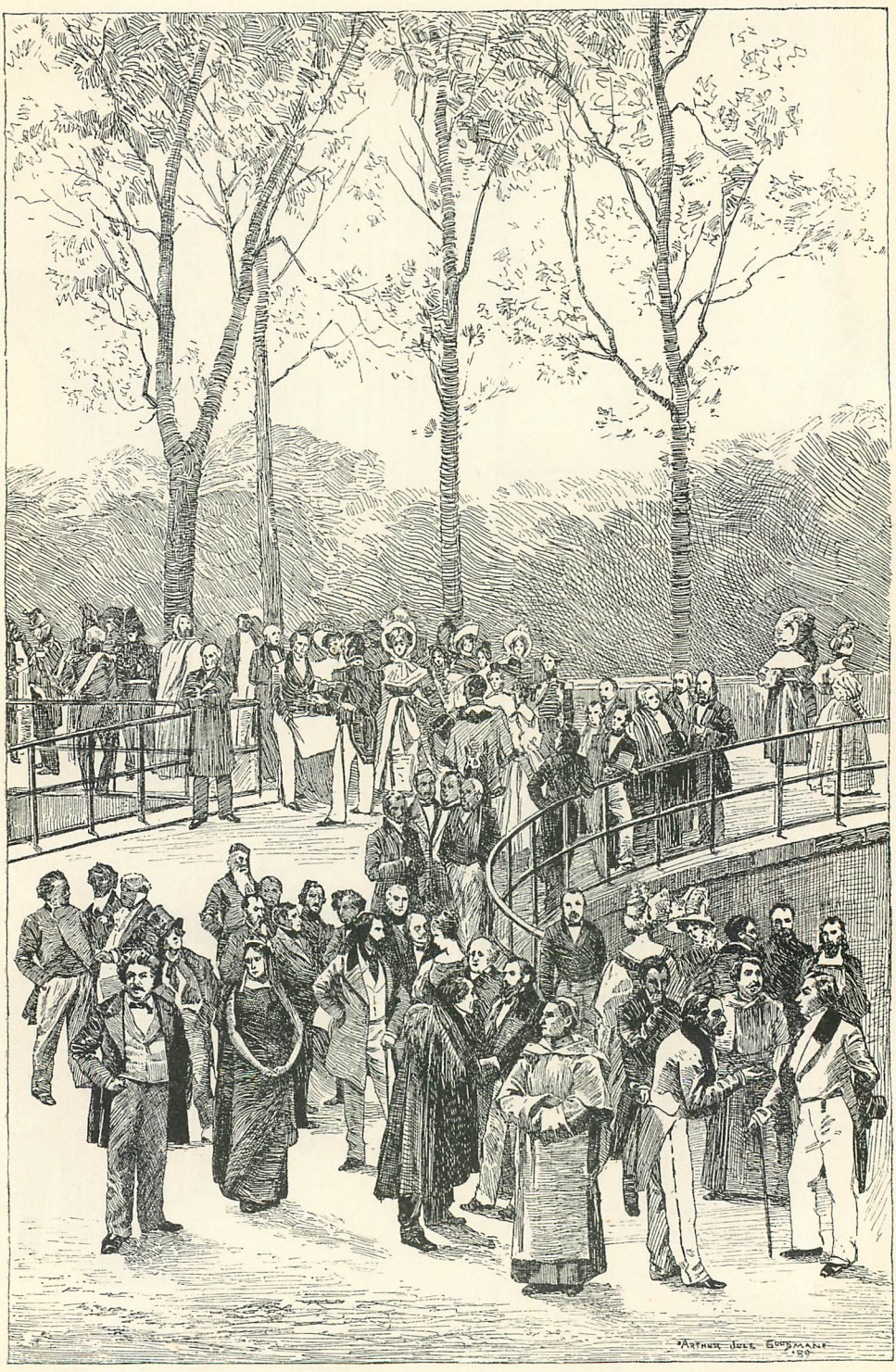
GOUNOD.
DUCHESSE DE MONTEBELLO.
NAPOLEON III. EUGÉNIE.
PRINCE IMPERIAL.
PRINCE NAPOLEON.
GAUTIER.
MÉRIMÉE.
VIOLLET-LE-DUC.

group, we have painted below it the salon where, then as now, Princess Mathilde welcomes her literary and artist guests. Her brother, Prince Napoleon, is by her side. Here may be seen Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Viollet-le-Duc, Théodore Rousseau, Corot, Troyon, Daubigny, M. de Nieuwerkerke, and Gounod, all chatting and amusing themselves, unmindful of Marshal Niel, then Minister of War, who, lower down in the picture, prepares his vehement prophetic apostrophe to the legislative body: "In refusing to help me constitute a strong army, do you then wish to convert France into a cemetery?"

Alas, yes, a cemetery! Now comes the Franco-German war, and now the siege of Paris. Under the arcades of the resuscitated Tuileries Palace, while already the sky is studded with bomb-shells and the Hôtel de Ville exhibits its ruins in the background, General Trochu is discovered with those members of the Government of National Defense who have not left Paris: Favre, Picard, and Arago. They are conferring about the best means to carry on an unequal contest. At the same time, by a privilege of ubiquity allowable to all artists, you find yourself suddenly transported to a great distance from Paris in one of those siege balloons which dot the air with the



CARNOT. COURBET. CLEMENCEAU. CASSAGNAC.
SPULLER. FERRY.




DAUMIER. RACHEL. DE MUSSET. LACORDAIRE. BALZAC.
DUMAS. SUE.

carrier-pigeons — our postmen of the Année Terrible. Gambetta, with impassioned brow and upraised arm, inspirits with patriotic ardor the generals around him, Bourbaki, Chanzy, and Faidherbe, and even the aged deputy Crémieux and M. de Freycinet, his colleagues.

Peace is now concluded and M. Thiers placed at the head of the national government. He has crushed the Commune, whose last champions, Delescluze, Flourens, and Jourde, we have delineated, together with its last victims, Darboy, Deguerry, and Bonjean. M. Thiers is surrounded by Generals de Cissey, Vinoy, and de Gallifet, whom he addresses while issuing his instructions to M. Pouyer-Quertier and M. Rémusat, his Cabinet ministers.

A change of scene follows. Marshal MacMahon is President, and the coalition of the 16th of May is on foot. Its instigators, the Duc de Broglie and M. Buffet, endeavor to bring about a capitulation of the Republican journalists, Girardin, Ranc, About, and Hébrard, massed in a group below. To the left, at the top of a monumental stairway, Marshal MacMahon presides over the Exhibition of 1878. Ladies in fashionable toilets of the time line the stone steps. It is the last important event of the septennate. M. Grévy then comes to the front as third President of the Republic, with a number of parliamentary notabilities, M. Lockroy and M. Paul de Cassagnac, M. Jules Ferry and M. de Breteuil, side by side with various other militant celebrities, such as the late Admiral Courbet, in full uniform and blue trousers.

We now reach the present hour. M. Sadi Carnot, President of the Republic, was graciously pleased to come and sit for his portrait at our studio. We have surrounded him with the best known military officers of the day, General Saussier, and his Cabinet ministers.

Close by him, or scattered in different parts of the canvas, appear many distinguished personages whose fame will certainly outlive any ministry. They include literary men, artists, scientists, all alive to-day, such as De Lesseps, Berthelot, Taine, Augier, and Pasteur. The illustrious centenarian, the late M. Chevreul, who had well earned the right to a comfortable arm-chair, is seated.

All of these distinguished personages, Presidents, ministers, gifted orators, writers, painters, sculptors, chemists, and doctors,— we have painted upwards of a hundred portraits,— are grouped about a monument which embodies our panoramic idea. The whole architectural conception is consecrated to France, whose bronze statue stands out underneath a gold mosaic cupola. France grasps a flag the folds of which shelter two other statues, one of which personates the National Defense sharpening the point of a sword, and the other the genius of Labor. Below these are two more statues, one allegorizing Law and the other History. On the pedestal is inscribed the word "France," and underneath is a golden palm-leaf with the two dates 1789–1889. On the left-hand side and on the right of this monument appear the personages first and last described — on the left Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau, and on the right M. Sadi Carnot and his ministers; while well in front is Victor Hugo. We thought that he who wrote "La Légende des Siècles" might without presumption be held to incarnate for France the spirit of the century at the commencement of which he was born.

*Alfred Stevens.*
*Henri Gervex.*

## A BURIAL.

THE moon, as yellow as a citron, smolders
In the brown dusk of air;
Dull, oily puce the dreadful water molders,
An image of despair.

With lurid flame the smoky torches burning
Make blinder still the night;
The loathsome flood in viscid eddies turning
Swirls in the rower's sight.

Dim, noisome reptile shapes after it thronging,
Into the dark lagoon
A thing is slipped that throbbed with love and longing
When last the sun marked noon.

*Arlo Bates.*

# PUNDITA RAMABAI.

IN this magazine for September, 1887, the facts concerning Pundita Ramabai ended with her coming to America. Her wonderful success here in behalf of her countrywomen justifies, it seems to me, an additional word at this time.

With her five-year-old daughter Manorama, she came to this country, it will be remembered, in February, 1886, to witness the graduation of her kinswoman, Anandabai Joshee, by the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. The two Hindu women there met for the first time, having previously known each other only by correspondence. (For further particulars of the Hindu doctor, see the "Life of Anandabai Joshee," by Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1888.)

Ramabai entered heartily into the graduation exercises, rejoicing particularly in the fact that a Hindu woman was, for the first time, to receive the degree of doctor of medicine. She soon became so deeply interested in American institutions, so much impressed with a public-school system which included girls as well as boys, that, instead of returning to her work in England as professor of Sanscrit in Cheltenham College, she decided to remain here for personal investigation in behalf of her downtrodden sisters. Seeing much promise for them in the free kindergartens of Philadelphia, she not only bought the "gifts" and began to translate the games and tokens into their language, but she enrolled herself as a student in a kindergarten training-school. She also began to prepare a regular series of Marathi school-books. She could not forget that of the 99,700,000 women and girls under British rule, some 99,500,000 were unable to read and write. These exceptional few hundred thousand could in no way claim to be educated, since the school-period of a girl is usually between seven and nine years of age, the marriage period for girls among Brahmans all over India being generally from five to eleven years of age. Ramabai's heart went out especially to the child-widows, who, with comparatively few exceptions, are rendered miserable in every possible way. Those who have read the Pundita's book, "The High-caste Hindu Woman," are not ignorant of these wretched little creatures. The more Ramabai thought of them — strangers to any means of support, destitute of the least promise of education, devoid of all hope of second marriage, a curse to themselves and the world — the more the idea grew upon her of founding an institution which would insure, first, self-reliance; secondly, education; and thirdly, women teachers. Strong in the determination to work in this direction, fully aware of the difficulties in the way, in America as well as in India, she went forth to lecture among the people. Her good knowledge of the English language made this a possibility. Her sincerity, sound judgment, and Christian faith soon won for her the attention of serious and philanthropic minds. At last, in the summer of 1887, after she had spoken in nearly one hundred and fifty meetings, a Ramabai association was discussed in Boston. By December, when the coöperation of the three Hindu gentlemen desired by Ramabai to act as the advisory board in India had been assured, the association was a settled fact, with Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., as President, and Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, Dean Rachel L. Bodley, M. D., and Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., as Vice-presidents. The board of trustees and executive committee included names well known in charitable work. By the time the Association had been in existence a year there were sixty circles auxiliary to the central one in Boston, with nearly three thousand members. These with life memberships, scholarships, etc. pledged for the annual support of the school between five and six thousand dollars. Besides this the general fund, as reported by the treasurer of the Association, Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., of Boston, had grown to about twenty thousand dollars.

Not only the Atlantic but the Pacific coast claimed Ramabai's attention; for though delicate in health, still following the Hindu custom of eating neither flesh, fish, nor fowl, she traveled alone to the western coast, speaking in every important city in behalf of her Hindu sisters. She spoke in San Francisco at the educational convention of July, 1888, and at fifty other meetings in that vicinity. As a result a branch Ramabai Association of the Pacific Coast was formed with twenty auxiliary circles pledging annual support.

The outlook was now so encouraging that the executive committee assented to Ramabai's going to India to begin her school. So, instead of returning East, she sailed from San Francisco, November 28, 1888. On arriving in Japan she paused to speak, through an in-

terpreter, to large audiences on the education of women. Her arrival at Hong Kong was publicly announced. By the 1st of February she was in India. Her daughter, who had been in the care of the Protestant sisterhood in Wantage,— their first home in England,— had already arrived with a member of the sisterhood. Ramabai, on being asked why she had not left her child to be educated in England, replied: "I want her to grow up among her people, to know them as they are, and to prepare herself for the work there is before her. If I left her in England, she would grow up to be an English girl, not one of us."

Ramabai also found, on arriving in India, Miss Demmon, the young woman from Philadelphia whom the executive committee had engaged to be her assistant in the school. She had started from the East before Ramabai sailed from the West, and was already studying the language with a Brahman pundit.

With the proceeds of "The High-caste Hindu Woman," Ramabai, before leaving America, was able to purchase about six hundred electrotype plates for the illustration of her completed series of books: namely, a primer, five reading-books, geography, and natural history. This series of school-books will be the first for girls ever published in that country.

All the arrangements for school-work were made on a sound business basis. The Pundita, as principal of the school, was to receive a salary and be in regular correspondence with the trustees. She was to give one year's notice of intention to resign, also to prepare a high-caste Hindu woman to take her place in the event of her death. Industrial education was to have special attention. Bombay was finally settled upon as the place for the school, and a building engaged. Four pupils of the orthodox Brahman caste having been promised, the school opened March 11, 1889, and Ramabai's dream of years was a reality.

The opening of this Sharada Sadan, or Home of Wisdom, as the school is named, was a great success, an occasion to be remembered in the history of India. Ramabai, feeling that here was the opportune time to depart from the old custom of having only some high official or great dignitary preside over assemblies, gave the honor to a Hindu lady, Mrs. Kashibar Kamitkar.

While the Bombay newspapers and intelligent, liberal Brahmans spoke well of the school, the people from all parts of India, as would be natural, criticized it, and even prophesied failure. But the Pundita was courageous and hopeful, strong in the faith that her work was ordained of God. After the school had been in existence a month there were eight pupils, six of the Brahman caste and two of the Varshya, or third high caste. The number soon increased to fifteen, and at the close of the first quarter the school contained twenty-two girls, nine of whom were living with Ramabai. In spite of this success, however, public opinion in India was still cold, even bitter, against the work. But the brave little woman, whom her friend Max Müller has called "one of the most remarkable women of this century," determined to go on "working quietly, and see if faith in God and man will not bring about the desired change."

Those interested in the continued progress of the school will find reports from time to time in Dr. Hale's magazine, "Lend a Hand."

*Elizabeth Porter Gould.*

## NAKED BOUGHS.

THERE were troths in the hedges
And bird-mates were true;
There were trysts, there were pledges,
And old loves, and new;
There was sun at the tree's heart,
And song in the boughs,
And Spring in the bee's heart,
And whispers and vows:
There were leaves, when we mated,
And now — naked boughs.

Ah, vows that were fated!
Ah, loves that would house!
Your time was belated,
Your fate — naked boughs!

*Harrison S. Morris.*

# THE NATURE AND METHOD OF REVELATION.

## I.—REVELATION AND THE BIBLE.

IN Chillingworth's famous work, "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation," occurs a sentence which passed into an adage: "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." In the sense in which the phrase was used by that acute logician — a writer who had outgrown the narrowness of the school of his godfather Laud, in which he had received his early training — nothing can be more true. It is not from an infallible church that a Protestant derives his creed. With him the Scriptures are the rule of faith. They are the guide, at once authoritative, and sufficient or exclusive, on all matters pertaining to religious belief and moral conduct. These are the customary formulas, and the saying of Chillingworth is a strong assertion of the Protestant position, which stands opposed, on the one hand, to that of the Church of Rome, and, on the other hand, to the rationalism which substitutes, in matters of religion, a subjective standard, be it one's own reasonings or feelings, for the Bible. Statements like this aphorism of Chillingworth have the value and attraction which belong to any terse enunciation of an important principle. They serve as watchwords in defensive warfare when adversaries approaching from opposite quarters are to be repelled. There is small danger of extravagance in praising the Bible, as every one will allow who appreciates what the Bible contains, surveys the influence of this book in the past, and knows its indispensable service in awakening and supporting the life of religion in the souls of men. It is the simple truth, and no mere conventional compliment to the Scriptures, to say that Christian piety cut off from contact with their light-giving and life-giving power would wither away like plants robbed of the sunlight.

But we need not examine the Bible long to become aware of problems and perplexities which the current axioms relative to the sufficiency and authority of Scripture do not clear up. The searcher for truth, on opening its covers, does not find between them a dogmatic and ethical treatise in which are methodically set down the articles which he is to believe and the things which he is to do. His Bible is not a Tridentine Creed, nor an Augsburg Confession, nor a Westminster Catechism; nor does it wear the aspect of a systematic account of "the whole duty of man." To be sure, doctrines and precepts are strewn, here and there, along its pages. But they must be picked out; and when thus collected they do not always appear at first to agree with one another. The reader discovers that numerous commandments were issued at epochs far back in the past; that they were addressed to a specific people, or to particular individuals, and have no very perceptible application to present circumstances or to himself. The Bible, from which he is expected to ascertain the purpose of life and how that purpose is to be fulfilled, turns out to be a voluminous collection of miscellaneous writings. They emanate from numerous authors, not all of whom are known even by name. These writings were all of them composed long ago, and at different times — a portion of them at dates extremely remote. Here are histories, some of them traversing the same ground, and with striking differences in the point of view, to say the least, from which they were written; poems, among them a copious collection of devotional lyrics, and one metrical drama which may be styled, in the better sense of the term, erotic; likewise, a book filled with dirges, besides a considerable number of other compilations of discourses by ancient seers; another drama, dealing with the mystery connected with the allotment of evil by Divine Providence; a collection of proverbs, also; letters of Apostles to Churches; the whole ending with a book made up of visions. This multifarious literature, so far as the older grand division of it is concerned, the ancient Jews distributed into three departments — the law, the prophets, and the hagiographa, or "psalms"; the last of the sections being a group that was brought together after the others, and is more diversified in its contents. In the later or New Testament division, several narratives of the ministry of Jesus and one narrative of the labors of the Apostles are followed by the Epistles and the Apocalypse. In neither of the two main divisions of the Bible are the component parts united even by the external tie derived from the order in which they were written. In cases not a few, the date of books is unsettled. Differences of opinion on this point prevail among the scholars who are versed in such inquiries. With reference to certain books,— for example, the first

six historical books of the Old Testament,—this diversity of opinion is very wide. No doubt the disagreement on these questions of date is owing partly to the influence of a dogmatic bias in one direction or another, to subjective leanings which are void of scientific value, but rather stand in the way of an unprejudiced verdict. But when the refraction due to innate or acquired prepossession is discounted, there is left still no small residue of uncertainty on the topics adverted to. Each of the various authors whose productions have been brought together in the Bible is plainly marked by personal traits which are reflected in both his thought and his style. Obvious limitations belonging to time and place, and to varying types of mind and culture, are stamped upon their pages. The peculiarity of the composite volume which we call "the Bible"—even this title, it is worth while to remark, was originally a plural—is strikingly felt when it is compared with the sacred books of other religions. The Vedas, the ancient Brahmanical Scriptures, are mainly collections of hymns. The Koran is composed exclusively of communications alleged to have been made by an angel to one person, Mohammed, and all within an interval of a little more than twenty years. These oracles, flowing as they do from the single mind of the founder of Islam, are identical in their style and their general spirit. It is only a minor portion of the Koran that consists of narratives; and these are only stories of the patriarchs, drawn from degenerate Jewish and Christian sources, without any direct acquaintance on the part of Mohammed with the Old Testament records. Islam is preëminently the religion of a book, held to be supernatural in its origin, with nothing before it, or beneath it, or after it.

Various as the books of the Bible are, however, in authorship, themes, and style, it is no exaggeration to say that one spirit animates them. He who approaches them in a merely critical, much more in a carping, temper, may miss the perception of it. A certain activity of conscience and moral sensibility may be requisite for the discernment and appreciation of it. This is not to fall back on a mere subjective impression, invalid save for the individual who experiences it. A deaf man, or a man with no ear for music, might as reasonably bring the same objection to one who is thrilled by an oratorio of Handel or a symphony of Beethoven. A noted American champion of disbelief, as I am credibly informed, not long ago, on his way home from a visit to Europe, made the remark with all sincerity that the admiration expressed for the masterpieces of the great painters and sculptors is all a pure affectation, having no better ground than a contagious fashion, and that there is really nothing in these world-famed works of art to merit praise or elicit enthusiasm. But where perceptions, be they esthetic or moral and religious, are confined to no single breast, where they are awakened in a vast number of human beings, and are to a great degree independent of time and place and of peculiarities of race and education, and where, moreover, they stand related to the noblest development of character as their concomitant or fruit, they must be allowed to have a catholic worth. They assume the character of an objective proof. It is vain to decry them as morbid fancies. They are not to be dismissed as dreams of a mystic. They are the voice of human nature — a recognition by man of realities, the denial of which on the part of individuals here or there simply argues an abnormal constitution, or an "atrophy" of powers, an eccentric quality of some kind in the dissenting skeptic. How shall we designate this peculiar characteristic of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, taken as a whole? It may be denominated the spirit of holiness. It pervades the Bible as an atmosphere. It imparts to it, if one may so say, a supernal quality — a quality not of earth. Here are not speculations uttered by sages about man's nature, duty, and destiny. Here are not precepts such as may be read in the wisest of the heathen — for example, in Plato and Epictetus, and in the pensive chapters of the philosophic emperor Marcus Aurelius. Where there is some likeness in the content, yet the tone is dissimilar. We feel the breath of God. To say that the ethical injunctions of the Bible are "morality touched with emotion" is too vague a description. It is morality inculcated as by a voice out of the unseen. Underlying all is the relation, taken for granted more often than formally asserted, of man to God and eternity. Sanctions reaching out beyond this world of time and space give a solemn emphasis to the commandment. And the distinction here accorded to the Bible belongs to the Old Testament as well as to the New. Attempts have been made in ancient and modern times to sever the two parts of the Book and to discard the earlier collection. Such was the proceeding of Marcion, in the second century, and like views have been brought forward again and again in recent times. It is not the force of a settled tradition that has baffled every such enterprise. It is not even the recognition accorded to the Old Testament by the New which has been the prime obstacle in the way of endeavors of this nature. Rather is it the consciousness that the two parts of the Bible, differ as they may, are not at bottom incongruous and hostile, and a prevailing sense of the fact that grand elements belong to them in common. The same spirit of holiness pervades

them both, unites them, and lifts them out of the category of literature in general. The Bible not only interprets God in his holiness and unfathomable love and pity, to man; it is the interpreter of man to himself. Coleridge tells us that having striven to cast aside all prejudice, he perused the books of the Old and the New Testaments — "each book as a whole and also as an integral part." "And need I say," he testifies, "that I have met everywhere more or less copious sources of truth, and power, and purifying impulses; that I have found words for my inmost thoughts, songs for my joy, utterances for my hidden griefs, and pleadings for my shame and feebleness? In short, whatever *finds* me bears witness for itself that it has proceeded from a Holy Spirit, even from the same Spirit which of old entered into the prophets." This is not the experience of one mind alone, but of a multitude out of many kindreds and tongues, age after age.

It is true that in thus characterizing the Bible discriminations are to be made. Not all its books are in this regard, in their power to sound the deep places of the soul, on a level. We find ourselves from the beginning in an elevated region, yet a region where there are hills and valleys. It is vain to pretend that, in the quality referred to, all parts of the Bible are on the same plane. Isaiah and the Psalms, John the Evangelist and the leading Epistles of Paul, are among the portions of the Book that rise like lofty peaks in a mountain range. There are many pages within the compass of the Canon which, while not without their significance and value as parts of the collection, lack comparatively the spiritual quality which I have attempted to point out. Most readers of Scripture seldom turn to them. There is another fact to be noticed here. There are parts of the Bible which it is hard to understand. Wholesale assertions about the perspicuity of Scripture have to be qualified. The learning of the most erudite scholars and the sagacity of the most expert critics fail to decipher the meaning of a not inconsiderable number of passages in the sacred volume. Protestants have always been obliged to encounter the Roman Catholic objection to the popular use of the Scriptures, that they cannot be understood by the generality of readers. The only way of meeting the objection is that adopted by Chillingworth; namely, to insist that all essential truth, truth essential to salvation and the conduct of life, is easily discernible on their pages. In this answer it is tacitly conceded that there is left a pretty broad margin which is — to the common man, to say the least — obscure. Even one of the sacred writers pronounces some things in the Epistles of Paul abstruse (2 Peter iii. 16). Why is this so? it might be asked; why all these dark places in Scripture, if it was directly and expressly written to serve as an authoritative text-book in religion? When one considers the difficulties of the Bible, not in any captious spirit, as if to hunt up materials for an attack, but fairly and dispassionately; when one looks at the difficulties which obtrude themselves upon the attention of those who are at all familiar with modern discoveries in natural and physical science, and with modern studies in history and ethnology; still more, when one takes into view moral difficulties in certain parts of biblical doctrine, especially in portions of the Old Testament, one may be pardoned for inquiring, Was this body of writings, in its primary intention, designed to be a manual of religious and ethical instruction? We may concede joyfully a high providential purpose in connection with the composition of the books which it contains, with their preservation,— although it must be remembered that they themselves allude to lost books which were regarded evidently as of equal authority with those in the Canon,— and with their foreseen place and office in the Christian Church. But this is quite different from saying that they were originally composed with all this in view on the part of their authors. Especially does it leave out of sight a fact respecting the Scriptures which is, in the highest degree, important for the understanding and the right use of them — a fact that furnishes a clue for the solution of the major part of the difficulties which have been adverted to.

The thesis to be here propounded is this: It was not the Scriptures that made the religion, but the religion that made the Scriptures. The Scriptures of both the Old and New Testaments are the offshoot of a great historical movement, begun and carried forward to its consummation by an agency, supernatural and divine, yet a movement that is, notwithstanding, an integral part of the history of our race. The roots of the sacred literature must be sought in the historical events and transactions that gave rise to it. It were as strange an error to consider the records of the French Revolution, the memoirs of the leaders and minor actors, the discourses and expositions called forth, at the time and afterwards, by this series of momentous events, the songs and ballads of that stormy period — to consider these multiform writings the Revolution itself, and in a confused way to confound them with it, as it is to identify the books of the Bible with the religion out of which they sprung. To see the justice of this remark, it is only needful to glance at the origin of the New Testament Scriptures. John the Baptist wrote nothing. Jesus wrote nothing. He lived and taught, he gathered about him a

band of disciples, he died and rose from the dead, and the Holy Spirit, the source of a new spiritual power and enlightenment, descended upon his disciples. Jesus laid the foundation for an organization of his followers. He created a society. It was not books that had been written or that were to be written that he styled "the light of the world" and "the salt of the earth." It was the men who believed in him and followed him. It was through them personally that the good which he brought to mankind was to be diffused abroad. By them the proclamation of God's forgiveness and love, or the Gospel, was made. Some time elapsed before anything was written — before even the sayings and doings of Jesus got themselves recorded. It was the living interest taken in those real occurrences, a curiosity on the part of Christians to know more of them, and, as we learn from the introduction of Luke's first narrative, an increasing sense of the value of a correct knowledge of them, that occasioned the composition of the four Gospels. The book of Acts owes its existence to a similar cause. As to the Epistles, of course the Churches had to be founded before they could be addressed. It is desirable to remember that Christianity was preached and believed in before anything was written about it. In an age of letters, it was inevitable that the events which form the subject of the New Testament should very soon give birth to writings. We can understand why it was impossible that the American civil war should pass by without giving rise to the composition of letters by those actively engaged in it, and the publication of books of history and reminiscence. There was a like impossibility in the case of the planting of Christianity by Christ and the Apostles. If the number of those who desired to know the facts and to be taught the significance of them was at the outset small, it rapidly increased, and their interest in the subject was deep and absorbing. Of course the creation of the New Testament literature was an act of Providence of essential consequence in its bearing on the subsequent propagation of the Christian faith. Our business is now with the second cause that led to it, and, in particular, with its relation to the historical facts out of which, as from a fruitful soil, it grew up. What has just been said of the New Testament is applicable to the Old. Stretching along, as it were, underneath the heterogeneous books that make up the Old Testament — heterogeneous as to their particular themes and their style — is the groundwork of history, of the history of God's dealings with the nation of Israel in earlier and later times. This history is related in specifically historical writings. But the historical situation determines the character and gives color to the form of the books which do not belong under this head. For example, the prophecies of Isaiah are a series of fervent harangues having reference to the circumstances of those to whom they were in the first instance directed. Psalms and Proverbs embody the devotional sentiments and the practical philosophy of living men at definite epochs in the career of the Hebrew people. It need not be said that we do not forget the inspiration of the prophets and the quality of their utterances, which is dependent upon it, although the fact of the Divine call of the several prophets, in the exigencies in which they appeared, is part and parcel of the series of historical events. It is simply meant that, be the peculiarity of the Old Testament writings which is derived from supernatural influence what it may, the discourses of Isaiah, and the Proverbs of the wise man or men who were the authors of them, have an historical basis not less real and substantial than is true of the sermons of Jonathan Edwards and the maxims of Franklin in "Poor Richard's Almanac." When the first martyr Stephen spoke for the Christian cause before the Jewish council, he spread before them an array of historical occurrences. He went back to God's disclosure of himself to Abraham in the far-off time, and passed in review, one after another, leading personages and facts of the past down to the mission and death of the Righteous One. In the same spirit, the Apostle Paul traces everything back to a person — to Abraham and to his personal convictions respecting God. He was "the father of all them that believe," the founder of a people becoming more and more numerous, and finally bursting the confines of national kinship.

At the same time the Apostle Paul understood the value of the Scriptures. It was the signal advantage of the Jews that to them had been committed "the oracles of God." A sacred deposit had been intrusted to them. The promises of God recorded in the ancient Scriptures were in their hands. It is not alone as inspired interpreters of the facts that prophets and apostles are the organs of revelation. They are inspired to look forward and partly lift the curtain that veils the future. Thus they discharge an office in opening the way for subsequent scenes and events in the drama of Providence as it gradually unfolds itself.

The fundamental reality is not the Bible. It is the kingdom of God. This is not a notion. Rather is it a real historical fact, and the grandest of all facts. No other kingdom or commonwealth ever had a more substantial being. It is older than any other; it has proved itself stronger and more enduring than any other; if there is any good ground for the Christian's faith, it will embrace or overspread them all.

What is this kingdom? It is the society of believers in God — the society of his loyal subjects and children. In its immature stage, under the old dispensation, it existed in the form of an organized political community. Among the nations there lived one people which had true thoughts respecting God, into whose hearts he put true thoughts respecting himself. They became conscious — it was he who inspired them with the consciousness — of standing in an immediate, peculiar relation to him. That they were a "chosen people" was a conviction ineradicably planted within them. Has not this conviction of theirs been verified in the subsequent history of mankind? They were made to feel that they were not thus distinguished for their own sake, or on account of any merit of their own, but were chosen to be witnesses for God to the rest of mankind. There was a divine purpose of redemption, in which the entire race were to have a share. The civil polity and the laws of the chosen people were to reflect the will of God, as made known from time to time through holy and inspired men. The whole course of their lives was to be regulated by prescriptions issuing from the same divine source. After the monarchical form of government was established, revelation still remained the source of law. Side by side with the kings there stood the prophets to declare the divine will, to rebuke the iniquitous ruler, and, if need be, to exhort the people to disobedience. The one supreme concern of this Hebrew nation was, and was felt to be, religion. Their function among the nations of the earth was consciously wrapped up in this one interest. As they well knew, other religions besides their own were national. All ancient religions were national.

But other religions were on false foundations and were doomed to pass away. When the political independence of the Israelites was lost, their civil polity shattered, the conquered people dragged off into idolatrous lands, this consciousness of being possessed of the true religion and of a grand and triumphant future awaiting them not only survived but grew more confident. It not only outlived political ruin; under overwhelming calamities it burned with a more intense fervor. More strange than all, there was a foresight of a great advance to be made in the intrinsic character of this divinely given religion, as well as in the extent of the dominion to be gained by it. The basis of the religion was the covenant of God with the people. But the days were to come when there was to be "a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah." Religion was one day to become more spiritual; obedience would then no longer be legal or constrained, but spontaneous; the knowledge of God and his ways would be confined to no class, but would be diffused among all; forgiveness would be full and free. Such is the remarkable prediction of the prophet Jeremiah. Centuries flowed on, but the epoch thus foreseen at last arrived. The Person through whom was to be achieved this vast revolution and expansion of the kingdom, dimly discerned from afar in certain grand outlines, at length appeared. Jesus, the Christ, became the founder of a spiritual and universal society. Whoever will look into the Gospels will see that it was in this character of the head of a kingdom that he appeared. It was of the kingdom of God that John, the forerunner, spoke as near at hand. It was for professing to be a king, however the nature of that claim was misrepresented by his accusers, that Christ was put to death. The prophecy began to be realized when he began to teach and to attract to himself disciples. The kingdom was there. This he taught when, in answer to the question when the kingdom was to begin to be, he said, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation"; "lo! . . . the kingdom of God is within you," or in the midst of you. The kingdom was constituted by Jesus and the group of disciples who acknowledged him as Lord and Master, and who, like him, were devoted to the doing of the Father's will. This last was the criterion of membership in the kingdom and of a title to its blessings. Those who were one with Jesus in this filial allegiance were hailed by him as brother, and sister, and mother. Yet the consummation of the kingdom lay in the future. Hence the kingdom, although a present reality, was a kingdom in the bud, and therefore a kingdom to come — to come in a double sense, in its moral progress among mankind, and in mysterious final scenes of judgment and victory. So that the prayer of all disciples was still to be, "Thy kingdom come" — a supplication that points both to the continuous progress and transforming influence of the Gospel in the world, and to the goal of that progress, the final epoch. Precisely how "the kingdom of Christ" or "the kingdom of heaven" should be defined is a point on which all are not agreed. It was declared by Jesus not to be a "kingdom of this world." Its origin was not earthly, but from above. It was not, like human sovereignties, to be maintained and spread by force. The end of the Founder's mission was to bear witness to the truth. The kingdom was to be made up of those who heard his voice, who believed and obeyed the witness which he gave. In the ancient era of the Church there was the Byzantine idea, which tended to regard the Christian state, with the Roman emperor at its head, as the realization of the

kingdom. In the West it was the Church in its visible organization under the Papacy that was identified with the kingdom of Christ. A broader view would bring within the circumference of the kingdom all the baptized, in whatever Christian fold. A still broader view is that which includes within its pale all souls who, accepting Christ as their Lord and Saviour, live to do the Father's will. Passing by the dispute about boundaries, the existence of a society which sprung out of Judaism, but is spiritual and universal, is an unquestionable fact. One might as well doubt whether the sun is in the sky as to question the reality of that new creation which gives its distinctive character to "the Christian era." It may be added here that all organized bodies which hold the Christian faith, including the Church of Rome as well as Protestants, unite in pronouncing that the complete deposit of revealed truth was with Christ and the Apostles. The Church of Rome makes tradition an authorized channel for the transmission of this truth. But all agree that Christianity is the absolute religion. There is a progress in the understanding of it, from age to age. But the religion itself is not defective, and, therefore, is not perfectible. Christianity is not to be put in the same category with the ethnic religions, which contain an admixture of error and are capable of being indefinitely improved. The religion of the Gospel is absolute. The allegiance of the follower of Christ is unqualified: "Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am."

Keeping in view this historic kingdom, which stands forth as an objective reality, beginning in the distant past and carried forward to its perfected form by Jesus of Nazareth, we have to inquire what is the relation of the Holy Scriptures to it. The answer is that they are the documents that make us acquainted with the kingdom in its consecutive stages up to its completed form. In the Scriptures we are made acquainted with the facts and the meaning of the facts. And, as in the case of all documentary materials, viewed in contrast with literary products of later elaboration, we are brought face to face with the historic transactions and with the persons who took part in them. This is the peculiar character of the Scriptures, and is at once the secret of their transcendent value, and the occasion of countless obscurities and difficulties. By no other means could we become possessed of knowledge so immediate and so vivid. Yet they give occasion for the same sort of inquiries that always devolve, in historic investigation, on those who delve in the sources.

Let us take an illustration from secular history. We will suppose that the later narratives, such as those of Bancroft and Palfrey, by which a New Englander learns the origin and growth of the communities to which he belongs, and their historic relations to other parts of America, had not been written — the narratives, we mean, which are based on documentary materials, including under this head older accounts whose authors stood nearer to the circumstances which they relate than the historians of to-day. We are shut up, we will imagine, to this mass of documentary materials. There is Bradford's pathetic story of the Pilgrims, of their flight from their English home to Holland, their voyage across the Atlantic, their settlement and their experiences at Plymouth. We have other writings also — the "Compact of Government" drawn up in the cabin of the *Mayflower;* the diary and the letters of John Winthrop, the Massachusetts governor; the earlier and later codes of colonial law; the "Bay Psalm Book"; Cotton Mather's "Magnalia"; later still, the history of Hutchinson; and, along with other productions, we have discourses of the most influential preachers in the successive generations. As we approach the epoch of the Revolution we have the letters and speeches of the patriotic leaders; the records of the first congresses, local and general; the Declaration of Independence; contemporary accounts of the war that followed; the Constitution of the United States, and expositions of it by Madison and others who took part in framing it; official papers of the first President and his Cabinet, etc. Imagine a comprehensive collection of these documents. It would consist of prose, and poetry, of orations, disquisitions, letters, and so forth. Obviously there would be inconveniences, especially to an untrained, unlearned student. There would be things hard to understand, obscure allusions, apparent and real discrepancies of more or less consequence. A consecutive history prepared by a modern student of sound, critical judgment would plainly have its advantages. But one superlative advantage it would fail to have. The reader would not, in anything like an equal degree, be brought into the atmosphere of the former days. He would not, in anything like an equal degree, come into living contact with the events and into direct personal intercourse with the participants in them. His impressions, if in some particulars more exact and more systematic, would lack the color, would want the vividness, which are to be caught alone from the documentary sources. The difference is like that between a treatise on geography, or even the descriptions of a traveler, and an actual journey through a country which we seek to know. Let one read either of the numerous lives of Jesus which have been written by learned scholars in recent times, even when imaginative power reënforces the erudition of

the author, and then turn to the pages of the Evangelists. He will feel at once the difference between second-hand and first-hand accounts; between those who see through their own eyes and those who have to use the eyes of others. The modern scholars furnish us with collateral information of value, illustrative of the Gospels; they collate the several narrators; they apply the canons of historical criticism with more or less skill; but where is that living, speaking portrait of Jesus, of his walk and his talk, which the original historians, the Apostles and their companions, give us? It is the difference between the herbarium and the leaves and flowers in field or forest. In the herbarium the classification is better, but we miss the bright hues and the aroma of the blossoms. To the botanist the herbarium is important, and botany is a useful science in its place. But the rose-bush, or a grapevine with the clusters of fruit hanging upon it, has a charm of its own which the botanist not more than the unlettered man would be willing to spare.

The beginnings of old kingdoms and empires are commonly obscure. They start on their career in the twilight. It is not until the day has fairly dawned, until some progress has been made on the path of civilization, that written records arise to be transmitted to later times. Even these contemporary writings are likely to be scanty and fragmentary. Traditions exist and are handed down, but they are subject to the influences that affect the oral transmission of narrative matter from generation to generation. Thus when the past comes to be studied in an enlightened age, there is no escape from the necessity of historical criticism. The historical student, like other laborers, has to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The facts of a remote time are to be reached only by exploring in places where the light is dim. Great rivers may traverse empires, spreading fertility along their banks, but we have to hunt for their sources. If the circumstances of the rise of the Kingdom of God should be found to accord with this analogy, there would be no cause for wonder. There would be no ground afforded for a naturalistic theory as to the origin of that kingdom, unless indeed it were mistakenly imagined that the primary design of God was not to plant religion in the souls of men, to raise up a people, and to work out historically the redemption of mankind, but rather to produce a body of writings. In this day of critical research it is the early part of the Old Testament history respecting which debates and perplexities most frequently arise. These relate largely to the Pentateuch, and the traditional views relative to its authorship. It is interesting to observe, however, that scholars of high repute, in what is called the "advanced" school, who assign so great a part of the Pentateuchal legislation, as well as the accompanying narrative matter, to a later than the Mosaic period, do not feel justified by their interpretations of the evidence in questioning the existence of Moses, or the grandeur of his work as a leader, lawgiver, and prophet. For example, Reuss, who claims to have been first in the field with the ideas which his pupil, Graf, independently developed, says: "Moses was for all times the Lawgiver of Israel. . . . There may be a dispute as to what strictly belongs to him. But his spirit — in this proving itself to be a divine spirit — ruled the judgment of the centuries, and impressed on the national development its own stamp and direction. The continuers of his work, even the most gifted and energetic, and at the turning-points of history, did not find it needful to forget or to ignore his name, which a firm and thankful tradition connected with everything that was great and useful," etc. In addition to what he did in revealing a purer knowledge of God in the midst of the barbarism of the heathen, says Reuss, "there belongs to him without doubt the regulation and ordering of the ritual, as it afterwards existed in Israel, at least in its outlines." A critic as little wedded to accepted views as Hermann Schultz finds it unreasonable to call in question the fact of the revelation of God to Moses at Mount Sinai. He styles Moses "the man who was properly the founder of the true religion, the effects of whose influence conditioned the entire religious development of Israel. . . . Moses is, with the exception of Jesus, the most important of the religious personages concerning whom really trustworthy information remains to us." So it continues true, even in the creed of the critics of every stripe, that "the law came by Moses" as well as "grace and truth by Jesus Christ." It is confessed on all hands that when we reach the writings of the prophets we stand on the firmest historical ground. What the religion of Israel was in the eighth century B. C., the great age of prophecy, is clearly and vividly exhibited to us in their writings. Whatever the prophets may not presuppose, they certainly do imply a course of teaching and of revelation, extending far back of their day. Revelation is not magic, and the lofty plane on which the prophets are found to stand was not reached at a single bound. Not until after the sun has slowly climbed the sky does it shine down upon us in the blaze of noonday. Amos, the shepherd of Tekoa, uttered his prophecies early in the eighth century. It was to Israel that he spoke, the people whom the Lord had "brought up out of the land of Egypt," saying, "You only have I

known of all the families of the earth." Nothing can surpass the eloquence in which the universal sovereignty of God is set forth. It is "He that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought." It is "Him that maketh the Pleiades and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death" — or the deep darkness — "into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night; that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth; . . . that bringeth sudden destruction upon the strong, so that destruction cometh upon the fortress." In the prophets of that age the nations of the world, even the mighty Assyrian power that was trampling kingdoms under foot, and advancing seemingly to universal dominion, are in the hand of God and are managed for his purposes. "This is the purpose that is purposed upon the whole earth: and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations. For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" The Assyrian, the Lord exclaims, is "the rod of mine anger. . . . Howbeit he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so; but it is in his heart to destroy, and to cut off nations not a few." The religion which was full of so lofty conceptions of God, both of his power and moral attributes, and of his providential plan, was not born in a day. The religion which had in itself vitality enough to survive the complete overthrows of national independence, and even to rise to more exalted heights of faith and devotion, must have had a long history behind it. There must have been, as one has said, a tap-root extending far down in the earth. There is no rational way of dispensing with the creative and organizing influence of Moses in the Hebrew commonwealth and religion. But back of Moses, in the mist of a much more remote antiquity, stands the figure of Abraham, the progenitor of many nations. Against the extreme skepticism that would sweep off the stage of authentic history this heroic character, the appeal may be made to the judgment of a scholar like Dillmann, whose unsurpassed learning and impartiality are acknowledged by all the critics. "The possibility at least," says Dillmann, "that out of the period from the twenty-second to the twentieth century before Christ historical personages may live on in recollection of after times cannot on general grounds be contested. We are not surprised when among the Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians written historical memorials from those centuries confront us. Why then should not the Israelites, when they appear, somewhere about the year 1500, upon the theater of history, have preserved historical recollections out of that time?" Then, after pointing out that the oldest Hebrew historians manifest a consciousness of the difference between those old times and the later with which they are conversant, Dillmann adds: "The main thing, however, is that the entire work of Moses admits of no historical explanation except on the supposition of a preparatory, comparatively pure type of religion [*eine Vorstufe höherer Religion*], such as, according to Genesis, belonged to those Fathers; and such a higher form of religion of necessity presupposes personal agents or standard-bearers. As states can be built up only through leading spirits or heroes, in like manner and much more are advances in matters of religion linked to persons rising above their fellows; and the memory of them is wont to abide in the minds of those coming after who have gathered about their faith as a center, and to hold on more persistently than even the recollection of political founders. As the head of a purer belief in God in the midst of the darkening power of heathenism that had already come in, as a man eminent for his sense of God and faith in him, who was accustomed to listen for the voice of God and to follow his guidance in all the exigencies and events of his life; as one who advanced in the knowledge of the nature and will of God, and implanted this higher knowledge in his household and among those about him — thus do the ancestral legends in Genesis represent Abraham. His existence there has in it so little that is incredible, that rather are we obliged to assume it unless we throw overboard, at the same time, as unhistorical the connection of Moses with the God of the Fathers." Dillmann calls special attention to the credibility of the narrative, in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, of the arming by Abraham of his dependents for the rescue of Lot, taken captive by Chedorlaomer and his allied kings. It is a narrative which in various particulars is corroborated by the cuneiform inscriptions. The substance of the narrative seems to have been drawn by the Hebrew writers from written sources east of the Jordan. On the whole, then, until stronger evidence to the contrary shall be adduced than has yet been found, we are justified in believing that Abraham lived and was an immigrant from Chaldea, leaving his kindred to escape from the contagion of the incoming and spreading idolatry. These, be it remembered, are historical questions such as might arise in connection with the rise of Roman power or with the Saxon invasion of England. Even if they are variously answered, the reality of the Kingdom of God, and the office it has fulfilled in the course of human history, remain as undeniable facts.

In the prolegomena to the annals of Israel as an organized community,— becoming such by the leadership and legislation of Moses,— and prior to the story of the patriarchs, we find the opening chapters of Genesis, with their narratives; some of them double, indicative, many scholars judge, of distinct sources — narratives of the creation and of the primal transgression, of the flood, of the division and dispersion of mankind. In these narratives are mingled fragments of ballads, genealogies, etc.— all these materials being strung together on a chronological thread. Here we have the background of Hebrew history. The resemblance of the contents of these chapters to the legends of kindred nations, especially the Assyrians and Babylonians, is too marked to be the result of accident; yet, at the same time, the dissimilarity is equally striking. Both call for explanation — the unlikeness not less than the likeness. There pervades the Genesis stories a pure theism and the ethical quality which are defining characteristics of the Old Testament religion as a whole. They are thus in their inward spirit of a piece with Revelation, and even homogeneous with Revelation in the final or Christian stage of its advancement. Without exaggeration it has been said of the first three chapters of Genesis that they contain more moral and religious truth than all other books taken together which have been written independently of the Bible. Whence were these ancient narratives derived? How and when did they originate? That they were brought in at a late day in the development of the Hebrew religion from Assyrian and Babylonian sources is a theory fraught with improbabilities. It would imply that for an indefinitely long period the Hebrews were content to be destitute of any conceptions respecting the origin of things and the early life of mankind. It implies, moreover, that they were ready to borrow mythological tales from their heathen neighbors and oppressors. In the present state of knowledge, no hypothesis is so probable as that when Abraham and his companions left their primitive home they brought with them the traditions and beliefs, as to the past, of the race to which they belonged. In that region these may not then have been disfigured to the same extent as afterwards by the admixture of mythological matter. In the light of the revelation of God made to Abraham and to his descendants, this stock of inherited narrative was purged of whatever dross of heathenism was intermingled with it. The primeval traditions and tales were so transformed as not to clash with the fundamental principles of revealed religion, and were thus left to serve as an adequate vehicle for conveying essentially right religious impressions, until the age should arrive when physical science and historical investigation should supply the knowledge which then, at the dawn of civilization, it would not have been possible for men to comprehend as it was not the office of Revelation to communicate it. If the Hebrews were left, for example, to share in the belief of their ancestors that the world was made in a week's time, they were not worse off than Christians have been until within a century past. It is well to dispossess ourselves of the notion that the Divine Author of Revelation began with casting out of men's minds the whole stock of beliefs which were included in their inheritance. There was a world of knowledge about the way of creation and other mundane things which natural science and historical study in after times would unfold to view. And natural science and historical study are not alien and inimical to religion. They, too, are methods through which God in another way discloses truth to men.

From the historical point of view the student — in fact, every one who desires to find out what really occurred in the past — craves contemporary evidence of a trustworthy nature. Those who were immediately concerned in the events, and those who were in a position to be correctly informed in relation to them, are the competent witnesses. Tradition is of no value except so far as their testimony can be reasonably thought to be contained in it. The chief interest which the historical inquirer has in criticism applied to any portion of the Bible is from the bearing of it on this question: Have we contemporary evidence or its fair equivalent? As regards the life of Jesus and the planting of the Church, including both the facts and the teaching, there can be no reasonable doubt. The genuineness of the leading Epistles of Paul has not been questioned at the present day by the most learned skeptics, the starting-point of whose disbelief, be it observed, is commonly the assumed demands of speculative philosophy far more than real difficulties of an historical nature. But these Epistles imply on the part of the Apostles — the pupils, friends, and companions of Jesus — the testimony to the fact of his resurrection. It is in the highest degree improbable that they could have believed it had they not been prepared, by their real or supposed previous observation of exertions of miraculous power by Jesus, for giving credence to so astonishing a miracle. We are not left, however, to inference in respect to this point. The assertion is often thrown out that we have no good evidence of the existence of the Gospels prior to the second century. But the assertion is made, despite proofs that ought to satisfy every can-

did person. There is no reason to doubt, and there are the strongest reasons to conclude, that the first three Gospels were written within the limits of the generation contemporary with the events recorded, and were written by perfectly veracious persons who had the means of knowing what the facts were which they undertook to record. The effort to bring the fourth Gospel down into the second century, and to ascribe its authorship to any other than to the Apostle John, encounters difficulties far more serious than those which it aims to avoid; and the only plausible alternative theory, where the Johannine authorship is given up, is that the book was composed by one of his disciples. We hear it said that in that age, the age of Josephus and of Tacitus, there was no appreciation of the nature and the value of testimony. The statement is sometimes so qualified as to make it applicable only to the Gospel writers. This would imply that Jesus Christ selected twelve persons to bear him company, and to relate to others what they had heard and seen, who were destitute of the essential qualifications of witnesses. Assumptions of this character are overthrown by a little attention to the New Testament writings. Open the earliest of the Gospels, that of Mark, an attendant of Peter. We read: "And the chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put him to death; and found none. For many bare false witness against him, but their witness agreed not together" (xiv. 55, 56). This looks as if the Evangelist, and those from whom he received his information, had some idea of the need of testimony to substantiate assertions, and of the necessity of comparing it and sifting it. Open the Gospel of Luke, an attendant of Paul, and hear him say that the reason of his writing was that—for so the passage is correctly rendered in the Revised Version—he had "traced the course of all things accurately from the first," having derived his information, as he adds, from "eye-witnesses." This looks as if Luke was aware of the importance of being careful not to mistake fiction for fact, and understood the importance of going to the right sources of information. "Ye are witnesses of these things," are words of Jesus to the Disciples, which Luke also records. Peter, as we learn from the Acts, declared to his fellow-believers that, on account of the defection of Judas, it was requisite to choose another in his place from those who had been with the Apostles all through the public ministry of Jesus, "beginning from the baptism of John." And why from this class alone? Let Peter answer: "To become a witness with us of his resurrection." This looks as if the Apostle Peter understood what the function of the Apostles was, what they had been chosen for, and what were the proper qualifications for the office. This account of the proposal of Peter is a portion of the book of Acts which has been accepted even by Baur and his followers as authentic history. Notice how carefully the Apostle Paul, in the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, reviews the testimony of the Apostles to the resurrection of Jesus, and his emphatic declaration, "If Christ be not risen . . . we are found false witnesses." It is evident, as one has said, that Paul was no easy convert.

Christianity is a religion of facts. They are not appendages—ornaments, so to speak, about the neck of a king, with regard to which it matters not whether they are worn or discarded. Luther and the other reformers were wise in feeling "the extreme danger of substituting their belief for the object of it, and so destroying the reality of both." Miracles are more than proofs; they are constituent elements of revelation, which unveils not only the mercy and tenderness, but also the power of God, and his sovereignty over nature. The sign-seeking spirit, the appetite for marvels, the disposition to find nowhere except in miracles evidence of God's presence and of his own mission from God, the demand for an extraordinary, stupendous sign from heaven, Jesus rebuked. But this is all. Especially is the resurrection the perfecting of his own person, the "first-fruits" as well as the sign of the redemption of man's entire being. It is consistent for those to reject the miracles who, like the author of "Robert Elsmere," hold that "personality or intelligence" has no meaning "as applied to God." The real, but often unperceived, issue is between a distinct theism in which the personality of God, as well as of man, is fully recognized, and a real, though it be a vague, undefined Pantheism. The attempt to resolve the miracles of the Gospel into subjective experiences is to dissolve Christianity into thin air. It belongs in a scheme of Pantheistic idealism. The remark that "miracles do not now occur" is of no weight. The questions ought to be whether in case Jesus Christ were on the earth they would not occur, and whether they were not to be expected at the introduction of that spiritual and universal society of which he was the founder. That nature is not supreme and man a slave to blind laws, it was surely well for the divine Head of the new kingdom to demonstrate, and thus to meet the yearnings of the race for the revelation of a power superior to material forces. Unless there is a demonstration that "the world is subject to God and not to chance or nature; that there is an order, far more beautiful and perfect than that of sun and stars, in which men are intended

to abide, and in which everything that is great and noble within them receives its full development — I see not how this materialist superstition can fail to become the creed of every nation and to bring about the decay of all institutions and political life, all feeling, affection, hope." "If," adds Maurice, from whom the foregoing passage is quoted, "Christianity be the manifestation of a spiritual kingdom; if it be the satisfaction of the dreams of past ages; if it be that which was to exhibit through all the complications of after ages what is the law which governs them, and who is the Giver of that law — then we cannot see how it could enter the world without miracles, or how those miracles should not be such as the Bible affirms that they were." If the stories of the miracles of Christ are "in accordance with the scriptural idea of the Founder of a spiritual and universal kingdom . . . we should require evidence to account for their omission in any record proposing to convey the history of such a person. We should have a right to ask, Why did he give no signs that he came to connect the visible with the invisible world; why did he do nothing to break the yoke of custom and experience; nothing to show men that the constitution which he pretended to reveal and establish has a true foundation? Take away the miracles, and there is an inexplicable chasm and inconsistency in these records which it would require a vast amount of wit and ingenuity to explain."

It is plain that a great deal of the current criticism of the historical writings of the Bible is affected by a preëxisting bias against the supernatural element in these narratives. There is a prejudice at the start which warps the judgment respecting their date and authorship and their general credibility. This prejudice, when the purpose and scope of revelation are properly conceived, will be felt to be unwarrantable. At the same time it is evident that the wide concurrence of Christian scholars in rejecting the rigid doctrine of an absolute inerrancy in these historical writings is owing to no spirit of skepticism of the sort described. Modified conceptions on this subject have arisen and spread among students of the Bible within the Church who are not lacking in faith and reverence. They have been adopted as an inevitable incident of the conscientious examination and comparison of the writings themselves. That Apostles and Prophets were inspired of God to set forth the contents of divine revelation; that even the historical books composed by them are permeated with the ideas drawn from a supernatural source; that the writings composed by pupils or attendants of the Apostles partake of the same character and are penetrated with the perceptions that flowed from the authoritative teachers near whom they stood; that misinterpretations of the essential nature of the Gospel were precluded by the agency of the Spirit who was to throw light on the sayings of Christ, and on the events the meaning of which was at first so dark to the minds of the Disciples, but was to become clear in the retrospect — all this is a part of the common faith of Christians. It is another thing to say that beyond this inspiration a certain divine assistance was forever at hand, when Evangelist or other historian took up his pen, to check him by a negative influence — acting after the manner of the demon of Socrates — when the author was about to misplace the date of an occurrence, or to vary from rigid accuracy in matters of circumstantial detail. What a stupendous miracle would be involved in imparting this impeccable character to so large a body of historical writings as the Bible contains — writings which run through so many ages! Of what avail would it be, unless not only the original writers, but also amanuenses and transcribers, were all to be equally guarded to the end of time? Exaggerated statements on this subject are the occasion, at present, of two great evils. One mischievous consequence of them is that the truth and divine origin of Christianity are staked on the literal correctness of even the minutest particulars in the copious narratives of Scripture. The conscientious student, seeing that such views are untenable in the light of fair historical criticism, is virtually bidden to draw the inference that the foundations of the Christian faith are gone. Moreover, some of the most impressive arguments in defense of historical Christianity, which depend on the presence of unessential discrepancies, showing the absence of collusion, and in various other ways confirming the truthfulness of the main features of the narrative, are precluded from being used, whenever the obsolescent theory that the biblical narratives are drawn up with the pedantic accuracy of a notary public is still insisted on. It is a conception of inspiration, it may be added, which the sacred historians themselves do not allege. When Luke will indicate to Theophilus that his narrative is to be relied on, he appeals to the opportunities afforded him for getting possession of the facts, through the personal intercourse which he has had with those who were directly cognizant of them. To the historical student the magnifying of dissonances and the forcing of harmonies are alike obnoxious. They are equally an affront to the moral sense. They both count for nothing when confronted by a critical tact which sees where the truth lies, divines the secret of inconsistencies, and leaves undetermined whatever the documen-

tary source offers no means of settling. Nothing that the human hand touches, no record of the past, is utterly free from blemishes. Lord Mahon writes of the Duke of Wellington: "The conversation turned as to how testimonies vary and how difficult it is to get at a real fact. The duke gave some instances of it. 'Thus there is one event noted in the world — the battle of Waterloo — and you will not find any two people to agree as to the exact hour when it commenced.'" Lord Mahon was an unusually accurate and careful recorder of what he heard Wellington say. Yet he quoted the duke as having remarked that he had counted "the presence of Napoleon at a battle was equal to a reënforcement of forty thousand men." But the duke in a memorandum made a correction. "It is very true," he wrote, "that I considered Napoleon's presence in the field to be equal to forty thousand men in the balance. This is a very loose way of talking; but the idea is a very different one from that of his presence at a battle being equal to a reënforcement of forty thousand men." There is a curious lack of agreement in the contemporary records of the last words spoken by Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, and a consequent difference of opinion as to what he really said. On the whole, there is good reason to conclude that the common account accords with the fact; but this verdict is arrived at only after a careful collation of evidence. Variations not unlike the above meet us in the New Testament historical writings; for example, in the accounts of the denials of Peter, of the crucifixion, of the resurrection. They are not to be gotten rid of by artificial adjustments. Some of the mosaics formed in this way are mechanical, and anything but edifying. The same critical judgment must be called into exercise that is requisite in dealing with all other historical documents. Is it said that the common man is not possessed of the requisite leisure and skill for such an undertaking? The answer is, first, that neither is he qualified for textual criticism and for making the choice between disputed readings; secondly, that he is under no greater disadvantage than he is subject to in connection with other authentic narratives, including the most approved histories of his own country; and thirdly, that the impression, the aggregate impression, made on the mind may be quite true and adequate, despite a degree of uncertainty in relation to minor circumstances. The presence in the Bible of parallel narratives covering the same field, as in the case of the four Gospels, puts it in our power not only to see how the events appeared from somewhat different points of view, but also to combine complementary accounts and to rectify imperfections. It seems an ungracious task to advert even to slight imperfections in a book so precious as the Bible, as it is an ungracious task in a child to touch on the faults of a parent. But there stands the great saying of the Apostle: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." In the case of the writings and of the men the jewel was not to be confounded with the casket that held it. Some there are who are so dazzled by the treasure that they imagine the vessel to be also of gold. Others, seeing that the vessel is earthenware, hastily and obtusely fancy that its contents are of the same coarse material.

*George P. Fisher.*

## A DREAM.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight.— TENNYSON.

SURELY I saw thee, Sweet, only last night—
The golden hair was heavy on thy head,
Thy kissing lips to mine were newly wed,
And thrilled my waking heart with dear delight:
Thy loveliness was lovely in my sight,
And a strange radiance was about thee shed,
As if 'mong far fair stars thy steps had sped,
And caught their glistering glory in thy flight.

Yet wert thou human, too, and human fair—
Thy soft palm warmed me with the touch of old,
I heard thy heart beat, and I felt thy tears,
And then of thy low voice I was aware:
"The dream is ended, and the story told,
Clasp hands with Memory, all thy waiting years."

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

# THE TAMING OF TARIAS.

A. D. 1840.

She was handsome, she was wayward, she was imperious; so entirely different from the other French and half-breed girls and the fair Kentuckians lately come among them that no wonder she was called "the queen"—a title she partly approved and partly resented, considering it her due as a descendant of the rightful lords of the soil, the chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes, but feeling suspicious of the jocular tendencies of the average frontiersman.

"She 's French quick an' Injun stubborn; it don't pay to rile her," an ex-admirer stated with a rueful grin; which opinion his fellow-loafers around the Agency accepted without a demur—nay, even added a vast sum of personal observations and experiences in indorsement.

"She good girl, dis Tarias," said Uncle Joe Robidoux, the head trapper and chief magnate of the Platte Purchase, to a new-comer. "She varie good girl, but she have one divil of a tempaire, an' ven she mad she play harp—she l'arn him at Couvent de Sacré Cœur on St. Louis—she play harp like she pull him all to piece-*ais!*"

The new-comer laughed and stroked his golden beard. "All she needs is tamin'," he said, decidedly. "I 'll bet my rifle agin that ole shot-gun yander she ain't mean an' she ain't cruel; she 's jist wild."

"So 'll you be, stranger, ef you fool roun' her much," said a bystander, feelingly; whereat the crowd in front of the "Hide an' Projuce Store" laughed uproariously. Poor Lige's discomfiture when he undertook to pay court to the queen and her fallow acres was fresh in the minds of the gossips.

He of the golden beard did not join in the general mirth. He shrugged his broad shoulders,—an action evidently habitual to him,—nodded slightly, and, with no other leave-taking, strode up the narrow street, and striking the country road which joined it was soon lost to view amid the "bresh"—as the denizens termed the thickets of hazel, wild plum, and sumac bound together by the tough spirals of grapevine and bittersweet.

"I 'll lay a hoss ter a hairpin that feller 's a-gwine up ter see Tarias," mused Lige, breaking the silence that had fallen on the group as its members watched the progress of the pedestrian. "He 's a gay young gander, ain't he now? Well!"—with a mighty expectoration by way of emphasis,—"by the time Tarias is done a-pickin' at 'im the Ole Nick would n't have 'im fur a Chrismus gif', that 's *my* b'liefs!"

The crowd again indulged in vociferous laughter. It saw that Lige was still sore from his defeat, and, though he was a favorite, it enjoyed the fact. As one of its members afterwards explained, apologetically, "O' course we all like Lige, but it do seem so plum redickilis fur a great strappin' six-footer ter be so sot on by a leetle gal like Beauvais's darter, Tarias, an' she part Injun ter boot. He ortent ter min' our laffin'; he ain't the on'y one, not by a long shot. Most on us has been sassed by thet leetle crittur, fur she air jist as putty as a painter [panther] kitten, an' monst'us takin' in her ways, 'ceptin' 'ith the young fellers."

She certainly did look "monst'us takin'" as Golden Beard, or, as his friends back in Kentucky called him, Dave Pope, stopped in the road in front of her father's row of cabins and took a long and searching look at her as she stood in the door of the middle one. From her crown of burnished black hair to her little moccasined feet he could find no fault or flaw in her. "Jupiter, she 's putty!" he apostrophized. "I 'd like ter see her open that little red mouth," he added under his breath, as he stepped nearer and asked, with a rather exaggerated deference, if she could tell him where a certain Antoine Beauvais lived.

"He?" was the answer. "He is to be found here when *chez*—when at home. At present, he fishes in the branch."

"The *branch?*"

"Roy Branch, small stream tributary to our Big—*Great* Muddy River, the Missouri."

"Uh-huh! 'Scuse me, marm, fur bein' so dumb as not ter take your meanin' at fust. I 'm a stranger in these parts." ("I won't be ter some folks very long," he mused, "ef she keeps on starin' through me in that onblinkin' Injun fashion.") "When you say Mister Beauvais 'd git back?"

Tarias turned her splendid eyes towards the west and looked thoughtfully over the low, verdure-clad bluffs and the whirling, hurrying waters of the Missouri, already glowing with the tints of the sunset, to the blue-black line of forest outlining what is now the Kansas shore, but what then was Indian Territory.

"He will come very soon. Will you sit on the bench outside or come within?"

"Thanky," answered the wily Kentuckian, simulating reluctance; "I guess I better come ag'in in the mornin'. I—Lord! whar did *you* come from, Jincy King?"

The exclamation was called forth by a newcomer, a fair girl no taller than Tarias, and, like her, arrayed in holiday attire consisting of a pink calico gown and sunbonnet and a little shoulder-cape of white sprigged muslin.

"Good land, Dave! is that you?" ejaculated Miss King. "Where you come from? You must 'a' drapped out o' the clouds."

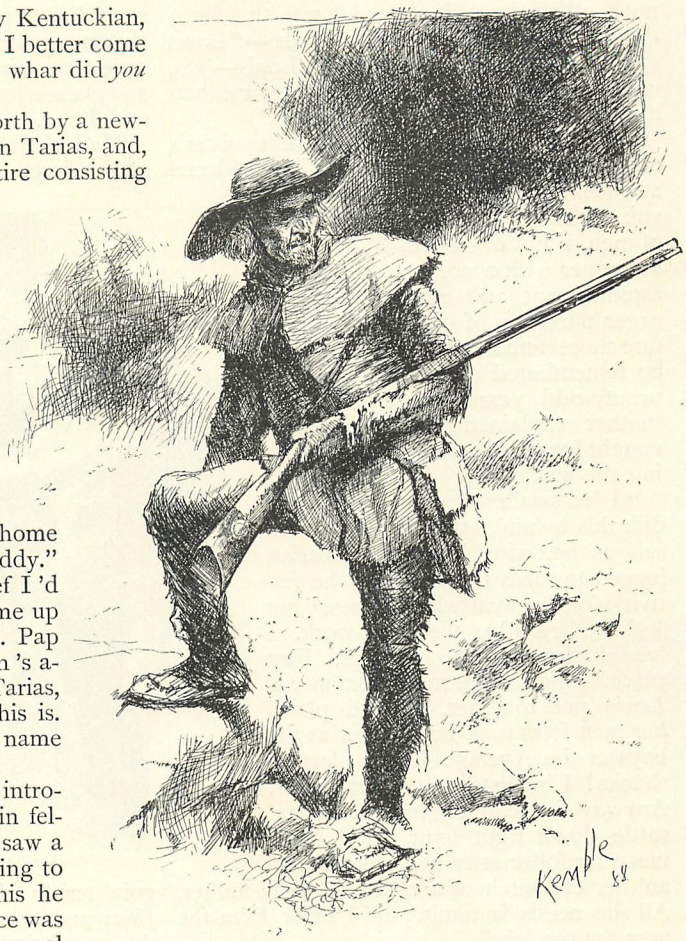
"Well, not adzackly," responded Dave, removing his cap and running his fingers through his thick brown curls, "but I feel 'bout as much at home as ef I had. I jist got hyur yistiddy."

"Lawsy me! I feel like as ef I 'd al'ays been hyur. Why, we come up the river in time fur co'n-plantin'. Pap an' me likes Muzzury, but Mam 's a-honin' fur ole Kaintuck. Say, Tarias, I don't spec you know who this is. He 's my mammy's fus' cousin, name o' Dave Pope."

Tarias acknowledged the introduction gravely, but Dave, vain fellow, flattered himself that he saw a tiny spark of admiration beginning to kindle in her dark eyes. In this he was mistaken. Her steady glance was noting every point of his personal advantages, every detail of his costume—his strength, suppleness, and fairness; his cap and hunting-shirt of fine blue cloth; his breeches and fringed leggins of buff doeskin; his polished boots; even the silver clasp of his belt, and the broad gold ring on his little finger. "So strong; Jincy loves strength. So fine; Jincy loves finery," she thought. He laughed loud at Jincy's repartees. "Hélas! he is gayer than Louis. Jincy loves mirth. Poor Louis!"

"I was jist a-tellin' Dave, Tarias," Jincy broke in on her friend's meditations, "that he had orter come ter the dance to-night, over 't our place, an' Dave he says he cayen't, cos he 's boun' ter see your pa an' cayen't go home 'ith me now, an' cayen't fin' his way arterwards; an' cayen't you an' Louis fetch him along 'ith you?"

"A-h!" said Tarias, with the long-drawn breath of hesitancy; then quickly, as if a sudden purpose had sprung into her soul, "Yes, yes; truly will Louis and I be pleased to have him with us."




UNCLE JOE ROBIDOUX.

"All righty! Be sure an' come early, an' tell Louis—but nev' min'; I 'll tell 'im myself when I see 'im."

At mention of Louis, Miss Jincy blushed slightly, but immediately after drew herself up with the air of a maiden who knew what was due herself, and, after a few giggles by way of farewell, set out at a fine pace in the path that led through the cottonwood grove to the higher, drier lands of oak and walnut. "I live beyant the warnits, on the bald perarie," she called back over her shoulder to her cousin.

"I 'm 'fraid I 'll be a heap o' trouble," began Dave, more from a desire to say something polite than from any intention of taking himself out of the way of the charmer.

"Ah, no!" protested Tarias, with a vehemence that would have turned Lige and his fellow-sufferers green with jealousy. "Both Louis and also me, his sister, will be most glad to have you here."

("If I can please you—and why should I

not? others have I pleased," was the fierce thought behind the hospitable words —"Louis shall not suffer because of you. My Louis — yes, who will be so much kinder to little Jeanne than a man bold and self-loving like you.")

Louis, blind youth, did not share his sister's misgivings. The stranger won his confidence at once, also that of the elder Beauvais. The astute Dave was a fisher of men, if not of catfish, and listened at supper with a proper admixture of astonishment and enthusiasm to an eager narration of piscatorial adventure more remarkable than anything he remembered since the day, some twenty-odd years before, when his mother explained how the whale caught Jonah instead of Jonah's catching the whale.

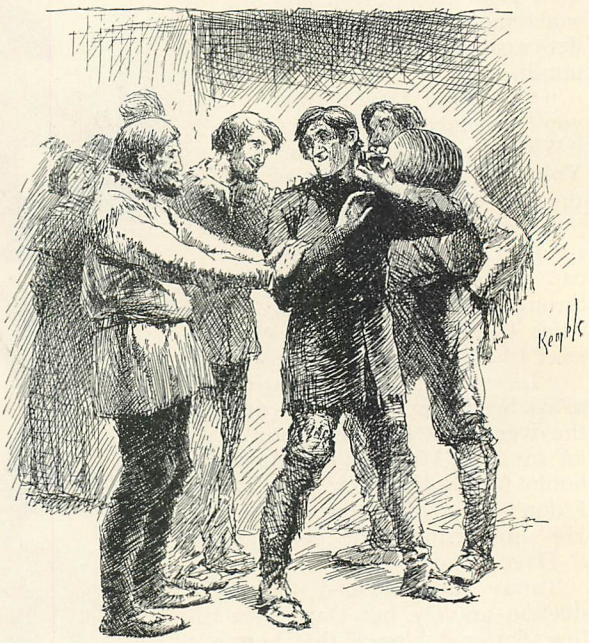
"I 've swallered more 'n the whale did, this ev'nin'," said Dave to himself as he, with Louis and Tarias, jogged towards the scene of the festivities on Beauvais's lazy horses, "but I don't begrudge the hard work. I 've found out a heap o' things. Fust place, Tarias is smarter 'n her pa an' Louis put together. Second place, her men folks is as 'fraid o' her as the boys at the Agency. Third place — shucks! I 'm jist like a circuit-rider. Anyway I mean ter marry her an' sottle down right hyur, an' I don't mean ter foller arter her like her dog an' her ole witch of a nigger woman, nuther. All she needs is tamin', an' I think I 'm the man fur the job."

"We are there," announced Tarias, with a calm superiority to idiomatic English.

A chorus of mongrel curs gave emphasis to her statement, and a squeaky fiddle in process of "chuning up" added its testimony to the general din.

Dave felt that the ordinary conventionalities of speech were not meet for an occasion like this. He had been in log-cabins before, but never in one so low and long, and so open to the searching of the night breeze and the winking of the stars. He had danced on puncheon floors before, but never on one that rattled so loudly or seemed so loose and likely to work confusion and overthrow for the humble followers of Terpsichore by having each separate board stand on end when reels and boleros were approaching a crisis. Never, surely, had tallow dips flared so wildly, nor shadows fallen so weirdly. Never had the tow-heads of Kentucky and Tennessee looked so very white, nor the smart French-Canadians — John Jacob Astor's trappers and their progeny — looked to his eyes so very dark. Even the whisky, drunk according to primitive custom from a corpulent brown jug without the intervention and assistance of such insignificant middle agents as cups and glasses, had a potent and peculiar strength and flavor.

He looked at the swaying mass before him, at the fierce beauty at his side. "What you



DRINKING AT THE DANCE.

goin' ter do 'ith me?" he asked quizzically, as Jincy and her lank parents struggled through the crowd, intent on hospitable greeting.

"You 'd orter come sooner," said Jincy, with her usual inexpressive giggle. "Louis, he don't keer ter dance, but I 'low you do — I dunno —"

She glanced at Tarias with an appeal in her blue eyes that was quite pathetic.

"Won't *you* take pity on me, Miss Tarias?" Dave entreated. "I 'm dyin' ter foot it with the rest of 'em."

Jincy was about to explain that her friend had eschewed dancing as one of the follies of extreme youth, but a preliminary "Tee, hee!" made her too late. When she would have spoken, her birds had flown. "L — look at 'em, Louis!" she stammered between giggles.

"I dance with him to keep him out of the way of my brother," Tarias excused herself to her conscience.

"Gone through the woods an' tuck a crooked stick o' strange timber arter all!" ejaculated Lige, shaking his head with melancholy earnestness. "Wimmin *suttinly* air the weaker vessel. Now here 's Tarias, as mought 'a' had *me*, what she knows is her ekal, a-j'inin' 'ith a feller that like as not 's be'n run

outen his own State fur hoss-stealin'. Anyway, ef he *hain't*, nobody here kin prove it."

Lige's opinion was echoed all over the room. Meanwhile the hero and heroine of the evening danced on, in, let it be hoped, blissful ignorance of the sensation they were creating. Finally a fiddle-string snapped, and the dancing perforce abruptly ceased.

"Here 's the man you two wanter see," called an unsteady voice from the neighborhood of the whisky-jug.

"Yes, yes!" the crowd swelled the chorus. "Come yer, stranger; come yer, Tarias. Let the squire talk ter yer."

The laughing, chaffing, half-joking, half-serious little mob opened a lane in front of them, pressed against them, pushed them forward until they stood before the latest comer, the newly elected dignitary, "the squire."

"Hello, Tarias!" was the greeting of that worthy. "I s'pose ye like this feller, don't chu?"

"Have I not danced with him?" rejoined Tarias, angry, ashamed, wishing herself well away from them all, but too proud to betray the tempest raging in her soul.

"Shore nuff. Nuff said. An' you, young feller, I reckon they ain't no doubt 'bout your fayvorite?"

"Not much," growled Dave, wishing he had a club to lay about him, and looking with fond and longing eyes towards a distant corner where half a dozen guns were stacked.

"All right, then! In the name o' the gen'al gov'ment an' the laws o' Muzzury I p'nounce ye man an' wife. Gimme a dollar an' treat the crowd."

"Gosh, man, that won't do! Onsay them words, Squire!" shrieked Ole Man King, in dire consternation. "Man alive, Dave an' Tarias ain't knowed each other a day yit!"

"What 's did 's did," answered the squire, sententiously. Like some others, he was not averse to seeing Tarias "tuck down." "I war axed ter marry 'em an' I done it. I reckon 's all right. She ain't never danced 'ith *our* boys sence she kim fum St. Louis."

"Look out fur Louis!" cried a woman.

"Ye better toddle, Squire," called some one else, as the young Frenchman's arms were pinioned from behind and his pistol wrung from his hand.

The principal player of this practical joke looked about him for a second and slipped out and away, as advised. In the confusion nobody noticed his departure until the clatter of his horse's hoofs on the sun-baked road gave notice that he was getting back to the Agency in hot haste. A posse of men, with a vanguard of noisy curs, started in pursuit, "boun' ter fetch back the drunken crittur an' make 'im ontie that knot." The trappers ranged themselves about Louis, Jincy clung to his hand, the giggles strangled in her throat by genuine sobs. The settlers,—that is, the men among them,—in a crestfallen and uneasy group, slunk towards the door. The women, French as well as American, huddled together behind the bride, while Ole Man King bawled himself hoarse in appeals, which nobody heeded, that there be no "'sturvence" on his premises. As for the two most concerned, Tarias stood as motionless and silent as any of her maternal ancestors would have done under torture. Dave had taken a step in front of her with some vague idea of showing himself her protector. He had caught her arm when they were pushed forward, but she had shaken herself free of his clasp. Neither had spoken since the squire had evoked the answers that he considered sufficient grounds for pronouncing the twain one flesh.

"'T ain't Dave's fault, Louis," sobbed Jincy; "an' anyway I don't see why you an' Tarias sh'd be so mad 'bout takin' one o' my kinfolks. 'Deed I don't."

"That 's so. That 's jist so," supplemented Marm King, taking one of Tarias's soft little hands between her horny palms. "Dave 's a good boy, honey; an' he comes fum a good hones' stock, 'ith money an' lan' an' niggers behine 'im too. Jes you make the bes' o' it, an' make 'em trashy fellers"—with a glance of supreme contempt towards the awkward squad of her guests—"laugh out o' t' other side o' the'r mouf. Don' you sesso, Dave?"

"Yes," said Dave, drawing a long breath, "I do. I mean it," he added, turning to his bride and trying to look into her eyes.

"You would say that to any poor girl so treated," she answered, drawing her shoulders in as if a chill wind had struck her.

"No, no! I 'll prove that ain't so, ef you gimme a chance," he began eagerly; but the words that burned on his lips died there without kindling an answering flame. Tarias was spent; dumb and unheeding, she stretched out her arms towards her brother and fell upon his breast unconscious.

Poor queen! With her scepter broken in her hand by the cruel bludgeon of the practical joker, as she was carried home in the gray of the dawn she wished, as she did many a day thereafter, that the brief unconsciousness could have lasted forever. That she was bound *in vinculum matrimonii* she never doubted. Missouri was an easy State to be married in: for a man even to present a woman to his acquaintances as his wife was as valid a marriage as if the powers of church and state had lent their kindly assistance to weld the chains matrimonial; and, on the other hand, a bill of divorcement was

considered almost as little credit to a family as the services of the hangman. Tarias entered her door feeling herself insulted and undone. She could not go to the husband who had never wooed her, she could not free herself of bonds that were none of his making, she could not bear the prying eyes of gossiping friends and slighted lovers. She went into her cabin, barring the door behind her and telling herself she was dead to her world, and craved nothing of it but to be forgotten.

In vain Dave alternately prayed and stormed without; in vain the Beauvais, father and son, coaxed and threatened; in vain Jincy wept and entreated. She would come forth for none of them, and, as her friend despairingly said, "They 's no way ter git at 'er, Dave, unless ye

TARIAS AND DAVE IN THE WOODS.

smoke 'er out. O' course that ole nigger o' hern feeds 'er at night."

"Why warn't the house built all in a piece," growled Dave, "'stead of a bunch of cabins a-settin' tergether like a wasps' nest? Ef she 'd see us we could talk some sense inter her head. You can argify a man through a chink in the wall, but you 're boun' ter look a woman in the eye!"

"*Vraiment!* yes, yes!" assented the parent. "*Une* what you call woman — not at all like man! Ef she wish, she do; ef she wish not, she *do not!* As odders, so Tarias, yes, yes!"

In truth the Beauvais were sorely vexed at their Tarias. Every woman, they argued, should marry. Here was Tarias almost twenty — an advanced age for a maiden in a land where women were scarce and gay young bachelors overabundant. "Old maid" was on the frontier a term of deepest opprobrium. Here was a man, frank, friendly, handsome, and, as Ole Man King assured them, well off in this world's goods. He was willing to turn the joke on the jokers and take her without so much as a hint about dowry. Truly, he was a noble *parti;* why could n't she listen to reason, come forth from her self-sought prison and stop the chaffing that sooner or later was likely to be answered by a thrust from Dave's or Louis's bowie-knife?

As for Tarias, she raged and wept and prayed, unheeding the world outside her citadel, all her strength given to fighting desperately a foe within — that

Something wild within her breast

which, ever since that day in Paradise when Eve first looked into Adam's eyes and called him "lord," has at some time in her life taught every woman, gentle or simple, weak or strong, that though she may be hailed queen, below her crown beats the heart of a slave waiting to be flung at the feet of her king. Won and never wooed! Poor Tarias! Even her harp, always before her consolation, stood voiceless and unstrung. "O Mother Mary! *vierge céleste*, help, help!" she entreated. "By the passion, the thorns, the cross, the nails, intercede for me, most holy Mother! for me, most miserable of your children!"

Her prayer had a partial answer, she thought, when her father and brother went off with the Indians across the river on a grand hunt. That left her free to roam the fields and woods near home. One day she came suddenly upon Dave.

"Not gone?" she faltered.

"No," he answered gloomily. "I 'll not be laughed out of a settlemint an' have the story foller me wheresumever I go. That thar is my cabin, yander. Thar I stay a-waitin' fur my wife. Why don't you act sensible, Tarias," he queried anxiously, "an' stop the fools from laughin'?"

Poor Dave! With the proverbial obtuseness of his sex, he failed to make the right appeal. As he stood there eager-eyed, blushing, anxious, as much in love as a less impetuous man would have been after a twelvemonth's acquaintance, why could he not say from the depths of his heart, "I love you," instead of, in effect, "Help me, in this great crisis of your woman's life, to get the better of a rabble bent on holding me up to ridicule."

TARIAS AND ISABEL.

"Let them laugh!" she cried, passionately. "If you will not be laughed out of the settlement, why should I be laughed into the cabin of a man who would not know my face if he met me in the big road? Begone from me!"

Dave had taken a step towards her, with his arms outstretched. She struck at him with her clenched hand, forgetting, in her terror of his embrace, that in it was a strong little knife with which she had been digging calamus roots. As he bent his head to look into her beautiful eyes, hoping to see some womanly relenting there, the blow descended, the knife cutting an ugly gash in his cheek.

"Ef you air a woman you air a new kind!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand to his cheek for a second, then flinging the blood from his finger tips. "No, no! don't you touch it! Maybe that han'kercher is pizoned. Anyhow gun-waddin' 's good enough fur me. Stan' back, an' don't slash t' other side! Dang it all, there *is* wild blood in you!"

Tarias tried to speak, to say she had not intended to harm him, but the words would not come. Tremblingly she took the kerchief from her neck and held it towards him, but he would none of her gift.

"I 'm a-goin' home now, Miss Pope," said her wrathful husband, giving her a title he hoped would make her writhe, "an' 't ain't likely I 'll ever trouble *you* ag'in. Ef ever you wanter set up housekeepin' 'ith me, you 'll do the axin'; I 'm done."

After this mishap Dave was more defiant of his neighbors and Tarias more melancholy than ever, although she no longer shut herself from the primitive Paul Prys and Mrs. Grundys of backwoods "society."

So the days wore away. Summer's delicate wild flowers and dancing green leaves faded from the low hills, the autumnal splendors of sumac, cottonwood, and locust gave place to the bare gray boughs and heaping snowdrifts of winter.

Sometimes Mrs. Pope met her angry husband, but he ostentatiously gave her a view of the scarred side of his face without speaking. How could she know, as she wept blinding tears of remorse and self-pity after each encounter, that her unforgiving lord stood half the nights outside her little window listening, as Saul unto David, to the harp which was once again her one confidant and consoler? Jincy, it is true, was now her sister, but she felt that Jincy and Louis looked on her with silent disapproval. Her father was away, nor did she sigh for his return. Old Isabel, the negress, was her only champion, and Isabel's feudal fidelity and eagerness to prove it made her a trying follower.

"Dey 's gwine ter be lots o' spoht, ter-night," said the poor darky, at the close of a blustering January day phenomenally cold for the thirty-ninth parallel. "Lots o' spoht," she continued, elevating her voice in the hope of rousing her mistress from her dismal contemplation of the coals in the open fireplace. "Bill Langston, missy, is gwine ter han'le 'im."

"Him? Who?" asked Tarias, sharply.

"Him ovah yondah," indicating the direction of Dave's cabin by a nod. "Bill sass 'im 'bout—'bout—he—weddin', an' he knock 'im down. Bill an' he gang gwine dar toreckly, tie 'im ter a tree an' whop 'im *good*."

"Who told you?" cried the girl, springing up. Too well she knew what was in store for an unprotected man in the clutch of the outlaws known as Bill Langston's gang.

"I war in de cohn-crib, an' Johnny Slack an' One-Eye Charley wuz a-comin' 'long an' I heah 'em."

"Oh, and it 's dark now!" cried Tarias, wildly. "Give me my shawl! Tell Louis, when he comes, to rouse up the neighbors and come to Dave's cabin as fast as he can bring them."

She snatched a shawl from the old woman's hand and started on a run towards the "big road," but, suddenly changing her mind, she ran in among the trees, in her mad haste stopping and turning aside for nothing. Gnarled roots tried to trip her, ghostly branches caught at her hair, stubborn underbrush tore at her garments, treacherous scales of ice set snares for her feet, but she neither slipped nor stumbled. "If I get there in time it will atone," she said over and over as she sped onward. Fortunately, the thaw and succeeding freeze of a few days before had made a hard crust over the snow, which bore her up. The pale gleams of a wan little new moon gave light enough for her keen vision.

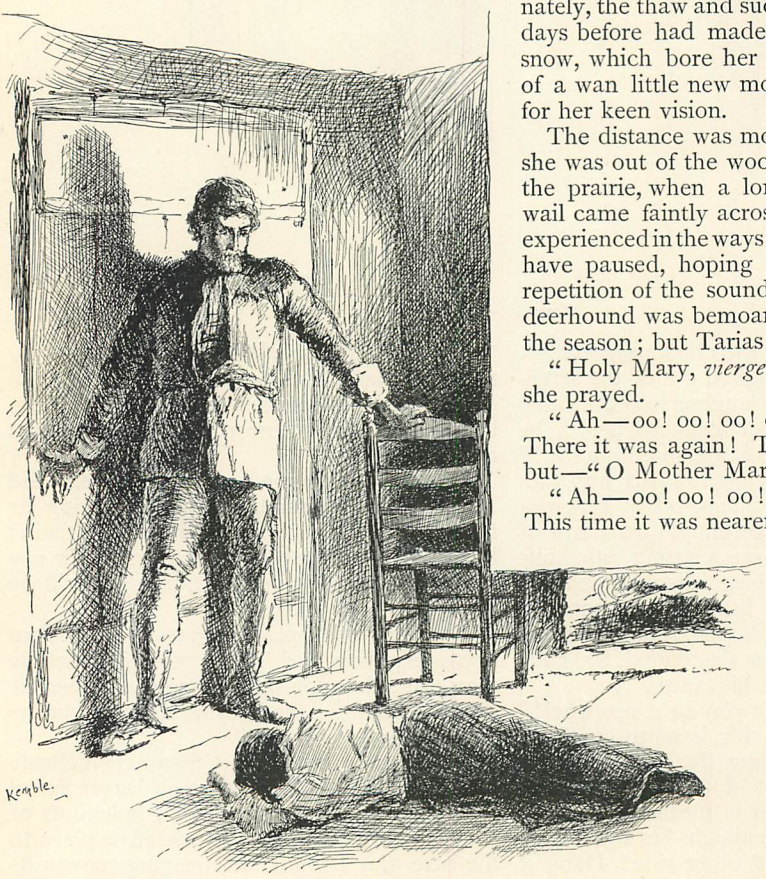
The distance was more than half traversed, she was out of the woods and hurrying across the prairie, when a long-continued, mournful wail came faintly across the snow. One less experienced in the ways of the wilderness would have paused, hoping to be convinced by a repetition of the sound that some pessimistic deerhound was bemoaning the inclemency of the season; but Tarias was wiser than that.

"Holy Mary, *vierge céleste*, save us both!" she prayed.

"Ah—oo! oo! oo! oo!—yap! yap! yap!" There it was again! The cabin was in sight, but—"O Mother Mary!"

"Ah—oo! oo! oo! oo! yap! yap! yap!" This time it was nearer; and from the grove behind her, the dark recesses of the heavier timber on one side, the bare fields split by a deep ravine on the other, came answering howls and barks.

Before, she had run; now, she seemed to fly. "O God, if I should stumble!" The whole pack of famished devils had assembled and were in full cry. She




IN DAVE'S CABIN.

was fleeter than almost any boy; but who has fleetness to outrun a wolf? One moment, and she would be safe. Alas! the door was barred, and the snarling pack was close after her.

"Open, open, Dave! for the love of Heaven!"

The door was opened. Dave struck the leader with a brand caught from the fire, flung it among the prairie brigands and dragged their quarry across his threshold. The door swung shut and Tarias fell at her husband's feet.

He looked down on her in silence, searchingly, sternly.

"Come to the fire," he said, after a long pause. "You air tuckered out."

He lifted her, pushed her into his chair, and wet her lips with brandy from a tiny pocket-flask.

"Is the door made fast?" she gasped, starting up.

"Oh, yes! The critturs cayen't git in," he reassured her. "When they 've et the one I hurt they 'll go off in s'arch of other plunder."

"That is n't it," she answered, looking about her with a frightened air altogether new to Dave's knowledge of her. "Bill — Bill Langston — "

"Well, what of Bill?" he said slowly. "Hev you had a fuss 'ith 'im?" he questioned, with quickened speech and an air growing more and more stern.

Tarias hung her head like a chidden child. Evidently Dave's one thought of her was as a contentious spirit.

"What 'd he say to you?" continued Dave, sourly.

"Nothing," murmured Tarias. "He — is — coming here to-night."

"D' you mean ter say you wanter meet 'im hyur?" bawled Dave, like a fool. "Ef he comes hyur, I 'll shoot 'im like a varmint! D' you hear?"

"He comes with his gang to beat you," wept Tarias. "You must keep fast the door till Louis comes."

In an instant Dave's mood changed. "An' so you come ter warn me, did you, Tarias, at the resk o' your life?" he said softly, as he laid his hand on her hair. "Bill won't harm nobody ter-night; I see him dead drunk two hours back. But — say, Tarias, what made you come?"

She could not answer.

"What made you come?" he persisted.

She touched the scar on his cheek. "Will it atone for this?" she whispered.

Dave had an inspiration. "No," he answered, laughing; "'t won't. When I was a leetle boy," he made haste to add, "ef I got hurt, nothin' could cure me, seemed like, onless Mammy kissed the spot an' tole me it was well. That 's the on'y cure now, Tarias."

The scar was very near her lips as he bent over her.

She hesitated, faltered, took sudden courage — and Dave's wound was healed.

*Mary A. Owen.*

# EQUATIONS.

I.

YOU, so sure the world is full of laughter,
Not a place in it for any sorrow,
Sunshine, with no shadow to come after —
Wait, O mad one, wait until to-morrow!

You, so sure the world is full of weeping,
Only gloom in all the colors seven,
Every wind across a new grave creeping —
Think, O sad one, yesterday was heaven.

II.

If some great giver give me life,
And give me love, and give me double —
Shall I not also at his hand
Take trouble?

And if, through awful gloom, I see
The lightning of his quick will thrusting —
Shall I not, dying at his hand,
Die trusting?

III.

Young and strong I went along the highway,
Seeking Joy from happy sky to sky;
I met Sorrow coming down a byway —
What had she to do with such as I?

Sorrow, with a slow, detaining gesture,
Waited for me on the widening way,
Threw aside her shrouding veil and vesture —
Joy had turned to Sorrow's self that day!

*S.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

# THE "MERRY CHANTER."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc.

## V.

### THE STOWAWAY.

WHEN, early in the morning, after our first night on board the *Merry Chanter*, I met the butcher, I did not mention to him that I had discovered him standing, or rather sitting, guard before our cabin. I believed that the sentiments which prompted him to this delicate attention should be respected.

"Well," said I, "did everything go on all right in the night?"

"All right," he answered. "I have just peeped down the hatchway, and I caught sight of his straw hat. I guess the rest of him is there. And, if you say so, we 'll let him stay till after breakfast."

When, an hour later, the captain and Doris were informed that there was a stowaway in the hold, there was great excitement on board the schooner. All thoughts of weighing anchor and setting sail were abandoned for the time. Every soul on the vessel repaired to the hatchway. Even Doris pressed as near the edge as I would allow. The stowaway was bidden to come forth, and almost immediately he scrambled up among us. The light was not very good between decks, and we could only see that he was a man of medium height and of spare build.

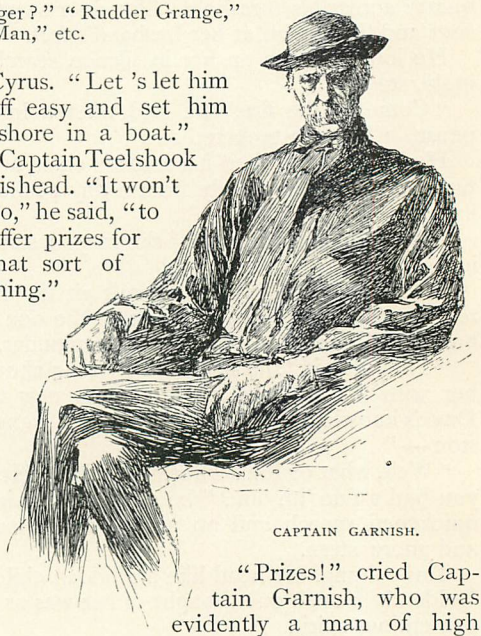
With Captain Timon on one side of him, and Captain Garnish on the other, the stowaway was marched to the upper deck. This unauthorized passenger was seen to possess an intelligent face and a very rusty suit of clothes. Glancing rapidly around him, he exclaimed, "We are not at sea!"

"At sea!" roared Captain Garnish. "A double-headed Dutchman of a land-lubber you must be not to know the difference between pitchin' on the sea and lyin' all night at anchor in smooth water! How dared you stow yourself away on board this vessel? Is it rope's end first, or simple chuck over the side?" he said, turning to the skipper.

"We won't be too hard on him," said Captain Timon. "Perhaps the man can't swim."

"He ain't done no harm," said Captain Cyrus. "Let 's let him off easy and set him ashore in a boat."

Captain Teel shook his head. "It won't do," he said, "to offer prizes for that sort of thing."



CAPTAIN GARNISH.

"Prizes!" cried Captain Garnish, who was evidently a man of high temper, with a strong way of doing and putting things. "I 'd prize him! I 'd—"

Doris now spoke up. "None of those things shall be done to him," she said, "until he tells his story. Please, sir, will you tell us your story?"

The man had a pair of plaintive eyes, and he fixed them upon Doris. "I am a schoolmaster," he said. "For nearly a year I have been teaching at West Imbury."

Each of the captains now put his head a little forward, and listened with great attention.

"I stood it as long as I could," said the schoolmaster, "and then I ran away. I am not a sailor, but I thought I should like to go to sea. Anything would be better than teaching school at West Imbury."

"Did the scholars treat you badly?" asked Doris.

"Oh, no," said the schoolmaster. "I don't mind boys, I can manage them; but it was the woman I boarded with who drove me to desperation."

"Could n't you board somewhere else?" asked Doris.

"No, not at all," he answered. "She had a contract from the town to board me for two years. She was the lowest bidder. She would

lose money if I went away, and she threatened me with the law. But my privations and misery were insupportable, and I fled."

"Who was the woman who had your contract?" asked Captain Cyrus.

"Mrs. Bodship," said the schoolmaster.

At these words each of the four captains heaved a sigh, and, involuntarily, Captain Cyrus laid his hand on the man's shoulder.

"Now that you 've put yourself square afore us," said Captain Timon, "I don't know as we 've got much to say agin you; but you ought to have come aboard square and honest, instead of stowin' away."

"PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU TELL US YOUR STORY?"

"I was told," said the schoolmaster, "that you did not want any hands, and I could not stay on shore a moment longer."

"Do you wish to go to Boston?" asked Doris.

"I will go anywhere," said the schoolmaster. "I will do anything, if only you will let me stay with you."

The captains now retired and talked together, while Doris and I had some further conversation with the schoolmaster. In a few minutes the captains returned.

"We have agreed," said the skipper, "that if the owners are willin' we are willin' to let him stay on board, on condition that he is not to have any part of the profits. We are all agreed that the profits ought not to be divided into any more than six parts. So that if he stays aboard he must n't do no more work than will just pay for what he eats; a bunk, not costin' anything, can be thrown in for nothin'."

This compact was quickly made and the schoolmaster, much relieved, was taken below to breakfast.

"There ain't no need," said Captain Timon, confidentially, "fur Captain Cyrus or that schoolmaster to know that Mrs. Bodship was tryin' to overhaul the schooner. It will just worry the captain, and won't do the schoolmaster no good."

"Do you think Mrs. Bodship will continue her pursuit?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said the skipper. "She 's the kind of woman that don't give up easy. But I think we 've given her the slip. She 'll be sure to think that we 've rounded this island and sailed north, fur of course we could n't have no call to stay in Shankashank Bay. It 's my opinion she 's gone to Boston to be ready to meet us when we get there. She 's got a horse and buggy, and I calculate she 'll drive herself there."

"You don't mean," exclaimed Doris, "that she can get to Boston in a buggy sooner than we can get there in the *Merry Chanter?*"

"Yes, I do," answered Captain Timon. "She 's an awful woman with the whip. And the reason I think she will go in her buggy is that she 'll want to call at the different ports to see if we have put into any of them for water or repairs."

"Horrible!" cried Doris. "What shall we do when we get to Boston and find her there?"

"I don't believe she 'll wait," said the skipper. "She 's a nervous woman, and hates to wait. I guess she 'll be gone when we get there."

When the schoolmaster came on deck he had tidied himself up a little and now looked like another man. "I cannot thank you enough," he said to Doris and me, "for allowing me to remain on board of your ship. It is like beginning a new life. But I must admit that I shall feel safer when I am out upon the open sea."

"Can you swim?" asked the butcher, who was standing near.

The schoolmaster answered that he was sorry to be obliged to say that he could not; whereupon the butcher gently whistled a few notes and gazed out over the water.

I had begun to believe that the butcher was a pessimist.

"And now, Captain," cried Doris, "let us up anchor and hoist sail. There is no reason for our stopping here any longer."

"I don't know about that," said Captain Timon, dubiously. "The tide is comin' in again, and we 'll get out of this bay just as quick by lyin' here as to try to sail agin that flood-tide. But if you 'd like to be movin', we can take a sail along the coast of Shankashank Bay and have a sight of the country; and then, when the tide turns, we can go out on the ebb."

"Oh, by all means, let us sail!" cried Doris. "Anything is better than being anchored here."

"Am I to understand, Captain," said I, "that during our voyage we are to stop every time the tide is against us?"

"Oh, no," said the skipper, with a laugh. "That 's only when we 're in these bays. We sha'n't take no account of tide when we are out to sea."

During the rest of that morning we sailed along the coast of Shankashank Bay, sometimes half a mile from the land and sometimes even less. It was a pretty shore and we enjoyed it, although we were moving south, and almost directly away from Boston. There was a good wind from the west, but we sailed slowly. We would not wish, however, to sail very fast in the wrong direction.

We passed a little scattered town, with a few fishing-boats anchored along the shore. Then we came to a bluff crowned with pine woods which extended some distance back into the interior. The country, as far as we could see along the shore, appeared marshy and thinly settled.

The captains now went forward and talked together, leaving the wheel in my hands. I had determined to learn to steer, and to get as much nautical education as possible.

In a very few minutes Captain Timon returned. "We 've agreed," said he, "that we 'd be runnin' agin sense and reason if we did n't lay to here and take in water."

"Water!" I cried. "Why, we have taken in water."

"Yes," said the skipper, "common water. But just the other side of that bluff there 's the Kilkink Spring. A tribe of Injuns used to live there just on account of that spring. There is no better water in the world, and it 's great on keepin'. Fur a long v'yage there 's nothin' like it."

At first Doris and I were inclined to rebel, but suddenly she changed her mind. "It is true," she said, "that the water we have had to drink so far is flat and horrid, and now that we have a chance of drinking some fine spring water we ought by all means to get it. It can't take long."

This seemed to me a proper moment to assert myself, and to make Doris understand that I was the one who should decide questions of this sort. But upon reflection I found that I was not prepared to take such action. When I took my true position I must be fully prepared to maintain it.

THE BUTCHER.

In twenty minutes we were anchored about a quarter of a mile from the bluff, and after dinner a boat with two casks and two captains went ashore for water.

The schoolmaster was ill at ease. "I do not believe," said he to me, "that I can truly feel safe from Mrs. Bodship until we are actually out at sea."

The butcher walked aft to where Captain Timon was quietly smoking his pipe. "Look here," said the butcher; "you ought to give that schoolmaster something to do. He has got a mind, he has, and if you don't set his arms and legs a-going that mind of his will run away with him."

"I have given him somethin' to do," said the skipper, sternly. "He 's lent a hand at the capstan, and he 's lent a hand at the sheets. That 'll pay fur his breakfast and dinner, and I can't give him no more work till he 's had his supper."

The butcher made no further remark to the skipper, but turning to me as I sat by with my afternoon pipe, he said: "He 's so scared that he won't stay on deck for fear that she might be driving along in her buggy and get sight of him. And if she does, he says, she 'll be bound to come aboard."

"What in the world is he afraid of?" I asked. "He must be very silly."

"He is afraid of Mrs. Bodship," said the butcher; "and if you knew Mrs. Bodship you 'd be afraid of her too, especially if she had a contract to board you. I believe that wherever that schoolmaster goes she 'd follow him and board him, so that she could send in her bill to the town." For a moment he stood in thought. "I know what I 'll do!" he exclaimed. "I 'll lend him one of my gowns to wear over his clothes. Then he can be on deck as much as he pleases, and if she does see him she won't know him unless her spectacles are a lot better than most."

Not long afterwards there appeared on deck what seemed to be a pair of butchers. Doris and I were much amused by the spectacle. But, notwithstanding his garb, the schoolmaster did not look the butcher. His gait, his bearing, were not those of a genuine slicer of meat and cleaver of bones. Still, he was disguised sufficiently to deceive any Mrs. Bodship who might be traveling on shore.

The butcher's efforts on behalf of the schoolmaster's peace of mind did not end here. After a few turns in deep reflection up and down the deck he came aft, bringing with him the cage which contained the wounded sandpiper.

"Look here," said he to the schoolmaster, "I wish you 'd run this bird while you 're aboard. I 'm not such an hour-and-minute man as you are, and sometimes I forget him."

The schoolmaster took the cage and looked inquiringly at the other.

"Now," said the butcher, "there 's a good deal to occupy the mind in running a sandpiper in a cage, especially if he 's got a broken wing. I laid out to cure that wing, but I guess you can do it a great deal better than I could, if you give your mind to it. What he wants is plenty of mutton tallow, and a cage kept as clean as a hospital ward."

When the two casks and Captain Teel and Captain Garnish returned in the boat, the schoolmaster, with a piece of sail-cloth tied in front of him to protect his butcher's gown, was busily engaged in cleaning the sandpiper's cage. Captain Garnish stepped up to him with an angry glare upon his face.

"Look here," he said, "that 's agin contract. We did n't take you aboard this schooner to work except just meal stints."

The schoolmaster looked up at the angry captain, but before he could reply the butcher broke in. "Now, then, cap'n," said he, "this sandpiper business is a private job between me and the schoolmaster. What he gets and what he don't get is his business and mine. The sandpiper has n't got anything to do with the ship, and he could be run ashore just as well as he is run here."

The severity on Captain Garnish's countenance began to fade. "Very well," said he; "if it 's private I 've nothin' to say. But there 's no claims fur work to be brought agin the profits."

## VI.

### THE MAN ON THE HILL.

DORIS and I were amazed at the slow progress made by the captains in supplying the *Merry Chanter* with pure water from the celebrated Kilkink Spring. The boat went out again, this time with the skipper and Captain Teel, and their trip was a longer one than that of the two other captains. At the end of the third trip evening began to fall, and Captain Timon said it would be of no use to try to get any more water that day.

"Any more?" cried Doris. "Surely we have enough by this time!"

The skipper smiled and shook his head. "Not fur a sea v'yage," he said. "When you once get out to sea there 's no gettin' in fresh water. You see we 've throwed out all we took in at Mooseley, because you said that it did n't agree with you. We don't want to make our owners sick, you know."

"I wish I had never mentioned the water," said Doris, marching away.

The next morning the process of taking in the water began again; but there was no use fretting about this, Captain Timon remarked, for the tide was coming in again and we ought to be glad that we had something useful to do while we were obliged to wait.

Restless and impatient, and tired of walking up and down the deck of our anchored vessel, Doris and I went ashore on the second trip of the boat, thinking a country walk might quiet our minds. The butcher had already been landed; but we could not induce the schoolmaster to leave the ship. We left him anointing and bandaging the wounded wing of the sandpiper.

Doris would not leave until the skipper had assured her that our going on shore would not interfere with the sailing of the *Merry*

*Chanter* when the proper time came. Captain Timon said he would fire a gun — he had a musket on board — two hours before he weighed anchor, and as this would certainly give us plenty of time to return to the ship, we went ashore with easy hearts.

The country which lay between the bluff and the little town was slightly rolling; wiry grass growing thinly in the sandy soil, with a few bushes here and there. At some distance, on the top of a little rounded hill, we saw the butcher, apparently admiring the landscape. As we walked in his direction, desiring to know if anything could be seen from the top of that hill, he came down to meet us.

"I was looking for Mrs. Bodship," said he. "If I 'd seen her driving this way in her buggy I 'd been on board in no time, and had that schoolmaster stowed away among the ballast; and if he 'd heaved some of it at her when she come down to look for him I would n't have blamed him, though, of course, Captain Cyrus's feelings must be taken into account when it comes to that."

"I think you are entirely too much afraid of Mrs. Bodship," said I.

"Well, she has n't come along yet," said the butcher. "But on the top of that hill there is a man that I 've had my eye on for pretty nigh an hour. In the whole of that time I don't believe he 's taken his eyes off the ship. I have an idea that he has got a contract to spy for Mrs. Bodship."

"'I AM LORD CRABSTAIRS,' HE SAID."

"Do you know," he said, as soon as he was near enough, "if that schoolmaster was attendin' to my sandpiper?"

We assured him that we had left the pedagogue giving careful attention to the unfortunate bird.

"I am glad of that," he said, his countenance assuming an expression of relief. "He ought to keep himself occupied, and the captains won't let him do no more for the ship than just exactly so much. I was afraid he might get tired stayin' there doin' nothin' and might come ashore. And it would be pretty rough on him if she were to nab him before he 'd got to fairly feelin' at home on the ship."

"What were you looking at from that hill?" asked Doris, who was anxious to go on.

"Let us go straight over there and speak to him," said Doris. "No man has a right to spy on the *Merry Chanter*."

Doris spoke so quickly that I had no time to propose this myself, but we instantly started for the distant man.

"Let me go first," said the butcher. "He may have a club or a knife about him."

Whether or not the butcher had his cleaver in one of his pockets I could not tell, but he walked bravely on.

The man on the hill did not seem at all disturbed by our approach. On the contrary, he came to meet us, as the butcher had done. He

was a middle-sized man, somewhat inclined to stoutness, but very quick and springy in his gait. His face was plump and ruddy, smooth shaven except a pair of sandy side-whiskers, and he had pleasant blue eyes. Without doubt he was an Englishman.

"Good morning to you," he said, raising his hat. "Now I dare say you belong to that ship."

I informed him that my wife and I owned the vessel.

"Really!" he exclaimed. "Now tell me where are you bound to?"

"To Boston," I replied.

"The very thing!" he exclaimed. "Boston is in the North somewhere, now, is n't it? I 'm an English traveler, but I don't like your long railway carriages. In England we 'd use them for bridges. I came to this place in a wagon, but it is broken to smash down there in that village. Now, I should like, of all things, to take a sail along the coast; I don't care whether it is to Boston or Salt Lake City. Now, tell me, will you book me as a passenger? It is a trading vessel, is n't it?"

Doris and I consulted apart. "I have an idea," said she, "that it is not impossible we might make more money carrying passengers than freight. He seems like an honest, straightforward man. Why should n't we take him to Boston?"

We returned and told the man that we were making a regular commercial cruise to Boston, and that if he was in no hurry to get there we would take him as a passenger.

"Good!" he cried; "I 'll go. I am in no hurry, you know. But you are positively sure now that you are not going to cross the Atlantic?"

So far the butcher had not spoken, nor did he speak now; but the spasm of resigned pessimism which seemed to run through his frame, heaving his chest and gently upturning his eyes, indicated quite plainly his opinion of the *Merry Chanter* crossing the Atlantic.

Having assured the Englishman that our trade was entirely coastwise, he declared he would go instantly to the town, fetch his luggage, and be on board in no time. In fact, when we had finished our ramble and were about to enter the boat which Captain Teel had rowed over to take us back to dinner, we saw our passenger rapidly striding over the hills bearing an immense portmanteau in one hand and in the other a hat-box, a bundle of umbrellas and canes, besides various other packages. He shouted to us to wait for him, and we took him on board with us.

The captains did not object in the least to our new passenger. "Summer tenants and boarders," said Captain Timon, "and sailin' parties long and short, has got ten times more money in 'em than fish and crops, or the flour trade either, for that matter. I go in fur pickin' up passengers all along the coast if we can get 'em."

"Always being careful," said Doris, in an undertone, "not to pick up a Bodship." At which Captain Timon gave a sympathetic grin.

After dinner Doris said to me, "We ought to have a book in which to put down the names of our passengers." Accordingly I made one out of several sheets of paper. We entered first the name of the butcher, and then I was about to write that of the schoolmaster, but Doris objected.

"We ought to have another page for a free list," she said, "and put him on that."

When this had been arranged we went on deck to inquire the name of our new passenger. We found him sitting on a coil of rope, smoking a black wooden pipe and talking gaily to the butcher, the schoolmaster, and three of the captains.

"What is your name, sir?" said I, approaching with my book in my hand.

He took his pipe from his mouth in deference to the presence of my wife. "I am Lord Crabstairs," he said.

I happened to be looking at the butcher at this moment, and saw him suddenly turn upon his heel and disappear below. In an instant he returned. His arms were folded upon his chest, but I could see beneath his white gown the distinct outlines of a cleaver. He stepped close to me.

"Maniacy is a thing," he whispered, "which cannot be allowed on shipboard."

"You may think it a little odd," said the new passenger, looking about on the various degrees of surprise and amazement expressed upon the countenances of the company, "that a member of the upper house should be neglecting his parliamentary duties and taking passage with you for Boston, where he has n't the least business in the world, you know. But when I have told you my story you won't think it so beastly odd, after all."

"Story!" cried Doris. "Let everybody sit down and listen."

And everybody did; Captain Teel being brought post-haste from the cook's galley.

## VII.

### LORD CRABSTAIRS.

"In the first place," said Doris, "do you really mean to say that you are truly an English lord — a peer of the realm?"

"I do really and truly mean to say that," answered the passenger, his blue eyes gleaming with as much of an honest glow as was ever seen in eyes. "I am Henry, Lord Crabstairs

of Haviltree, Warwickshire. The family estates once covered, I am told, ten thousand acres."

The butcher listened with interest. "Cattle?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the other; "I don't care for cattle. What I like is poultry. Just before I left England I had the finest lot of poultry you ever saw — all blooded, with pedigrees. And bees, twenty-seven hives of bees, and each one with its name painted on it in a different color from the rest — 'Daisy,' 'Clover,' 'Daffodil,' and so on. The bees could n't read the names, you know, but each one knew his hive by the color of the letters."

"This is the first time I ever heard," said Captain Garnish, "that there was twenty-seven colors."

"Oh, bless you!" cried the Englishman, "it is easy enough to manage that. On one hive the letters were all red, and on another they were all blue, and on another half were red and half blue, and so on. In that way I made the colors go round, you know."

"You ought to have painted your bees," remarked Captain Timon, "and then there could n't have been no mistake. If you saw a red bee goin' into a blue hive you could have picked him up and put him into the right hole."

"No need of that, no need of that!" cried the Englishman. "The bees attend to that. They kill them if they make a mistake, you know. And there are lots of other things I like, such as flower-beds and a kitchen garden. Nothing sets me up, you know, like working in the kitchen garden. And a cow. Every morning I curried and brushed my cow until she shone like a sealskin. That cow knew me like a brother. If she happened to be out of sight in the copse, all I had to do was to drum on the bottom of a tin pail and she would come running to be milked and to get her bit of cabbage leaf."

The company looked wonderingly at one another. Was this the usual way of life with British peers?

"When all that happened," continued the speaker, "I was the happiest man in the United Kingdom. Forty years old, sound of wind and limb, no wife nor child nor any one depending on me, a nice little house in the prettiest part of Bucks County, with a great copper beech in front of my door that the earl himself would have given a thousand pounds for if it could have been taken up and planted in his park, with a little green as smooth as velvet where I used to feed my fowls, and the brightest flower-beds and the earliest peas within twelve miles of Aylesbury. I have a little income from my mother's family, and that kept things going, and from break of day till ten o'clock at night there could n't be a jollier fellow than I was.

"Well, madam, and all of you, it was on a beautiful morning this spring, with the grass greener and more flowers in blossom and the peas more forward than I had ever known them before at that time of year, not to speak of a little calf as like to her mother as two pins of different sizes, when I was sitting in front of my cottage in the shade of the beech, with my morning pipe and mug of ale, that there came to me two men, — attorneys they were from London, who had driven over from the railway station in a dog-cart, — and they lost no time in saying that their errand was to inform me that by the death of the late lamented Godfrey, Lord Crabstairs, I was now Henry, Lord Crabstairs of Haviltree.

"As you may well imagine, I jumped up in a rage at hearing this. 'None of your lies!' I cried. 'Lord Godfrey may be dead or he may not be dead, but whichever he is, he has a son and a grandson, legal issue. You need not suppose that I have not kept my eye on all that.' 'That may be,' said the speaking attorney; 'but your eye did n't keep the son from falling overboard from a collier in the Mersey, and his infant son from dying two weeks ago of cholera infantum, without issue. Whereupon, by the death of old Lord Godfrey yesterday morning you are Lord Crabstairs and no mistake.'

"Now then," said the Englishman, looking briskly around at his auditors, "I was so angry that I was ready to knock down those two men right and left. But in England it does not do to lay hands on law folk. I was well up in this Crabstairs succession, you know. I had studied it all my life, and with two good lives between me and the title I felt safe. But how could any man imagine that such beastly luck was coming to him! You see the Crabstairs have been loaded with an inherited debt for a long, long time back, and for a hundred and fifty years there has not been a lord of the estate who has lived at Haviltree. Every man-jack of them, as soon as he came into the title, was clapped into jail for debt. There was no getting out of it except by running away; which some of them did.

"The inherited debt, you know, was bigger than any Crabstairs could pay. The second son of old Lord Godfrey took time by the forelock and ran away to the Philippine Islands, where he married a native wife and brought up a large family. But he never had anything but a heathen marriage, for fear that his elder brother might die without issue and misery might come upon his wife's children."

"That was true Christianity," said Captain Teel, solemnly.

"'Now,' said the speaking attorney to me, 'my lord,' said he — 'Don't my lord me!' I shouted. 'I renounce the title! I have noth-

ing to do with these Crabstairs! I am eleven removes from the main line.' 'You can't renounce the title, my lord,' said he. 'You are the heir-at-law, and there is no getting out of it.' Now the second attorney, who had n't said anything so far, spoke up. He took a paper out of his pocket. 'Henry, Lord Crabstairs of Haviltree, Warwickshire,' said he, 'I arrest you for debt in the amount of two hundred and eighty thousand pounds, seven shillings, and sixpence ha'penny. And we brought over a constable in the dog-cart, so the easier you make things the better.'

"On hearing this I hurled my pint pot at one attorney and my pipe at the other, and making a dash at the beehives which stood near by, I kicked over a dozen of them. A black cloud of savage stingers came howling out, and as I sprang away — not one of them after me, for they knew their master — I heard behind me such a cursing and swearing and screaming as nearly split my ears. I darted into the garden, through the pea patch, and over the back fence, and made across country, at a pace those law people could n't think of keeping up, to the railway station. I caught a train, went to town, drew all my little income that was due, and took passage for America.

"And here I am, knowing nothing in the world of what has become of my dear home, of my cow and my calf, of my flower-beds and my kitchen garden, of my beautiful flock of poultry, or of the bees and the attorneys. I have left everything behind me; but there is one thought that makes up for a lot of what has happened, and that is that for the first time in many a long year there is no Lord Crabstairs in jail for debt. And what is more," he said, rising to his feet, and his blue eyes sparkling with honest indignation, "there never will be, so long as I am alive!"

At this Captain Garnish came forward and shook the Englishman by the hand, and his example was immediately followed by the other captains and by the schoolmaster.

"I can feel for you," said the latter, "as one who flees from tyranny. May you never be overtaken!"

The butcher did not shake hands. That was not his way. He stood up very straight and said: "May I be chopped and sawed, bone-drawed and skewered, if I 'd live in a country where a man can be made a lord without his having a word to say about it! If I found myself in that fix, sir, debt or no debt, jail or no jail, I 'd cut and run! I say you did the square thing, sir!"

"Do you intend," asked Doris, who had listened with eager earnestness to the Englishman's story, "to continue to call yourself Lord Crabstairs?"

"Of course I do," said the other. "That is my name, and I shall not disown it. I don't wish to sail under false colors; and more than that, so long as it is known that I am alive and holding the title they can't nab any other poor fellow, perhaps with a family."

"Very good," said Doris; "we understand your case perfectly. And now," she continued, turning to Captain Timon, "let us set sail."

## VIII.

### DOLOR TRIPP.

But Captain Timon was not yet ready to set sail. The business of water-carrying had not gone on in the afternoon, for the reason that the spring had become muddy by much dipping and required some time in which to settle and purify itself. Two casks had been left there, so it was absolutely necessary that a boat should go after them, and it was now too late in the day to make an advantageous trip.

I think Doris's impatience would have proved beyond her control had she not become interested in a plan proposed by Lord Crabstairs. This nobleman was of an exceedingly lively and practical disposition, and took a great interest in his contemplated sea voyage to Boston. He had come into this part of the country without other aim than to escape cities, which he hated; and he would not now be going to Boston but for the opportunity of going by sea. He was very fond of the sea, and when he had seen our anchored ship he had been fascinated by the idea of sailing somewhere in her.

His desire now was to plunge boldly into sailor life, to pull on ropes, to climb the masthead, and all that sort of thing, and he had been very much taken aback when the schoolmaster informed him that nothing of the kind would be allowed.

"If you pay your passage," said the schoolmaster, "they will not let you do any work at all; and if you sail gratis, so to speak, you can only do enough to pay for your meals."

The prospect of sailing without occupation appeared dull to Lord Crabstairs, nor did the offer of the schoolmaster to allow him sometimes to attend to the sandpiper promise much relief. But his mind was as quick and active as his body.

"By George!" he cried, "I don't care for birds like that; but I will keep poultry. Fresh eggs every morning, and roast fowl for dinner. I will go on shore at daybreak to-morrow and buy some."

The butcher here remarked that if fowls were to be killed he would furnish the tools, but that was all he would do, as he had gone out of that business.

Our detentions in port had had the effect

of making Doris feel the need of occupation, and she gladly welcomed the poultry scheme. Of course there would not be time on the voyage to hatch out little chickens; but she determined, if it were possible, to purchase for herself a hen with a young brood.

The discussions regarding this new scheme proved interesting, and the captains gave their full consent. The enthusiastic nobleman went so far as to suggest the purchase of a few hives of bees, but this proposal met with no favor. A cow was spoken of, but here the butcher vehemently objected. The time might come, he said, when she would have to be slaughtered, and he vowed he would not sail in company with a cow that might have to be slaughtered.

The first thing I saw when I cast my eyes landward the next morning was Lord Crabstairs hurrying over the hillocks towards the shore, and carrying a pair of full-grown fowls with each hand. He had rowed himself ashore, and now returned with his prizes.

"There they are!" he cried, as soon as he reached the deck. "Three hens and a cock! That was all the woman would sell, but she said we might get young chicks at a house about a mile farther inland. I will go there directly I 've eaten breakfast. And now what are we to do with them? Of course it won't do to put up a high fence all around the deck. But I dare say they know as well as we do that they can't swim, and so will not jump overboard. Anyway, here goes to see what will happen." And he cut the cords which bound their legs.

Instantly the four fowls began to rush madly here and there, screaming and fluttering their wings. The cock flew half way up one of the shrouds of the mainmast, and sat there croaking and evidently highly excited, while the three hens went screaming down the open hatchway on the forward deck, and then after some wild careering flew down another hatchway into the hold among the ballast.

"That will do very well," said Lord Crabstairs. "I will throw them down some bread, and there they can stay until we have mustered the rest of the flock. As for the cock, if he likes rope ladders, he is welcome to stop there for the present."

"It is a good thing he is not an egg layer," said the schoolmaster.

After breakfast Lord Crabstairs, accompanied by Doris, who wished to select her own brood, and by myself and the butcher, went on shore on an expedition after poultry.

The house to which we directed our steps was about a mile and a half from our landing-place, and when we had approached near enough to get a good view of it we found it to be a dark, somber building without a tree near it except a great pine, which grew so close to one corner that it seemed like a part of the house. As we drew nearer, Doris remarked that it looked more like a prison than a farm-house.

At this Lord Crabstairs laughed loud and said he hoped we should not find it full of jail-birds, as those were not the ornithological specimens we were after.

As we drew nearer, the resemblance to a prison increased. A high pale fence surrounded the house yard, and we could see that there were iron bars to the windows. The narrow gate which opened upon the road was locked, but a man was at work inside, and he came and opened it. When we told him our errand he at first hesitated, and then said we must go and ask at the house.

In a body we went up a grass-grown brick path to the front door, where we knocked. A more somber-looking house I never stood before. The building itself had a certain air of importance, but the surrounding grounds did not accord with any such air. They were flat, bare, and covered with scrubby grass; not a flower-bed nor border, nor even a rose bush. The thin grass which covered the house yard had recently been cut, and the man was now raking it into meager little piles of hay. A few out-buildings at a short distance were separated from this yard by a high fence and a gate. The building itself was destitute of any attempt at ornament, not having even a piazza.

After we had waited some minutes the door was opened as far as a stout chain would allow, and the form of a tall woman appeared at the aperture. She wore a black-and-white striped sunbonnet. We saw more of this sunbonnet than of her face.

Doris stepped forward and stated our errand. The woman listened, and then, remarking that she would see, shut the door with a bang.

"Polite, that!" said Lord Crabstairs. "I dare say she is a female convict."

The door was not opened again, but presently there came around the corner another woman, also wearing a black-and-white striped sunbonnet; but she was shorter and had a pleasanter voice than the other.

"If it 's chickens you want," she said, "you can come this way. We have some to sell." She led the way through a gate to a poultry-yard, where she showed us a variety of fowls, not one of which, Lord Crabstairs declared, possessed a single drop of pure blood. He selected, however, a half-dozen of the best specimens, and Doris bought a hen with nine little chicks, together with the coop, which, with its occupants, the butcher and I undertook to carry to the boat.

While we were engaged in making our purchases another woman came out to the chicken-

yard. She also wore a black-and-white striped sunbonnet, but she was younger than the two others, and her face was quite pretty. Her countenance had a pensive expression, but her large gray eyes were quick and alert, and moved with interest and curiosity from one member of our party to another. She did not speak during the selection and bargaining, but observed everything that was done and listened to everything that was said.

When we were leaving the poultry-yard she stepped up to Doris and said: "I am glad you wanted chickens. I have not seen a stranger since March."

Delighted to have this opportunity given her to ask questions, Doris asked questions without stint.

"Yes," answered the young woman, "my two sisters and I live here all alone by ourselves. This high fence and the iron bars to the lower windows are to keep out burglars. Alwilda — she is the one who came to the front door — and Lizeth — that one over there with the chickens — are very much afraid of burglars. There is no man in the house. Our hired man sleeps in the barn. Alwilda locks the two yard gates herself every night, so he is shut out just the same as everybody else. My name is Dolor — Dolor Tripp. Tripp is our family name. Yes, it is dreadfully lonely. We don't do anything but just live here, except Alwilda; she paints."

"Paints!" exclaimed Doris in surprise, recalling the figure of the tall woman in the black-and-white sunbonnet.

"Yes," replied Dolor Tripp. "She paints pictures on the dining-room walls. She has gone only half round the room, and she has been years and years at it. Sometimes she paints things she sees, and sometimes things she remembers. The things she remembers are done better than the things she sees. She never goes outside this yard."

"And you?" asked Doris. "Have you nothing to occupy your time?"

"Not a thing," replied the young woman, "except housework, and that does n't count. I should like the chickens, but Lizeth attends to them. I hardly ever see neighbors or strangers. The minute I heard that there were people here to buy chickens I came straight out. I am glad to see anybody."

I had joined the group, and noticed that at these words a smile appeared on the hitherto somewhat pensive countenance of the speaker. She looked around and perceived that her sister and Lord Crabstairs had gone to a little distance to look at some ducks.

"Do you know," she said, "that over and over again I have felt glad that that pine tree is growing so close to the corner of the house. It never enters the minds of Alwilda and Lizeth that there is any danger in it, but you can see for yourselves that if a burglar once got into the yard he could go up that tree just the same as a ladder, and get into that second-story window. I have sat up half the night wondering if a burglar ever would come up that tree."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that your feeling of loneliness is so great that you would even be glad to see a burglar?"

"I don't exactly say that I would be glad to see one," answered Dolor, "but it would be a change."

"You must indeed be lonely," said Doris, looking upon the girl with earnest sympathy, "if you consider a burglar better than nobody."

Doris looked at Dolor Tripp for a few moments, and then suddenly turned to me with a light upon her face. She drew me aside, and whispered: "A glittering idea has just struck me. Suppose we propose to her to go with us! A voyage to Boston would do her no end of good; and when we came back we could leave her here just as well as not. Shall I ask her?"

There was a deference in these concluding words which greatly pleased me. As a rule I did not desire any more women on the *Merry Chanter*, but this case was exceptional. The passage money of the young woman would be of service, it would be an excellent thing for Doris to have a suitable person of her own sex on board, and it would be true charity to give this poor girl a chance to see something of the world. As to her being a stranger to us, that did not matter. Most of us were comparative strangers to one another, and it is not customary to inquire into the character and family antecedents of passengers to Boston.

When Doris made her suggestion to Dolor Tripp the eyes of the latter opened wide and sparkled. "Go to Boston?" she cried. "In a ship? With you? Go? Why, I would go if I had to sell my hair! But Alwilda will never agree. Lizeth may — I don't know; but you can't move Alwilda one inch. But don't suppose I am not going," she added quickly. "Nothing would ever happen if you waited for Alwilda to agree. When do you start?"

"We ought to set sail," said Doris, "very soon after we get to the ship. I suppose all the water must be on board by this time."

"Oh, dear!" said Dolor Tripp. "That would be dreadfully soon. I don't see how I could manage it."

During our conversation with the young woman the butcher had been standing by, silent but observant. He now stepped forward. "I don't believe, ma'am," he said, addressing Doris, "that we can sail as soon as we get back. The skipper wants to go out on the ebb, and it must have been high tide two hours ago, so that by the time we are aboard

and everythin' is ready there won't be much ebb tide to go out on; and it won't be high water again until after dark to-night. So you see Cap'n Timon is more than likely to want to wait till to-morrow mornin' anyway."

"Well," said Doris, "there is n't really any reason why we should be in a hurry. Boston will keep, I 've no doubt. And if Captain Timon thinks it is better to wait until to-morrow morning, of course we can wait until then. Will that suit you?" she said to Dolor Tripp, whose countenance was now glowing with excitement.

"That will be time enough," was the answer. "I 'll know all about it this afternoon."

"Can you send us word," asked Doris, "so we may know whether or not to expect you?"

Dolor Tripp looked a little embarrassed, but before she could speak the butcher said to her, "Have you a clock in your house?"

"Of course we have," she answered promptly.

"Well, then," said he, "if you will have a note ready at six o'clock precisely I 'll come here and get it."

"Very well," said Dolor Tripp; "I 'll have it ready. It will be better for you to go to the lower end of the yard, and I 'll hand the note to you through the palings. The gate is right in front of the dining-room windows."

Lord Crabstairs and Lizeth now returned to us, his lordship having given up the idea of buying ducks, because there would be no way of allowing them to swim except by lowering them from the ship by means of a long cord; and this would be feasible only when we were at anchor. The butcher and I now took up the coop containing the hen and chickens, our disengaged hands each bearing a pair of fowls, while his lordship carried the rest of the purchased poultry, gallantly declining to allow Doris to bear the weight of even the smallest pullet.

We left behind us two happy sisters, one placidly smiling over the results of an unusually profitable sale, and the other glowing with the anticipation of unknown joys.

## IX.

### THE "MERRY CHANTER" AND THE TIDE.

A LITTLE before dark that afternoon the butcher appeared before Doris and me on the after portion of the deck and made his report.

"I got to that house," he said, "at a quarter before six; and as I was a little ahead of time I waited outside the pale fence, keeping some bushes between me and the house. Pretty soon that Dolor sister came out and began walking straight down to the corner of the fence; but before she got there the Lizeth sister she came out, and then the Dolor sister she turned straight towards the chicken-yard, and going inside the feed-house she came out with her apron full of corn and began feeding the chickens right and left like mad; and the Lizeth sister she called out to her to stop wasting corn that way, and she went and took the corn from her and began to attend to the chickens herself. Then the Dolor sister she went walking about picking the weed blossoms, throwing 'em down again and picking more, and all the time moving down towards the fence; and the minute the Lizeth sister locked the poultry-yard and went into the house the Dolor one came straight to the corner where she said she 'd meet me, and there I was. She put this note between the palings, and says she, 'Is there any way of getting a trunk from this house to your ship to-night?' 'Unbeknown?' said I. 'Yes,' said she. 'At least nobody here must know it.' 'Then you are going with us to Boston?' said I. 'Yes, indeed I am,' said she; 'but there will be no trouble about me. It 's only the trunk.' 'Then your sisters are not willing?' said I. 'They would n't be if I told 'em,' said she, 'and so I don't intend to tell 'em. They have n't the least right in the world over me, for I am of age; but they 'd make a lot of trouble if they knew I wanted to go to Boston, and I don't want to have any more trouble than I can help having.' 'When will your trunk be ready?' says I, 'and where will it be?' 'There 's an empty one in a lower room,' said she; 'and after it gets pitch-dark I can put it outside by the back door, and then I can bring my things down and put them in it, but I can't move it after that.' 'At what time will it be all packed and locked and at the back door?' says I. 'Certainly by twelve o'clock,' says she. 'Then at one o'clock,' says I, 'it will be on board the ship.' 'That is beautiful,' says she; 'and as soon as the lower gate is unlocked for the hired man in the morning, I 'll walk through the chicken-yard and around the sand hills till I am out of sight of the house and then go straight to the shore.' 'Where there 'll be a boat to meet you,' says I. Then she said she supposed I was the cap'n, and on being told not thanked me all the same and left sharp. And here 's the note."

With the exception of the statement that the writer would bring money to pay her passage, the note contained nothing that the butcher had not told us.

"I like her spirit," said Doris. "If she is of age there is no reason why she should n't go to Boston, or anywhere else she wants to. But how in the world is her trunk to be got here? The gates will be locked."

"The schoolmaster and me," said the butcher, "will attend to the trunk. He won't be afraid to go on shore when it is pitch-dark, and I 'll take a bull's-eye lantern to use when needed."

This being settled, Doris and I went below to arrange for the accommodation of the newcomer. There was a little cabin back of our own, which we appropriated to Dolor Tripp. Its space was extremely limited, but we could do no better for her.

Lord Crabstairs had been so exceedingly busy in arranging accommodations for the poultry on the forecastle, and in endeavoring to entice from the rigging the cock which had first arrived on board, that he did not know of the arrangements that had been made for the transfer of the baggage of Dolor Tripp. Otherwise, as he informed us next morning, he would have been on hand, for a lark like that was much to his liking.

The butcher and the schoolmaster must have had a hard time with the trunk, but they succeeded in getting it over the high fence, and by one o'clock, as had been promised, it was on board the *Merry Chanter*.

Doris and I arose very early the next morning, and it could not have been more than half-past six when we beheld Dolor Tripp coming down to the shore with a parasol in one hand and a little leather bag in the other. Lord Crabstairs was standing near us, and the moment his eyes fell upon her he gave a jump.

"I 'll take a boat and fetch her," said he. "I can do that much, anyway."

"Stop!" cried Doris. "I do not think that would be fair. After all the butcher's trouble about her he should have the pleasure of bringing her over in the boat."

"I don't quite see the point of that," said Lord Crabstairs. "'Turn about is fair play.'"

"That would be no turn about at all," said Doris; "but we have no time to argue this matter, for Dolor Tripp will get down to the water's edge and find nobody to bring her over. So, as I command the *Merry Chanter*, and everybody in it, I am obliged to say to you, Lord Crabstairs, that you cannot go after that young woman unless the butcher is willing."

It struck me that this was a moment when a word from me seemed to be called for, but I could not make up my mind what sort of word to speak.

Lord Crabstairs made a very low bow. "Madam," said he, "I submit; and I will go find the butcher and see if he will give me his chance."

In about a minute the butcher appeared from below, and made instant preparations to descend into the boat which was tied to the schooner's stern. "It will be much better," he said, "for some one who knows her to go after her. She may not like to be brought over by a stranger."

"'Know her!' 'Stranger!' Bedad, I like that!" ejaculated Lord Crabstairs, as the butcher rowed away. "He rows very well for a butcher now, does n't he? I don't believe a man who rows as well as that can be a very good butcher. Now, do you, madam?"

"I do declare," exclaimed Doris, without paying any attention to this inquiry, "she really does seem delighted to see him! And I am so glad she has on that pretty straw hat. I was afraid she would come in her black-and-white sunbonnet."

The shore was but a short distance away, and very soon Dolor Tripp was on board the *Merry Chanter*. She was cordially received by the owners, the four captains, and the passengers, and shook hands all round.

"And now," cried Doris, "we must up anchor, hoist sail, and be away without loss of time. I long to be out on the rolling deep."

But Captain Timon shook his head. "The tide does n't serve this mornin', madam," said he.

"Oh, bother the tide!" cried Doris. "I never saw anything like it. But I beg you will make a start the instant it does serve." And with this she took Dolor Tripp down below to show her the arrangements that had been made for her accommodation.

Lord Crabstairs, who was an active fellow, now mounted aloft to compel the truant cock to get down from its elevated position in the rigging, while the schoolmaster, carrying the sandpiper in its cage, appeared on deck and proceeded to give the usual morning attentions to the wounded bird.

The butcher, his hands in his pockets and an expression of earnest thought on his face, came after me. Meeting me at the extreme stern of the vessel, he said in a low voice: "Do you know that I have got some ideas about this schooner? We have been lying here more than three days, and in all that time I don't believe she 's moved around with the tide any more than that stump there on shore has moved around with it. Tide in and tide out, twice a day each way, and she 's been lying here with her bowsprit pointing out to sea and her rudder pointing into shore with never a shift one way or the other. Now it stands to reason, I take it, that if a schooner like this could move with the tide she would move with it; and as she does n't move with it, it stands to reason she can't move with it."

"I never thought of that!" I exclaimed in surprise. "But, since you speak of it, I believe it is so. What do you suppose it means?"

"Means?" replied the butcher, looking around him and speaking in lower tones. "I 'll tell you what I believe it means. I think that we are stuck fast to the bottom of this bay. When they first came in they put out their anchor, and then the schooner, most likely, swung

around on to a sand bar, and stuck tight and fast. If she has n't done that, what 's to hinder her moving with the tide?"

"But the captains?" I said. "If the ship were aground they would mention it. They would do something."

"They are not much on the mention," said the butcher; "and as to do, they 've been hoping every high tide would float her off. I would have been on deck this morning when the Dolor sister showed on shore if I had n't been listening to the cap'ns' talk about some particular high tide that comes with a particular quarter of the moon. I was called off and did n't make out what quarter it was, but I believe they 're waiting for it."

"If that is the case," said I, "I hope most earnestly that it is not far off."

"There 's no knowing," said the butcher, rather lugubriously. "I don't care to ask 'em about it, for it 's their business to sail the ship, not mine. But there 's one thing I do know, and that is when an old schooner like this, with about seventy cart-loads of paving stones inside of her, and barnacles outside that will weigh about as much, settles on a sand bank she 'll want a special high tide to come along at its earliest convenience if she ever expects to float at all."

I gazed gloomily over the stern. The little boat was gently pulling at her painter as the tide impelled her seaward, but the *Merry Chanter* kept its position like a Horse Guard on sentry duty. "At any rate," I said, "it will be of no use to worry the ladies with our conjectures."

"I am with you there," said the butcher. "It would n't be my way to trouble them or anybody else. But it strikes me that we 'll find things pretty crooked when we eat up all our provisions before we 've sailed an inch to Boston, and the news gets around that we 're aground in Shankashank Bay, and Mrs. Bodship comes after the schoolmaster, and either carries him off, and perhaps Cap'n Cyrus too, or else stays on board herself, which would be an everlasting sight worse, and the Alwilda sister and the Lizeth sister come after Dolor Tripp, and Lord Crabstairs gets kidnaped for the family debts while wandering on shore."

(To be continued.)

*Frank R. Stockton.*

## THE FLOWER OF DESTINY.

A FLOWER strange and new,
I know not of what hue,
I sought for even when a little child,
Still vainly, vainly through the thickets wild.
Could I have dreamed of it in some lost dream?
I only know o'er meadow and by stream,
On sunny hillside, and in shadowed glade,
Where pine and laurel tender twilight made,
I searched in wistful weariness, and then,
At eventide, resolved to come again
Upon the morrow. Spring and Summer passed,
And Autumn killed of her own blooms the last.
But this undaunted faith supported me:
After the Winter I the flower shall see.
Ah me! The changing seasons came and brought
Flowers upon flowers, but not the one I sought;
And years and years went by, and Hope forlorn
Almost refused to lead me forth at morn
With a glad smile for welcome, if should rise,
Dewy and dear, my flower of Paradise.
And I am old at last, ay, near the side
Of Jordan, but my longing has not died —
The longing for this blossom, strange and new.
I know not what its shape or what its hue;
But know, across a grave-mound o'er the stream,
Beyond Earth's winter and beyond Life's dream,
This wonder-flower of my missed destiny
Grows toward my coming, keeps its bloom for me.

*Louise Vickroy Boyd.*

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

## THE FALL OF THE REBEL CAPITAL—LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### THE FALL OF THE REBEL CAPITAL.

SINCE the visit of Blair and the return of the rebel commissioners from the Hampton Roads conference, no event of special significance had excited the authorities or people of Richmond. February and March passed away in the routine of war and politics, which at the end of four years had become familiar and dull. To shrewd observers in that city things were going from bad to worse. Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President, had abandoned the capital and the cause and retired to Georgia to await the end. Judge John A. Campbell, though performing the duties of Assistant Secretary of War, made, among his intimate friends, no concealment of his opinion that the last days of the Confederacy had come.[2] The members of the rebel Congress, adjourning after their long and fruitless winter session, gave many indications that they never expected to reassemble. A large part of their winter's work had been to demonstrate without direct accusation that it was the Confederate mal-Administration which was wrecking the Southern cause. On his part Jefferson Davis prolonged their session a week to send them his last message—a dry lecture to prove that the blame rested entirely on their own shoulders. The last desperate measure of rebel statesmanship, the law to permit masters to put their slaves into the Southern armies to fight for the rebellion, was so palpably illogical and impracticable that both the rebel Congress and the rebel President appear to have treated it as the merest legislative rubbish; or else the latter would scarcely have written in the same message, after stating that "much benefit is anticipated from this measure," that

> The people of the Confederacy can be but little known to him who supposes it possible they would ever consent to purchase, at the cost of degradation and slavery, permission to live in a country garrisoned by their own negroes, and governed by officers sent by the conqueror to rule over them.[3]

Jefferson Davis was strongly addicted to political contradictions, but we must suppose even his cross-eyed philosophy capable of detecting that a negro willing to fight in slavery in preference to fighting in freedom was not a very safe reliance for Southern independence. The language as he employs it here fitly closes the continuous official Confederate wail about Northern subjugation, Northern despotism, Northern barbarity, Northern atrocity, and Northern inhumanity which rings through his letters, speeches, orders, messages, and proclamations with monotonous dissonance during his whole four years of authority.

Of all the Southern people none were quite so blinded as those of Richmond. Their little bubble of pride at being the Confederate capital was ever iridescent with the brightest hopes. They had no dream that the visible symbols of Confederate government and glory upon which their eyes had nourished their faith would disappear almost as suddenly as if an earthquake had swallowed them. Poverty, distress, and desolation had indeed crept into their homes, but the approach had been slow, and so mitigated by the exaltations of a heroic self-sacrifice that they welcomed the change rather than suffered by it. For the moment nature was their helper. The cheering, healing, revivifying influences of the springtime were at hand. The warm sunshine lay on the hills, the songs of birds were in the air, buds and blossoms filled the gardens.

All accounts agree that when on Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, the people of Richmond went forth to their places of worship, they had no thought of impending change or public calamity. The ominous signs of such a possibility had escaped their attention. A few days before, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, with her children, had left Richmond for the South and sent some of her furniture to auction. So also some weeks before, the horses remaining in the city had been impressed to collect the tobacco into convenient warehouses where it

[2] Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 450.

[3] Davis, Message, March 13, 1865. "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1865, pp. 718, 719.

[1] Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

could be readily burned to prevent its falling into Yankee hands.[1]

But the significance of these and perhaps other indications could not be measured by the general populace. In fact for some days a rather unusual quiet had prevailed. That morning Jefferson Davis was in his pew in St. Paul's Church when before the sermon was ended an officer walked up the aisle and handed him a telegram from General Lee at Petersburg, dated at half-past ten that morning, in which he read, "My lines are broken in three places; Richmond must be evacuated this evening." He rose and walked out of church; whereupon the officer handed the telegram to the rector, who as speedily as possible brought the services to a close, making the announcement that General Ewell, the commander at Richmond, desired the military forces to assemble at three o'clock in the afternoon. The news seems also to have reached in some form one or two of the other churches, so that though no announcement of the fact was made, the city little by little became aware of the harrowing necessity.

The fact of its being Sunday, with no business going on and rest pervading every household, doubtless served to moderate the shock to the public. Yet very soon the scene was greatly transformed. From the Sabbath stillness of the morning the streets became alive with bustle and activity. Jefferson Davis had called his Cabinet and officials together, and the hurried packing of the Confederate archives for shipment was soon in progress. Citizens who had the means made hasty preparations for flight; the far greater number who were compelled to stay were in a flutter to devise measures of protection or concealment. The banks were opened and depositors flocked thither to withdraw their money and valuables. A remnant of the Virginia legislature gathered in the Representatives' Hall at the Capitol to debate a question of greater urgency than had ever before taxed their wisdom or eloquence. In another room sat the municipal council, for once impressed with the full weight of its responsibility. Meanwhile the streets were full of hurrying people, of loaded wagons, of galloping military officers conveying orders. One striking sketch of that wild hurry-skurry deserves to be recorded.

Lumpkin, who for many years had kept a slave-trader's jail, also had a work of necessity on hand — fifty men, women, and children, who must be saved to the missionary institution for the future enlightenment of Africa. Although it was the Lord's day (perhaps he was comforted by the thought that "the better the day the better the deed") the coffle-gang was made up in the jail yard, within pistol shot of Davis's parlor window, within a stone's throw of the Monumental Church, and a sad and weeping throng, chained two and two, the last slave-coffle that shall ever tread the streets of Richmond, were hurried to the Danville depot.[2]

But the "institution," like the Confederacy, was already *in extremis*. The account adds that the departing trains could afford no transportation for this last slave cargo, and the gang probably went to pieces like every other Richmond organization, military and political.

Evening had come, and the confusion of the streets found its culmination at the railroad depots. Military authority made room for the fleeing President and his Cabinet, and department officials and their boxes of more important papers. The cars were overcrowded and overloaded long before the clamoring multitude and piles of miscellaneous baggage could be got aboard, and by the occasional light of lanterns flitting hither and thither the wheezing and coughing trains moved out into the darkness. The legislature of Virginia and the governor of the State departed in a canal boat towards Lynchburg. All available vehicles carrying fugitives were leaving the city by various country roads, but the great mass of the population, unable to get away, had to confront the dread certainty that only one night remained before the appearance of a hostile army with the power of death and destruction over them and their homes.

How this power might be exercised, present signs were none too reassuring. Since noon, when the fact of evacuation had become certain, the whole fabric of society seemed to be crumbling to pieces. Military authority was concentrating its energy on only two objects, destruction and departure. The civil authority was lending a hand, for the single hasty precaution which the city council could ordain was, that all the liquors in the city should be emptied out. To order this was one thing, to have it rigorously executed would be asking quite too much of the lower human appetites, and while some of the street gutters ran with alcohol, enough was surreptitiously consumed to produce a frightful state of excitement and drunkenness. No picture need be drawn of the possibilities of violence and crime which must have haunted the timid watchers in Richmond who listened all night to the shouts, the blasphemy, the disorder that rose and fell in the streets, or who furtively noted the signs of pillage already begun. And how shall we follow their imagination, passing from these visible acts of the friends of yesterday to what they might look for from the enemies expected to-morrow? For had not their President offi-

[1] Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 438.

[2] "Atlantic Monthly," June, 1865.

cially, their statesmen, and their newspapers with frantic rhetoric, warned them against the fanatical, penny-worshiping Yankee invader? And that final horror of horrors, the negro soldiers held up to their dread by the solemn presidential message of Jefferson Davis only two weeks before. What now of the fear of servile insurrection, the terrible specter they had secretly nursed from their very childhood? It is scarcely possible they can have escaped such meditations even though already weary and exhausted with the surprises and labors of the day, with the startling anxieties of the evening, with the absorbing care of burying their household silver and secreting their yet more precious personal ornaments and tokens of affection. In Europe, a thousand wars have rendered such experiences historically commonplace; in America, let us hope that a thousand years of peace may render their repetition impossible.

Full of dangerous portent as had been the night, the morning became yet more ominous. Long before day sleepers and watchers alike were startled by a succession of explosions which shook every building. The military authorities were blowing up the vessels in construction at the river. These were nine in number, three of them iron-clads of four guns each, the others small wooden ships.[1] Next, the arsenal was fired; and, as many thousands of loaded shells were stored here, there succeeded for a period the sounds of a continuous cannonade. Already fire had been set to the warehouses containing the collected tobacco and cotton, among which loaded shells had also been scattered to insure more complete destruction.

There is a conflict of testimony as to who is responsible for the deplorable public calamity which ensued. The rebel Congress had passed a law ordering the Government tobacco and other public property to be burned, and Jefferson Davis states that the general commanding had advised with the mayor and city authorities about precautions against a conflagration.[2] On the other hand, Lieutenant-General Ewell, the military commander, has authorized the statement that he not only earnestly warned the city authorities of the certain consequences of the measure, but that he took the responsibility of disobeying the law and military orders. "I left the city about seven o'clock in the morning," he writes, "and as yet nothing had been fired by my orders; yet the buildings and depot near the railway bridge were on fire, and the flames were so close as to be disagreeable as I rode by them."[3] By this time the spirit of lawlessness and hunger for pillage had gained full headway. The rearguard of the retreating Confederates set the three great bridges in flames, and while the fire started at the four immense warehouses and various points, and soon uniting in an uncontrollable conflagration was beginning to eat out the heart of the city, a miscellaneous mob went from store to store, and with a beam for a battering ram smashed in the doors so that the crowd might freely enter and plunder the contents. This rapacity, first directed towards bread and provision stores, gradually extended itself to all other objects until mere greed of booty rather than need or usefulness became the ruling instinct, and promoted the waste and destruction of that which had been stolen. Into this pandemonium of fire and license there came one additional terror to fill up its dramatic completeness.

> About ten o'clock [writes an eye-witness], just before the entrance of the Federal army, a cry of dismay rang all along the streets which were out of the track of the fire, and I saw a crowd of leaping, shouting demons, in parti-colored clothes, and with heads half shaven. It was the convicts from the penitentiary, who had overcome the guard, set fire to the prison, and were now at liberty. Many a heart which had kept its courage to this point quailed at the sight. Fortunately, they were too intent upon securing their freedom to do much damage.[4]

It is quite probable that the magnitude and

1 "The following is a list of the vessels destroyed: *Virginia*, flag-ship, four guns, iron-clad; *Richmond*, four guns, iron-clad; *Fredericksburg*, four guns, iron-clad; *Nansemond*, two guns, wooden; *Hampton*, two guns, wooden; *Roanoke*, one gun, wooden; *Torpedo*, tender; *Shrapnel; Patrick Henry*, school-ship." [Porter, Report, April 5, 1865. Report Sec. Navy, 1865–66.]

2 Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 666.

3 Ewell to Lossing, November, 1866. "The Independent," March 11, 1886.

Lossing, writing from both the written statement and verbal explanations of General Ewell, says: "Now General Ewell earnestly warned the city authorities of the danger of acting according to the letter of that resolution; for a brisk wind was blowing from the south which would send the flames of the burning warehouses into the town and imperil the whole city. Early in the evening a deputation of citizens called upon President Davis and remonstrated against carrying out that order of Congress, because the safety of the city would be jeopardized. He was then in an unamiable state of mind, and curtly replied, 'Your statement that the burning of the warehouses will endanger the city is only a cowardly pretext to save your property for the Yankees!' After Davis's departure a committee of the city council, at the suggestion of General Ewell, went to the War Office to remonstrate with whomsoever might represent the department, against the execution of the perilous order. Major Melton rudely replied in language which was almost an echo of that of his superior, and General Ewell, in spite of his earnest remonstrances, was ordered to cause the four warehouses near the river to be set on fire at three o'clock in the morning." [Lossing, in "The Independent" (New York), March 11, 1886.]

4 Mary Tucker Magill, in "The Independent" (New York), Jan. 7, 1886.

rapidity of the disaster served in a measure to mitigate its evil results. The burning of seven hundred buildings comprising the entire business portion of Richmond, warehouses, manufactories, mills, depots, and stores, all within the brief space of a day, was a visitation so sudden, so unexpected, so stupefying as to overawe and terrorize even wrong-doers, and made the harvest of plunder so abundant as to serve to scatter the mob and satisfy its rapacity to quick repletion.

Before a new hunger could arise, assistance, protection, and relief were at hand. The citizens' committee which went forth to surrender Richmond met the vanguard of the Union army under General Weitzel outside the limits of the city in the early forenoon, and after a formal ceremony of submission, a small detachment of white Union cavalry galloped into the late rebel capital, and proceeding directly to the State House raised the national flag over it.[1] Soon afterward there occurred what was to the inhabitants the central incident of the day — the event which engrossed their solicitude even more than the vanished rebel Government, the destroyed city, or the lost cause. This was the arrival of the colored soldiers, the, to them, visible realization of the new political and social heavens and earth to which four years of rebellion and war had brought them. The prejudices of a lifetime cannot be instantly overcome, and the rebels of Richmond doubtless felt that this was the final drop in their cup of misery and that their "subjugation" was complete. General Weitzel had arrived with the first detachment of Union cavalry; and seeing the conflagration and disorder, he sent back an aide in haste to bring into the city the first brigade he could find, to act as a provost guard.

At length they came — a brigade of colored cavalry from the division of General Devens.[2] It is related that about this time, as by a common impulse, the white people of Richmond disappeared from the streets, and the black population streamed forth with an apparently instinctive recognition that their day of jubilee had at last arrived. To see this compact, organized body of men of their own color, on horseback, in neat uniforms, with flashing sabers, with the gleam of confidence and triumph in their eyes, was a palpable living reality to which their hope and pride, long repressed, gave instant response. They greeted them with expressions of welcome in every form — cheers, shouts, laughter, and a rattle of exclamations as they rushed along the sides of the street to keep pace with the advancing column and feast their eyes on the incredible sight; while the black Union soldiers rose high in their stirrups and with waving swords and deafening huzzas acknowledged the fraternal reception.

But there was little time for holiday enjoyment. The conflagration was roaring, destruction was advancing; fury of fire, blackness of smoke, crash of falling walls, obstruction of débris, confusion, helplessness, danger, seemed everywhere. The great Capitol Square on the hill had become the refuge of women and children and the temporary storing-place of the few household effects they had saved from the burning. From this center, where the Stars and Stripes were first hoisted, there now flowed back upon the stricken city, not the doom and devastation for which its people looked, but the friendly help and protection of a generous army bringing them peace, and the spirit of a benevolent Government tendering them forgiveness and reconciliation. Up to this time it would seem that not an organization had been proposed nor a hand raised to stay the ravages of the flames. The public spirit of Richmond was dead even to that commonest of human impulses, the willingness to help a neighbor in affliction. The advent of the Union army breathed a new life into this social paralysis. The first care of the officers was to organize resistance to fire; and instead of the blood and rapine which the deluded Virginians feared from the Yankee officers and "niggers" in Federal uniforms, they beheld them reëstablish order and personal security, and convert the unrestrained mob of whites and blacks into a regulated energy, to save what remained of their city from the needless fire and pillage to which their own friends had devoted it, against remonstrance and against humanity. And this was not all. Beginning that afternoon and continuing many days, these "Yankee invaders" fed the poor of Richmond, and saved them from the starvation to which the law of the Confederate Congress, relentlessly executed by the Confederate President and some of his subordinates, exposed them.

[1] The flag was raised by a young officer named Johnston Livingston de Peyster, who had carried it at his saddle-bow for a week with this purpose.

[2] Weitzel, testimony; Report of Committee on Conduct of the War. Supplement, Part I., p. 523.

### LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.

A LITTLE more than two months before these events, President Lincoln had written the following letter to General Grant:

> Please read and answer this letter as though I was not President, but only a friend. My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated at Harvard, wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks,

nor yet to give him a commission, to which those who have already served long are better entitled, and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you, or detriment to the service, go into your military family with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing his necessary means? If no, say so without the least hesitation, because I am as anxious and as deeply interested that you shall not be encumbered as you can be yourself.[1]

Grant replied as follows:

Your favor of this date in relation to your son serving in some military capacity is received. I will be most happy to have him in my military family in the manner you propose. The nominal rank given him is immaterial, but I would suggest that of captain, as I have three staff-officers now, of considerable service, in no higher grade. Indeed, I have one officer with only the rank of lieutenant who has been in the service from the beginning of the war. This, however, will make no difference, and I would still say give the rank of captain.—Please excuse my writing on a half-sheet. I have no resource but to take the blank half of your letter.[2]

The President's son therefore became a member of Grant's staff with the rank of captain, and acquitted himself of the duties of that station with fidelity and honor.

We may assume that it was the anticipated important military events rather than the presence of Captain Robert T. Lincoln at Grant's headquarters which induced the general on the 20th of March, 1865, to invite the President and Mrs. Lincoln to make a visit to his camp near Richmond; and on the 22d they and their younger son Thomas, nicknamed "Tad," proceeded in the steamer *River Queen* from Washington to City Point, where General Grant with his family and staff were "occupying a pretty group of huts on the bank of the James River, overlooking the harbor, which was full of vessels of all classes, both war and merchant, with wharves and warehouses on an extensive scale."[3] Here, making his home on the steamer which brought him, the President remained about ten days, enjoying what was probably the most satisfactory relaxation in which he had been able to indulge during his whole presidential service. It was springtime and the weather was moderately steady; his days were occupied visiting the various camps of the great army in company with the general.

"He was a good horseman," records a member of the general's staff, "and made his way through swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him and greeted him, wherever he appeared amongst them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from the depth of their hearts."[4] Many evening hours were passed with groups of officers before roaring camp-fires, where Mr. Lincoln was always the magnetic center of genial conversation and lively anecdote. The interest of the visit was further enhanced by the arrival at City Point, on the evening of March 27, of General Sherman, who, having left General Schofield to command in his absence, made a hasty trip to confer with Grant. He was able to gratify the President with a narrative of the leading incidents of his great march from Atlanta to Savannah and from Savannah to Goldsboro', North Carolina. In one or two informal interviews in the after cabin of the *River Queen*, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Rear-Admiral Porter enjoyed a frank interchange of opinion about the favorable prospects of early and final victory, and of the speedy realization of the long-hoped-for peace. Sherman and Porter affirm that the President confided to them certain liberal views on the subject of reconstructing State governments in the conquered States which do not seem compatible with the very guarded language of Mr. Lincoln elsewhere used or recorded by him. It is fair to presume that their own enthusiasm colored their recollection of the President's expressions, though it is no doubt true that he spoke of his willingness to be liberal to the verge of prudence, and that he even gave them to understand that he would not be displeased at the escape from the country of Jefferson Davis and other principal rebel leaders.

On the 29th of March the party separated, Sherman returning to North Carolina, and Grant starting on his final campaign to Appomattox. Five days later Grant informed Mr. Lincoln of the fall of Petersburg, and the President made a flying visit to that town for another brief conference with the general. The capture of Richmond was hourly expected, and that welcome information reached Lincoln soon after his return to City Point.

Between the receipt of this news and the following forenoon, but before any information about the great fire had been received, a visit to Richmond was arranged between President Lincoln and Admiral Porter. Accounts differ as to who suggested it or extended the invitation, and there is great vagueness and even contradiction about the details of the trip. Admiral Porter states[5] that he carried the President in his flag-ship, the *Malvern*, until she grounded, when he transferred the party to his barge with a tugboat to tow it and a small detachment of marines on board. Another account states that the President proceeded in

1 Lincoln to Grant, Jan. 19, 1865. Unpublished MS.
2 Grant to Lincoln, Jan. 21, 1865. Unpublished MS.
3 Sherman, "Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 324.
4 Gen. Horace Porter, in THE CENTURY, Oct., 1885.
5 "New York Tribune."

the steamer *River Queen* until the transfer to the barge; also that another transport, having a four-horse field wagon and a squadron of cavalry, followed for the service of the President. Still a third account states[1] that the party went in the admiral's barge the whole distance, as affording greater safety against danger from any torpedoes which might not yet have been removed. The various accounts agree that obstructions, consisting of rows of piling, sunken hulks, and the débris of the destroyed Confederate vessels, were encountered, which only the tug and barge were able to pass.

The result therefore was that the party were compelled to make a landing at some distance below the proper place, at the suburb called Rockett's, and that there was neither sentry nor officer nor wagon nor escort to meet and receive them. One cannot help wondering at the manifest imprudence of both Mr. Lincoln and Admiral Porter in the whole proceeding.

Never in the history of the world did the ruler of a mighty nation and the conqueror of a great rebellion enter the captured chief city of the insurgents in such humbleness and simplicity. As they stepped from the barge the street along the river front seemed deserted, and they sent out to find some chance person of whom to inquire their way. The unusual group soon attracted the attention of idlers, and a crowd gathered. Admiral Porter ordered twelve of the marines to fix bayonets to their rifles and to form six in front and six behind the party, which consisted of President Lincoln, holding his son "Tad" by the hand, Admiral Porter, and three officers, all being on foot; and in this order they walked from the landing at Rockett's to the center of Richmond, a distance of nearly two miles. It was a long and fatiguing march, evidently not expected by the President, who during his ten-days' stay with the army had probably always had an officer at his elbow to anticipate his slightest wish for horses or vehicles. There remains no trustworthy account of this strange presidential entry; the printed narratives of it written from memory, after the lapse of years, are so evidently colored by fancy that they do not invite credence. Admiral Porter, writing on the following day, says:

> On the 4th of April I accompanied the President up to Richmond, where he was received with the strongest demonstrations of joy.[2]

This is perhaps the most perfect historical record we shall ever have of the event, and the imagination may easily fill up the picture of a gradually increasing crowd, principally of negroes, following the little group of marines and officers with the tall form of the President in its center; and, having learned that it was indeed Mr. Lincoln, giving expression to wonder, joy, and gratitude in a variety of picturesque emotional ejaculations peculiar to the colored race, and for which there was ample time while the little procession made its tiresome march, whose route cannot now be traced.

At length the party reached the headquarters of General Weitzel, established in the very house occupied by Jefferson Davis as the presidential mansion of the rebel Confederacy, and from which he had fled less than two days before. Here Mr. Lincoln was glad of a chance to sit down and rest, and a little later to partake of a lunch which the general provided. An informal reception, chiefly of Union officers, naturally followed, and later in the afternoon General Weitzel went with the President and Admiral Porter in a carriage, guarded by an escort of cavalry, to visit the Capitol, the burnt district, Libby Prison, Castle Thunder, and other points of interest about the city; and of this afternoon drive also no trustworthy narrative in detail by an eye-witness appears to have been written at the time.

It was probably before the President went on this drive that there occurred an interview on political topics which forms one of the chief points of interest connected with his visit. Judge John A. Campbell, rebel Assistant Secretary of War, remained in Richmond when on Sunday night the other members of the rebel Government fled, and on Tuesday morning he reported to the Union military governor, General G. F. Shepley, and informed him of his "submission to the military authorities."[3] Learning from General Shepley that Mr. Lincoln was at City Point, he asked permission to see him. This application was evidently communicated to Mr. Lincoln, for shortly after his arrival a staff-officer informed Campbell that the requested interview would be granted, and conducted him to the President at the general's headquarters, where it took place. The rebel General J. R. Anderson and others were present as friends of the judge, and General Weitzel as the witness of Mr. Lincoln. Campbell, as spokesman, "told the President that the war was over," and made inquiries about the measures and conditions necessary to secure peace. Speaking for Virginia, he "urged him to consult and counsel with her public men, and her citizens, as to the restoration of peace, civil order, and the renewal of her relations as a member of the Union."[4]

[1] Manuscript narrative of Colonel W. H. Crook.
[2] Porter, Report, April 5, 1865.
[3] Campbell, pamphlet.
[4] Ibid.

In his pamphlet, written from memory long afterwards, Campbell states that Mr. Lincoln replied "that my general principles were right, the trouble was how to apply them"; and no conclusion was reached except to appoint another interview for the following day on board the *Malvern*. This second interview was accordingly held on Wednesday, April 5, Campbell taking with him only a single citizen of Richmond, as the others to whom he sent invitations were either absent from the city or declined to accompany him. General Weitzel was again present as a witness. The conversation apparently took a wide range on the general topic of restoring local governments in the South, in the course of which the President gave Judge Campbell a written memorandum,[1] embracing an outline of conditions of peace which repeated in substance the terms he had proffered the rebel commissioners (of whom Campbell was one) at the Hampton Roads conference on the 3d of February, 1865. The only practical suggestion which was made has been summarized as follows by General Weitzel in a statement written from memory, as the result of the two interviews:

> Mr. Campbell and the other gentleman assured Mr. Lincoln that if he would allow the Virginia legislature to meet, it would at once repeal the ordinance of secession, and that then General Robert E. Lee and every other Virginian would submit; that this would amount to the virtual destruction of the Army of Northern Virginia, and eventually to the surrender of all the other rebel armies, and would insure perfect peace in the shortest possible time.[2]

Out of this second conference, which also ended without result, President Lincoln thought he saw an opportunity to draw an immediate and substantial military benefit. On the next day (April 6) he wrote from City Point, where he had returned, the following letter to General Weitzel, which he immediately transmitted to the general by the hand of Senator Wilkinson, in whose presence he wrote it and who was on his way from City Point to Richmond:

> It has been intimated to me that the gentlemen who have acted as the legislature of Virginia in support of the rebellion may now desire to assemble at Richmond, and take measures to withdraw the Virginia troops and other support from resistance to the General Government. If they attempt it, give them permission and protection, until, if at all, they attempt some action hostile to the United States, in which case you will notify them, give them reasonable time to leave, and at the end of which time arrest any who remain. Allow Judge Campbell to see this, but do not make it public.[3]

This document bears upon its face the distinct military object which the President had in view in permitting the rebel legislature to assemble, namely, to withdraw immediately the Virginia troops from the army of Lee, then on his retreat towards Lynchburg. It could not be foreseen that Lee would surrender the whole of that army within the next three days, though it was evident that the withdrawal of the Virginia forces from it, under whatever pretended State authority, would contribute to the ending of the war quite as effectually as the reduction of that army to an equal number by battle or capture. The ground upon which Lincoln believed the rebel legislature might take this action is set forth in his dispatch to Grant of the same date, in which he wrote:

> Secretary Seward was thrown from his carriage yesterday and seriously injured. This with other matters will take me to Washington soon. I was at Richmond yesterday and the day before, when and where Judge Campbell, who was with Messrs. Hunter and Stephens in February, called on me, and made such representations as induced me to put in his hands an informal paper repeating the propositions in my letter of instructions to Mr. Seward, which you remember, and adding "that if the war be now further persisted in by the rebels,

1 "As to peace, I have said before, and now repeat, that three things are indispensable:

"1. The restoration of the national authority throughout the United States.

"2. No receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message, and in preceding documents.

"3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government. That all propositions coming from those now in hostility to the Government, not inconsistent with the foregoing, will be respectfully considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality.

"I now add that it seems useless to me to be more specific with those who will not say that they are ready for the indispensable terms, even on conditions to be named by themselves. If there be any who are ready for these indispensable terms, on any conditions whatever, let them say so, and state their conditions, so that the conditions can be known and considered. It is further added, that the remission of confiscation being within the executive power, if the war be now further persisted in by those opposing the Government, the making of confiscated property at the least to bear the additional cost will be insisted on, but that confiscations (except in case of third party intervening interests) will be remitted to the people of any State which shall now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops from further resistance to the Government. What is now said as to remission of confiscation has no reference to supposed property in slaves." [President Lincoln's memorandum printed in Campbell, pamphlet, pp. 9, 10.]

2 Weitzel, in "Philadelphia Times."

3 Lincoln to Weitzel, April 6, 1865. Weitzel, testimony; Report of Committee on Conduct of the War. Supplement, Part I., p. 521.

confiscated property shall at the least bear the additional cost, and that confiscation shall be remitted to the people of any State which will now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops and other support from the resistance to the Government." Judge Campbell thought it not impossible that the rebel legislature of Virginia would do the latter, if permitted, and accordingly I addressed a private letter to General Weitzel, with permission for Judge Campbell to see it, telling him (General W.) that if they attempt this to permit and protect them, unless they attempt something hostile to the United States, in which case to give them notice and time to leave, and to arrest any remaining after such time. I do not think it very probable that anything will come of this, but I have thought best to notify you, so that if you should see signs you may understand them. From your recent dispatches, it seems that you are pretty effectually withdrawing the Virginia troops from opposition to the Government. Nothing that I have done, or probably shall do, is to delay, hinder, or interfere with your work.[1]

That Mr. Lincoln well understood the temper of leading Virginians when he wrote that he had little hope of any result from the permission he had given is shown by what followed. When, on the morning of April 7, General Weitzel received the President's letter of the 6th, he showed it confidentially to Judge Campbell, who thereupon called together a committee, apparently five in number, of the Virginia rebel legislature, and instead of informing them precisely what Lincoln had authorized, namely, a meeting to "take measures to withdraw the Virginia troops and other support from resistance to the General Government," the judge in a letter to the committee (dated April 7) formulated quite a different line of action.

I have had [he wrote], since the evacuation of Richmond, two conversations with Mr. Lincoln, President of the United States. . . . The conversations had relation to the establishment of a government for Virginia, the requirement of oaths of allegiance from the citizens, and the terms of settlement with the United States. With the concurrence and sanction of General Weitzel, he assented to the application not to require oaths of allegiance from the citizens. He stated that he would send to General Weitzel his decision upon the question of a government for Virginia. This letter was received on Thursday, and was read by me. . . . The object of the invitation is for the government of Virginia to determine whether they will administer the laws in connection with the authorities of the United States. I understand from Mr. Lincoln, if this condition be fulfilled, that no attempt would be made to establish or sustain any other authority.[2]

The rest of Campbell's long letter relates to safe-conducts, to transportation, and to the contents of the written memorandum handed by Lincoln to him at the interview on the *Malvern* about general conditions of peace. But this memorandum contained no syllable of reference to the "government of Virginia," and bore no relation of any kind to the President's permission to "take measures to withdraw the Virginia troops," except its promise "that confiscations (except in case of third party intervening interests) will be remitted to the people of any State which shall now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops from further resistance to the Government." Going a step further, the committee next prepared a call inviting a meeting of the General Assembly, announcing the consent of "the military authorities of the United States to the session of the legislature in Richmond," and stating that "The matters to be submitted to the legislature are the restoration of peace to the State of Virginia, and the adjustment of questions involving life, liberty, and property that have arisen in the States as a consequence of the war."[3] When General Weitzel indorsed his approval on the call "for publication in the 'Whig' and in hand-bill form," he does not seem to have read, or if he read to have realized, how completely President Lincoln's permission had been changed and his authority perverted. Instead of permitting them to recall Virginia soldiers, Weitzel was about to allow them authoritatively to sit in judgment on all the political consequences of the war "in the States."

General Weitzel's approval was signed to the call on April 11, and it was published in the "Richmond Whig" on the morning of the 12th. On that day the President, having returned to Washington, was at the War Department writing an answer to a dispatch from General Weitzel, in which the general defended himself against the Secretary's censure for having neglected to require from the churches in Richmond prayers for the President of the United States, similar to those which prior to the fall of the city had been offered up in their religious services in behalf of "the rebel chief, Jefferson Davis, before he was driven from the Capitol." Weitzel contended that the tone of President Lincoln's conversations with him justified the omission. Mr. Lincoln was never punctilious about social or official etiquette towards himself, and he doubtless felt in this instance that neither his moral nor political well-being was seriously dependent upon the prayers of the Richmond rebel churches. To this part of the general's dispatch he therefore answered:

I have seen your dispatches to Colonel Hardie about the matter of prayers. I do not remember hearing prayer spoken of while I was in Richmond,

1 Lincoln to Grant, April 6, 1865.
2 Campbell, pamphlet.
3 Ibid.

but I have no doubt you acted in what appeared to you to be the spirit and temper manifested by me while there.[1]

Having thus generously assumed responsibility for Weitzel's alleged neglect, the President's next thought was about what the Virginia rebel legislature was doing, of which he had heard nothing since his return from City Point. He therefore included in this same telegram of April 12 the following inquiry and direction:

> Is there any sign of the rebel legislature coming together on the understanding of my letter to you? If there is any such sign, inform me what it is. If there is no sign, you may withdraw the offer.

To this question General Weitzel answered briefly, "The passports have gone out for the legislature, and it is common talk that they will come together." It is probable that Mr. Lincoln thought that if after the lapse of five days the proposed meeting had progressed no farther than "common talk," nothing could be expected from it. It would also seem that at this time he must have received, either by telegraph or by mail, copies of the correspondence and call which Weitzel had authorized, and which had been published that morning. The President therefore immediately wrote and sent to General Weitzel a long telegram, in which he explained his course with such clearness that its mere perusal sets at rest all controversy respecting either his original intention of policy or the legal effect of his action and orders, and by a final revocation of the permission he had given brought the incident to its natural and appropriate termination:

> I have just seen Judge Campbell's letter to you of the 7th. He assumes, it appears to me, that I have called the insurgent legislature of Virginia together, as the rightful legislature of the State, to settle all differences with the United States. I have done no such thing.[2] I spoke of them not as a legislature, but as "the gentlemen who have acted as the legislature of Virginia in support of the rebellion." I did this on purpose to exclude the assumption that I was recognizing them as a rightful body. I dealt with them as men having power *de facto* to do a specific thing, to wit: "to withdraw the Virginia troops and other support from resistance to the General Government," for which, in the paper handed to Judge Campbell, I promised a special equivalent, to wit: a remission to the people of the State, except in certain cases, of the confiscation of their property. I meant this and no more. Inasmuch, however, as Judge Campbell misconstrues this, and is still pressing for an armistice, contrary to the explicit statement of the paper I gave him, and particularly as General Grant has since captured the Virginia troops, so that giving a consideration for their withdrawal is no longer applicable, let my letter to you and the paper to Judge Campbell both be withdrawn or countermanded, and he be notified of it. Do not now allow them to assemble, but if any have come allow them safe return to their homes.[3]

[1] Lincoln to Weitzel, April 12, 1865.

[2] The account given by Admiral Porter of this transaction, in his "Naval History," p. 799, is evidently written from memory, without consultation of dates or documents, and is wholly inaccurate.

[3] Campbell, pamphlet.

## WITH A COPY OF SHELLEY.

BEHOLD I send thee to the heights of song,
My brother! Let thine eyes awake as clear
As morning dew, within whose glowing sphere
Is mirrored half a world; and listen long,
Till in thine ears, famished to keenness, throng
The bugles of the soul, till far and near
Silence grows populous, and wind and mere
Are phantom-choked with voices. Then be strong—
Then halt not till thou seest the beacons flare
Souls mad for truth have lit from peak to peak.
Haste on to breathe the intoxicating air—
Wine to the brave and poison to the weak—
Far in the blue where angels' feet have trod,
Where earth is one with heaven and man with God.

*Harriet Monroe.*

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Foes of Civil Service Reform.

A DETERMINED attempt to overthrow the civil service rules and to restore the spoils system may now at any time be expected. Areas of low pressure are reported in the neighborhood of most of the State capitals; the storm-center, which is now hovering over Kansas, is rapidly moving eastward; high winds and local squalls prevail in portions of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Maryland, and the cyclone may strike Washington about the first of December. Storm-signals should be displayed upon the Capitol, and over the front portico of the White House.

It may be well to notice that the storm is wholly an artificial product; the Æolus who carries these winds in his carpet-bag is always a local politician. The people at large are not worrying about "the injustice and oppression" of the civil service rules; so far as they know, these rules are working very well. It is the political machinists whose wrath is kindled. Nor is this any unexpected phenomenon. Nobody supposed that the professional politicians would gracefully submit to such a sharp restriction of their power. The distribution of the offices among their friends is the final cause of their existence as politicians; when they were stripped of that function, their occupation was gone. They did not willingly surrender it; when some of them voted to part with it, it was a mere political trick, and they meant to recover it at no distant day. At the time when the civil service measure became a law it was pointed out in these columns that the action of Congress was not sincere. There were a few men in both parties who believed in the reform; but the majority in favor of the bill was gained by the votes of a large number of Republicans who wished to prevent the Democrats, then apparently about to gain possession of the government, from turning out their friends. The civil service rules would be a bulwark against the removal of Republicans from office; as such they were zealously supported by a good many Republican politicians so long as the Democrats were in power, and fiercely opposed, for the same reason, by many Democratic politicians. But as soon as the administration changed the case was bravely altered. The Democrats are now doing most of the denouncing, as witness the Ohio resolutions, anathematizing "the Republican administration for its repeated violation of its pledges in behalf of civil service reform"; while the Republican bosses are cursing themselves for their folly in permitting their own hands to be tied by these measures, and threatening to erase them from the statute books. Not a few prominent Republican leaders are now characterizing civil service reform as a fraud and a sham. These gentlemen must be permitted to speak for themselves. What they have done to promote it was undoubtedly a fraud and a sham. That there has been considerable trickery and evasion in the administration of the law may be admitted. That the resolutions of the political conventions of both parties indorsing this reform have been, as a rule, fraudulent and hypocritical is also probable. If this is what these gentlemen mean, we must admit that they know what they are talking about. And there is no doubt that great efforts have been made, in various quarters, to make the civil service reform appear to be a fraud and a sham by getting men appointed as heads of departments and chiefs of bureaux and great offices who do not believe in the reform, and who are determined, if possible, to exhibit its methods as inefficient and odious. Much more of this kind of work is likely to be done. The more adroit opponents of civil service reform will refrain from attacking it openly; they will be well content if they can keep its administration in the hands of its foes, who will be sure to prove it a failure.

Against a conspiracy of this nature the public may well be warned. The determination to break down the civil service rules is by many politicians frankly avowed and by many others secretly cherished. The great majority of those persons who manage our politics and who manipulate the party organs may be counted as the open or insidious foes of the merit system. The establishment of this system was extorted from them by public opinion; it must be defended against them. There is need, just now, of a vigorous popular campaign against the spoilsmen. A thorough discussion of the system, its principles and its achievements, would be extremely useful at the present time. The stupid cant of the spoilsmen about the establishment of "an office-holding aristocracy" needs to be exposed, and the fact made plain that the merit system is the only method of distributing appointive offices upon purely democratic principles. The managers of the party machine constitute, in fact, an office-holding "trust" or "combine," which generally manages to monopolize the offices and to shut out all those who do not belong to their clique. No one can hope for an office who has not in some way proved himself subservient to them. The great majority of intelligent, capable, self-respecting young men have no more prospect of obtaining office under the spoils system than if they were inhabitants of some other planet. But the merit system opens the doors freely and equally to all. The applicant for office depends not upon the favor of the local boss or the member of Congress, but solely on his own character and ability. This is the system which the spoilsmen stigmatize as "a relic of European governments." It is easy to show the people the true inwardness of the spoilsman's objection and the hypocrisy of his plea. But it is only by thorough discussion and systematic agitation that the cause will prosper; public opinion must be aroused and invigorated; a powerful interest is arrayed against the reform, and can be baffled only by vigilant and resolute effort on the part of its friends.

The urgency of this reform was never more apparent than at the present time. Great questions of administration seem to be forcing themselves upon the American people. In spite of ourselves we have already been compelled to take hold of the railways. Precisely what shape the problem of supervision or regulation will assume we cannot tell; much depends upon the action of the railways themselves. But it is possible that the

functions of government are to be considerably extended in this direction, and perhaps in some others. And every such enlargement of the business of the state adds emphasis to the demand that the state's business shall be done on business principles; that the people who seek to turn our politics into a scramble for preferment and plunder shall be deprived of their power to prey upon the state.

### "The Century Dictionary."

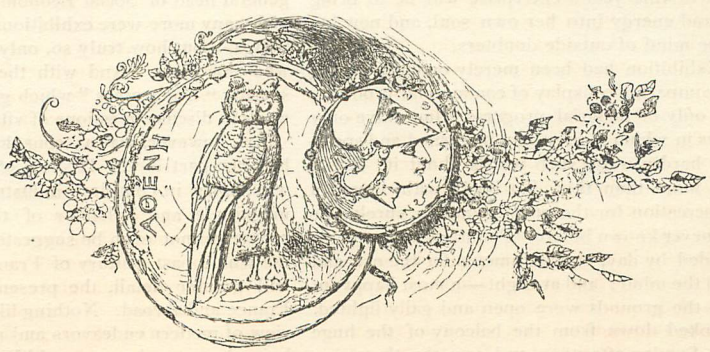
THE readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will bear witness that mention of publications of The Century Co. is seldom made in these columns. But that publishing house is now putting forth a work of such transcendent literary importance, and one which will have so necessary a relation to the magazine whose name it bears, that it seems eminently fitting that exception should be made in its favor. We refer to "The Century Dictionary," an authority which will hereafter be, so far as this magazine is concerned, the standard of English spelling and usage.

In 1882–83 a body of scholars was organized by The Century Co. under the supervision of Prof. William D. Whitney and the management of Mr. Benjamin E. Smith. This consisted of a large force of workers exclusively employed on the Dictionary, and of many specialists who devoted a part of their time to the preparation of those portions of the book relating to their several studies. For years this work of making a great dictionary has gone on side by side with the work of making the magazines of The Century Co. We of the magazines have become familiar with the methods of the Dictionary editors and their co-workers, and with the refined artistic features which were in preparation contemporaneously with the literary, under The Century Co.'s art department, and especially under the management of Mr. W. L. Fraser of that department. We have known the scholarly spirit, the conscientious devotion, the cross-fire of comparison and criticism; we have been witnesses of the amazing minuteness of investigation — of the unwearied thoroughness in every branch of the work. Before the public had seen any part of it, we had observed, as it were, the laying of stone upon stone of this unique and stupendous monument of American scholarship.

It is indeed a unique position which "The Century Dictionary" occupies, not only in American letters, but among all the dictionaries of the English language; and it is because of its uniqueness that we can speak freely of it without disparagement to the eminent lexicographical works which have preceded it, and which will continue to have their separate aims and uses. Its size and the breadth of its plan obviously place it in a class apart from such works as those of Webster and Worcester, while it is fuller than any other English dictionary of an encyclopedic character. Even when it is compared with the great dictionary of the Philological Society its individuality is clear. The aim of the latter is mainly philological, the tracing of the history of English words; that of the former is more general and practical, namely, the full explanation of the meaning and use of all that has entered into past and present English speech. Accordingly, while the dictionary of the Philological Society distinctly repudiates the encyclopedic method of definition, and makes no attempt completely to record the language of science and of the practical arts, "The Century Dictionary" carries that method to its limit, and defines hundreds of technical words excluded from its great rival. These two books thus rest on different foundations and appeal to different interests: the English work is the expression of the aims and interests of a single science; the American work, of the practical needs of those who seek for information about any or all of the sciences — a difference characteristic, perhaps, of the two nationalities.

The fact that the publishers of "The Century Dictionary" ventured more upon the publicly untested results of the labors of their editors than has probably ever before been done in like case would be a matter of no particular interest, had not both the critical and the popular verdict already fully justified the confidence of those who have stood behind the Dictionary's editors with generous confidence and unfailing support.

In this connection we are reminded of the remark of a publisher of great experience and success,— who is now no more,— to the effect that whenever he had hesitated in the preparation of a costly work, and had mistrusted the public appreciation of the very best that could be offered to it in a given line, and had thereupon begun to withhold where he should bestow, he had failed in his enterprise; whereas his most thorough faith in the public to which he was to appeal had been the accompaniment of his greatest successes. The history of "The Century Dictionary" has sustained this optimistic view of publishing enterprises of importance, and its immediate success is an encouragement to the most wisely prodigal of labors in the direction of popular enlightenment and culture.



# OPEN LETTERS.

**Impressions of the International Exhibition of 1889.**

EVERY one must know by this time that the International Exhibition which recently closed in Paris far surpassed all its forerunners in size and beauty, in the variety of its attractions, and in the number of its visitors. It would indeed be too late to write about it did I mean to write descriptively. But I want only to record one or two main impressions, and this I can do better now, perhaps, than I might at an earlier day. They grow clearer and clearer as my five busy weeks in Paris fall farther behind me, as the myriad details of the great show condense somewhat into a coherent picture; and their significance is confirmed by many things I have seen in many other parts of France. In their totality these impressions mean a new and very deep sense of the vigor and vitality of the French nation, of the part it has still to play in guiding the progress of the world.

No one who visited Paris this summer could fail to feel that the immense success of her Exhibition had rehabilitated her in the eyes of Europe, had restored her to the rank she had seemed to be losing since the fall of the Empire. Once again the capital of France was unquestionably the capital of Western civilization. Here was the spot to which all eyes turned as to the focus of contemporary life. Paris this year has ruled in men's thoughts as never before since the days when Napoleon III. exalted her. And what one sees elsewhere in the great land of which she is the heart deepens the feeling that her rank will remain to her, because it deepens one's realization of the difference between the motives and methods that were efficacious under the Empire and those that have been efficacious this year. Napoleon and his agents, working for themselves, worked also for Paris and France — lamentably in the end, but for a time gloriously in more than one direction. This year Paris and France have worked for themselves. The change is full of cheering significance to all who have honored France as the world's pioneer in many paths, intellectual, political, and humanitarian, and have believed in her even when she seemed to doubt herself. It seems to me that the surest, the most important, result of this year's enterprise will be to bring new faith and energy into her own soul, and new belief into the mind of outside doubters.

If the Exhibition had been merely or chiefly a big fair, a big comparative display of commercial products, significant only of material progress, illustrative only of the ways in which money may be earned and spent, one would hardly write such words about it. But it was much more than this. To begin with, it was a place of recreation for the people, such as, surely, the world had never known before. Countless amusements were provided by day, entertainments for the eye and the ear and the mind; and at night — a most happy innovation — the grounds were open and gaily lighted. As one looked down from the balcony of the huge tower on a Sunday afternoon and saw the thronging figures, — more than three hundred thousand, sometimes a population like that of a large city, — or, mingling with them, noted the vast preponderance of the "lower" over the "upper" classes, yet the perfect order and decorum, the good-humor, the gaiety, the intelligent curiosity, one forgot that here were things which artists and *savants* might well cross the earth to see. One thought first, that here, month after month, the people could amuse itself and profit by its amusement, and then, that a people needs play as well as labor, the circus as well as bread. And one respected and admired the nation that could prepare such a playground for itself without detriment to the more serious side of its enterprise, and could administer and make use of it so well.

In the second place, considered in its more serious aspect, Science and Art, not Trade, gave this Exhibition its character and determined its success. Never before had the strictly intellectual side of modern man's achievements been so conspicuously set forth. As President Carnot well said, it was a display of ideas rather than of things. The great buildings themselves were the objects that impressed one most — the daring science of their construction, the unprecedented degree of beauty that had been wrought with utilitarian iron and glass. Many people have laughed at the tall tower during the past year, but, I think, none who have seen it. Machinery Hall still more clearly illustrated what impossibilities are possible to-day. And as one passed from point to point, the feeling grew that the finest thing about the Exhibition was its aspect as a whole — its excellent planning, its tasteful adornment, the monumental dignity that had been appropriately combined with festal brightness and variety; and the impression it gave of being a magnificent whole, not a casual massing of independent parts. All this meant the triumph of Science and Art working hand in hand. Then in the domain of Science was the huge building filled with illustrations of the History of Labor in all ages, lands, and branches; the wonderful horticultural department; the instructive display of France's management of her waterways and forests; and that vast aggregate of varied exhibitions which came under the general head of Social Economy. Evidently all these and many more were exhibitions of ideas, not of mere things, — but how truly so, only those can understand who saw them. And with these may be named the seventy "Congresses" which gathered from week to week to discuss questions of vital human interest.

Art, however, was as conspicuous as Science. She had her part in the History of Labor, and her hand was shown in countless industrial exhibits, while the magnitude and splendor of the artistic collections proper cannot even be suggested in words. One saw the whole past century of France at its work, and, in still greater detail, the present day at its work in France and abroad. Nothing like the same panoramic view of modern endeavors and results had ever before been shown, and none could have been shown except

in Paris; for almost all that was good, and absolutely all that was best, had been produced there. Or, if there were exceptions, they showed the inspiration of French teaching and example. Of course, no other nation was represented a tenth part as fully as France, and some — like Germany — sent no "official" collection at all. But quality will tell to a careful eye, be quantity ever so small; the tendency of a school will show through the veriest "scratch" assemblage of a hundred pictures; the serious student will know if there are greater names out of sight than those he sees, and if he finds only confessed mediocrities will contrast them only with the mediocrities of other lands. Even thus judged, however, as cautiously and leniently as possible, and with the French Retrospective Collection left out of sight and only current French work considered, the rest of Europe made a poor showing compared with France. There was not a single foreign room — except, perhaps, our own, of which I shall speak again — where one felt that anything very well worth doing had been done. This might have been explained in some cases by the fragmentary nature of the collections. But Belgium was very fully represented, the Scandinavian countries too, and England not inadequately. And how, in any case, could one explain away this further fact, that in no room did one feel that anything very well worth doing had been conceived or attempted? There seemed but little proof that there must be better things at home than those one saw, or that better ones were likely soon to follow. There seemed as little of hopeful suggestion or promise as of rich and ripe success. Merit was not altogether wanting, of course. Good pictures had been painted here and attempted there; and here and there an interesting isolated personality was revealed. But a great *Art* — a collective movement marked by force, character, and accomplishment — nowhere showed itself except in the galleries of France. And true as this was of the painter's art, it was still truer of the sculptor's. The show of modern work in both departments was magnificent, but no one would have been less impressed, less charmed, less well instructed, had France exhibited alone.

This brings me to another main point of interest. As it was conspicuously in the art galleries, so it was to a lesser degree almost everywhere else. Sometimes we felt that foreign nations were the inferiors of France, sometimes we knew that they had refused to show their best in an exhibition which commemorated 1789. I need not inquire into causes more narrowly. I only want to say that, as to their general result, in very many departments the so-called International Exhibition seemed a national one. It seemed the creation of France and her colonies, and of French enterprise bringing marvelous things — like the reconstructed Cairene street — from many far-off lands. From their own point of view, the hostile governments would have been wiser not to allow France to work thus alone. They should not have given her the chance to show that, despite their hostility, she could draw enough from the outer world to make an exhibition larger, more beautiful, more varied, more interesting, instructive, and amusing, more scientific and more artistic, than had ever been made before. They should not have permitted the world to feel that even had she stood entirely alone it would have sufficed. Cold-shouldered as a republic, the Republic's stature and strength, its vitality and its capability, were but the more clearly shown. This triumph of modern industry, art, and science meant, in fact, the triumph of France. It was a better "revenge" than could have been gained on a battlefield; for no one who saw what Paris had done could think for a moment that, under like conditions, any other city could have done the same. If there might possibly be a doubt in some directions, there could be none with regard to matters of art. Nowhere else could so artistic an *ensemble* have been achieved, nowhere else could it have been adorned with so many thousand objects of the first artistic importance.

Turning now for a moment to that Retrospective Exhibition of French art which was the crowning glory of the whole, I think I can affirm that one painter stood out above all his fellows as the incarnation of the century's best. I heard many tongues say the same thing: It is the apotheosis of Corot. No one quite knew him before; no one could fail to understand him here — his truth and strength and charm, his individuality, his variety, his quality of "style." There was nothing more purely modern than his work, nothing more purely personal, nothing more purely lovely. And no one else had so united these three qualities, interpreting at once the spirit of modern art, the poetry latent in a human soul, and the perennial value of beauty. Millet stood next him in significance and charm, yet, it seemed to me, not quite so high. He was greater in mind, no doubt, and, like Corot, a poet too. But not so purely a poet, and it is the purest poetry that will live the longest in art. Nothing was more surprising in the Retrospective Collection than the immense number of admirable portraits. Here, if I must give my vote, it will be for Bastien-Lepage. This is surely another of the immortals, and again because, while no rival painted better, none seems to have felt so strongly. We cannot call him a poet in Corot's, in Millet's way. But it means the poet's spirit still when a man paints another as Bastien did — with such evident emotion in face of the nature he saw and of the means with which he was to render it. It means the great gift of sympathy, of insight. But I should never stop if I tried to note all the painters who here impressed me most. Let me turn for an instant to those one saw in the exhibition of the French work of to-day. Are they as great as the French painters of twenty or thirty years ago? Not quite: far ahead of the rest of the world, yet in some respects behind their elder brothers. For technical excellence their results could not be overpraised; but there seems less of soul in them, less of feeling, less adoration of nature, less thought that each man should find some personal message to deliver. Of course there are exceptions, but it is of general facts I am speaking, and only in the most general way.

On the whole the French sculptors of to-day impressed one even more than the painters, and quite apart from the fact that their work was less familiar. No familiarity could lessen one's admiration for their marvelous results, or one's wonder at the long list of names that rank among the best. The general level of accomplishment was as remarkable as the variety of the problems attempted, and the personality, sincerity, and strength of their solutions. The nude in action and repose; figures of both sexes in simple, modern dress; animals of every sort; colossal groups; complicated

reliefs; the ideal, the realistic, the fanciful, the grotesque; monumental work and decorative work; the expression of infantile charm, of feminine beauty, of virile force, of decrepit age; the portrayal, not of figures merely but of ideas — everything had been essayed, and everything well done. It had not been found impossible even to blend contemporary with idealistic, symbolic figures — most difficult of tasks in view of current modes of dress. If one knew nothing of the sculptor's methods, thought nothing of the technical skill involved, the mere fact that the given conception had been so clearly incarnated was enough to astound any eye familiar with modern work in other countries. Here, too, there were no contrasts to draw between to-day and yesterday. The Retrospective Exhibition and that of current work blended together in one great stream beginning with Houdon and Rude, and wider and richer to-day than ever before. It is much in other countries if we find one or two men who even know what sculpture means. In France there is a whole race of men who know it perfectly, and can teach it to the blindest observer. One more point should be noted. We are sometimes told that sculpture is too "abstract" and "ideal" an art to be in vital relationship with modern civilization. Yet the most idealistic of these French sculptors is as modern in feeling as French; as sincere and personal as any painter could be. There has been no such work as theirs since the best bloom of the Italian Renaissance, yet they are no more like the Italians in aim or result than these were like the Greeks.

Even after seeing all that the Frenchmen had done, however, an American could walk through his own galleries without shame. They were the most satisfying, I think, after the French, and very surely the most promising. Yet only the American painters living abroad were well represented. The shipment from home very inadequately showed what is really being done at home. Taking all the works together, though, what I felt was this — and I think any careful observer who bore the youth of our art in mind must have felt the same: "Here a better foundation has been laid than we see in any other foreign room; here, more than elsewhere, we read a belief that a painter's first task is to learn to paint. The general level is already good, showing a number of capable painters, well endowed, well trained, and seriously ambitious; a few of exceptional talent and accomplishment, and one, John Sargent, who in his own line need fear no living rival. The foundation is well laid, and the prospects for further development seem good, at least in certain directions. Portraiture promises extremely well; *genre* painting only needs to be more national in subject-matter to show its strength and individuality better; and landscape gives sure signs of incarnating those very qualities which, in the French school, it threatens to lose — those personal, poetic qualities which made the glory of the French generation just extinct. The least hopeful branches are those of historical and idealistic painting and the painting of the nude."

But to note this last fact meant to note, in explanation, the general fact which was most clearly in my mind as I left the American galleries. Not talent is wanting to American artists, nor ambition, nor conscientiousness, but public appreciation. They are in the right path, and they are eager to advance, but no one helps them, and where there is not help there is bitter hinderance, especially in what are called the "higher branches" of art. How are they to show what is in them if neither the Government nor the private citizen cares for anything they do, cares whether they do anything or not? It is not with them as it was at first with Millet and Corot and many of their fellows. The public does not reject some of them because it cares more for the work of others who work differently. It overlooks them all in favor of foreign painters who do similar things and often not half so well. An opposition founded on taste, on choice, may be overcome; one founded on indifference, on a broad prejudice, is harder to fight; and it is deadlier in its effects, for it discourages effort in all possible directions. If the public sees and dislikes your work, you may hope to change its heart. If it will not even look at it, what can you do? And yet there is so much to-day in American art that deserves to be looked at!

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*

### The Evolution of the Educator.

THIRTY years ago the leaders of thought in the teaching profession worked in school-rooms. To-day they work in offices. The army idea has been adopted in the organization of educational work. The class teacher has lost his sovereignty and is become a private in a great army ruled by "educators." We witness a multiplication of positions filled by men who direct and supervise the work of teaching, but who do no teaching themselves. These educators have absorbed the executive functions of the school committee of old, and too often the thinking function of the teacher. The class teacher is given a course of study docked on all sides, with methods of teaching every subject, and a boss educator is on hand at intervals to see that all mere class teachers keep in line.

Two evils result from this condition.

Teachers in large cities, having the matter and method of their work thought out and prescribed for them, are ceasing to be *thinkers* in a professional way. One boss may do the thinking for a hundred house builders, but builders of brains should do their own thinking.

Recognition of efficiency in class teaching now comes in the form of an invitation to stop teaching a class, to step out of the school-room, to become a dispensator of educational enthusiasm, a formulator of pretty theories, a thinker for other workers. The highest price paid for school supervision is paid in the annual drawing off of good class teachers to go into the "educator" business. The influence of one superior class teacher through his or her class work is more effective for good than the platitudes and reports of a dozen educators.

It is an evil day for any profession when its highest rewards bring with them an abandonment of actual professional work. Teachers must be made to see a future of honor and profit in actual class-room work. Our great city school systems are burdened with supervising officials, and are not giving substantial recognition to acknowledged excellence in class-room work.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. *William J. Desmond.*

# BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Christmus thim Times.

CHRISTMUS thim times, lads — ay me!
None sich now'days, 's I kin see:
Great big fireplace, mouth es wide
Es hyar to yander ('n' I ain't lied!);
Brassy andines — see yer face!
Chunks so gin'rous ha' to place
Yer chur way back agin the wall:
Circle big enough fer all,
Ole folks, com'ny, lads an' lasses,
'N' nobody 'bleeged to, whin they passes,
Ax yer 'scuse 'em, 'less'n they git
Leetle bit mo 'n they sheer o' the heat.
Tell yer, lads, don't hev no fires
Now'days, through thim coops o' wires.
Leetle black rocks in red spittoons,
Lift'n' 'em with silver spoons,
An' puttin' a tin pan on the top
'Fo' yer kin make the blazes hop.
Then whin yer take the khiver off
(See! hit 's gi'n me this hyar cough),
Freezin' feet an' scawchin' lashes —
Fancy 'taters in thim aishes,
Or crackin' scaly-barks on that hyarth!
Lads, thim folks whar says the yarth
'S growin' better hain't ne'er sot
Roun' a Christmus chunk in a ole log-hut,
A-tellin' o' the'r yarns an' a-crackin' o' the'r jokes
The men folks a-waitin' on the wimmin folks.
Pass aroun' the live coal tell ever'body lights!
Talk about yer seegereets, 'n' new Virginny Brights!
Cawncob pipe, with a canebrake reed,
Seasoned tell it 's whitish, an' the sweet Ca'liny weed
'S good enough fer thim days. Bless me! hit 's a joke,
But my very eyes is waterin' with the mem'ry o' the smoke.
Fust and middlemost wuz the gobbler —
Billy cotch him in the pen.
'Longside him these city turkeys
Would n't show up no mo 'n a wren.
Fawty poun' — I 'm speakin' akrate —
Turkeys run wil' in thim regi'ns.
Craw itse'f — I 've seed it medjered —
Hol' a brace o' these town pigins.
Hard o' hearin'? 'T ain't supprisin',
Waal, yer may be a little deaf.
Tell yer ha' to put that geezud
On a platter to itse'f!
Fust an' middlemost wuz the gobbler —
Think it tuk a common pot
Fer that b'ilin'? Niggers' heyday —
No clean duds that week we got.
Niver seed a ole-time b'ilin'?
Fix yer pot-han'l' to the rack,
Swing the rack on to the crossbar,
Fol' yer han's then an' set back:
All the steam flies up the chimbly,
Nary speck o' sut is seen.
Beats yer ranges, an' thim tin things
Smellin' all o' kerrysene.
— Niver et a aish-cake? Mussy
On this weasselin gineration!
'T ain't no marvil they are dwin'lin'
To a lillypushin nation —
Riz on patties o' cawn-shavin's —
Fancy name is Caraline.
Hain't ne'er hearn o' aish-cake, hones'?
Waal, I tell yer, lads, they 're fine!
Fust yer git the bigges' cabbage,
An' the cleanes' in the patch:
Strip the outen leaves off keerful,
Gitten' two o' 'em jis to match;
Put yer cawn dough now in one o' 'em,
Make a khiver o' the tother,
Rake a smooth place in the aishes,
Pat it down an' smooth 'em over.
Tell yer, lads, I 'd ruther set 'n'
Smell that aish-cake bakin' so
'N eat a slish o' Sally Long
Riz by Devilmonico.
— An' the coffee. I 'm ole fogy,
But I 'm hones', lads, leastways.
Did n' yer gran'ma niver tell yer
How the coffee in thim days
Had a kind o' richer flaver
Than this town-made coffee 's got?
Don't know *ef* 't was in the coffee,
Or the settlin', or the pot —
I hain't sot out explainin'
The whifo' an' the how,
But whin yer po'd it in yer cup
(A bowl they 'd call it now),
'Peared mo' amber-like, an' then
It warn't no everlastin' sin
When yer 'd drunk one cup
Up an' hev it filled ag'in.
— Buscuits? Ain't no buscuits now'days,
Which I won't spen' time a-provin'.
Yer 'd sesso, lads, yerse'f, ef you 'd
A-peeped in that air oven,
An' see thim beauties, mos' the size
O' sassers, swellin' thar;
An' es for backbone-pie, 'n' ribs —
We 'll drap the subjic hyer.
So much fer the dinner, lads,—

I niver called yer 'tintion
To the roasted aigs an' goobers,
An' I clean forgot to mintion
The 'possum — an' — pertater —
But there 's no use 'numeratin',
Fer I see yer mouths is waterin',
An' I know yer yurs is waitin'
To hur about the frolickin'
That follered after eatin'.
Yer hearn tell o' that lassie, lads,
What married Billy-Boy —
Could make a cherry-tart es quick
'S a cat could wink its eye:
I hain't partic'lar marked what time
A cat imploys a-winkin',
But, lads, thim wimmin folkses cl'ared
That table, to my thinkin',
Quicker 'n a cat e'er wunk; an' we
Men folkses, in a twinklin',
Had slid it back, an' h'isted thar
Ole Joe, who sot to tink'rin'
The banjer, 'n callin' "Han's all roun'!"
Tell every mortil sinner,
Young an' ole, po'ly 'n' hale,
Ups 'n' dances down his dinner.
Warn't partic'lar 'bout the step, lads,
So 's yer kep' in banjer-time;
Go 's yer please — no Garman fangle,
No silk tails yer feet ter tangle,
Youth thim days wuz in its prime.
Pass yer cups, lads,— drink it down:
Nog is nog the cent'ry roun'.
But Christmus thim days, lads,— ay me!
None sich now'days, 's I kin see.
Wooden hosses, roaming candles,
Dolls o' wax, an' stricked candy;
Some with stockin's fat with goodies,
Yuthers none the'r legs to khiver,
Fer the rich folks pow'ful handy,
Fer the po' folks —
Waal, I niver
Sot out, lads, to preach a sarmint —
No philosopher I be,
Only, *es* I wuz remarkin',
*Christmus thim times* suited me.

*Orelia Key Bell.*

### Knowledge is Power.

BELINDA is but seventeen,
And yet she knows that if she flaunts
Her painted fan and steals a glance
At me behind its gorgeous screen
She sets my pulses all a-dance.

So, too, she knows that if we play
At tennis in the August sun,
The little roguish winds that fray
Her curls and blow them all astray
Tug at my heartstrings, one by one.

And then again, if she and I
Stroll down to watch the young moon shine
A shape of gold in sea and sky,
She knows if she but feigns a sigh
She hears the truer ring of mine.

So she is leading me a chase—
Why should she? Well, I won't propose
To any loveliness and grace
Whose only fortune is her face,
And *that*, you see,—
Belinda knows!

*Mary E. Wardwell.*

### Mæcenas bids his Friend to Dine.

I VENTURE to put into octosyllabic verse a dinner invitation which I received the other day. My host ingeniously wove the thread of his *menu* into the web of his request for my presence, which struck me as being a singularly good plan. When one is to dine out it is always pleasant, and sometimes convenient, to know beforehand the nature of the banquet, the probable guests, and whether there is to be any music, especially if the music is to be furnished by the German band which afflicts our neighborhood. All these points were neatly indicated in my friend's note of invitation, which I paraphrase as follows:

I beg you come to-night and dine.
A welcome waits you, and sound wine,—
The Roederer chilly to a charm,
As Juno's breath the claret warm,
The sherry of an ancient brand.
No Persian pomp, you understand —
A soup, a fish, two meats, and then
A salad fit for aldermen
(When aldermen, alas, the days!
Were really worth their *mayonnaise*);
A dish of grapes whose clusters won
Their bronze in Carolinian sun;
Next, cheese — for you the Neufchâtel,
A bit of Cheshire likes me well;
Café au lait or coffee black,
With Kirsch or Kümmel or cognac
(The German band in Irving Place
By this time purple in the face);
Cigars and pipes. These being through,
Friends shall drop in, a very few —
Shakspere and Milton, and no more.
When these are guests I bolt the door,
With Not at Home to any one
Excepting Alfred Tennyson.

* * *

### St. Patience's Day.

MERRILY bounded the usher's heart
Yestere'en as he bore his part.

Merrily beamed the usher's smile
Greeting fair faces in the aisle.

Rosily one sweet bridesmaid blushed
As that vast throng in the church was hushed,

And the man of God, by the altar side,
Called benisons down on groom and bride.

For the usher had caught the bridesmaid's eye,
And he gave a little impatient sigh.

She whispered no word, and she made no sign,
But her message came back from the sacred shrine:

"Be patient, patient, my love, to-night;
To-morrow is coming on wings of light."

Love makes the world go round, they say,
But it could n't go fast enough to-day;
For the bells are ringing at eventide,
And usher and bridesmaid are groom and bride.

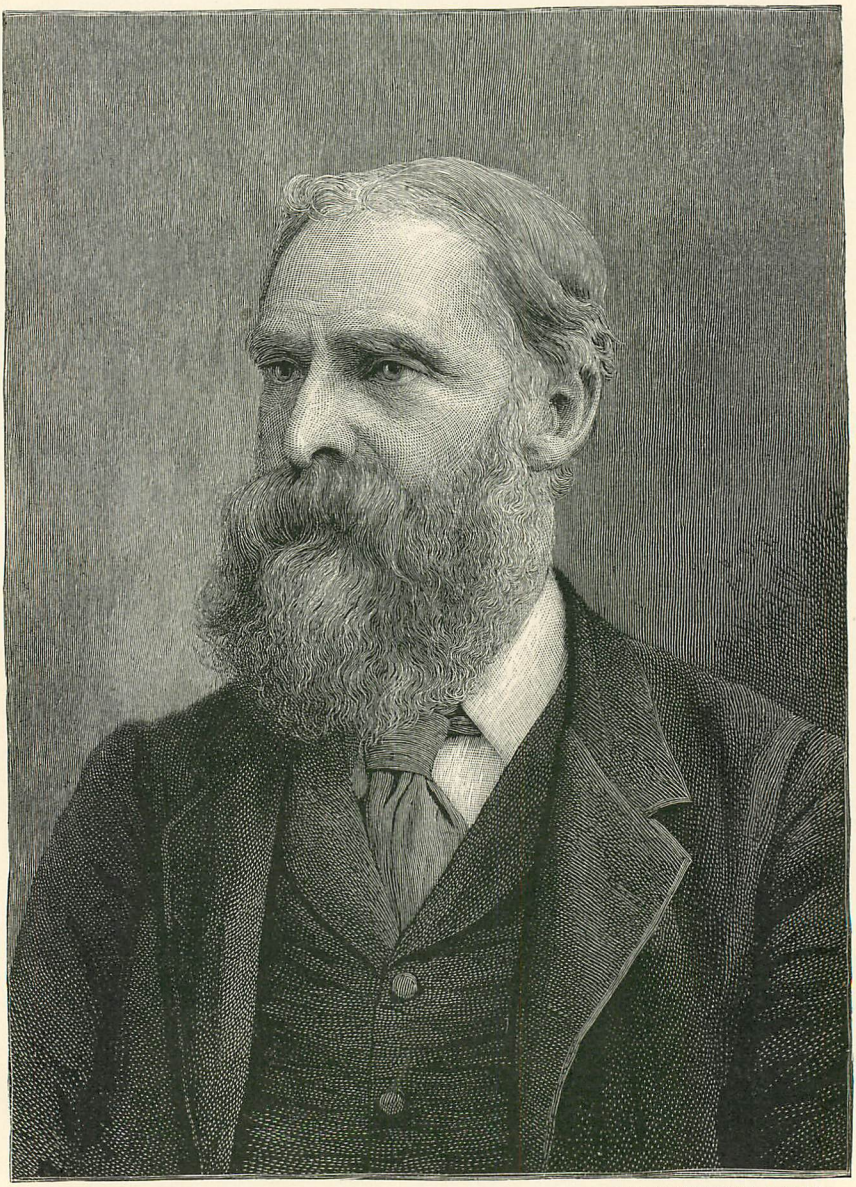
*Kemper Bocock.*

### A Breath.

A BREATH may fan love's flame to burning,
Make firm resolve of trembling doubt;
But strange! at fickle fancy's turning,
The self-same breath may blow it out!

*Mary Ainge DeVere.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. D. HILTON.

Yours very truly

J. Bryce

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## BUBASTIS: AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Hon. Secretary of the Egypt Exploration Fund.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

SUCH a story as the one told in the following lines is a very uncommon one.

It rarely happens that the pen of a novelist is inspired by archæological facts, and withal the pen of a gifted and favorite author turned aside from romance, though it be only for a while, because she has found the Valley of the Nile more enchanting, and its soil full of tales more strange than fiction.

Nor does a true story of things so marvelous often call for the telling. Three years ago the world little suspected that one of the chief places of Egypt might still lie concealed beneath the surface among the mounds of Tell Basta, together with the remains of a most ancient temple, beautiful and renowned. But the tidings came as suddenly as not long before came the news of the discoveries at Olympia, — disinterments most strikingly similar,— the latter a spot made famous by Pausanias, with its masterpieces of sculpture, the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the Victory of Paionios; the former made famous by Herodotus, and rich in art treasures. Where Mariette had failed, the efforts of Naville were rewarded with brilliant success.

In order to feel the bearing of this trover on the history of art, compare the position in time of these two temples. Pheidias executed the colossal statue of Zeus in the then recently built Olympia between B. C. 437 and 433; the name of Cheops surviving on one of the stones of the shrine at Bubastis dates from B. C. 4206 —almost sixty-one centuries ago. Bubastis, as old as the earth itself used to be considered, was passing away when Olympia rose.

All the monuments reproduced in this article, it should be borne in mind, are now published for the first time. Miss Edwards has never before opened her portfolio of Bubastis views to the world. The objects pictured in this article, except the outline drawing of the prostrate priests by Madame Naville, are from photographs taken by Rev. W. MacGregor, Count Riamo d'Hulst, and M. Naville.— EDITOR.

THREE colossal figures dominate the first period of Egyptian history — Mena, an august shadow projected at earliest dawn upon the mists of tradition; Khufu (Cheops), the builder of the Great Pyramid; and Pepi Merira. Of these three representative kings, only Khufu is familiar by name to the great body of general readers. Pepi Merira is, however, as great an historical character as Khufu; and Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, has a weightier claim than either upon the gratitude of posterity.

To Mena, as to all the sovereigns of the ancient empire,[1] it is impossible to assign any but an approximate date. Himself the earliest landmark in Egyptian history, he emerges alone from prehistoric darkness, and has no contemporary. According, however, to the chronological list of kings and dynasties compiled by Manetho,[2] Mena would have lived and reigned

1 The period known as the Ancient Empire comprises the first to the eleventh dynasty.

2 Manetho, who was high-priest and keeper of the archives of the Great Temple of Heliopolis in the time

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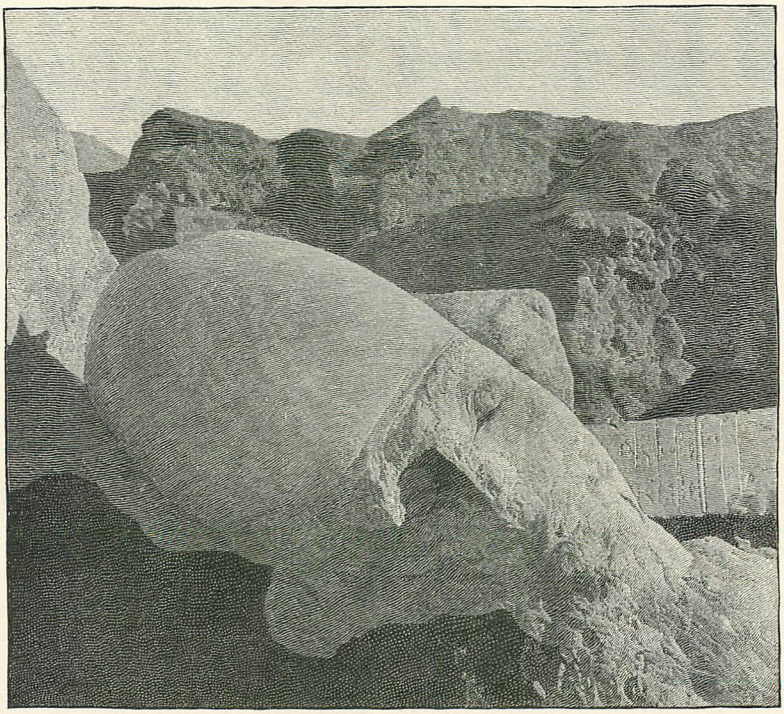
about five thousand years before the Christian era. Tradition — the earliest form of history — tells of him as a mighty man of Teni [1] who by force of arms or policy reduced the prehistoric chieftains of the Nile valley to a state of vassalage, and himself assumed the sovereignty. Having founded the monarchy, he went northward and founded Memphis, the first capital of united Egypt. The Nile at that time described a westward bend opposite Helwân and Turra, and swept round by the foot of the Libyan plateau; but Mena, seeing how the strategical position of his new city might best be strengthened, turned the course of the river in such wise that Memphis lay between the Nile and the desert. This is no fable of the early chroniclers. The old river-bed is still traceable some two miles to the southward of the mounds of Memphis, and the dyke of Mena exists to this day.[2]

Such are the title-deeds of the first Pharaoh. He welded the primitive clans into a homogeneous nation. He achieved an engineering feat of colossal magnitude. He laid the first stone of the most ancient and famous of capitals; and he created an empire which endured for upwards of five thousand years.

Yet one more act of his may be positively affirmed. He founded the Great Temple of Memphis — the renowned "Abode of Ptah." No record, no tradition of this event survives, but the fact is nevertheless certain; for the Egyptians, when they founded a new settlement, began, like all the nations of antiquity, by erecting a sanctuary in honor of the chief god of the district. This sanctuary marked the center of the future town, which was then built up around it. The founder of the city of Memphis was therefore necessarily the founder of its oldest temple, and the explorer who shall some day excavate the mounds beneath which its ruins lie entombed may yet bring to light an inscription commemorative of Mena.[3]

It sounds like a paradox to say that the one great temple of which it is possible to affirm that it was founded by the earliest historical



COLOSSAL ROYAL HEAD, WITH CROWN OF UPPER EGYPT. (TWELFTH DYNASTY.)

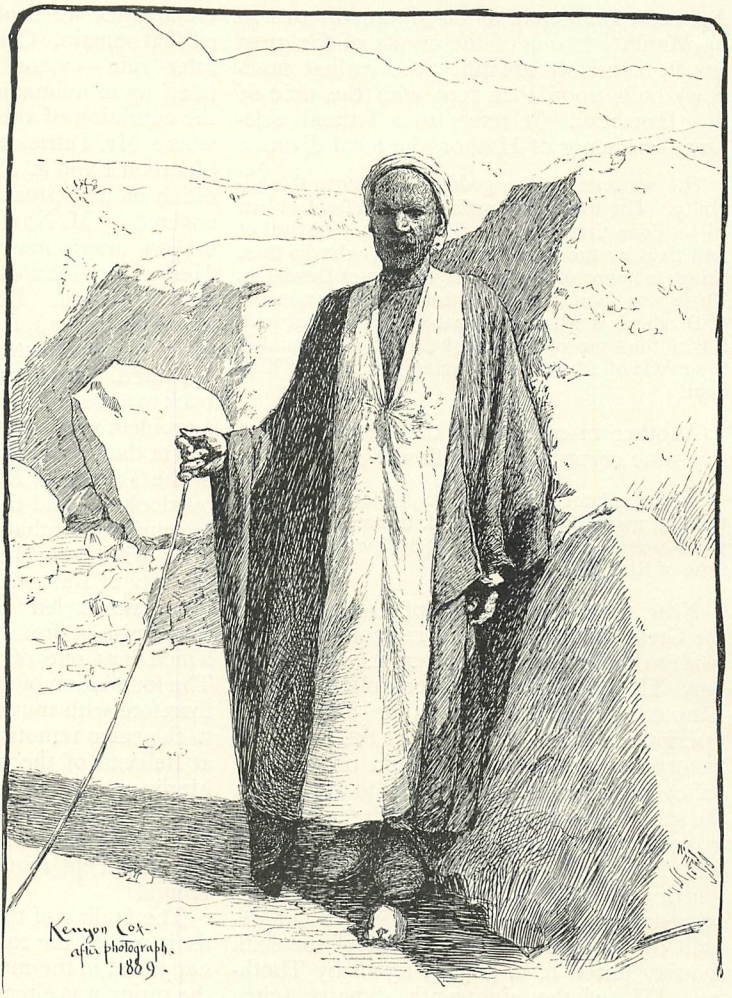
of Ptolemy Philadelphus (B. C. 284–246), was employed by that king to compile a history of Egypt from the ancient chronicles preserved in the library of the temple. Manetho was the only native Egyptian historian of whom we know, and he wrote in Greek. Only a few priceless fragments of his work have survived in the pages of later writers.

[1] Teni (Greek *Thinis*), a city of prehistoric antiquity, probably represented by the mound underlying the modern Girgeh.

[2] Linant Bey, the French hydrographer, believes the great dyke of Khokheish to be the dyke which Mena constructed to turn the Nile eastward; and it serves to this day to stem the waters of the annual inundation. Huge conduits issuing from various parts of this ancient dyke regulate the water supply of Lower Egypt.

[3] The mounds of Memphis, close to the village of Mîtrahîneh, are to this day called Tell Menf, a name clearly echoing the ancient "Men-nefer."

character in the annals of the country was probably, and for that reason, one of the most recent of the high sanctuaries of the ancient empire. Yet such is the fact. These high sanctuaries — or, in other words, the chief temples of the chief provincial towns — were literally of immemorial antiquity. They dated back, for the most part, to that remote period when the land of Egypt was divided into some thirty or forty petty principalities, each little clan governed by its hereditary ruler and protected by its local deity. The rulers of these primitive clans were remembered in aftertime as the *Horshesu*, or "Followers of Horus" — a name which possibly indicates that Horus in the prehistoric age, like Ra at a later period, was recognized as the supreme sun-god, and was universally worshiped.[1] Be this as it may, the Egyptians themselves regarded the time of the polygarchy as so immensely distant that to attribute any event or any building to the time of the Horshesu was equivalent to saying that it belonged to the ages before history. When, however, the Horshesu ceased to be independent, their principalities were converted into the nomes, or provinces, of united Egypt, and their little capitals became what we should call county towns. But these county towns, it is to be remembered, were already ancient when Mena diverted the course of the Nile to create a site for his new metropolis; and in each the oldest structure was the local temple dedicated to the local god.




MAGLIOUB, OUR FOREMAN.

How many of these primitive towns were in existence at the time of the foundation of the monarchy it is impossible to say; but we may reasonably assume that most of the great religious centers — especially in northern Egypt — were already established upon the selfsame sites which they occupied in historic times. As regards the Great Temple of Ra at On (Heliopolis), the question of priority is indirectly settled by the fact that certain prehistoric Heliopolitan hymns formed the basis of the sacred books of a later age. At Edfû, the present magnificent sanctuary occupies the site of a very ancient structure traditionally said to date back to the mythic reign of the gods, and to have been built according to a plan designed by Imhotep,[2] the eldest-born of Ptah. This means that it belonged to the remotest prehistoric period — a period before the Horshesu, when the gods yet intervened personally in the affairs of men.

[1] The great Sphinx, a personification of Horus, is believed by Maspero to be a work of the time of the Horshesu, and consequently the most ancient monument in Egypt. This was also the opinion of Mariette.

[2] Imhotep, identified by the Greeks with Esculapius, was a god of learning, a divine architect. He is represented seated, with a scroll of papyrus half unrolled upon his knees.

Again, at Denderah, an inscription discovered by Mariette in one of the crypts of the great temple expressly identifies the earliest sanctuary built upon that spot with the time of the Horshesu. It refers to a festival celebrated in honor of Hathor, the local divinity.

> The servants of the goddess go before this divinity. The hierogrammatist stands in front of her. All is done that was prescribed for her festival of four days by the King Thothmes III., who did these things in honor of his mother, Hathor of Denderah. There was found the great fundamental ordinance of Denderah written upon goat-skin in ancient writing of the time of the Horshesu; it was found in the inside of a brick wall during the reign of King Pepi.

Another inscription at the farther end of the same crypt reads as follows:

> Great fundamental ordinance of Denderah. Restoration made by Thothmes III. in accordance with what was found written in ancient writing of the time of King Khufu.

Now, the Great Temple of Denderah, like the Great Temple of Edfû,[1] is a comparatively modern building, having been begun by Ptolemy XI. (B. C. 106), and completed by the Emperor Tiberius (A. D. 14–37); but these inscriptions show that before the dawn of history some primitive chieftain of the Nile valley had founded a sanctuary to Hathor on the spot where the present structure now stands in solitary splendor. That first temple was already ancient in the time of Khufu of the fourth dynasty (circa B. C. 4206), who rebuilt or restored it; after which it was again rebuilt or restored by Pepi Merira of the sixth dynasty (circa B. C. 3650); again by Thothmes III. of the eighteenth dynasty (circa B. C. 1622); and lastly by the Ptolemies and Cæsars. Here, then, we have a great temple of the first magnitude with an unbroken genealogy literally dating back to the dark ages before Mena.

There were undoubtedly many other high sanctuaries of ancient Egypt with pedigrees as venerable as those of Denderah and Edfû; but the documentary records of their early history are destroyed. Some, after serving as quarries for building-material from the time of Theodosius, have utterly disappeared. Of others, as at Saïs, Buto,[2] and Heliopolis, the crude brick walls of the sacred inclosure are all that remain. Others again are prostrate in utter ruin — mere heaps of fallen masonry piled up in unimaginable confusion. Such is the condition of the Great Temple of Tanis, where Mr. Petrie worked for the Egypt Exploration Fund in 1884; and such is the condition of the Great Temple of Bubastis, discovered by M. Naville in 1887. At Tanis, the earliest inscription records the name of Pepi Merira; at Bubastis, the oldest royal name is that of Khufu. Both temples are probably of prehistoric origin; but the legends which may have commemorated that origin have disappeared. Whether they did, or did not, date back to "the time of the Horshesu" is therefore a problem which now can never be solved.

Yet there is one clue to the prehistoric date of the Temple of Bubastis which must not be overlooked; and that clue is to be sought in the curious fact that Isis was traditionally identified with both Hathor and Bast,[3] and that the city of Bubastis, in geographical texts, is sometimes styled "Pa-Bast of the North," to distinguish it from "Pa-Bast of the South," which was one of the names of Denderah. The foundation of these sister sanctuaries may therefore with much probability be attributed to the same remote age; while the discovery at Bubastis of the names of Khufu and Pepi Merira would seem to point to the fact that at "Pa-Bast of the North," as at "Pa-Bast of the South," Khufu rebuilt the prehistoric temple and Pepi rebuilt the temple erected by Khufu.

The finding of the Great Temple of Bubastis is one of the romances of archæology. It happened in the month of March, 1887, when the spring was already well advanced, and the exploration season was drawing to a close. M. Naville, accompanied by Mr. F. Llewellyn Griffith, had been sent out in January with instructions to excavate the mound of Tell el-Yahûdîyeh — a very interesting task, which, however, came to an end somewhat earlier than was foreseen at the beginning of the campaign, and thus left the explorer with yet another month at his disposal. Now for the tourist a month means much sight-seeing, but for the purposes of serious exploration it is practically useless. To break fresh ground, in the sense of starting work upon a yet un-

1 The first stone of the present Temple of Edfû was laid, according to one of the many thousands of inscriptions with which its walls are covered, on "the 7th Epiphi, the 10th year of Ptolemy Euergetes," *i. e.*, on the 23d of August, B. C. 237; and it was completed in the reign of Ptolemy Auletes, B. C. 80–52.

2 The site of the Great Temple of Buto was identified three years ago by Mr. Petrie at Tell Ferain, adjoining the Arab village of Ubtu, which obviously perpetuates — with the transposition of the first two letters — the ancient name of the city. The mounds are about a mile in extent, and the great temenos wall is nearly perfect. The temple, however, has been razed to the ground, and has quite disappeared.

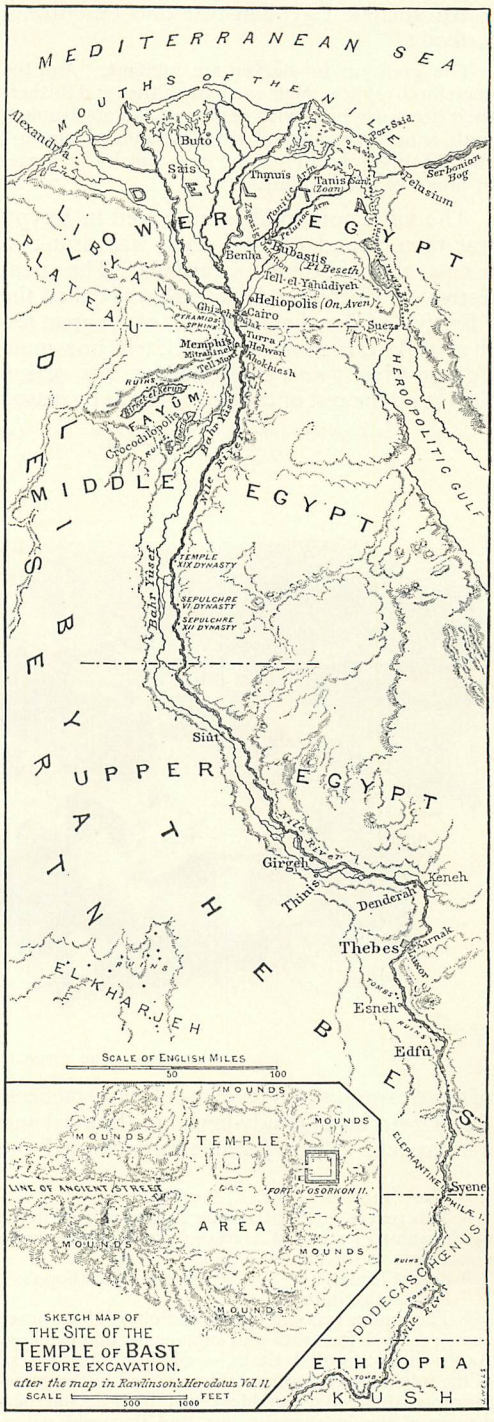
3 According to a text of the Temple of Edfû, Bubastis is "the place where the soul of Isis was in Bast." The name of Bast is, in fact, composed of the words *Ba-ast*, or *Bi-ast*, the "Soul of Ast," or Isis. As goddess-mother and nurse of Horus, Hathor and Isis were in all respects one and the same.

opened mound, was out of the question. The time was too short for anything but a beginning, and to make a beginning at the end of the season would be simply to attract the Arabs to a new hunting-field which they might plunder at leisure during the summer months. A new site was therefore to be avoided. But at no great distance from Tell el-Yahûdîyeh there was an old site,— a site which Mariette had tried, and tried in vain, some years before,— where a few experimental trenches might be cut without much loss of time or money. That site was Tell Basta, the ancient Pa-Bast, or "Abode of Bast,"— called "Pi-Beseth" by the Hebrews, and "Bubastis" by the Greeks,— a spot once famous above all the cities of Egypt for the beauty of its temple and the popularity of its great annual festival.

Herodotus, who visited it three and twenty centuries ago, says:

> At the town called Bubastis there is a temple which well deserves to be described. Other temples may be grander, but there is none so pleasant to the eye as this of Bubastis. . . . Excepting the entrance, the whole forms an island. Two artificial channels from the Nile, one on either side of the temple, encompass the building, leaving only a narrow passage by which it is approached. These channels are each a hundred feet wide, and are thickly shaded with trees. The gateway is sixty feet in height, and is ornamented with figures cut upon the stone, six cubits high, and well worthy of notice. The temple stands in the middle of the city, and is visible on all sides as one walks round it; for as the city has been raised by embankment,[1] while the temple has been left in its original condition, you look down upon it, wheresoever you are. A low wall runs round the enclosure, having figures engraved upon it, and inside there is a grove of beautiful tall trees growing round the shrine which contains the image of the goddess. (Book II., chaps. 137, 138.)

Such was the Pa-Bast of olden time — the high sanctuary and joyous court of that puissant goddess who, as the cat-headed Bast, represented the springtime warmth of Ra the life-giver, and, as the lioness-headed Sekhet, stood for the devastating heat of the summer solstice. It was to this her shrine that 700,000 Egyptians were wont to throng every year from all parts of the country, some by land and some by water, with shouts and choral singing, and music of flutes and tambourines, and rattling of castanets and clapping of hands; so that from the Ethiopian frontier to the sea it was one universal carnival.




[1] This is an error on the part of the old historian. The rise of the surrounding city, as on the sites of all ancient Egyptian towns, is entirely due to the fact that the houses of the inhabitants were built, like the huts of the fellaheen of the present day, of mud bricks dried in the sun, which crumble with age, and are continually being leveled to the ground, and rebuilt of similar materials. Thus each new house, being erected on the débris of the former house, stands at a higher elevation — a process which in the course of many centuries has raised the ancient towns of Egypt to a considerable height above the plain.

An ancient Egyptian text thus describes a festival:

The gods up in heaven are jubilant. And the ancestors[1] rejoice. Men run gaily hither and thither, their heads dripping with perfumes. All are drunken with wine and crowned with garlands of flowers, and the little children sport from sunrise to sunset in honor of the goddess.[2]

The vine, now so little cultivated in Egypt, was then abundant, and wine was drunk in excess at these pious saturnalia. The great festival of Hathor at Denderah was called the "Festival of Drunkenness," and of the great festival of Bast, Herodotus himself tells how more "grape-wine" was consumed at this season than in all the rest of the year. It was by reason of these excesses, and their social consequences, that Egypt had already become a byword and a reproach. Then Jeremiah prophesied the triumph of the Babylonian arms, and Ezekiel foretold that fire should be set in Zoan,[3] and that the young men of Aven[4] and of Pi-Beseth[5] should fall by the sword. (Ezek. xxx. 14, 17.)

VIEW ACROSS THE LARGE TRENCH.

Diana at Ephesus was not more beloved by the Syrian multitude than Bast at Bubastis by the Egyptians of the Delta. As at Ephesus the local craftsmen fashioned silver shrines of the great Diana, and made their wealth by selling these toys to the devotees who crowded about her shrine, so at Bubastis there was an immense trade in bronze images of the goddess and her sacred animal. All, or nearly all, those engaging bronze cats and slim cat-headed Basts which figure so pleasantly under glass cases in every museum of Egyptian antiquities come from Tell Basta. They were made in all sizes, and sold at all prices. As votive offerings, they were dedicated in the temple by tens of thousands; as amulets, they were worn by the living and buried with the dead. Even the sacred cats, when they departed this life, had their funerary bronzes laid beside them in the grave.[6]

For all its splendid traditions, for all its glories departed, Tell Basta had, however, the reputation of being a thoroughly hopeless place — a place which had been ransacked and quarried for so many centuries that there was literally nothing left save a ring of jagged and fantastic-looking mounds, in the midst of which might yet be seen the huge quadrangular hollow where in ancient time the temple stood in the heart of the city. M. Naville had visited those mounds and looked down into that hollow. He had traced the

1 The "ancestors"; *i. e.*, the Manes.

2 This text is found at Denderah, and is descriptive of the annual festival of Hathor; but it applies with equal truth to the annual festival of Bast.

3 Zoan (Tanis). 4 Aven (On, Heliopolis).

5 Pi-Beseth (Bubastis).

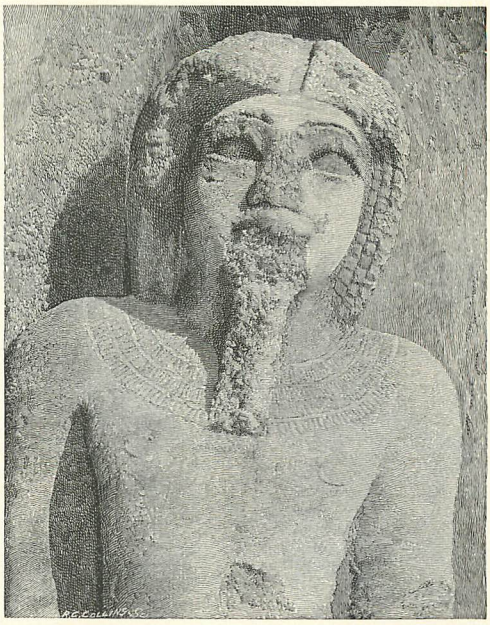
6 The bronze cats and kittens of Bubastis have never been excelled for truth and suppleness of modeling. As for the cat-headed Basts, so admirably is the head of the intelligent Egyptian tabby adapted to the graceful proportions of the goddess, that we lose our perception of the incongruity, and find the combination perfectly natural. The name of the cat in the ancient Egyptian language is *mau* — a name evidently onomatopoetic, and so affording no clue to the original nationality of the animal, which was certainly unknown to the Egyptians of the Pyramid period. Lenormant remarks with truth that Bast in the time of the Ancient Empire was invariably represented with the head of a lioness, and that it is only with the advent of the twelfth dynasty that she begins to appear upon the monuments in the likeness of a cat. This was the time of the great raids of the Pharaohs into the land of Kush (Ethiopia); and it is a notable fact that the cat and the Dongolese dog are first represented in the wall-paintings of Beni-Hassan during the reigns of the Usertesens and Amenemhats. Rüppell has shown that the cat of the wall-painting and bronzes is identical with the *Felis maniculata* still found in a wild state in Upper Nubia and the Soudan; so that it may fairly be taken for granted that the sacred animal of Bast was an importation of the twelfth dynasty Pharaohs from "the Land of Kush." This view is strikingly corroborated by the tenor of a demotic papyrus recently translated by Professor Revillout, which professes to record the philosophical conversations of "The Jackal Khûfi and an Ethiopian Cat." This cat is half a goddess, and that she should be designated as "Ethiopian" points with

line of the old fortifications, and the direction of the street described by Herodotus as leading from the Temple of Bast to the Temple of Hermes;[1] and, somehow, the place attracted him. The mere fact that it had been unsparingly condemned may perhaps have led him to wish that it might have one more trial.

> Let the sand-buried chambers of Ombos be cleared if it be deemed worth while; and by excess of precaution let it be ascertained whether the mounds of Lower Egypt, such as Thmuïs, Tell Mukhdam, and Bubastis, where so many monuments have been eaten away by the nitrous soil, may not yet contain some fragments of Ptolemaic work. This done, the epoch of the Lagidæ and the Cæsars will make no more demands upon us.[2]

These were discouraging words; but even a few blocks of Ptolemaic work, if inscribed, might throw some new light upon history. A vague rumor also had been floating in the air touching a recent discovery of tombs at Tell Basta, and these tombs, it was whispered, were of the time of the eighteenth dynasty; a fact which, if true, would be of great importance; for, with the exception of a single sculptured stone found at Benha, no traces of that famous and powerful line of Pharaohs had yet been discovered in the Delta. At Tanis, for instance, where almost every great phase of Egyptian history is represented by obelisks, statues, and inscriptions, there is not so much as a single cartouche belonging to the warlike dynasty which expelled the Hyksôs and restored the liberties of the country. This puzzling fact had long exercised the ingenuity of the learned, some of whom contended that the Pharaohs of the Restoration purposely abandoned the desecrated temples of the Delta, while others went so far as to suggest that the foe continued to hold the northern provinces till finally dislodged by the kings of the nineteenth dynasty.

Hoping, therefore, to decide this important question, M. Naville marched his little army of diggers from Tell el-Yahûdîyeh to Tell Basta, and pitched his camp on the verge of the cat cemetery at the northwest corner of the mounds. From this point of vantage the explorers commanded a distant view of rich alluvial flats, and a less picturesque foreground of railway and town; the ancient city being within a few minutes' walk of Zagazig junction.



COLOSSAL FRAGMENT OF A ROYAL PORTRAIT-STATUE. ARCHAIC STYLE, USURPED BY RAMESES II.

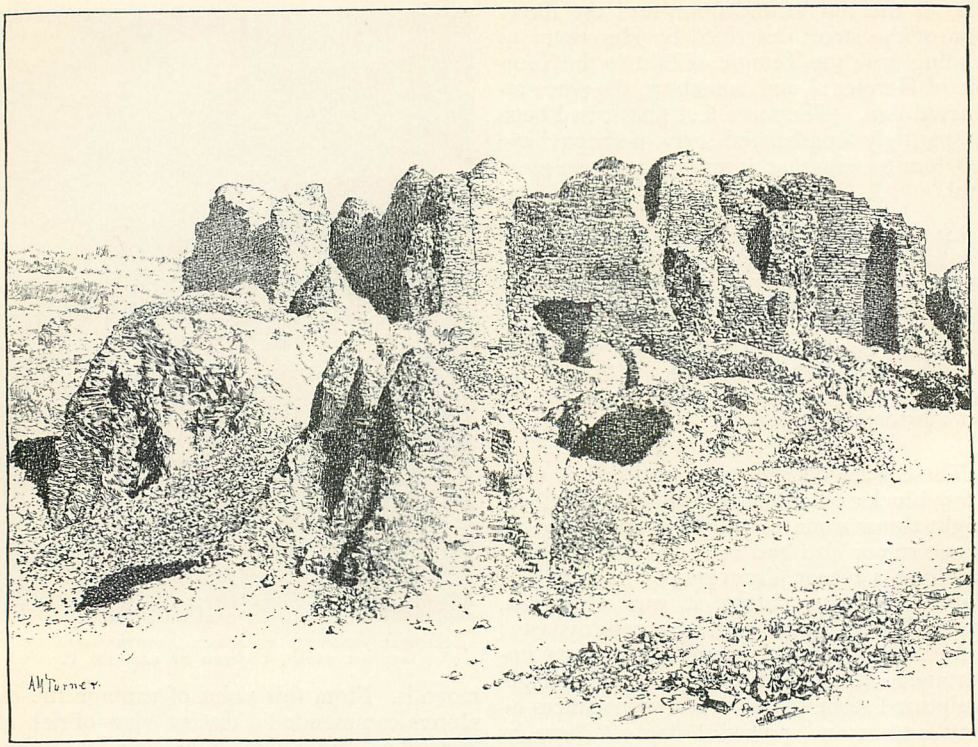
The first day's survey proved the reported tombs to be of Ptolemaic or Roman date, and quite barren. The mummies were mere dust and ashes, and the coffins were all decayed. This was the first disappointment. Next, the cat cemetery, which for the last twenty years or more has been systematically plundered by the fellaheen, was apparently exhausted. This was the second disappointment. M. Naville had calculated with confidence on at least reaping a harvest of feline bronzes; but the bronzes were gone, and only the mortal remains of many generations of sacred pussies were left.

> The cat cemetery [wrote Mr. Griffith, in a report addressed to the present writer] stretches southward along the edge of the mound in a broad band

special significance to the original habitat of the animal sacred to Bast. Strangely enough, M. Naville reports of the remains of the sacred cats in the cat cemetery at Bubastis, that the species there buried was not that of the common cat of Egypt, either of ancient or of modern times, but that of apparently another species of the feline tribe. The skulls found are much larger than the skulls of any cats known to naturalists. They may possibly be the skulls of some kind of small lynx. M. Naville suggests that they may represent the animal sacred to Mahes, son of Bast, a divinity also worshiped at Bubastis. Mahes is figured as a lion-headed man, and, whether in bronze or in glazed pottery, his statuette is of extreme rarity.

[1] The Greeks identified Thoth, the Egyptian god of letters, with Hermes. The Temple of Hermes mentioned by Herodotus was therefore a subsidiary temple, or chapel, in honor of Thoth. Some remains of this structure were excavated during the present year by M. Naville; but the site is covered with arable land, and it was with difficulty that he succeeded in purchasing the right to dig over a limited area.

[2] See Extrait d'un mémoire intitulé, "Questions relatives aux Nouvelles Fouilles à faire en Egypte," par M. Mariette; read at the annual meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, Paris, November 21, 1879.



ANCIENT FORT ON THE LINE OF THE CITY WALLS.

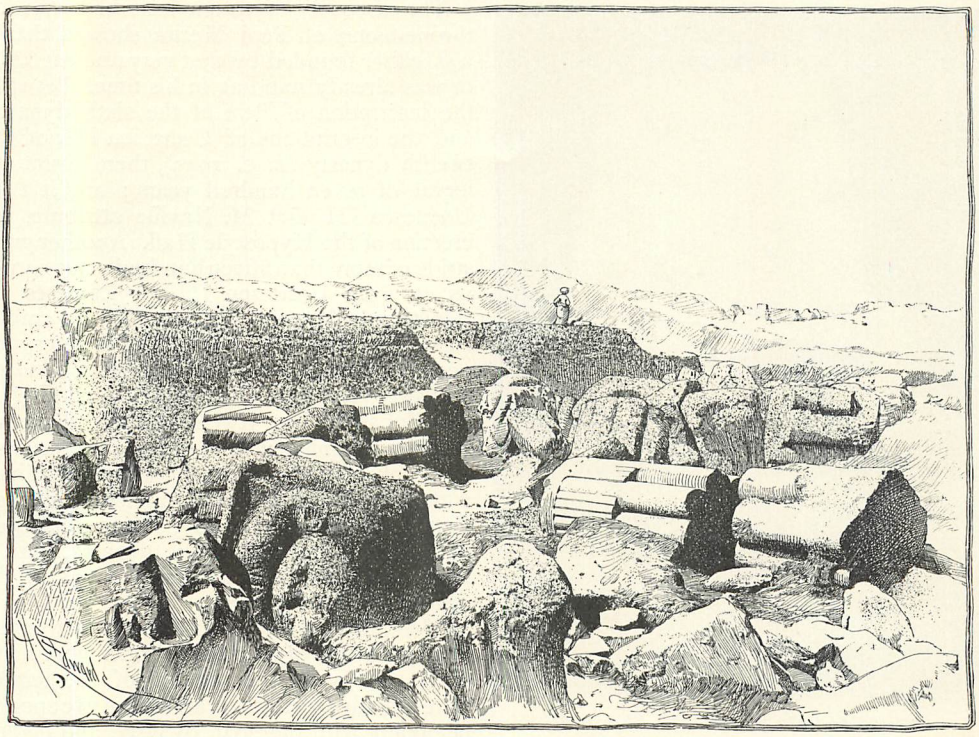
for about a quarter of a mile. Here the bones of millions of these animals have been thrown out by antiquity hunters. There are evidences of fire in the pits, and the bricks of which the pits were built are burned red, the bones being massed together in a kind of conglomerate that looks like slag. We have cleared one pit, or rather chamber, some ten feet wide by thirty feet long. The interments here had already been disturbed; but under the bricked floor we found a second layer of bones, six or seven inches deep. Among them were two small bronze statuettes of Nefer-Tum, quite spoiled by the action of fire.[1]

Further examination showed that here, as at the cat cemetery of Tell el-Yahûdîyeh, the sacred animals had been cremated; whereas in Upper Egypt and the Fayûm they are found mummified and bandaged.

No results being obtainable from either the tombs or the cat-pits, M. Naville had now no resource but to attack either the mounds of the ancient town or the quadrangular hollow which marked the site of the temple. In this hollow, besides some fragments of a group of miniature palm columns,— apparently the remains of a small chapel,— there were a few blocks of much weathered red granite upon which the names of Rameses II. (nineteenth dynasty) and Osorkon II. (twenty-second dynasty) were yet legible. Mute witnesses to the barrenness of the soil, the abandoned excavations of Mariette added the last touch of desolation to the scene. Most men would have struck their tents and shaken the dust of Tell Basta from their feet. Not so M. Naville. He doubled the number of his diggers, and started five parallel trenches across the presumed axis of the temple. The labor would not be in vain if it merely served to determine the level upon which this famous building originally stood. The hollow described by Herodotus— who gives no measurements — must certainly have been deeper in his time than in ours, the washings from the surrounding mounds during the rainy season having inevitably deposited a considerable stratum of mud in the course of a score of centuries. This problem alone was worth solving.

It was solved in three days. It would have been solved years before had Mariette been less easily discouraged. At a depth of but a few feet from the surface, the picks and spades of the diggers struck granite all along the line. Broken columns, capitals, architraves, building-blocks, roofing-stones, and large slabs covered with elaborate sculptures in low relief were uncovered in swift suc-

[1] An exploration in another part of the cat cemetery conducted this year (1889) by Dr. F. Goddard, the American student attached to the Fund, resulted in the discovery of a few fine bronzes of cats, etc.



VIEW OVER THE RUINS OF THE HYPOSTYLE HALL.

cession. Then the plan of the structure began gradually to unfold itself. It was oriented, as usual, from east to west. At the lower, or easternmost end, two enormous columns with palm capitals, now prostrate and broken, marked the entrance to what seemed like a great first hall. The next trench, about 150 feet higher up, disclosed another hall, situated apparently about the middle of the building. A hundred and fifty feet higher yet, it was evident that the site of the Hypostyle Hall was laid open. Lastly, at the sanctuary end, the diggers encountered a vast and confused pile of enormous granite blocks, and a mass of limestone chips.

It was clear that Mariette had made a fatal mistake, and that the site which he had so hastily condemned was a mine of unexplored wealth.

"It is not a few stray blocks that we are finding at Tell Basta," wrote M. Naville, in the first flush of his great discovery; "it is a whole temple."

All hands were now toled off to the two trenches which promised the richest results. The trench of the Hypostyle Hall, as it was daily widened and deepened, yielded more and more columns — some square, some round; some polished, some unpolished; some with palm capitals, some with lotus-bud capitals, and some with square dies sculptured on two sides with a colossal head of the goddess Hathor. All were in red granite, more or less shattered; and wherever there was space for an inscription, there, in large and deeply cut hieroglyphs, were emblazoned the names and titles of Rameses II. Some of these inscriptions were flagrant usurpations, being reëngraved over the erased names of Usertesen III. and other earlier kings.

The diggers in the second trench continued, meanwhile, to discover an apparently inexhaustible supply of massive slabs closely covered with small figure subjects; the spaces above, below, and between the figures being filled in with minutely executed hieroglyphic inscriptions. These bas-reliefs formed part of one vast historical tableau, or series of tableaux, representing an important religious ceremony. Here, also, jammed in between slabs and roofing-blocks, or lying prostrate under piles of débris, were the shattered remains of an extraordinary number of statues of all sizes, of all materials, and, as it seemed, of all periods — heads without trunks, trunks without heads, feet and pedestals without either heads or trunks. This hall had been a walhalla of sculptured kings and gods, the whole magnificent structure having come down apparently with one tremendous crash, and entombed them as it fell. As fragment after fragment was dragged out, nine in every ten proved to be indorsed with the oft re-

HEAD OF RAMESES II. WITH THE ATEF-CROWN.

peated insignia of Rameses II. The remains of four pairs of colossal portrait-statues of this one Pharaoh were here identified in the course of a few days—two in black granite of great size, the eyes seven inches in length; two in gray granite, two in green granite, and two in red granite; besides fragments of several huge groups representing the king standing or enthroned, now with a goddess, and sometimes as the third member of a divine triad. Other statues of the same Pharaoh were of heroic size, and some of life size; to say nothing of innumerable heads belonging to statues which had been broken up for building-material at a later period. Among these, one was especially noticeable for the exquisite modeling of the face and the delicacy of its execution. It had belonged to a life-size figure in red granite, representing Rameses II. as a youth of about eighteen or twenty years of age, crowned with an elaborate Osirian helmet issuing from a diadem encircled by uræi. This charming head—the most beautiful portrait of the hero of Kadesh which has ever been discovered—is in the Museum at Gîzeh. This helmet is known as the atef-crown.

From this time till the end of the month every day's work brought fresh monuments to light, each monument a fragment of history. From these slight and scattered data it soon became possible to reconstruct an imperfect outline of the rise and fall of the temple.

The discovery of a stone inscribed with the throne-name of Pepi Merira showed that it was either founded by that very ancient king, or was already standing in his time. Between the inscription of Pepi of the sixth dynasty, and the inscriptions of Usertesen III. of the twelfth dynasty (B. C. 2943), there lies an interval of seven hundred years; and it is to Usertesen III. that M. Naville attributes the erection of the Hypostyle Hall. Another great stride of more than fifteen hundred years carries us on from Usertesen III. to Rameses II. (nineteenth dynasty, B. C. 1405), who emblazoned the temple all over with his titles, and peopled it with his statues. Some four hundred and sixty years later Osorkon II., third king of the Bubastite line (twenty-second dynasty), added a magnificent hall entirely constructed of unpolished red granite, the walls being lined with slabs elaborately sculptured in low relief. Later still, about B. C. 380, Nectanebo I., of the thirtieth and last native dynasty, built a large sanctuary with extensive wings at the western end of the pile.

Here, then, with but two trenches worked, and two-thirds of the area yet unexplored, five great epochs in the making of the temple were already ascertained, and those five epochs, beginning with the sixth dynasty, and ending with the thirtieth, extended over a period of nearly 3300 years.

The gaps between these dates were enormous; but further excavations, it was hoped, would go far towards supplying the missing links. When, therefore, M. Naville disbanded

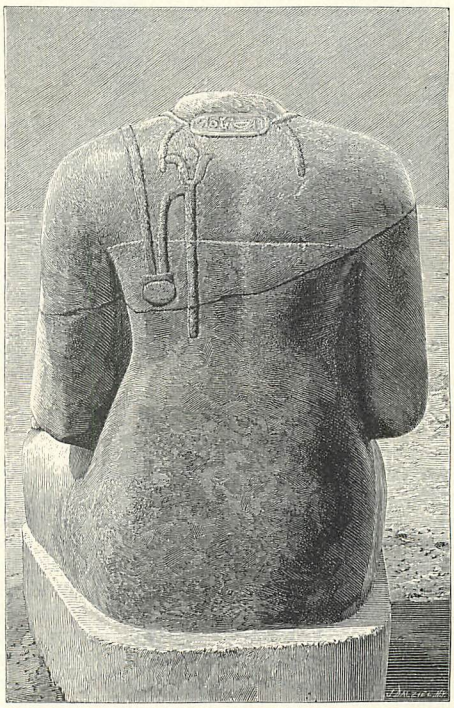
STONE OF PEPI MERIRA.

his men at the close of the fourth week, he had not only found a large number of very precious monuments in a surprisingly short space of time, but he left the ground chronologically staked out.

The task thus begun in 1887 was resumed in 1888, and finished in 1889. Great as were the expectations raised by the successes of the first season, they were surpassed by the results of the second. Every week, every day, of that exciting campaign beheld the discovery of new statues, new inscriptions, new historical data. The main object being to clear the whole of the temple area, the excavations were pushed on as rapidly as possible in every direction — eastward, in search of entrance-courts and pylons; westward, in the direction of the sanctuary; and to north and south as far as the blocks extended on either side, so as to determine not only the length but the breadth of the structure. Work on so large a scale called for a proportionate number of workers, and M. Naville's "hands," including overseers, diggers, basket-carriers, and miscellaneous helpers, rarely fell below four hundred. Among these were included a gang of "Shayalîn," or native porters — men as tall and powerful as their brethren, the Hammals of Constantinople — who belong to a local guild and earn large wages by carrying cotton bales at Zagazig station in the cotton season.[1]

At this time a visitor to the explorer's camp wrote as follows:

To see these hundreds of Arabs at work is worth a much longer journey than from Cairo to Zagazig. Long before you reach the spot, you hear a strange sound which comes and goes upon the air like the "murmuring of innumerable bees." Not, however, till you have climbed to the top of the mound commanding a view of the temple site do you realize the fact that the bees are human bees, digging, chattering, singing, swarming to and fro like ants on an ant-hill. The sight, as one looks down upon it from this point, is really extraordinary. Below you yawn three huge pits, which are rapidly merging into one. These pits are full of swarthy, bare-legged laborers, lightly clad in loose shirts and drawers of blue or white calico. They work vigorously with pick and spade, the stuff they throw out being scraped up by the women and girls, who are all day slowly toiling up and down the crumbling slopes, with baskets full or empty on their heads. The women wear shining silver bracelets on their brown arms, and black veils, and dark blue robes that trail in the dust. They look wonderfully stately and picturesque. Even the little girls have their floating rags of veils; and all, as they scrape, and fill, and carry, and empty their baskets, chant a shrill monotonous chorus which has neither tune nor rhythm, nor beginning nor end. Meanwhile, you see the "pathway men" doing police duty by keeping the paths open and the carriers moving; messenger boys running to and fro; and here and there, easily distinguishable from a distance by their long staffs and white turbans, the *reises*, or overseers, at whose approach gossips are stricken dumb, and idlers start into spasmodic activity. And now, perhaps, while you are looking on, there is a sudden movement in the direction of the farthest pit, where a group of Shayalîn has been hauling on a rope for the last quarter of an hour without being able, apparently, to move the block to which it is lashed. But now they have dragged it out, and are looking into the hole in which it was embedded. What have they uncovered? Something of importance, it is clear, for yonder come two of the overseers; and now a slender brown mite of a boy runs off at full speed, in the direction of the camp, to summon the howadji.

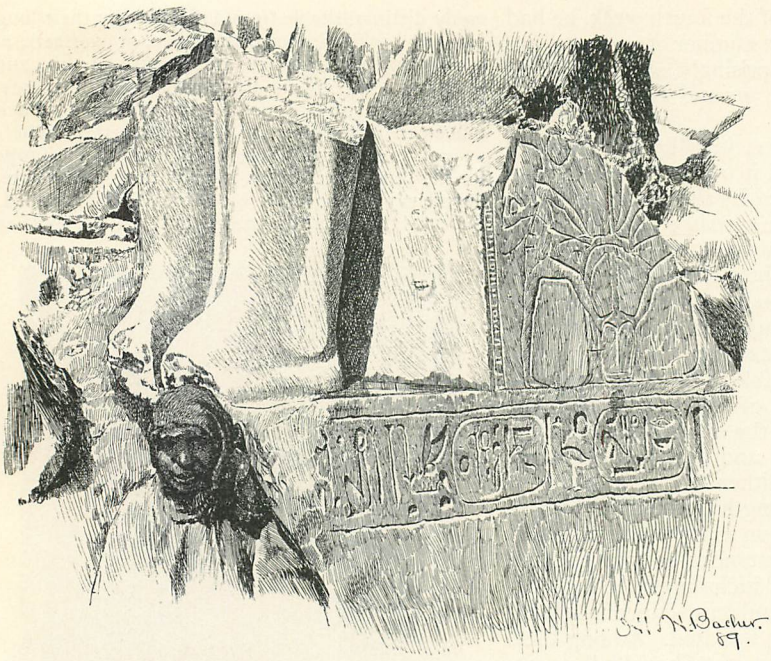


BACK VIEW OF THE SITTING STATUE OF AMENHOTEP, GOVERNOR OF BUBASTIS.

To this may be added an extract translated from a letter addressed by Madame Naville to the present writer:

Nothing is more exciting than to watch these enormous blocks being turned over, thus showing inscriptions which have been concealed for centuries. The difficulty of turning them may, however, be imagined, when a mass weighing several tons is wedged in between three or four huge fragments of colossal statues, with not one foot of *terra firma* for the men to stand upon. Once raised, a block of only a few hundredweight is slung between poles, and easily carried to a clear space on the brink of the excavation. The larger ones are lifted and turned by means of rollers and levers between two long lines of ropes. The sheik of the Shayalîn dresses the

[1] Zagazig is the center of the Egyptian cotton trade.



LEGS AND THRONE OF SECOND HYKSÔS STATUE.

lines of men with his stick, and marks the time by shouting some sing-song and well-accentuated phrase. When at last the block moves, it often happens that a statue—till then completely hidden—appears underneath. The work of taking paper impressions has become very heavy, and there was much rejoicing when Count d'Hulst arrived the other day to the assistance of M. Naville and Mr. Griffith. I watched him yesterday going from block to block, clearing the sand and soil from the hollows of the hieroglyphs, washing the sculptured surfaces, damping the paper, and taking the impressions. Wherever he went, he was followed by a fellah woman carrying a bowl of water, which she continually refilled.

Thus vigorously pushed, the second season's campaign went on apace. The mound being cut away between the trenches at the eastern end, the ruins of a third great hall and the remains of a colonnade were brought to light. The hall proved to be the work of Osorkon I., or possibly a restoration; the colonnade, like the sanctuary at the other extremity of the temple, was due to Nectanebo I. Discoveries of great interest now followed so quickly that the weekly letters from Tell Basta read more like pages from the descriptive catalogue of some great museum than reports from a site under excavation.

The first great historical surprise of 1888 was the discovery of a group of monuments belonging to the school of the eighteenth dynasty.

This group consisted of (1) a bas-relief tablet of Amenhotep II. in adoration before Amen enthroned;[1] (2) the upper half of a black basalt statuette of a young man engraved on the breast with the name-cartouche of Amenhotep III.; (3) two life-size sitting statues, unfortunately headless, of a nobleman who flourished during the reign of Amenhotep III.; and (4) a fragment of a block sculptured with the sacred oval of Atenra—a monument which it is impossible to attribute to any but Khuenaten, the disk-worshiping Pharaoh of Tell el-Amarna. The headless nobleman was a namesake and high official of Amenhotep III.; he sits cross-legged, with an open scroll upon his lap, upon which it is graven in hieroglyphic characters that he was "the prince, Amenhotep, the good Friend who loves his Lord, Chief of the works of his King, Governor of the

[1] This tablet was re-inscribed about 130 to 150 years later by Seti I. (nineteenth dynasty).

DOOR-JAMB OF RED GRANITE WITH CARTOUCHE, AND PART OF INSCRIPTION OF APEPI.

City, and of the provinces of the marshlands"; upon the brooch which fastens his garment is inscribed the name of Amenhotep III.; and over his shoulder are suspended the palette and ink-bottle of a scribe. Now, these monuments convey much more than appears upon the surface. They supply the long-sought link which connects the eighteenth dynasty with the Delta, and they show that the authority of the Pharaohs of the Restoration not only extended as far as the Bubastite nome, but that it was enforced throughout the littoral provinces, even to the marshlands around the mouths of the Nile, and the mazes of the Serbonian bog. Proving this, they at once dispose of the theory of a foreign occupation of the Delta during the term of this dynasty.

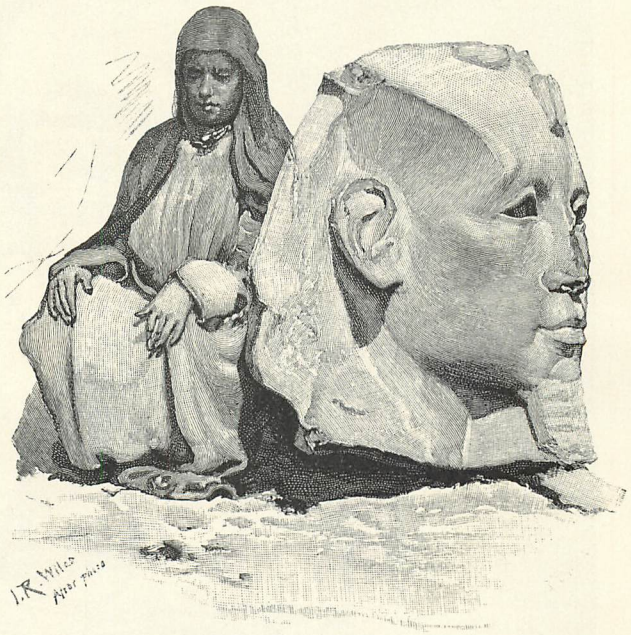
The most startling discoveries, however, were yet to come. Early in March, in an open space at the eastern extremity of the temple area, where the ground was low and swampy and the water yet lay in muddy pools, the diggers one morning unearthed a colossal black granite head of unmistakable Hyksôs type. Though split across the face, the two halves were fairly perfect. On the head was the folded "klaft," or shawl, and on the brow the basilisk of royalty.

A shock of excitement thrilled the little band of explorers; for that Bubastis had been a Hyksôs settlement was an utterly unexpected revelation. Except one barbaric bust found in the Fayûm, a sphinx discovered at Tell Mukhdam, and two heads in private collections, all the Hyksôs monuments known were found by Mariette in the ruins of the Great Temple of Tanis; and even at Tanis, their chosen capital, no portrait-statues of these alien rulers had been discovered. Yet here, some thirty-five miles nearer to the apex of the Delta, in a spot which had never been associated with Hyksôs traditions, was a colossal Hyksôs head, some six times the size of life, evidently a portrait, and adorned with the insignia of Egyptian sovereignty!

"We are making anxious search for the rest of the statue," wrote M. Naville, immediately after the event, "in the hope of finding a name; but, even if we are successful, I fear the cartouches will have been erased by Rameses II."

A day or two after these prophetic words were penned, the lower half of the statue was found lying upside down in a deep pool of water. It proved to be a seated figure, the legs, throne, and plinth in one huge block, weighing from twelve to fifteen tons. As foreseen, however, by M. Naville, the royal ovals on the front of the throne had been erased and reengraved by Rameses II., the vacant spaces at each side being filled in with six columns of inscription in honor of Osorkon II. Here, then, was a twofold usurpation, and no trace left of the original legend.

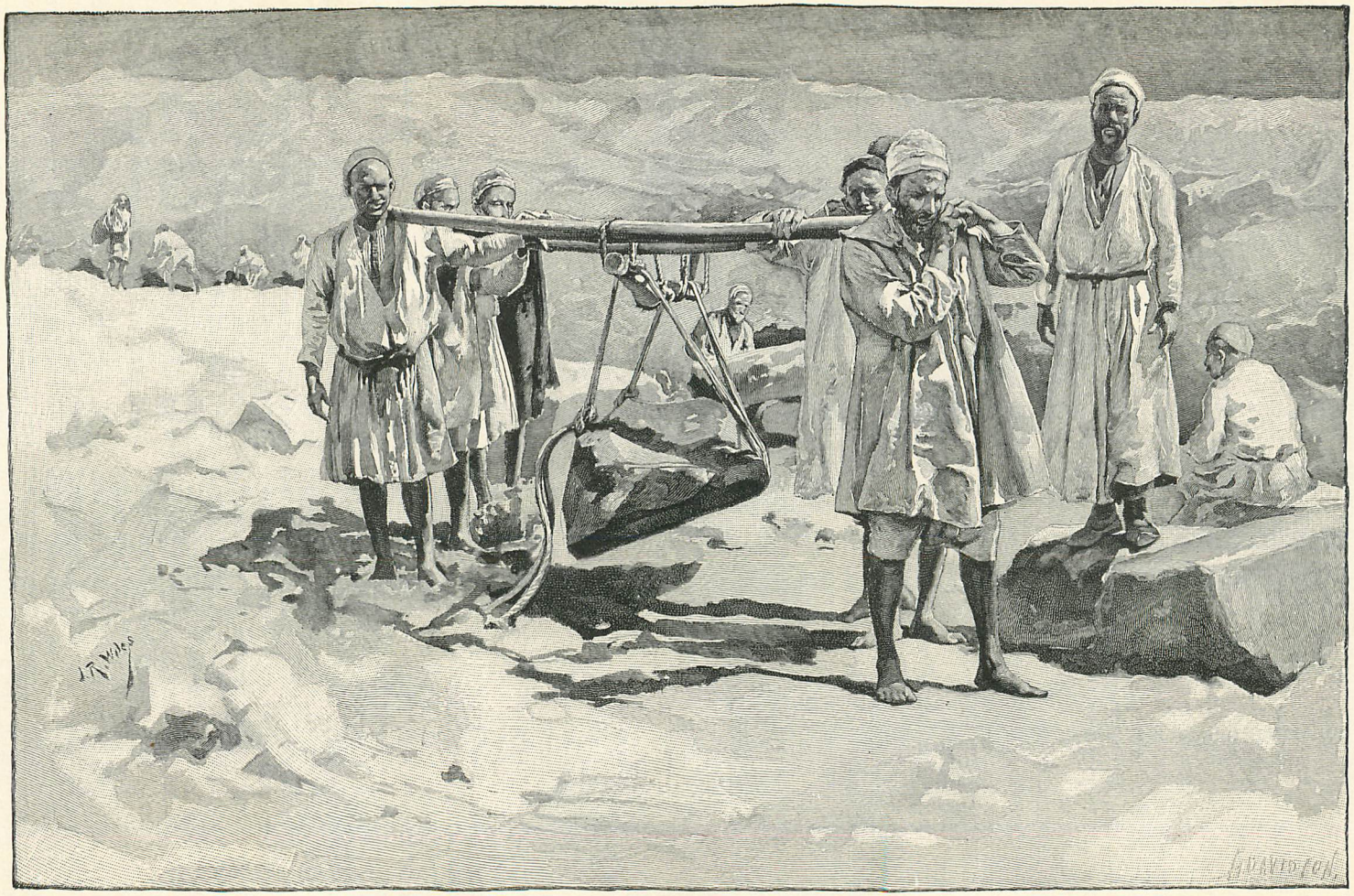
And now, although the ground in this part was as treacherous and spongy as a bog, discovery followed fast upon discovery. The feet and plinth of a second sitting figure, sculptured in the same granite and upon the same scale, were found within a few yards of the first. Next came two enormous fragments of this second colossus, consisting of the legs and throne in one piece, and part of the trunk in another. Desperate efforts were now made to find the trunk of the first and the head of the second statue. At last, after days of suspense, when further search seemed well-nigh hopeless, the international cable flashed a message of good news from Zagazig to London:



FELLAH WOMAN AND HEAD OF SECOND HYKSÔS STATUE.

Second Hyksôs head, nearly perfect.—NAVILLE.

M. Naville has since then described the finding of this head as the most exciting event of his five winters' experience in the Delta. It was already late in the afternoon when he heard a loud cry of "*Râs! Râs!*" ("The head! The head!") He ran to the spot, and there, midway between the base and torso of



"SHAYALÎN" CARRYING A BLOCK.

the last found colossus, on the shelving bank of a deep pool, he saw the top of a huge head just visible above the surface. The men were hauling, shouting, damming back the water, and flinging out great handfuls of the mud in which the face was embedded. Was it perfect? Or was it broken, like its fellow? M. Naville and Count d'Hulst waded in, feeling eagerly under the water, and passing their hands under the yet half-buried features. Finding the end of the nose fractured, M. Naville had, as he afterwards confessed, "an instant of despair"; but his despair the next moment became exultation on finding the face well-nigh perfect. Then the dusk rapidly closed in, and they left their treasure in the water, only to haul it out next morning, high and dry, and photograph it on the spot.

Now, a pair of colossal figures stationed just outside the first hall of a temple, and at so short a distance apart, must have been seated on either side of the entrance. When, therefore, by and by a massive door-jamb in red granite was found, engraved with the cartouche of Apepi and part of an inscription stating that he had erected "many columns and bronze doors" in honor of some god whose name is missing, a clue was at once obtained to the identity of one, if not of both, of the statues. For, strange to say, the faces of the pair, though strikingly alike, were not the same; the broken head representing a man of maturer age and harsher features than the original of the head last discovered. They may, however, be portraits of the same king at two different periods. The famous diorite statue of Khafra[1] in the Gîzeh Museum represents him at about thirty years of age; but flung into the same well in which that masterpiece of very early art was discovered were also found the shattered fragments of eight other statues of this king, one of which shows him old and wrinkled. The difference between the two Hyksôs heads of Bubastis is not so great as that between the two Khafras of Gîzeh. The older may be half way between fifty and sixty; the younger is scarcely more than forty.[2]

Another stone sculptured with the "ka-name"[3]—commonly called the "standard-name"—of Apepi was found in 1889, close to the spot from which the colossi were recovered in 1888. Nor is this the only evidence which points to the identification of at least one of these statues. The younger head closely resembles the celebrated andro-sphinxes discovered by Mariette at Tanis, and the andro-sphinxes of Tanis—one of which, under an erasure, still preserves recognizable traces of the name of Apepi—have long been accepted as portraits of the last of the Hyksôs kings. As, however, there seems reason to believe that the cartouches of a yet earlier Hyksôs originally occupied the place of honor on these sphinxes,[4] it is not worth while to insist upon any identity other than that of race. The ethnological characteristics of the Tanite monuments and the Bubastite colossi are at all events the same; and those characteristics are unquestionably Turanian. The high cheek-bones, the eyes inclining slightly upward, the prominent jaw, the curious muscular bosses at the corners of the mouth, the open nostrils, the full lips curving sternly downwards, the hard lines about the mouth, are alike in all. It is a saturnine, melancholy, Mongolian type, as distinct from the national Egyptian type as the Dacian from the Roman.

The obscure story of the Hyksôs invasion need not be recapitulated in these pages. Enough that somewhere about B. C. 2000 the Delta was inundated by a vast wave of barbarian hordes from over the northeastern border, and that the conquest thus achieved by sheer force of numbers was held by the strong hand of the invader for five hundred years.[5] Like the armed hosts which in a later age flooded southern Europe under the banners of the Goth and the Vandal, this conquering multitude consisted of warlike tribes of various nationalities. The bulk were doubtless Semites from Sinai, Syria, and the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates; yet the classic tradition which ascribes the early subjugation of Asia and Egypt to a warrior-king from the steppes of Scythia may not have been without some element of truth. The Idanthyrsus of Strabo is scarcely to be accepted as an historical personage; neither is it practicable to assign a date to his somewhat mythical expedition; yet it must not be forgotten that Justin

1 These statues of King Khafra (Chephren) of the fourth dynasty were found in the well attached to his funerary chapel, the so-called "Temple of the Sphinx," at Gîzeh.

2 Though the one statue is now at Gîzeh and the other in the British Museum, they may still be compared by those who visit either Museum. Beside the older Apepi, M. Grébaut has placed a plaster cast of Apepi the younger; and a plaster cast of the Gîzeh statue will shortly be placed *vis-à-vis* of the younger in the Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum.

3 See Mr. Petrie's discovery of the meaning of this term, "A Season in Egypt," chap. iv., p. 21.

4 The name of Apepi, which has been hammered out, but is still traceable, is on the right shoulder, the place being reëngraved with the cartouches of Meneptah, fourth Pharaoh of the nineteenth dynasty. On the chest of the sphinx are sculptured the cartouches of Pisebkhanu, an obscure king of the twenty-first dynasty. Professor Maspero has, however, discovered that the cartouches of Pisebkhanu are also carved over an erasure; and as the chest was undoubtedly the place of honor, this shows that the earliest name of all is missing.

5 The dates and figures adopted throughout this paper are those of Manetho; but the dates of Manetho are not accepted by some Egyptologists, and statements of numbers and periods are not to be taken literally when derived from Oriental sources.

also takes note of a supposed Scythian invasion of Egypt in very remote times. Both traditions are possibly based on vague echoes of the Hyksôs period, and may point to a dominant Turanian force by which the masses were led and organized. Were the Egypt of to-day to be invaded by her Asiatic neighbors, we should witness a precisely similar phenomenon.[1] The enemy would be of Semitic race, but they would be officered by Turks; and the Turk of the present, like the Scythian of the past, is Turanian.

The Mongoloid characteristics of the Tanis sphinxes were long since recognized by Professor Maspero, by the two Lenormants, and by Professor Flower. It is therefore satisfactory to know that Dr. Virchow, who visited Tell Basta a few days after the discovery of the second colossal head, not only pronounced the ethnological type to be identical with the ethnological type of the Tanite sculptures, but concurred with Professor Flower and the above named eminent authorities in pronouncing that type to be distinctly Turanian.[2]

The names of a few Hyksôs kings have been preserved by Josephus and other early historians,[3] but they contribute little towards the solution of this question. Salatis or Silites, Bnôn or Bêôn, Pachnan or Apachnas, Staan, Iannas, Arkhlês, Asseth, Aphobis or Aphophis, have a strange, barbaric sound. Aphobis or Aphophis is a cumbrous transliteration of Apepi, and we have existing monuments of two Hyksôs kings of that name. The rest may be Scythian names Grecized; but they probably retain little of their original aspect. It is to the second Apepi[4] that M. Naville attributes the inscriptions and — with due reservation — the colossi of Bubastis.

Notwithstanding that they had yielded this harvest of unexpected treasures, the ruins had yet another surprise in store. I quote from M. Naville's report dated March 18, 1888:

> I had noticed on Friday the corner of a block of polished black granite which I thought might belong to some good monument, and I had it unearthed yesterday. It proved to be the lower half of a life-size figure of very beautiful workmanship, with two columns of finely cut hieroglyphs engraved down each side of the front of the throne to right and left of the legs of the statue. These inscriptions give the name and titles of an absolutely unknown king, who, judging from the work, must belong to the Hyksôs period, or at all events to one of the obscure dynasties preceding the Hyksôs invasion. One cartouche, containing the coronation name, reads User-en-ra, which is not unknown. The other reads "Ianra," or "Ra-ian," a name unlike any I have ever seen. He is described, most strangely, as the worshiper of his ka (*i. e.*, his ghost, or double[5]). . . . Since writing the above I have been over to Boulak, and have shown my copy of the inscription to Ahmed Kemal-ed-Dîn Effendi, the Mohammedan official attached to the museum. He was deeply interested, and said at once: "That is the Pharaoh of Joseph! All our Arab books call him Reiyân, the son of El-Welîd." He then wrote the name for me in Arabic, which I inclose herewith. For my own part, I know nothing of Arab literature or Arab tradition. I should not, however, be disposed to attach much weight to this curious coincidence. Still, it *is* curious, and certainly interesting.

Now, Ahmed Kemal-ed-Dîn Effendi, who is also a high authority on Arab literature, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only Oriental Egyptologist in the world. His opinion is therefore highly esteemed by his fellow-countrymen; and that a "Frank" had found a statue which the Effendi identified with the Pharaoh of Joseph was a fact which at once found its way to the columns of the native press. The result was novel. For the first time in the history of exploration in Egypt a genuine interest — an interest altogether independent of the greed for treasure or the trade in "antîkahs" — was awakened in the better-class Cairenes; and among the visitors who thronged daily to Tell Basta to watch the progress of the work, there might now be seen an unwonted sprinkling of grave and turbaned Arabs. For Joseph is a typical hero of Arab legendary lore, and a nucleus of local tradition. The pyramids, for instance, were his granaries, in which he stored Pharaoh's corn against the seven years of famine. He, and

1 See a paper read by M. Naville at a meeting of the Victoria Institute, July 5, 1889.

2 Dr. Virchow, although he identifies the ethnic type, is not prepared to specify to which branch of the great yellow race the men of the Tanite sphinxes and the Bubastite colossi belonged.

3 Josephus, Africanus, Eusebius, and Syncellus have all quoted the names of a few Hyksôs kings from the lost history of Manetho; but, as shown above, they spell them variously.

4 Apepi was a name borne by at least two Hyksôs rulers, one of whom belongs to the fifteenth and one to the seventeenth dynasty. The Hyksôs Pharaohs established their capital at Tanis, the biblical Zoan, also called in their time Avaris, which they fortified, and which was the nucleus of their great armed camp. From this stronghold they were expelled by the Theban princes at the close of the war of liberation begun by Sekenen-ra-Taa-ken and brought to a victorious issue by Ahmes I., first Pharaoh of the restored legitimate line. The war of liberation, though traditionally said to have lasted for one hundred and fifty years, did not probably last more than thirty. Apepi II., the last of the Hyksôs according to some, the last but one according to Manetho, beautified Tanis and there built a temple to Set, of which every vestige has disappeared. This king is the hero of a celebrated Egyptian popular tale — founded probably on an historic basis — which has been translated into English by Professor Lushington and the late C. W. Goodwin, and into French by Chabas and Maspero. The original manuscript, known as the First Sallier Papyrus, is in the British Museum.

5 See a paper entitled "The Nature of the Egyptian Ka," in "The Academy," January 5, 1889, in which I have ventured to suggest another interpretation.

none other, founded the city of Memphis. A canalized branch of the Nile, of immemorial antiquity, is to this day known as the Bahr Yûsuf, or Canal of Joseph. The old palace of Saladin in the citadel, which was pulled down in 1829 to make room for the mosque of Mehemet Ali, was called "Joseph's Hall"; and a rock-cut well, most probably of ancient Egyptian work, on the eastward side of the citadel hill, goes by the name of "Joseph's Well." As for the biblical history of Joseph, it is filled in and colored to suit the national taste. The anonymous Pharaoh of the Mosaic narrative becomes Er-Reiyân, son of an Amalekite king called El-Welîd; Potiphar's wife figures as "the fair Zuleika"; and Joseph himself, seen through a mirage of Arab romance, becomes a curious combination of the Mohammedan santon and the errant prince of the "Thousand and One Nights."

The Arab chronicles which identify the Pharaoh of Joseph with Reiyân are unanimous in ascribing a foreign origin to that prince and his dynasty; and although the details of the story are somewhat variously related by different historians, the leading incidents remain for the most part the same. It is thus told by El-Makrizi, the topographer of Cairo, and author of many learned works. "The Amalekites," he says, "led by Welîd, son of Dumî," invaded the land of Egypt, then ruled by Aymen of Qûs (Coptos). A great battle was fought. The Egyptians were defeated "with an exceeding great slaughter," and Pharaoh Aymen fled. The conquerors then chose their leader, El-Welîd, to reign over them; and El-Welîd, having reduced the Egyptians to slavery, and passed through many adventures, ruled for one hundred and twenty years, "till he perished."

Then his son Er-Reiyân, the son of El-Welîd, the son of Dumî, one of the Amalekites, reigned; and he was one of the most powerful of the people of the earth in his time, and the greatest king. Now the Amalekites were descended from Amlîk, son of Laud (Lud), son of Sâm (Shem), son of Nua (Noah); and Er-Reiyân was the Pharaoh of Yûsuf (Joseph), on whom be peace. . . . And it is said that the Pharaoh of Yûsuf was the grandfather of the Pharaoh of Moses, his father's father, and his name was Barkhû; and he was lofty of stature and beautiful of countenance. And after him reigned his son Dârîmush, and he is also called Darîm, son of Reiyân, and he was the fourth Pharaoh, and Yûsuf was his Khalîfa.

Admitting the fantastic character of the Amalekite genealogy and the absurd chronological transposition which makes Moses antecedent to Joseph, one cannot help asking whether this legend may not, after all, breathe a faint echo of historic truth? As the Amalekites are said by El-Makrizi to have chosen their leader El-Welîd to reign over them, so Manetho relates of the Hyksôs invaders that "they made one among them to be their king, and his name was Salatis."[1] That Arab tradition should ascribe the great conquest to a people of Asiatic origin is natural enough; and, as we have seen, it is more than merely probable that the foreign hordes were mainly Semites. Arab chroniclers, eagerly gathering up every thread of local tradition in an age when the Egyptians yet preserved some vague memory of the early history of their nation, would, as a matter of course, ignore the Hyksôs supremacy, and give the command and the victory to a race akin to their own.

But the main point is that the Arabic "Reiyân" exactly transliterates the group of hieroglyphs rendered by "Ra-ian." Ra-ian, however, may as correctly be read Ian-ra,[2] which bears a close resemblance to "Iannas," classed by Manetho as one of the Hyksôs or "Shepherd" kings—"Hyksôs" and "Shepherd," according to Josephus, being convertible terms.[3] Now, that the Hebrew settlement in Egypt befell during the Hyksôs dynasties is an accepted proposition, and the internal evidence of the Mosaic record[4] goes far to corroborate a very ancient Christian tradition which places the ministry of Joseph under a Pharaoh of that time. Syncellus, a Byzantine chronologer of A. D. 800, actually specifies Apepi as the Pharaoh in question. Unfortunately, the Pharaoh of Joseph, like the Pharaoh of Moses, is not once mentioned by name in the Bible. Which, then, are right—

1 On a Hyksôs sphinx found at Tell Mukhdam in the Delta, Mariette and some others believed that the name of Salatis (or Shalati) was recognizable in a broken and very illegible cartouche.

2 In Egyptian solar names (*i.e.*, coronation names affiliating the king to Ra) the "Ra" is often transposable, as Ra-meri — Meri-ra Ra-men-kheper — Men-kheper-ra; Ra-en-user — User-en-ra, etc.

3 *I. e.*, "*Hyk*," ruler, "Sōs" or "Shos" from "*Shasû*," shepherd. This etymology, however, is scarcely satisfactory.

4 Whether the story of Joseph be accepted as strictly historical or as an Oriental legend embroidered upon a background of fact, this indirect evidence is equally valuable as pointing to the nationality of the anonymous Pharaoh. Joseph, for instance, is represented as counseling his brethren to tell Pharaoh that they were shepherds, for the reason that "every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians." Here we have good inductive evidence that what was an abomination to the Egyptians must have been a passport to the favor of the king, and consequently that the king himself was of shepherd origin. The sequel of the story confirms this conclusion. The sons of Jacob follow Joseph's instructions, and the king not only makes them welcome, but grants them "the best of the land" for their abiding place. This, however, by no means proves that Pharaoh was, like themselves, a Semite of Syria. The Scythians, and other Mongoloid tribes, were nomadic shepherds, like the "Shasû" of Syria and Arabia, and the term "Hyksôs," in the sense given to it by Josephus, would apply equally to all nations living the life of wandering herdsmen.

the Christian chroniclers who place Joseph under Apepi, or the Arab chroniclers who place him under Reiyân? Without more direct evidence, that is a question which cannot be authoritatively settled; but neither are necessarily wrong. There is much evidence to show that the war of national independence under Sekenen-ra-Taa-ken,[1] Prince of Thebes, broke out during the reign of Apepi, and that Apepi was the last Hyksôs who ruled in Egypt.

The lists of Manetho, however, place Iannas after Apepi. In either case Joseph, who is reputed to have lived to extreme old age, would in all probability have served under two successive kings.[2] As for Iannas, who is said by Manetho to have reigned for fifty years and one month, we have no reason to doubt that he was as genuine an historical personage as Apepi; though whether he preceded or succeeded Apepi remains for the present an open question. He may or he may not be the Ra-ian of the Bubastite statue; but that the Bubastite statue represents an historical personage cannot for a moment be doubted. A portrait-statue dedicated in a temple and inscribed in full with the customary Pharaonic titles is as good evidence as would be the mummy of the king himself.

Whether Ra-ian of Bubastis and Reiyân of the Arabic chroniclers are one and the same is perhaps the most difficult point under consideration. Only those who have made an especial study of Arabic literature are, however, qualified to pronounce upon it. The following letter addressed to the editor of "The Times" by Dr. Rieu, Keeper of Oriental MSS. in the British Museum, is therefore of great value, as representing the opinion of one of the first of living authorities in this department of scholarship:

> The name of King Raian, recently discovered by M. Naville at Bubastis, is all but identical with the name which Arab tradition gives to Joseph's Pharaoh. Mas'ûdî, who has been followed by all the later historians, says in the Morûj ud-Dahab that the Hamites who peopled Egypt had been for some time ruled over by women, in consequence of which kings from all quarters were lusting after their lands. An Amalekite king named al-Walîd invaded it from Syria, and established his rule there. After him came his son, Raïyân ibn al-Walîd, in whose time Joseph was brought to Egypt.
>
> It is hard to believe that so striking a coincidence should be due to mere chance. But the question it raises cannot be finally settled until the Arab tradition shall have been traced to its source. Meanwhile, the alien character of the dynasty may be noted as an additional point of resemblance.
>
> British Museum, April 7, 1888.[3]

Such, with many omissions, were the principal discoveries of 1888, a season momentous in the annals of exploration, and unparalleled for the wealth of its results. A small part of the temple area had, however, not yet been dug over, and many blocks were still unturned. M. Naville accordingly went back to Tell Basta in the month of February, 1889, for the purpose of completing the excavation. The party consisted of M. Naville, Count Riamo d'Hulst, the Rev. W. MacGregor, and Dr. Harley Goddard, a young American archæologist who was sent out from the United States in the capacity of traveling student attached to the Fund.

So much had been done during the two previous seasons that little remained to enliven the labors of the third. All, in fact, that remained for the explorers to do was to clear up the site, to make an exhaustive search for inscriptions, and to complete their series of paper impressions from the bas-relief sculptures of the halls of Osorkon I. and Osorkon II. These tasks occupied them from the beginning of February to the end of March; and when M. Naville and his party at the end of this short season came to "fold their tents, like the Arabs," it was with the satisfactory certainty that there remained no gleanings for any future explorer. M. Naville had now literally left no stone unturned in that vast area. Every block had been lifted, rolled, and examined on all sides. Every inscription had been copied. Every bas-relief had been reproduced in paper casts, and many had been photographed. Of the minutely sculptured subjects covering the lining blocks of the Festival Hall of Osorkon II., some hundreds of invaluable "squeezes" were taken, each "squeeze" capable of a second and more permanent reproduction in plaster or by photography.

The objects found in the course of this final campaign were few. They included, however, part of a large black granite tablet in praise of Rameses II., several inscriptions, a much-weathered colossal group of Rameses II. and Ptah, a few good bronzes, and a huge bronze pivot, or "crab," consisting of a ponderous mass of metal measuring 8½ inches square by 10 inches deep, with a large boss in the upper surface, upon which the hinge worked. It was yet embedded in part of the door-sill, a deeply scored quadrant on the surface showing where the door had scraped and swung. This fragment of door-sill was probably the only stone found *in situ* in the whole course of the exca-

[1] The mummy of this prince was among those discovered in 1881 in the hidden vault of the priest-kings at Deir el-Bahari in western Thebes. Sekenen-ra was evidently slain on the field of battle. His skull is cloven in two places; the frontal bone is pierced as by a dart and the jaw is laid open.

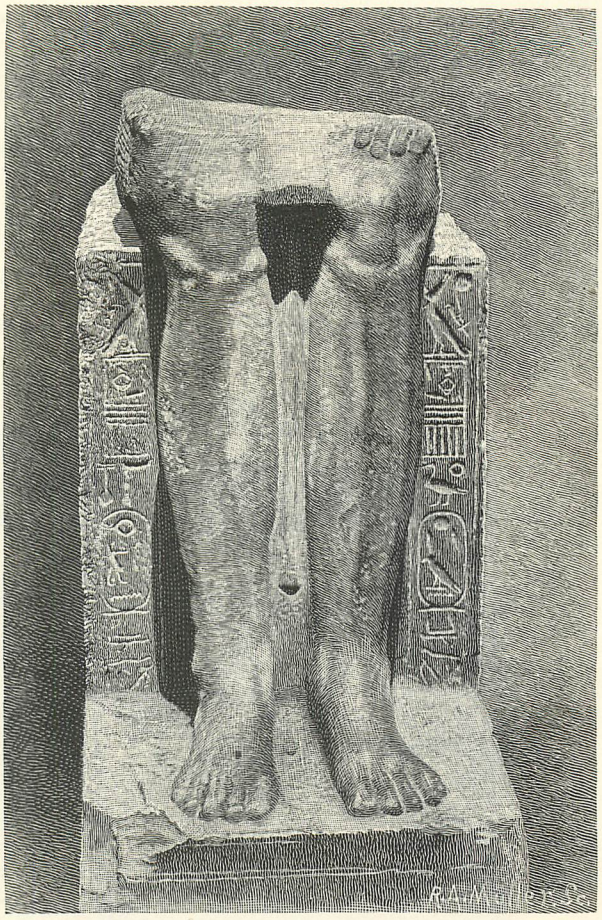
[2] Makrizi, in the passage previously quoted, expressly says that Yûsuf was Khalifa under Darîmush, the son of Reiyân, thus showing that he served under two kings.

[3] Published in "The Times," April 10, 1888.

vations. To suggest that the pivot formed part of one of the bronze doors added to the temple by Apepi would perhaps be to consider the question too curiously. Of inscriptions, M. Naville had a melancholy tale to tell. "The work of Rameses II. at Bubastis," he wrote in one of his latest reports, "was chiefly a work of usurpation. I never saw so many erased inscriptions. I have very carefully examined all the large architraves, upon which the hieroglyphs measure two feet in height, and there is not one which is not engraved upon an erased surface. In fact, I have found but *one* moderately long inscription of this Pharaoh which is not cut over an effaced inscription of earlier date." In other words, Rameses II. had destroyed the records of his predecessors in order to substitute his own names and titles for the names and titles of those by whom the different parts of the building were erected.

If, however, the most conspicuous surfaces were thus usurped, some very precious original documents were found on smaller blocks, many of which had been re-used — perhaps more than once — for building-material. Up to 1889, for example, the earliest royal name discovered in the ruins was that of Pepi Merira of the sixth dynasty;[1] but two stones unearthed towards the close of last season (1889) showed the temple to have been in existence as far back as the time of the fourth dynasty, one block being sculptured with the ka-name of Khufu,[2] the builder of the Great Pyramid, and the other with the throne-name of Khafra,[3] the builder of the second pyramid of Gîzeh. The date of the Great Temple of Bubastis is thus carried back to a point some six hundred years earlier than the first estimate, and its period extended over nearly 3900 years.

To write the history of this temple, which it has cost so much time, labor, and money to excavate, is impossible. The data are too imperfect; the gaps are too many and too wide; the destruction wrought by time, flood, and the hand of man has been too complete. The ruins tell their own tale; but they tell it imperfectly. The wreck of the great stone book is there, but more than half its pages are gone,



LEGS AND THRONE OF RA-IAN.

and whether we indeed possess a fragment of the first of those pages, or even of the last, who shall say? The ka-name of Khufu registers the earliest fixed point from which it is possible to reckon; but was Khufu the founder of the building? Is it not more probable that the site was already occupied, as at Denderah, by a prehistoric sanctuary which Khufu, in like manner, rebuilt? Rebuilder or founder, that mighty autocrat who arrogated to himself "the labor of an age in pilèd stones" put his mark upon the structure, and it has survived to this day. Khafra, though he left his pyramid and his magnificent red granite chapel without a line of inscription, gave his cartouche to the temple, thus showing that he had carried on, or completed, the work of Khufu. Then comes the first great blank. Six hundred years go by, and Pepi Merira — a pious king, who feared and honored the gods — follows Khafra in the royal roll of Bubastis. With Usertesen I. (circa B. C. 3055) we pass from the sixth to the twelfth dynasty. An inscription of this Pharaoh, found a few days before the excava-

[1] Circa B. C. 3650.
[2] Khufu (Cheops), circa B. C. 4206.
[3] Khafra (Chephren), circa B. C. 4143.

tions were finally closed, states that the early temple was yet standing in his time. Now, from the reign of Khufu to the reign of Usertesen I. represents about a century more than from the reign of Edward the Confessor to that of Victoria; if, therefore, the first temple of Bubastis were of no higher antiquity than the Great Pyramid, it was already, in the time of Usertesen I., more venerable by a hundred years than is our Westminster Abbey at the present day. Next taken in hand by Usertesen III., it was so greatly enlarged that it ranked thenceforth as a temple of the first magnitude.

Of the Xoïte line, and of the first two Hyksôs dynasties, the temple ruins have nothing to tell. Nor do they take up the broken chain of history till Apepi holds his court at Tanis, and the Theban princes are preparing for war. With the Hyksôs monuments we touch the fairly approximate date of B. C. 1750, the restoration of the legitimate line being with great probability placed at about B. C. 1703.

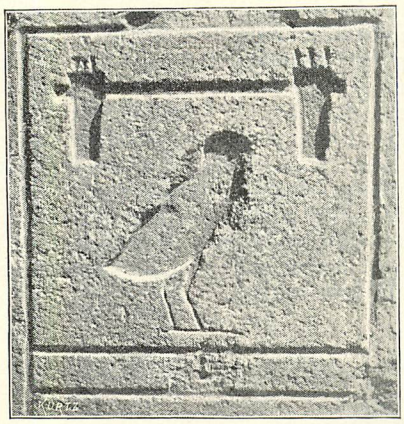
Next comes the glorious eighteenth dynasty; the earliest record of this period being a bas-relief block of Amenhotep II., followed by the monuments of Amenhotep III., already

COLOSSAL GROUP OF RAMESES II. AND PTAH, SHOWING ALSO A BAS-RELIEF BLOCK FROM THE FESTIVAL HALL.

Up to this time it would appear to have covered no more than the space occupied at a later date by the first and second halls; but Usertesen III., besides building the Hypostyle Hall, added considerably to the second hall, and must certainly have built a new sanctuary, of which, however, no vestige remains. The Hypostyle Hall, like the rest of the temple, was constructed entirely in the red granite of Syene, the roof being supported by alternate rows of round columns with lotus-bud capitals and square columns with Hathor-head capitals.[1] An architrave carved with the ovals of Sebekhotep I. bears solitary witness to the rule of the thirteenth dynasty, and with this one stone the great period of the Middle Empire passes away.

[1] The two finest specimens of these gigantic capitals have been presented by the Egypt Exploration Fund to the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, and may be seen in the new Egyptian room lately added to that building.

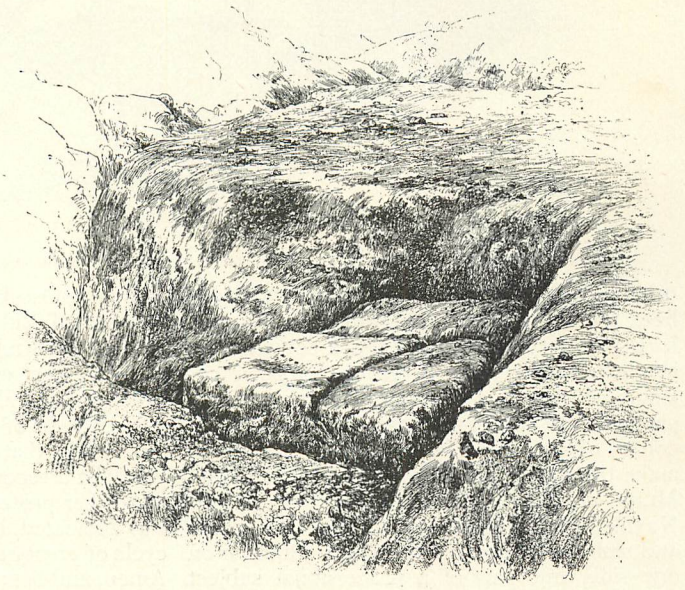
described. Of actual additions to the structure by the Pharaohs of the Restoration there are no traces. For some reason — probably a very simple one — these great builders and soldiers apparently took no interest in the cities and temples of Lower Egypt. It may well be that they found it occupation enough to conquer the known world of their time; to plant temples and fortresses along the banks of the Nile from Middle Egypt to the Isle of Argo in Ethiopia, and to carry the terror of the Egyptian name as far northward as the upper waters of the Euphrates. The marvel is, not that they left some things undone, but that they achieved so much. A single inscription inserted in a blank space upon the bas-relief of Amenhotep II. is the only record found of Seti I. (B. C. 1455–1404). This brief entry marks the advent of the nineteenth dynasty (B. C. 1462–1288). Next came Rameses II., who appears to have added nothing to the structure, while, by con-



STONE SCULPTURED WITH THE "KA-NAME" OF KHUFU.

verting it into a huge palimpsest, he robbed it of much of its history. Handed over to the tender mercies of an army of masons, the records of many kings of many dynasties were industriously effaced; the pompous titles of "The Golden Hawk," "The Powerful Bull," "The Lord of the Two Lands," "The Son of Ra," "Rameses, Beloved of Amen," being substituted on architrave and pillar, lintel and soffit, from end to end of the building. Also, as we have seen, he multiplied his own image in the halls of Bubastis almost as profusely as he multiplied his cartouches. Meneptah, his son and successor,— the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus,— is next represented by various broken statues; and after him the next link in the historic chain is represented by Rameses VI., of the twentieth dynasty. Fragments of several statues of this king were found, and the upper half of a fine red granite colossus, now in the Gizeh Museum.[1]

The twentieth dynasty expires. The twenty-first dynasty runs its obscure race, and the princes of the twenty-second dynasty — by some believed to be of Hyksôs descent,[2] and by others of Libyan origin — obtain possession of the double crown before the ruins again take up the story of their changing fortunes. This time something like one hundred and thirty years have elapsed, of which we know nothing. What happened at Bubastis during those one hundred and thirty years? What happened during the same interval at Tanis? The wrecks of both temples are silent; but even their silence is eloquent of some tremendous and unrecorded catastrophe. Both were among the most gorgeous of their time, and both were at the height of their splendor under the nineteenth dynasty. At Bubastis the last Ramesside Pharaoh of whom a memorial has been found is Rameses VI.; at Tanis it is Rameses III., both of the twentieth dynasty. After these, in some form which we can only surmise, came ruin. Of invasion or rebellion between the twentieth and twenty-second dynasties history preserves no record. Earthquakes, however, were more frequent in the Egypt of ancient days than at the present time, and it is difficult to understand how the destruction wrought at Bubastis and Tanis in the tenth century before our era could be due to any other cause. That Bubastis was of old a center of seismic disturbance may be inferred from a very ancient tradition which tells how the earth opened at this place in the reign of Boëthos (Butau), a king of the second dynasty, and swallowed up many of the inhabitants. Be this as it may, the kings of the twenty-second dynasty found the Great Temples of Bubastis and Tanis in a condition of utter ruin, and they repaired them with the material found upon the spot. At Bubastis, Sheshonk I., the founder

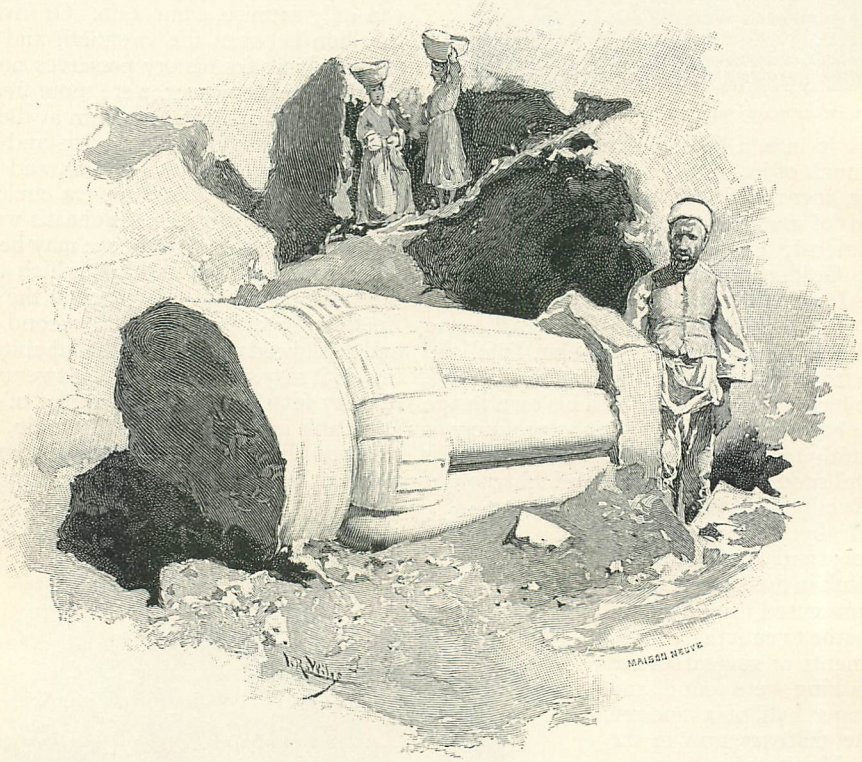


THRESHOLD STONE AND BRONZE PIVOT.

1 Monuments of Rameses VI. are extremely rare.

2 This is the view adopted by Mr. Le Page Renouf, who regards the Hyksôs as Turanians of Edom, and the Bubastite kings as their descendants. Mr. Renouf derives the name of Sheshonk, the founder of the twenty-second dynasty, from two Aramaic words signifying "the man of Susa."

of his house, is represented only by a statuette, whereas at Tanis, among other works, he cut up the largest colossal statue ever executed by the hand of man,[1] to build a pylon gateway. His immediate successor, Osorkon I., did apparently nothing at Tanis; but at Bubastis he rebuilt the Hypostyle Hall and the first hall of bas-reliefs, to which Osorkon II. added the Hall of the great Festival. That the two Osorkons practically restored the whole structure is shown by the way in which the building-blocks were shifted — sculptured stones which had the works of their predecessors, it is inconceivable that the Bubastite princes should have purposely destroyed the most splendid ornaments of these temples for mere building-material. Had they not found the statues already shattered, like the structure which they adorned, the new Pharaohs would assuredly have reinscribed and appropriated them. This is virtually proved by the fact that they did appropriate some which may be supposed to have escaped the general wreck, as, for instance, the two Hyksôs colossi.



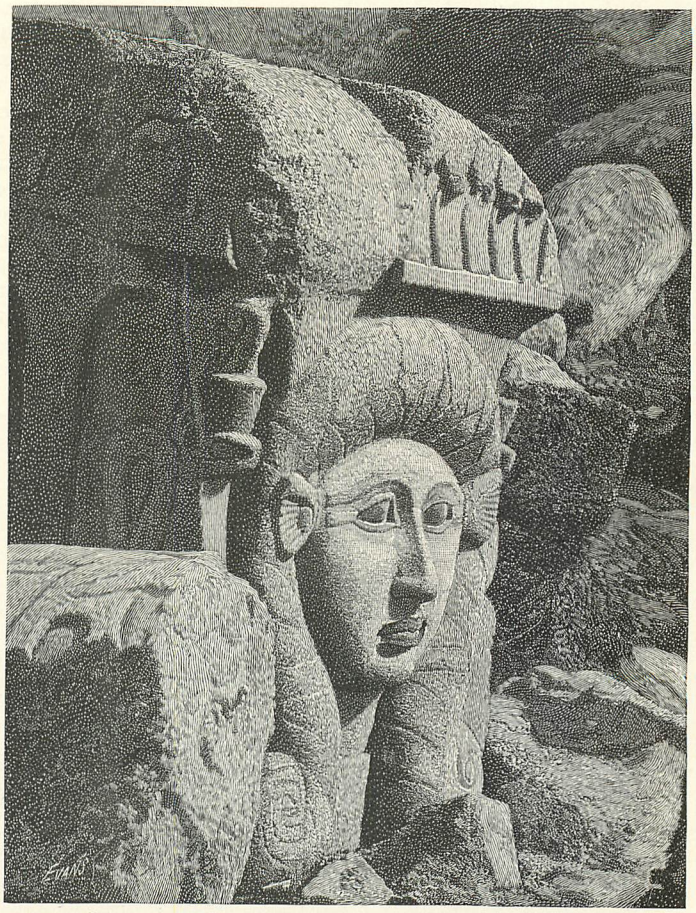
COLOSSAL "LOTUS-BUD" CAPITAL FROM THE HYPOSTYLE HALL. (NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.)

originally formed part of dado subjects having been rebuilt into the walls of the new Osorkon halls at what must have been a considerable height from the ground. As the monster colossus of Rameses II. was converted into a gateway at Tanis, so were the innumerable colossi of the same king cut up at Bubastis to make the lining blocks for the Festival Hall. Many of these, when turned over by M. Naville's Shayalîn, proved to have the serene and smiling features of the great Pharaoh on one side, and part of a processional subject of twenty-second dynasty work on the other. Little as Egyptian kings were wont to respect

But the Osorkons, besides restoring the Great Temple of Bubastis, made a very important change in its religious history. Notwithstanding that Bast was the tutelary goddess of the province, and although her temple — Pa-Bast, "the Abode of Bast" — gave its name to the city, yet in that temple she had hitherto occupied but a secondary position. It was placed under her protection, as local divinity; but it was dedicated, like the Temple of Tanis, to the cycle of great gods — Ptah, Khnum, Tum, Ra, Amen, and Set; but principally to Set. Before the worship of Set went out of fashion, Bubastis must, in fact, have been a principal center of the

[1] See "Tanis," Part I., by W. M. F. Petrie, published by the Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund. This immense statue, of which Mr. Petrie has identified various fragments, was sixteen times the size of life, and it represented Rameses II. standing erect.

cult of that deity.[1] But the kings of the twenty-second dynasty, when they adopted Bubastis as their capital city, also adopted Bast as their patron goddess. In her honor they deposed the cycle of the great gods, and changed the dedication of the temple. Thenceforth it was not only the Great Temple of Bubastis; it was the High Sanctuary of Bast herself, wherein she reigned supreme. Taken in this connection, the fact that Osorkon II. should have held a magnificent festival in honor of Amen assumes a certain significance.



COLOSSAL "HATHOR-HEAD" CAPITAL FROM THE HYPOSTYLE HALL. (NOW IN BOSTON.)

This festival was entirely distinct from the annual festival described by Herodotus. It was a special ceremony which, according to an inscription found upon the spot, was held at Bubastis every fifty years. It took place on this occasion in the twenty-second year of the king's reign. There is nothing to show that it was now held for the first time. More probably it commemorated some ancient tradition, and was merely celebrated by Osorkon II. with extraordinary splendor. Why this king should have elected to do more than customary homage to the Theban god may not be beyond the reach of conjecture. He was the husband of two wives, Queen Karoama and Queen Maut-hat-ankhes, both Theban princesses. Of these two royal ladies Queen Karoama was highest in rank and position. A daughter of the royal Amenide line,[2] she not only inherited sovereign rights over the principality of Thebes, but she was also hereditary high-priestess of Amen.[3] A festival in honor of the supreme deity of her native province would therefore be, in some sort, a festival in honor of Karoama herself, and Osorkon may thus have emphasized the importance of an alliance which legitimatized his own claims as suzerain of Thebes.

The walls of the Festival Hall were lined up to a considerable height with processional subjects in bas-relief representing the various stages of the ceremony. The figures vary in height from about ten inches to four feet, and the ground-spaces between are closely filled in with minute and exquisitely carved hieroglyphic inscriptions. The granite is left unpolished. Were none of the blocks missing, it would have been possible to reconstruct the whole of the tableaux in consecutive series from the paper casts. But the ruins have been largely plundered in ancient times, and perhaps nearly half the original number of blocks are wanting to complete this wonderful illuminated chronicle in stone. From such as are left, however, much of the character of the ceremony may be gathered.

The name given to the Festival Hall by M.

[1] This fact alone would account for the choice of Bubastis as a Hyksôs settlement, Set having been identified by the Hyksôs with Sutekh, their own national deity.

[2] *I. e.*, the twenty-first dynasty of priest-kings founded by Her-hor.

[3] It is a remarkable fact that in the time of the twenty-second dynasty the pontificate of Thebes was transmitted through the female line, precisely as the double crown of Egypt had been transmitted in the time of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth dynasties. See "Les Momies Royales de Déir el-Bahari," par G. Maspero; "Mémoires de la Mission Archéologique Française au Caire," Tome I., 4ème fascicule.

Naville is a literal translation of the name given to it in the dedicatory inscription, which reads thus:

In the year 22, the first day of Choiak,[1] the appearing of His Majesty in the Hall of Festival. He reposes on his throne, and the consecration is begun; the consecration of the Harem,[2] of the House of Amen, and the consecration of all the women who have dwelt as priestesses therein since the days of his fathers.

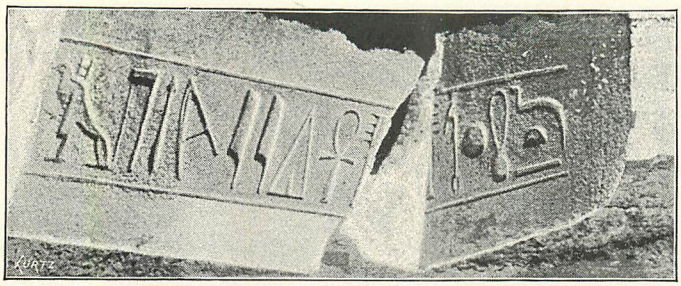
This preliminary statement is succeeded by the first item in the programme, "The carrying of the king upon his throne"; but the block which should show this scene is missing. The procession of the queen probably followed the procession of the king. Then came endless files of shaven priests represented in horizontal rows, often five rows deep in a single block—the "Sam," or high-priest, in his panther-skin garment; the sacred scribe with pen and palette; the "Fai Senneter," or incense bearer; the "Ab," or libation-pourer; the "Neter-atef," or divine father; and so on, through all grades of the priesthood. Some bear aloft sacred standards surmounted by the emblems of various gods; others carry flails, staves, libation jars, and offerings for the shrine of Amen. These offerings are of various kinds, as live geese, cranes, and fishes. There are long processions of priests continued from block to block, each priest carrying a bird in one hand and a fish in the other. A short inscription specifies in every instance to what deity that bird or fish is sacred. On other blocks are depicted rows of shrines, and in every shrine the statue of a god, his name and titles being given in full. All the local gods of Egypt would seem to have been present in effigy, each attended by a deputation of priests from his own sanctuary.

The consecration of the handmaidens of Amen being apparently the main feature of the festival, it is not surprising that we find an important part performed by women. Slender and graceful, in close-clinging robes, some carrying water-jars, said to be fashioned of electrum, others bearing sheaves of flowers, others grasping the "ankh," or emblem of life, they pace in single file, as in a kind of Panathenaic procession. Some are clapping their hands to the measure of a chant which they are singing. Foremost among them are Queen Karoama and "the royal daughters," three of whom are seen standing behind their mother. Their names, here known for the first time, are Tasba kheper, Karoama, and Armer. The queen, exercising her prerogative as hereditary high-priestess of Amen, assists the king in making offerings; but he is more frequently accompanied by Bast herself. Sometimes he stands in a shrine, as if he were a god, wearing the double crown and grasping the flail and crook.

BROKEN COLOSSUS OF RAMESES VI., IN RED GRANITE.

[1] *I. e.*, October 8 of our reckoning.

[2] The priestesses of Amen were designated as wives of the god.



COLOSSAL ARCHITRAVE ENGRAVED WITH A DEDICATION TO SET.

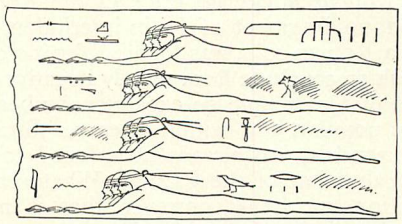
Most curious of all are certain tableaux representing what might be taken for scenes from some kind of religious drama, or "mystery," performed by priests wearing costumes and bearing titles elsewhere unknown. Some perform feats of posturing; some hold scrolls of papyrus, and appear to be in the act of declaiming; some kneel on one knee, the right hand pressed to the breast, and the left upraised, in the traditional attitude of the "Amemu," or genii of the earth. Elsewhere we see bearded priests with fillets on their heads, lying flat on the ground in groups of three together, their hands and feet extended, as in imitation of swimming. Others hold hands, and are said in the inscriptions to "turn round," thus evidently executing a sacred dance such as was danced of old by the Semitic nations, and is danced to this day by the dervishes of Cairo. A procession of misshapen dwarfs walking with staves, and a strange figure of a man wearing what resembles a grotesque mask and wig, look curiously like impersonations.

The dwarfs might be there in the character of the pigmy god Ptah-Sokar-Osiris, and the masker is strangely like Bes, the semi-barbarous deity of music, mirth, and dance.[1] For a full explanation of these singular subjects we must await M. Naville's translation of the texts, which, however, are more than commonly difficult.

An inscription engraved upon a scene where Amen is carried in his sacred boat shows the hall to have been erected expressly for the festival. The god speaks, thanking Osorkon for this building made in his honor, and promising him by way of guerdon "thousands of panegyries";[2] a promise which could be fulfilled only in the next world. One very interesting block represents Amen enthroned upon a lofty dais approached by a flight of steps. A file of worshipers advances, and the leader of the procession mounts the steps in order to do homage. This bas-relief is now deposited in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston. Another, sculptured with full-length portraits of Osorkon II. and Queen Karoama, has been presented to the British Museum. These are the only two blocks from the Festival Hall which have as yet been removed from the scene of the excavations.

As a contribution to the history of an obscure dynasty, the discovery of the Festival Hall is one of the most important results of the work at Tell Basta. It shows Osorkon II. to have commanded large resources, and — if we may literally accept some of the speeches put into the mouth of Amen — to have made his power respected beyond the limits of the Egyptian frontiers. "The Upper and Lower Rutennu," says the god, "are under thy feet."[3]

All that is splendid in the ruins of the Abode of Bast expires with the twenty-second dynasty. Two small statuettes mark the reigns of Apries and Achoris, kings of the twenty-sixth and twenty-ninth dynasties, and carry us on to the time of Nectanebo I. (thirtieth dynasty, B. C. 378). With Nectanebo we bid farewell to the last native dynasty, and almost the last native Pharaoh. Finally, we touch the comparatively modern age of the Ptolemies. A certain Apollonius, son of Theon, who claims to be "one of the king's friends," would seem to have erected two votive statues of himself within the precincts of the temple; but of these only the black granite pedestals were found, each pedestal engraved with a dedication to Ptolemy V. and Queen Cleopatra the first; thus bringing down the chronological data to some point intermediate between B. C. 205 and B. C. 182. Last and latest, an inscription of the time of Ptolemy IX. carries the history of the temple forward to within less than one hundred and fifty years of the Christian era.

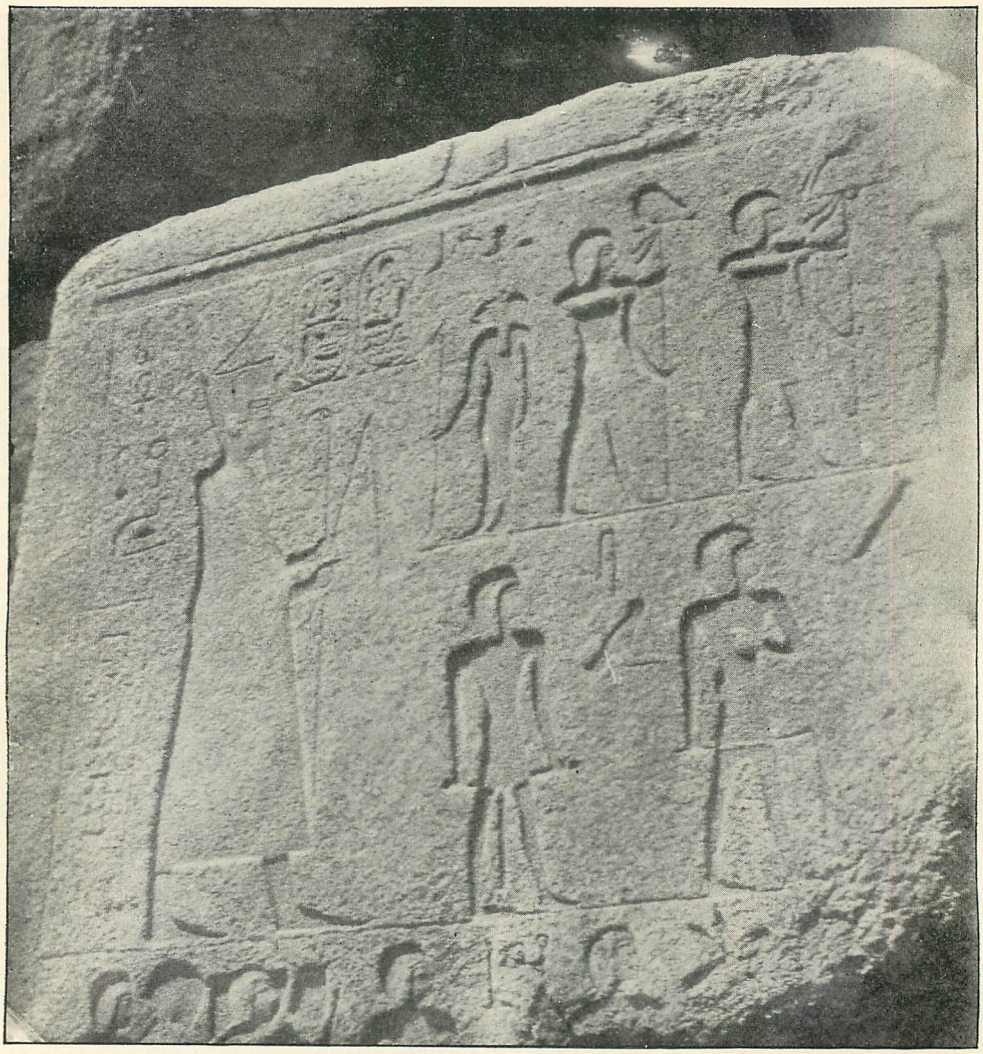


PROSTRATE PRIESTS.
(FROM A BAS-RELIEF BLOCK OF THE FESTIVAL HALL.)

[1] He is described in the accompanying inscription as an "Ua-Ua," or southeastern Ethiopian.

[2] A panegyry was a popular festival, or jubilee, held on the thirtieth anniversary of the accession of the reigning Pharaoh.

[3] A warlike nation of Syria, divided into the Upper and Lower Rutennu, whose territory extended over the whole of Palestine and the coast of Phenicia on the west, and as far as Damascus on the east. On the north they held the country as far as the Amanus, while on the south their frontier was conterminous with that of Egypt.



OSORKON II. MAKING OFFERINGS TO BAST, WITH PART OF THREE PROCESSIONS. (BAS-RELIEF FROM FESTIVAL HALL.)

How long it continued to flourish after this, it is impossible to say. Except the ruins of some small structure—possibly a fort—built with Roman bricks, no trace of the Roman period, no fragment of Latin inscription, not even a Roman coin, was found. Yet it would be rash to conclude from merely negative evidence that a temple so exceptionally beautiful, so popular, and within so easy a distance of Alexandria, was already abandoned to decay in the time of the Cæsars. Whatever its condition, we know, however, that it must have shared the fate of its fellows when the national religion was proscribed by the edict of Theodosius, A. D. 389. All were alike given over into the hands of the spoilers. Statues of kings and gods were flung into the Nile and the canals; vessels of gold and silver were cast into the melting-pot; sacred groves were felled; mud-built huts sprang up like fungi within the sacred precincts; and in those holy halls which before were fragrant with incense and resonant with chanted hymns, the fellaheen of fifteen hundred years ago stabled their asses and stored their grain precisely as their nineteenth century descendants swarmed of late with their poultry, and pigeons, and beasts of burden in the storied chambers of Edfû and Luxor.

The work begun by the Christian iconoclast was completed by the Mohammedan invader. In a manuscript treatise preserved in the French National Library it is said by El-Makrizi that Bubastis was one of the cities awarded by way of appanage to those Arab tribes that had taken part in the conquest of Egypt. We do not need to be told what treatment the ruins of the Abode of Bast would receive at the hands of

the followers of 'Amr. Every temple, every pyramid, every tomb in Lower and Middle Egypt, became at that time a quarry for the architects of palaces, fortresses, and mosques. Limestone buildings were demolished, and granite buildings were wrecked for the sake of their limestone foundations. At Bubastis, as at Tanis, pavements and foundation courses were systematically quarried out; and, as a necessary consequence, the superstructure came down *en masse*.

From the time of El-Makrizi to the advent of the French commission in 1798 the history of Bubastis is again a blank; but with the brief report of M. Malus on "Thal Bastah," in the first volume of the "Mémoires sur l'Egypte," it emerges for a moment from oblivion. Referring to the dividing point of the Pelusiac and Tanitic arms of the Nile, he says that from thence he first saw the mounds of "Thal Bastah," which he estimates as distant seven leagues from the Nile and half a league from the canal:

> We there found many ruins of monuments illustrative of Egyptian architecture. We remarked among other objects a fragment of cornice in a massive style, with the sculptures in good preservation. This block, which measures about eight feet in length and six in height, is of a very hard, brown-colored granite. The work is highly finished, and it is covered with hieroglyphs. . . . Enormous masses of granite, almost all broken, are piled up in an extraordinary way.

It is evident from these words that a considerable part of the ruins was yet above ground ninety years ago, and that all, or nearly all, those "masses of granite" which so impressed the French savant must have disappeared since his time. Following Malus at a distance of some sixty years came Mariette. By a strange oversight, he missed the axis of the temple, sinking his pits in a northeasterly direction, instead of from west to east. Missing the axis, he missed the great discovery so fortunately achieved thirty years later by M. Naville.

*Amelia B. Edwards.*

## THE UNDERTONE.

THY word, O Lord, for evermore is true:
The deep without calls to the deep within.
Here on the sunlit crags I lie at ease,
Whence I behold an endless vast without,
And dimly know a deeper vast within.
One with eternal voice of pealing sound,
And one with ceaseless crying of the soul,
While each to each a solemn answer gives.
Hearken! My soul, be still and understand!
Swept by swift winds and drawn by secret power,
The waters break in music on the shore,
And with a speechless yet a meaning voice,
Not to be heard but by the fortunate ear
Attuned to high and spiritual sounds,
These waters cry, behold, they cry aloud,
Moaning in tender sympathy with pain,
Shouting anon with fresh and childlike glee,
Or murmuring low as in love's fond embrace,
Or like the prayers of saints about to die,
Then thundering the warrior's battle-shout;
The market's hum, the gold of eloquence,
The ever-wearying wrangle of the schools,
And the vain babble of the idle crowd.
All these I hear, repeated from the world,
But underneath them all, in deeper strain,
Binding the whole in smooth, unbroken rhythm,
Is one low marvelous voice, as thunder strong,
Divinely clear, and sweet as heavenly bells,
That pauses not, nor ever changes tone,
But speaks unto the soul for evermore
Its one eternal prophecy of peace.
That wondrous voice, O God! is surely thine;
That selfsame voice, Eternal God! is mine.

*T. T. Munger.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

# FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

## V.

### ANASTASIA AND OLIVIA.

"With how secure a brow and specious form
He gilds the secret villain!
. . . . . sets his countenance for deceit,
And promises a lie before he speaks."

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

"My heavy heart, the prophetess of woe,
Forebodes some ill at hand."

IT is not necessary that we run glittering like a brook in the open sunshine in order to be happy, yet every heart seeks some flower of pleasure with which to adorn its daily duty; even as the wealthy wheatfield wears with the bending corn the useless, splendid poppy. Nathaniel had many important things to attend to during the week ensuing his visit to Kendal, for the oversight of the estate was on him, and there was wood-cutting in the forest, and there were folds upon the hills, and the farm servants and the fishers and the shrimp-gatherers all waited for his orders. But though these duties brought him a sure satisfaction he thought very often of Olivia, and the memory of her voice was like some one calling him wherever he went. And he longed, even in his busiest hours, for the sight of her face and for that nearness of her presence which was in itself a simple delight.

Sometimes the baron rode or walked with him, and the two men meeting a solitary shepherd on the hills, or a fisher tugging his boat on to the shingle, or a silent man driving the plow before him, they would stop and talk awhile, first of the work going on, but sure finally to drift to the subjects uppermost in every heart—life and death and the conditions pertaining to them; how "man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble," and how he can be justified with God.

These thoughts, which the ancient Chaldean pondered under the stars of the desert, and which survive all changes of race, manners, and dynasty, had at that day in England a tremendous vitality. The Bible in the vulgar tongue was as yet a new book. Men and women loved it and trusted in it with a passionate sincerity which it is hard for us to understand, who use it as a schoolbook, and make anagrams and puzzles out of it for the amusement column of the weekly newspaper. Every word between its covers was the word of God. No one doubted a tittle of it. It was read upon the knees. It was never touched but with clean hands. Upon its stand or table no other thing was permitted a place. In the household and the church it was the holy of holies. Men then really did sell a field and buy this pearl of price. And they were not content to read; they searched the Scriptures for hid treasure, and they found it.

And as God is his own interpreter to every man, and to no two men alike, no wonder that it was an age of spiritual conversation and discussion. Even on Kelder's estate he found the great truths, which all acknowledged, tinged by a variety of individualities. The shepherds had aërial visions, the husbandmen strong and stern convictions, the dwellers by the sea believed in supernatural forms of sight and hearing. But with all of them Nathaniel had strong sympathies. The Bethlehem shepherds, watching their flocks by night, had seen a vision of angels; he knew no reason why Westmoreland shepherds should not be equally blessed. He could understand how these grave men, even when fighting the battles of the Lord, had pined for the upper pastures with their long twilights, and their wide view, and their free life.

Several of the farmers had been soldiers in Cromwell's army, and to obey God's will and do duty to its last particle was their ideal of righteousness; special tokens of love, particular help or visitations, they looked not for. The "well done" of the Master at the close of their labor was sufficient. In such strong self-abnegation Nathaniel grew in spiritual stature. And there were times when even the melancholy mysteries of the coast-men fitted into his mood. He could feel with them the harbinger of death going overhead, and see and hear in their dubious, dreamlike intimations as men do and see and hear who

go down to the sea in ships and see God's wonders in the great deep.

One morning, more than a week after this eventful journey, Nathaniel was sitting with the baron upon a large boulder overlooking a great extent of country. Suddenly he had an impression that he ought to go to Sandys. The desire to do so had been with him all the week, but he had felt hurt at Roger's constrained manner, and an honest haughtiness of self-esteem, not to be blamed, had hitherto prevented him from humoring his inclinations.

"Father," he said, "I feel that I must go to Sandys. It appears to me that I have no time for delay."

"Consider whether the feeling be of desire or of duty."

"There are commands which I have no right to consider. This is one of them."

He rose as he said the words and began to unfasten his horse and arrange the bridle. The baron rose with him. The calm induced by their previous conversation was all gone; he looked anxious, and in a wistful, warning voice said, "Before you mount look to the girth."

The words had a much deeper intent, and Nathaniel caught it and nodded a grave assurance in reply. Then he rode away with the hurry of a man who is sent as a swift messenger, and the baron led his own horse down the green, slippery sheep-path, and somehow, for the dim turmoil of his uncertain feelings, he could find no ejaculation but one: "Oh, the changing years! Oh, the changing years!" And though to others the words would have been unintelligible, to Odinel Kelder they were the sum of a life full of vivid emotions and stirring deeds.

Nathaniel reached Sandys in the afternoon. He had been detained a little by a tide-swollen stream, and had lost some of that enthusiasm of conviction which had hurried him at his first setting out. Roger Prideaux was not at home: he had gone to neighbor Gill's, Asa said, but might be back at any hour. Now Nathaniel was a great favorite with Asa, and he had the utmost reliance upon his heart and judgment. He knew, quite as well as if Nathaniel had told him so, that the young man loved Olivia; and he favored the idea of such a marriage. For he thought Olivia too self-reliant and too authoritative for her sex, and expected her to find in Nathaniel's strong character and will a force sufficient to make her obedient to him. Indeed, the only point in which Asa considered Quakerism vulnerable to mortal criticism was its acknowledgment of the spiritual equality of men and women. Asa was willing that God should speak to women, but he was not willing that women should be in any respect God's messengers to his own sex.

He had been much struck with Nathaniel's determination and authority in the case of John Whitehead. He felt sure that he was exactly suited to keep Olivia in that gentle but positive subjection which he thought was not only the natural but the wisest state for women. So, though he had been told by Roger to admit no one into the house during his absence, he made bold to read the order in the light of his own judgment, and to give Nathaniel the opportunity for a little private conversation with Olivia.

"Friend Roger is gone to neighbor Gill's, but thou canst talk with Olivia. And if thou hast anything to say, say it quickly. I am thy friend in this matter, for I have turned the fleece on both sides. Now, therefore, if thy mind is made up, seasonably insist upon it."

Nathaniel did not receive this advice as kindly as its interest warranted. Olivia was so set apart in his own mind that he could not endure that others should speculate about her affairs or her future, especially where that future touched a subject so personal as his love for her. He answered Asa's advice by asking precisely the same question he would have asked had the advice not been given: "Is Mistress Prideaux within the house?" Asa was "led to think so"; but about women and their ways he never ventured on any statement more positive.

Nathaniel went at once to the dining-room. He opened the door with the quick, decided movement natural to all his actions. Olivia sat in a chair by the window. John de Burg sat near her. He had a book in his hand and was reading aloud. In a moment the scene changed. Olivia came a step forward to meet him, and John de Burg rose and laid the volume upon Olivia's work-table. Her face was suffused with blushes, her manner confiding and yet deprecatory.

"Nathaniel, thou art welcome. This is Harald Sandys, the cousin of thy friend who died at Marston Moor. He was mercifully spared, and, being in danger, has been led to select the old home as a good place of safety. Nathaniel, from thee he has nothing to fear, I know?"

John bowed so profoundly as to suggest a defiance or an impertinence. The eyes of the two men met, and swift as the firing of a gun the pupils of both dilated with anger. Nathaniel's flashed with a blue flame, and the blood rushed crimson over his face and brow. For it was a glance of recognition to him. He was sure that he saw John de Burg, and he knew why he had been sent to Sandys.

John was the only person at ease in the situation. He lifted a volume of George Herbert

and began to read stray lines and couplets from it, and to invite Olivia to comment upon them:

> Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
> A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

John found an illustration of this dictum in his own experience. He made Olivia confess that it had been better for him as Harald Sandys than it would have been had he assumed another name. He kept to this subject with a persistence which drove Nathaniel to the verge of passionately assailing his identity; for in the few minutes' observation of his face while speaking Nathaniel's insight had changed suspicion into certainty.

The fine profile of almost savage intensity was the De Burg profile, exaggerated by John's especially wicked character. The eyes somber, tawny in color, cold and sinister in expression, moved in the same bluish opal that made Anastasia's soft orbs so remarkable. He carried his head high, with the same domineering look which distinguished all the De Burgs. He had also their full, abrupt voice, but the cool stare, blushless as that of a bull, was doubtless a quality which he owed entirely to his own shameless cultivation of it.

The desultory reading and conversation went on for about ten minutes, during which time Nathaniel was observing and deciding. Suddenly into the strained, suspicious atmosphere came the sound of a shrill, gay voice, the tapping of light heels upon the stone passage, the swish and rustle of trailing silk garments. Olivia stood up pale and discomposed, while a quick intelligence as to the interruption flashed into John de Burg's face. This circumstance was instantly noted by Nathaniel; so that the final confirmation of Anastasia's entrance was scarcely needed by him. She advanced trippingly, with the prettiest courtesy and the brightest smiles.

"Mistress Prideaux, I am hugely pleased to see you. Faith, I thought I never would come at you! There is a stupid old man at your door who would have denied me entrance at all points, had I let him. Captain Kelder, you look yourself to a miracle. Pray, do you ever mean to smile again?"

She had taken Olivia's hand and was gazing into the girl's face with all the inquisitive mockery of her nature. But by this time Olivia was quite composed. It had taken her but a moment to reflect that Harald Sandys could be in no political danger from Mistress de Burg, and she said with a grave, sweet manner: "Doubtless Harald Sandys is known to thee. We have been favored to give him help in trouble."

"All who suffer for the king are known to me," answered Anastasia; and she gave her hand to her brother with a face full of conflicting feeling, though Nathaniel perceived that the humor of the situation was predominant, and that the girl had much to do to prevent herself turning it into an occasion for mirth. A glance from her brother brought her to reason, and with the utmost manner of a fine lady she said:

"I am but a bad neighbor, Mistress Prideaux, and you have good reason to be rude to me now, but to say truth I have been hindered from coming a score of times; for I assure you that I have not fallen out with all the world because the Lord Protector and my cousin Kelder cannot agree with me. Yet truly"— and she looked at Nathaniel with eyes full of reproachful sadness—"I have been tempted to fly from so many unkind circumstances. 'T is said the king hath ever a welcome for a merry heart, and I hear there is a ship lying off this coast for some who will take refuge with him."

This last piece of information was given with a meaning glance at her brother, and Nathaniel instantly understood why Olivia had received a visit from Mistress de Burg. John's ship was waiting for him, and she had come to give him the information. Having done so she turned the conversation with a rapid and graceful adroitness upon the weather, and the flowers, and the gentlewoman whom she was going to visit as she passed through Milnthorpe. Her name again brought up that of the king, and John, either carelessly or as a matter of defiance, spoke of the Protector as "Old Noll."

The very atmosphere of the room was tingling and provocative. John, in the sense of the security afforded by the near presence of his ship, assumed an attitude indescribably irritating. Anastasia's conversation was full of covert innuendoes, thinly veiled by an almost offensive politeness. Nathaniel's face showed that he had made his last concession to the social courtesies the situation demanded. Then Olivia, whose repose of manner and low voice had been in singular contrast to the restless, irritable spirit of her visitors, rose, and, saying something about "refreshments," left the room. For eating and drinking together has ever been the English fetish for averting quarrels, or for their reconciliation.

As she closed the door John and his sister went towards an open window, but Nathaniel, who was radiating anger as a lamp radiates light, could restrain himself no longer.

"John de Burg," he said, "go at this moment, or I will arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth."

"My excellent cousin, John is *now* ready to

go. The pretty Quakeress has served his turn." It was Anastasia who spoke, facing him suddenly with her sweeping courtesy and her scornful smile. Her brother's countenance was an epitome of every evil passion, and he instantly supplemented his sister's words with the remark:

"I am going on my own orders, not on yours."

He was counting some gold as he spoke, and as he put it in his pouch he glared at Nathaniel with an impudent and rancorous leer, and added, "I am in your debt, Cousin Kelder. I will pay you. I will pay you well. By every devil in hell, I swear it!"

Nathaniel's hand was on his sword, he was in the act of advancing, when John by a rapid leap through the window evaded the intended arrest. Anastasia instantly placed herself in the way. She was the incarnation of rage, and through her set teeth she hissed at him the first contemptuous words which came to the relief of her passion. They were too unwomanly to be answered, and Nathaniel heard them with profound shame and sadness. They ended, as such words generally do, in a threat.

"John will pay you, sir, for these two minutes. And I will help him."

"Anastasia, you will do as you desire in the future. At this moment you will do as I desire; that is, you will leave Sandys at once. You have shamefully wronged its kindness and goodness. Make your adieus when Mistress Prideaux comes in. You shall not eat and drink with her. You are unworthy to be in her presence."

"The sweet saint! So that is the way the wind blows, is it?"

He did not answer her, and she continued her passionate tirade, making both her face and her body partners with her tongue in the expression of her contempt and hatred.

"The canting little Quakeress!" with a snap of her long white fingers. "I am to do her honor and homage, am I?" with a scornful courtesy to the words.

"Only make your respects to her as quickly as possible."

"Faith, sir! I will make no respects to her. Too much grace for the simpering 'thee' and 'thou'"; and, with the contempt of the words defacing and darkening her beautiful face, she passionately flung open the door and left him.

The temper of her departure she cared not to hide, and amid the hurry and clatter of carriage doors and carriage horses it was easy to distinguish the imperious tones of her shrill, clear voice.

In the height of the turmoil Olivia returned to the room. She had in her hands a small silver tray holding a seed-cake and some cowslip wine. Her plain black dress and the snowy purity of its deep lawn cuffs and neckerchief accentuated the slight flush upon her cheeks. Her clear eyes were troubled, her gentle manner had lost something of its serene repose. She looked at Nathaniel curiously, and then noticed that he was alone.

"It seemeth as if something was wrong. Was it indeed Mistress de Burg who left in such anger? Where is Harald Sandys? Surely thou hast not been quarreling with them, Nathaniel?"

"The man who was here is not fit for your presence. I have sent him away."

"Thou art angry, and thou art going too far. My father's wisdom passeth for a general report, and he thinketh well of the young man."

"But I know him to be only evil."

"We are forbidden to judge, and Harald Sandys—"

"He is not Harald Sandys; he is the brother of Mistress de Burg."

"John de Burg?"

She could hardly ask the question, and Nathaniel answered her only by a movement of affirmation. The horror of the girl was unmistakable, though she sat down and remained for some moments motionless. It was evident John de Burg's history was known to her, and indeed Nathaniel had little to add in explanation of his conduct. For, knowing all, Olivia saw at once that it was the only possible course, and she was the first to speak of what had hitherto escaped Nathaniel's notice—the possibility of her father getting into trouble with the Government for sheltering its outlaw.

"My father did it willingly; for nine days he has sheltered him. He also asked from Edward D'Acre a change of clothing for him. O Nathaniel! my heart misgives me sorely."

Nathaniel looked at the sorrowful girl, and his heart ached to comfort her. Words of affection sprang to his lips, but he would not, at their first outflow, mingle them with words of fear and wrong. Besides, he saw that Olivia was inclined to silence. She was waiting for a greater Comforter and Counselor than himself. So he went away from Sandys soon after Anastasia, and rode slowly towards his home by the road on which he expected to meet Roger Prideaux.

He was very much disturbed and depressed; apprehensions came in crowds, and the low, melancholy tones of the bleating flocks seemed to voice them. He met Roger about five miles from Sandys. His broad face, shrewd and homely, had not its usual benignity; indeed, it had the expression of a man who had worries of his own. Nathaniel told him plainly whom he had been entertaining, and the man-

ner in which he had rid him of his guest. The news startled and troubled Roger; yet it was not altogether bad, for he confessed that he had been anxious about the man's right to Sandys, and had entered into an obligation to buy that right for a sum of ready money. And he had just been to a wealthy neighbor's to obtain a temporary loan for the purpose, as the claimant, he said, had become uneasy to get forward on the king's business.

"It is most certain, Roger, that your guest was John de Burg, and that, after trespassing upon your home, he intended to rob you of your money. I have no doubt he fell a-laughing at you a dozen times a day."

"God forgive him!"

"I would at once convey to the proper officers all particulars of this affair. I fear, otherwise, that it may be made an occasion against you."

"What time hath passed since the man left Sandys?"

"About two hours."

"Then he is manifestly beyond arrest. I doubt not there was a small boat waiting at the nearest point for him. He is on his own ship by this time. I will seek after counsel and clearness before I speak abroad of the matter."

"It is such a matter as may be severely dealt with."

"It is, indeed, a weighty and perplexing dispensation, but I trust that I shall be given to see the right way. Whom dost thou fear? Speak plainly."

"Mistress de Burg."

Roger smiled dubiously. "She hath her own plans; they touch not me or mine, I think. And I have proved that the strength of silence is greater than the strength of speech."

Then they parted, Nathaniel full of a vague trouble, yet in sacerdotal sympathy with all around him. The soft, gray afternoon was fast merging into a dull red on the horizon, the hedgerows were growing indistinct, the wider landscape was a dim outline of light and shadow. Soon the vapors rolling down the valleys made the lonely scene more lonesome. The events of the day fitted themselves into it: the singular impression which sent him to Sandys, John de Burg's threat of injury, Anastasia's words of scorn and hate, all grew remote and indistinct as the natural world around him, while the dull, heavy sound of the sea, its confused tones, its sighing surges, seemed the indistinct utterance of his own unutterable emotions. And as he approached Kelderby the moon rose, and in its light he was conscious of a strange backward prescience, a mysterious memory of some existence where the sandy shores were longer, and the hills far higher, and the sense of life more sweet and strong.

It was strange that amid all these thoughts Olivia had no distinct preëminence; for the soul is not always on its watch-tower: it has periods of carelessness for which it often sorrows with a hopeless regret. And no intimation of what followed on his leaving Sandys troubled Nathaniel. He had seen the departure of John and Anastasia de Burg, and it never entered his mind that either of them would return. But he knew nothing of the nature of a woman like Anastasia. Before she had quite reached Milnthorpe the devil whispered a few words in her heart which turned the tempest of her passion into a sudden calm.

"Why not?" she asked. "Why not? If he is still there I will confront them both. I will claim his hand, and vow I had his promise. The little saint will be so much of a woman as to believe me. If he is not there — I can say whatever pleaseth me. Yes, I will grant myself this gratification. I can rest all night at Milnthorpe with Mistress Cecil. Faith, I will not go back to De Burg owing myself so much."

Instantly she turned the carriage back to Sandys. Fortunately, Olivia saw her approach while she was yet at some distance, and her well-trained mind instantly began to subdue itself to a settled calm and purpose. Anastasia fully expected to find her in tears and distraction, for she reasoned thus: "If Nathaniel has delivered her so much of my affairs as to explain that Harald Sandys is John de Burg, she will be weeping out her horror to him. If he has not told her, they have probably quarreled on the secrecy of the affair. Do Quakers quarrel? 'T is a point of indifference. For if she speech not her anger it will nest in her heart and breed more and worse."

Asa Bevin met her at the door with a doubly forbidding aspect. But his deliberate speech and manner was no impediment to the resolute woman. She had passed him before his first words of remonstrance were uttered, and again Olivia heard her rapid tread upon the flagged passage, and again saw her enter the room in a still more exaggerated flurry of rustling silk and flying ribbons.

She was dashed by its perfect stillness and order. The wine and cake had been removed. Every chair was in its place. Olivia sat with her hands dropped on her lap, gazing out of the window. She rose courteously as Anastasia approached, but with an air of reserve, and waited for her visitor to address her.

"Mistress Prideaux, I left in something of a hurry, for, to say truth, Captain Kelder roused in me more temper than I usually carry about.

To speak plainly, you must know that he hath the promise of my hand — a promise which lately he values too little. I am advised that *you* are the excuse for his unkindness."

"I am sorry thou thinkest so unworthily of him, and of me. I have given thee no reason."

"Marry! I believe you not. Captain Kelder is such a man as would be beyond the nay-say of a girl of your breeding and condition."

"My breeding teaches me to take no man into my thoughts until he has sought them with honor."

"That is beyond Captain Kelder. He is already promised."

"And my condition is one that may ask civility, even from thee."

"I tell you plainly that Captain Kelder is bound to me. You have no right to entertain him."

"Thou art going too far. Thou must keep to thy own rights."

"I will take no correction from you."

"But thou must in this matter. My father's guests are to be entertained by me."

"Captain Kelder is a liar and a villain. You ought to give me credit for the warning. I 'll swear I cried for you when I saw him here."

"I am sorry thou hast such evil thoughts. And if Nathaniel Kelder hath been false to thee, then truly it is best to weep for thyself."

"O you cunning Quaker wench! Faith, but you are clever in bandying words!"

Olivia turned slightly from her but did not speak.

"Answer me!"

"I am forbidden to give railing for railing."

"Day of the devil! You shall answer me."

"I will have no quarrel with thee. Be pleased to remove thyself from my presence."

So far both had remained standing. Olivia now returned to her chair. Anastasia made an attempt to follow her example, but the impetuosity of her passion would not brook the constraint of the posture. She stood, she walked, she stood again before the girl she was torturing, feeling a certain dominance in the attitude which increased her insolence.

"I will go anon — when I am ready. Do you know that you are in my power — under my feet? For I shall please myself with giving information against you. Yes! it takes a Quakeress to hide a handsome malignant plotting against the Commonwealth. Faith! you shall pay sweetly for the pleasure of Harald Sandys's company."

"Thou art not speaking the truth. Thou knowest that Harald Sandys was never here at all."

"With your gracious leave I will affirm he was! 'T was your own tongue told the lie, and it puts me in a humor of delight to confirm it."

"Thou knowest well that I was deceived, and that it was thy own wicked brother."

"It was my — 'own — wicked — brother'? Lord! I would give my golden scent-coffer if my — 'own — wicked — brother' could hear you. John de Burg in the seat of the godly, listening to experiences, favored with an evidence, waiting for counsels, and feeling drawn towards thee all the while. It is most delectable. You sweet saint! Do you know what you will have to pay for this honor? John is a luxury. Outlaws cost money. Pray, did he make love to you? Did he vow that for your sake he would forswear murdering and practice praying? And is Nathaniel, the dear religious youth, jealous of him? Lord! I shall die with the fun of it. 'T will serve me to laugh at for seven years to come."

At this moment Asa Bevin entered the room. He cast his eyes first upon Olivia. She had covered her face with her hands, but she was not weeping. She had only shut Anastasia from her sight, in order that she might the more easily be deaf to her reviling and center her whole consciousness upon Him who could hide her in a pavilion from the strife of tongues. The perfect stillness of her attitude relieved Asa; he felt that she had retired into a peace beyond the fretful fever and stir of this world, and he turned suddenly upon Anastasia:

"Thy chariot is waiting, and thou must go."

She looked with contemptuous anger at the little old man in his prim garments and tall stiff hat, and asked:

"Pray, who may you be? The goldsmith from Paul's Walk, eh?"

"I am not bound to tell thee my name, but so far I will humor thy poor pride. I am Asa Bevin, house-steward to Roger Prideaux. Thy chariot is waiting, and thou must go."

"Base-born churl! Off with your hat in my presence!"

"A good man is the son of the living God, and it is a crime in thee to call him 'base.' And thou mightst as reasonably bid me off with my coat as my hat. I will off with neither in thy presence. Wilt thou go? Or shall I send thy men for Stephen de Burg to bring thee to thy own place?"

"What say you, fellow? Out of my way! I have a month's mind to make my men flog you for an insolent Quaker rogue. Mistress Prideaux, remember this 29th of May. You shall date many an evil day from it. Fellow, open the door! I am thankful to escape this pestilent house. And tell your master I will haste to do him all the mischief I can."

"Thou wilt do what thou art permitted to do, and no more. The wrath of man — ay, even the wrath of woman — shall praise Him, and the rest of the wrath he will restrain."

"I will move heaven and earth for his ruin."

"Heaven and earth are God's, not thine."

"A pack of sniveling, canting, Quaker knaves!"

"Canst thou not speak without snarling dog-words? The Lord rebuke thee."

"You are an impudent varlet. I swear I will bring you down to extremities."

"Well, then, Christ for my share."

Asa was growing calmer at every threat, and the angry woman, feeling her impotence against his steady soul, was glad when the clashing of her chariot-door and the trampling of her horses' feet gave her the semblance of a triumphant escape from the scene of her shameful assault. For, though she had met with so little resistance, she felt herself to be utterly defeated and humiliated.

Roger met her in the park. He stood aside to permit the chariot to pass and caught a glance of the handsome, angry face within it. He had also a presentiment that it was Anastasia de Burg, and a sudden fear for his daughter made him hasten his steps. But when he entered the parlor there was no trace of the stormy act of which it had just been the scene. Asa was directing the spreading of the evening meal, a servant was putting fresh logs upon the fire, Olivia sat in the hearth-light, knitting. The homely duties quieted him. When his eyes saw them his lips uttered a blessing. But he sat long with his child that night, talking over the events of the day, for they felt that the situation was one involving danger and trouble.

"How forcible are right words!" said Job. But he might have said, with equal truth, How forcible are wrong words! It was impossible to exorcise the influence which Anastasia had scattered abroad. The room retained the clamorous echoes, the atmosphere of unrest and fear and hate, with which it had been charged by the passionate woman. So the stillness and peace of the upper chambers was a sensible relief. Roger shut the door of his bedroom and then asked himself:

"Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? Thou art girded round by God. This is the rest that never can be shaken."

Olivia was equally glad of the change. She stood motionless a few minutes in the center of the spotlessness and peace of her sanctuary. But she was conscious of a great inward tumult. Anastasia's bitter words still stung her soul, and she could hardly restrain the sharp, low cries that would fain have voiced her suffering. If Anastasia spoke truth, then how false was Nathaniel Kelder!

The first sorrow of womanhood had found her out. Its restless pain amazed and terrified her, and for a few moments she gave way to the passionate fear and love in her heart. She trembled like a reed in a great wind, and the word "Nathaniel!" broke through her closed lips. At the sound she fell upon her knees and buried her face in the white drapery of her couch. It was the revelation of mortal love, and its first monitions filled her with fear. Was she indeed putting the creature before her Creator? a mortal man before Him whom her soul loved and who had loved her from everlasting?

With a swift abnegation, with eyes raining tears, she resigned everything, gave up all her will, and all her desire, and all the sweet thoughts of love that had sprung up within her heart. Then a great calm encompassed her, and her soul refreshed itself in waves of peace and joy that came, as come the winds of God — whence, and how, unknown to mortal comprehension.

## VI.

### SORROW HATH MANY FEET.

"King of the Pelasgians, various are the ills of men; nowhere canst thou behold the same wing of trouble."

"But every one bears a ready evil tongue, . . . and to speak slander is an easy thing."

THE village of Kelderby consisted of about fifty cottages clustered around the church and its burial-yard. It was inhabited chiefly by shepherds and husbandmen; the fishers and shrimp-gatherers dwelling in a smaller hamlet below the cliff, almost upon the sea-sands. The two hamlets were known in the neighborhood as Upper and Lower Kelder, but the village had no market, and no special industry, neither was it upon any great highway — only a pretty, lonely place, as natural to its locality as the bluebells were to the hills around it.

As Nathaniel rode through the winding street a pleasant sense of its homeliness fell upon his heart. The calm, serious men smoking on the stone benches by their cottages, and the women with their arms folded under their aprons — both alike gave him a cheerful "Good e'en, sir." And the little lads and lasses playing "How far to Babylon?" stopped their game a moment to doff their worsted caps or drop a courtesy to him. And in the dim, misty gloaming the men and the women and the elfish-looking children affected him very much like figures seen in a dream. He knew them, and they knew him, but the far-off, sensitive mood of his mind gave to all the unreality and remoteness of a vision of the night.

When he entered the park he made an effort to fling off this unworldlike phantasm, and with the help of a brisk gallop he entered Kelderby in a more lively and vigilant temper.

The house was still and duskish. It was just the moment at which it might, or might not, be lighted for the evening, and as it happened Jael was in the more lingering humor.

The sitting-room was empty, and though the baron's chair by the window held a volume by Mr. Richard Baxter, it had the air of a book which did not expect to be talked with again that night; and Lady Kelder's wheel by the hearth wore also the same aspect of loneliness. Nathaniel had prepared himself for sympathy and he felt disappointed. However, he guessed that his mother was in her own room and he went thither. His light, decided tap was instantly recognized:

"Come in, Nathaniel."

There was extreme sadness in her voice, and Nathaniel opened the door with an uncertain fear. Lady Kelder knelt by her dower chest, her elbows were upon it, her brows rested against her folded hands; a book lay below them, and Nathaniel seeing it understood the pathetic resignation of her attitude. He knew that if he should lift it he would find the "Prayer on the Death of a Child" wet and crinkled with tears, especially at the top of the page which had been turned to for its "Consolation":

> If it stayed not here to enjoye Pleasure, soe neither did it Stay to be pined away with Sorrow and Care. It lived not long enough to be versed in all the Vexations of our State, nor to run thro' that Great Varietie of Miseryes and Misfortunes which are incident here to our Nature: But went off before it had time to trye how much evil is to be Endured in this Life; yes, before it was come to aggravate any afflictions by imagination, or to anticipate the same by Fear, or to reflect in bitterness of Spirit, and lay to heart what it did endure.[1]

"My dear, dear mother!"

He stooped and gently removed her folded hands, and lifted her wet face and kissed it. "My mother, my dear mother!"

"It is twenty years ago to-day, Nathaniel. Surely you have not forgotten! I can see them taking her to her burial. Down that path they went"; and she rose and looked from the window. "The coffin was covered with hawthorns and lilies, and twelve of her companions, wearing white lawn, carried her. They were singing as they went, and, O Nathaniel, I hear their voices now! It was such a lovely afternoon, and the sounds filled the garden. The lilac trees were all abloom: if they could speak they would tell you they had not forgotten."

"Mother, none of us have forgotten. But should we weep for her? Think of all she has gained — and of all she has missed."

"Missed! Yes, the child-bearing and the child-losing — the vain cares, the still vainer hopes, the terror of griefs looked for, the agony of those that come; all the wrongs of wifehood, all the bitter wrongs of motherhood, she is well out of them. Little joy has earth, and much sorrow, much and hard sorrow."

Nathaniel could not answer. He only drew her close to his side and kissed her wet eyelids. And as he did so the tears filled his own eyes, and he said to his soul, "Oh, wonderful mother-love!"

"Come, we will go to the parlor. The dead wish not to wrong the living."

She cooled her face with some sweet-marjoram water, and then put her arm through her son's. Slowly they went together down the wide oak stairway, making — though they thought not of it — as charming a picture as any Mr. Lely ever painted: the aging mother in her black-silk dress and hood of white lace shading her white hair; the son, tall and strong, in high boots and Spanish leather and a handsome doublet of black velvet.

The baron was standing on the hearth gazing into the fire. As they entered he turned his face to them with a smile. The waiting-men instantly began to serve supper. Jael stood at her lady's chair with her shawl and footstool. As the two women met they looked understandingly at each other. Jael had been weeping also. She had been the dead girl's nurse. But, O mystery of Life, from what lowly depths proceed thy comforts! Lady Kelder on sitting down saw by her plate a handful of wild-flowers, and her white face flushed and a gleam of happiness and hope came into it — a few primroses and violets and some leaves of rosemary, tied with a band of scented ribbon-grass. She looked gratefully into her husband's eyes, and perceived that while she had been weeping in her chamber he had been to the grave to weep there. The rosemary grew at its head, her own hands had planted the primroses that starred the turf, and the violets that made it sweet. The father-love had not forgotten either the child or the mother.

Nothing was said during the meal about Nathaniel's sudden visit to Sandys, but as soon as possible afterwards he told the whole strange story. It made a most unhappy impression, and Lady Kelder, who was weary with emotion, very quickly grew fretful over it.

"It is easy to sit still and look troubled, Odinel, but what is to be done? I asked you to let these De Burgs alone. I told you that it was dangerous and foolish to help the wicked; but you were wiser than seven wise men that can render a reason, and I was not heeded."

"My dear Joan, it is not a question of wisdom, but of kindness. God is good both to the evil and the righteous."

"Yes; and God gets very unhandsomely

[1] "Deathe made Comfortable." Devotional book of sixteenth century.

treated for being good to the evil. Did you expect you were to be better served than the Almighty? It passes my patience that men should ever be trying to imitate God's generosity without his omnipotence."

"My intentions must cover the mistake — if there be one; they were good and pure."

"Oh, indeed! I observe that mistakes are punished without regard to intentions. Good intentions will be but a poor rooftree when De Burg turns you out of your home."

"Softly, softly, Joan. Why should you think that De Burg will do such a thing?"

"Because it will give him pleasure to do it. See how he has served Roger Prideaux, who never wrought him harm, unless he raised his malice by buying Sandys."

"I think, with Nathaniel, that De Burg knew nothing at all of John's deception. It was the doing of Anastasia. No one hath a greater horror of his son's crimes than Stephen de Burg."

"I am not so far gone in folly as to believe all that Stephen de Burg says on that subject. Furious, of course, at whatever blacks the honor of his family, but at the same time conceiving his family to be vastly superior to the rest of the world. If there be trouble about this affair, De Burg will go to Charles Stuart, and his forfeiture will be demanded of you."

"It will be to his interest to say nothing."

"Do you think Anastasia will take rest under the insult of Nathaniel's dismissal? Truly she will not. And by my faith! I know not why Nathaniel should have interfered in the matter. 'T is the Quaker's bad broth, and if Nathaniel thinks he can sup against the devil and the Quaker and the De Burg, he will need a long spoon."

"Roger Prideaux is not to be put in such company, mother."

"Indeed, others are of my judgment. Sin is like poison — many kinds, but all in their measure deadly. Stephen and Anastasia de Burg are of a quality differing from Roger Prideaux, but all poison — all poison."

There were a few moments of painful silence; then Kelder, hoping to change the subject, said: "I met D'Acre in the graveyard. He has had a stone of the primest quality put over his father, and was looking to it — a young man of a very sober humor, virtuous and discreet, I think."

"High time he remembered his father. He has been taking a wife, and so forgot the leading virtue until he had convenience."

"Nay, but he is forward in all honorable deeds. He was discoursing with me over some new plot of the Fifth Monarchy Men."

"By troth and faith! I am right sorry for the Protector. Between the Fifth Monarchy Men who say the Lord Christ is coming, and the Quakers who say that he is come and dwelling with them, he hath but a quarrelsome time." Then stooping forward and touching Nathaniel's arm: "This concerns not us in the main particulars; our first duty is to secure Kelderby. That rests with you, Nathaniel. To-morrow go and see Anastasia. Better bring her to Kelderby as your wife than lose Kelderby forever."

"Mother, how can I marry Anastasia, she being such a woman as I have told you?"

"There is good and evil in her, as in all other women. And I blame her not for her passion. Indeed, it was beyond pardon to be put beneath that Quaker girl. And one thing I see plainly, if we would save Kelderby it will have to be by giving Anastasia an interest in it."

"There must be some other way, mother. Such a course would stand neither with God's word nor with my own conscience."

"Joan, my dear heart! We are but making and widening breaches. Let us patiently digest what we have heard until to-morrow. Clearer reason may come with another day."

"Reason! That is guessing at right and wrong. What is reason, pray? A twinkling little light, fooling men between shade and shining. I have a feeling that I trust beyond it; and it tells me that Kelderby can be saved only by Nathaniel making Anastasia his wife."

"Peace! and in God's name let the thought go. To save stone and mortar shall we ruin our son? No, Joan! If it come to the pinch you will say 'No' and stand to it firmer than any one."

The baron's tone and expression, more than his words, silenced Lady Kelder. She had been supposing a calamity, the dread of which lay in her heart, for the sake of having it contradicted. She had hoped that both her husband and her son would ridicule her fear. It gave her a shock to find that her threat was at once accepted as a likelihood. She had at that hour no more courage to gainsay anything, and a feeling of despair invaded her.

Then that impulse which makes us speak of trivial things when the mind is occupied with some great affair led Nathaniel to talk of additions to be made in the farm offices, and the baron gave him such attention as he was able to give. But the influence of the circumstances was inexorably dominant: their somber eyes reflected it; their voices had the weary tones of those whose thoughts are afar off; and as the fire burned low, and the day came to an end, every word was toilsome, mysterious, weighed down with the heaviness of anxious hearts.

Lady Kelder left the two men earlier than usual. She was glad to escape to the more

loquacious Jael; to whom, sooner or later, she always unfolded her anxieties and sorrows. Jael was truly shocked at the position in which the baron's kindness and Nathaniel's rudeness to the De Burgs had placed Kelderby. But though she had plenty of sympathy she had very little tact in its appliance.

"God-a-mercy!" she cried; "'t was not for nothing that the moles began burrowing about the house New Year. Secret enemies and a-flitting. I pray they go not all round, and add death to it."

"Jael! Jael! It is wicked to bottom our expectations on such things. How could a blind mole that sees not in the present foresee the future?" But the poor lady was in a tremor of sad confirmation, passionately denying what she tremblingly believed.

"Indeed, my Lady, the dumb animals carry God's messages a long way better than man; for, right or wrong, man will add his own words to God's words. The winged birds prophesy, say what you will against it. I 've seen enough myself. When Pierson had to fly to Holland, a week afore he left the rats came by hundreds to Pierson Hall, to summons him out. The rooks knew when Squire Fell was to die. The sea-birds show the fishers what the weather will be, and where to find the fish. Dogs and horses see spirits. Cocks tell the time of day; and when men were cowards all, one of them covered shuffling Peter with shame. I think a deal, my Lady, of what beasts and birds know."

"Then you think the moles know that we are to leave Kelderby? O Jael! how could you tell me?"

"They may get back orders, my Lady. I bethink me of much ill-luck turned to prosperation. The sentence had gone out against Nineveh, and there was a free set by after it. Many lets and bars God puts in a down way. And, my Lady, it is hard for ill-luck to keep foot with prayer."

But the gift of prayer is not always in our power. Words of fear, bearing Heaven a grudge at the bottom of the heart, are not prayer; and this was the definition of Lady Kelder's present mood. But as day after day went by, and nothing further was heard of John de Burg, Anastasia's threats lost their terror and their sting. Every one in Kelderby began to regard the event as past and finished, and cut off from the life which was now to go on, as if it never had happened. Lady Kelder again busied herself in her still room, the baron resumed his pleasant communion with nature and his books, while Nathaniel began to wonder if he might not with propriety pay another visit to Sandys. For the thought of Olivia was with him night and day, and the space dividing him from her was full of void and heartache.

Anastasia had not, however, forgotten them; she was even contemplating with enjoyment this very condition of affairs. "They think the evil has passed by"; and the smile upon her face was so happy that it might have answered the sweetest and kindest of affections. Hitherto she had passed for a gay and frivolous, good-natured woman. No one suspected her of a capability for malicious wickedness. But many bad people pass for good people because they have not reached the bottom of their character. Anastasia was herself surprised at her own persistence of wrath. She had expected, even feared, that her anger would not serve her long enough to carry out any plan of revenge. It gave her a feeling of satisfaction to find that it had grown steadily in will and intensity, and that a week's interval had only intensified her hatred and her thirst for revenge.

Her delay had arisen from two causes: first, she had not been able to decide upon the course likely to give the most trouble to Sandys and Kelderby and the least to herself; secondly, her success, in any case, depended upon her father's coöperation and sympathy, and she was aware that there was a time to ask and a time to forbear asking. In certain moods Stephen de Burg would remember his cousin Kelder's kindness, and indignantly repudiate any ungrateful return. In other moods he would regard the insult offered to his daughter, not only as canceling all good-will debt, but also as an occasion for passionate retaliation; and it was this mood Anastasia was waiting for.

One afternoon, ten days after John de Burg had regained his freedom, Anastasia was sitting thinking of him. Captain Bellingham had just left her, and Captain Bellingham usually knew whatever happened in the country-side. But though she had questioned him skillfully, he had given her no news which held the faintest suspicion of John's visit to his home. It was certain, then, that he had reached the coast in safety, found the waiting boat, and gained the security of his ship. At that hour he was probably hundreds of miles away from his enemies. As for John de Burg, *she was the only soul that had knowingly seen him.* She laughed merrily to herself at the idea which suddenly flowed to her from this circumstance. It seemed to her that she had found the clue to a vengeance worthy of the wrong.

Her father entered in the midst of her private mirth. He was in an equally jocund mood, having got the better of "some canting Roundheads" who required taxes of him. "But I showed them that I was only a lodger at De Burg, being there at the pleasure of their Commonwealth; and therein Sir John Freemantle said I was right, and so on. Then comes Mr. Allen, and he thinks the taxes should be col-

lected of my security, and some fell a-laughing at the proposition, and some forsoothed it, but Sir John stood bravely by me, and the case will stand finely. A pleasant day, Asia, and all things else."

"I am extremely glad on it"; and she touched the strings of her lute lightly, and sang:

"Lay by your pleading,
Love lies a-bleeding,
Burn all your poetry,
And throw away your reading.
Piety is painted,
Truth it is tainted,
Love is called a reprobate,
And Schism now is sainted."

The bright June sunshine was all over her, giving to the brilliant colors of her silk gown the prismatic rays of the peacock's feathers. Her black hair fell curling over her shoulders and upon her warm, white neck and bosom, and her hands sparkled with colored gems as they twinkled among the strings. She was the loveliest realization of a gay and brilliant woman, formed for the delight of the senses and the enchantment of thoughtless men.

De Burg watched her with pride and pleasant speculation, and she divined his thoughts, for she suddenly snapped the song in two, and said in a low voice, "Let me tell you the secret of Sir John's complaisance: the king comes soon to his own again."

He opened his eyes wide and flashed their intelligence into hers; and she nodded back a charming assurance ere she continued, "There's a *feel* in the air, a whisper in the wind, a bird in my breast, that tells me so; and besides, a word from London that confirms all."

"Old Noll hath caught an ague."

"He hath caught death."

"Well, then?"

"If we would have the full pay of our loyalty, you know, we must go to the king. In the day of rewards those who have done so will be remembered. As for the general mass who wait for him to come to them, they cannot expect any honor in particular. Faith, sir! before a year be gone, I warrant you, men and women will be drinking the king's health upon their knees in the market-places and on the housetops."

"Well, then?"

"Go to the king."

"My cousin Kelder would have just cause to complain of me."

"We owe nothing but hatred and ill-will to cousin Kelder, and with your good help I will pay it."

"What mean you?"

"Oh, I am deadly mad at them!" Then she laid down her lute and carried a chair to her father's side. "You must know, sir, that when I was but a maid in ankle-shoes Nathaniel made love to me and vowed me his hand."

"Pray, what did you want with the sour Puritan?"

"Indeed, that is one of the miracles. But now he wants not me. He hath fallen into the toils of the Quaker girl at Sandys."

"I have seen her. A month ago I met her with D'Acre's wife; a pretty pair of sucking doves, truly!"

She laughed and clapped her sparkling hands together.

"Sucking doves! Marry, sir! Prideaux's girl hath the temper of a wild cat. She ordered me out of her presence."

"Surely you joke, Asia; and 't is a poor subject for your mirth."

"Never trust me if I speak not the truth. I called at Sandys for a purpose."

"For what purpose?" He asked the question peremptorily, for like not a few men of small stature he not only was easily made angry, but was rancorous when he had a grievance to avenge. "Pray, what purpose had you at the Quaker's house?"

She looked him steadily in the face and said, "I went to see Harald Sandys."

"What foolery is this? Harald Sandys was killed with his cousin at Marston battle."

"My Harald Sandys is, I hope, now so far out at sea as to be beyond his enemies."

All mirth had vanished out of her face. She was in a mood which demanded attention as she continued: "Be so good as to listen to me. For your sake, 't is all I shall ask, sir.

"Put it in the number of my sins that I kept secretly for many weeks under your roof this gentleman—a fact that you will be best to forget, since it concerns you not, and is beyond your advantage. But presently, when there was like to be suspicion, I sent him to Roger Prideaux, for he hath an affectation of great kindness for the old owners of the house he bought."

"The rogue fancies that dingy guineas, made in some sort of mechanical work, can buy a right to an old estate like Sandys. I had looked to add it to De Burg, as was most natural. For only Bellingham lies between us, and there is so much of ancient intermarriage as would justify the king in making me heir where there is no other heir. Oh, I would have taken Sandys in payment of all scores against him, and then if it had come into your mind to marry Bellingham, there would have been an estate worthy of an earldom."

"I wonder not that you have ever been against this Quaker."

"Nothing moves me to anger like his name."

"All goes well, then, for now you have a good occasion to work Sandys out of an owner again.

The Quaker hath doubtless been harboring a malignant, whom he knew to be on the king's business."

"Make me wiser on the whole matter."

"'T was on the 29th of last month. I went out, as I commonly do, to ride. I took the way to Sandys, and at the gates I bethought me of the civility of making a call upon the strange lady there. Being come to the entrance, a cross old man withstood me at all points, and with many excuses. But having determined to gratify my curiosity I would not be restrained, and, with such apologies as left him far behind, I went to the parlor. There I found Mistress Prideaux, and Nathaniel Kelder, and a man whom Mistress Prideaux, with much discomposure, introduced to me as Harald Sandys, 'there being nothing to fear,' she said, 'from one of my affection for the king.'"

"Come, this grows hugely. Nathaniel is in the plot, then?"

"So much belongs to the public ear. For your own there is much more, if you care to listen."

"Oh, I will hear to the last comma."

"Nathaniel was so much annoyed at my visit that he was hard set to give me the commonest courtesy, and when Mistress Prideaux went for a glass of wine for my refreshment he took the opportunity to insult me beyond all patience or endurance."

"The grounds?"

"I had mentioned a ship lying off the coast, supposed to be there for certain of his Majesty's friends, and he turned on Sandys and called him John de Burg,—ordering both him and me to leave at the moment. He said, moreover, that I was unfit and unworthy to sit in the same room or to eat in the presence of Mistress Prideaux, and he bid me depart in such a way as left me for the moment at his word, seeing that I would not, for my own sake, prejudice the escape of the young man. But I went back."

"Oh! you went back?"

"And I found her alone."

De Burg laughed uproariously. "Did you take her eyes out?"

"I promise you I am nothing in her debt."

The whole plot was as clear as daylight to De Burg; but there are none so blind as those who will not see, and clearness of sight in this direction was neither to his interest nor to his pleasure. He looked with something of pity and something of admiration at the sullenly handsome face of his daughter. He saw that her anger burned like a fire, and was likely to grow with the thoughts it fed on. For though mortified feeling turns to ridicule in cold natures, it turns to bitter hatred in passionate ones; and hatred, however it may punish others, is self-punishment of the severest kind.

He rose and walked thoughtfully about the room. Anastasia sat in the gloomy stillness of a soul stumbling from thought to thought of angry love. For when she began to hate Nathaniel then she found out her love by her hate. She could not forget his severe, youthful beauty as he watched with gathering wrath the unfolding of her guilty plot, and his grave rebuke added to it an invincible grace. Her soul was tossed, as in a hurricane, with scorn, anger, mortified love, and a burning longing for revenge.

"Asia!"

"Sir."

"What was, and is not, may be as if it never had been. And of what it is unnecessary to speak we will speak no more. This event begins with your visit to Mistress Prideaux. Do you understand?"

"This moment. I have forgot everything before it."

"In all cases, and to every one, are you prepared to stand to that condition?"

"I 'll swear to it."

"Other affairs fit into this one with a strange evidence. 'T is well known the Quakers have made many remonstrances to the Pro—I mean to Old Noll, praying for more justice than he gives them; and also that they are dissatisfied and disquieted at his indifference to their complaints. 'T is likewise well known that the king has been in communication with leading men of all parties and all creeds, sending them promises of liberty in all matters of conscience. We may suppose—we have a right to suppose—that Harald Sandys's visit to Roger Prideaux was as the king's emissary to the Quakers, Prideaux being a man of wealth and weight among them. And old Noll's sickness has brought every one to a consideration of what is to come when *he* goes to the devil. The eye of a Kendal magistrate will see a great matter of treason in this affair, I 'll warrant it."

"But Nathaniel—is he to go free? I wish him to suffer, and this is nothing towards it."

"You have a woman's trick of seeing only one thing at a time. Does your mind live in a lane? Nathaniel shall suffer on every hand and in every person. But I foresee in this affair the conclusion of much and the beginning of more. The king must not come home before we go to the king. We have lost too much to lose the claim which entry with him will guarantee. Prepare, then, for such a visit by giving your beauty the advancement of a flashing bravery of dress, for there is nothing like making a show of gentry in his presently shabby court. Thank your stars that I take this matter out of your hands; for it will require to take both wisdom and patience with it."

"Oh, sir, I neither wish nor need for a better stand-by. I can leave all in your care, with great contentment."

"And I swear you satisfaction. Faith! in these dull days of discontent it will be a great delight to me to turn things a little upside down, and as I owe you something for the pleasure, you shall have my Lady Levin's Iceland dog. I am advised that it is for sale."

Half an hour afterwards Anastasia heard her father ride away towards Kendal. She was not afraid, she was not sorry, for the thing she had done. She went upstairs, washed, dressed, and perfumed herself, but in all her sweet coffers there was no wash or unguent for her restless soul. Reckless and contradictious, sick with a vague trouble which she would neither face nor acknowledge, she muttered defiantly:

"Well, I have set the ball rolling. Where it will go, and when it will stop, the devil only knows!"

(To be continued.)

*Amelia E. Barr.*

# THE CRUCIAL TEST.

IT was down on the Altamaha. The Dugarres always spent the summers in their large, old-fashioned mansion, on their own plantation, coming out from Savannah in May and returning in November. It was a picturesque house, with its wide halls, its piazzas, and its white columns that a man's arms could not reach more than half around. It had withstood the changes of time, and war, and the passing away of several generations. It was a landmark of the old South, and though the row of cabins in the rear still had a few dusky occupants, they were farm-laborers, hired to work by the day.

The Dugarres were famous for their hospitality, and entertained guests from all parts of the Union. An unusually large party lounged on the shady piazza one hot, languid summer afternoon, representing Charleston, Atlanta, and even New York, not to speak of the fair Savannahians, and of Valentine Dugarre, all the way from Brazil. It was too warm for exertion, all quiet amusements had flagged, and even conversation had become a stupid effort, when Edward Dugarre brought out a dusty old CENTURY and read Stedman's poem "Hebe." It roused both the lazy and the meditative to lively comments, all agreeing in their condemnation of Florina's revenge, so summary and so terrible. Did I say all? There was one exception — Valentine Dugarre. But some of them looked upon *her* as half savage, because of her Brazilian birth, and her perfectly frank way of speaking out her thoughts and feelings. The Dugarres themselves were half afraid of her and rejoiced when she became engaged to Frank Black, a handsome young Savannahian of good family but of rather weak, unstable nature. She had been sent up to them to have an American finish put to her education and manners; but alien blood flamed in her veins, and she had been worshiped and spoiled in her own home until she had become as imperious and exacting as princesses are supposed to be. She could do the rashest, most unheard-of things when enraged, or when in a generous mood — such, for instance, as taking a ring from her finger and giving it to a ragged beggar when he asked her for five cents. When scolded for it by her shocked aunt she impatiently exclaimed:

"Can't you see that he is starving? What real need have I for the thing? Let it go, if it can be the means of bringing him food and clothing. I do not care to be rich, to wear jewels, while others are perishing with hunger."

And that summer afternoon she sat among those people listening in silence to all their comments, and waiting until the last to have her say about the matter.

She was an imperial-looking girl, dark, but with a faint, delicate bloom on her cheeks, and the color of a rose on her lips. Her eyes were not black but golden-brown, and her hair had the texture of silk. Her very dress seemed to set her apart from the other women, who clothed themselves according to the decrees of fashion. It was fine woven yellow linen, its full loose folds girdled in about the waist with a broad band of silver, its sleeves open half way up, revealing beautiful rounded arms. She set at open defiance all forms and rules, and laughed contemptuously at the conventionalities of society.

"I quite approve of Florina's revenge," she said at last, "only I would have killed the woman also"; then she smiled with scornful contempt to see the blood forsaking Helen Lawrence's face. "Why do you turn pale, Miss Lawrence?" she asked, leaning towards her with a gleam of mockery in her eyes.

"I — because it is horrible to hear you talk so," said Miss Lawrence, quickly recovering herself, for she shrank, if Valentine did not, from a crossing of words, as it was known by

all in the house that the young Brazilian was jealous of her.

"Val. does not mean it," said Edward, soothingly.

"I do mean it. What right had she to come between them, to use all her smooth little ways and arts to make him faithless? Yes, by all means, Hebe should have feasted upon her first."

She glanced at her lover, but he was looking intently across the sunlit cotton-fields to the shining sweep of the river, apparently not in the least interested in the conversation. Then she looked around on the disapproving faces of the other women.

"You may all look shocked, but I am different from you only in the expression of my thoughts. There is an untamed savage in every heart, no matter how finely the owner of that heart may be civilized, how highly polished."

"There is also a spirit of divinity, Miss Dugarre," said Mark Livingston, the young Charleston lawyer, in his grave, calm voice.

"But in some unguarded moment, some crisis, the savage conquers all. It is easy to be good until one is deceived or thwarted."

"But what cause have you to talk like a disappointed, soured woman of the world, Valentine?" her cousin exclaimed, a little impatiently.

"Oh, none whatever, of course." But a note of bitterness thrilled her sweet voice, and her jealous eyes saw the glance Helen Lawrence exchanged with Frank Black. She bit her full under-lip, until the blood almost started.

"You believe, then, that the evil in human nature is stronger than the good," said Livingston.

"I do; for is it not true that many a lifetime of noble deeds has been wrecked in a moment of passion, the man stripped of his goodness, as of a garment, leaving the naked savage, fierce, revengeful?"

"But if there are such instances, so we can as easily recall others, where men and women in moments of supreme sorrow, or danger, have so far risen above all personal feeling as to be willing, nay eager, to help their worst enemies."

She turned to her lover. "What do you think, Frank?"

"That it is too warm for argument, and that Ed. might have selected less tragical reading for our amusement."

He laughed a little as he spoke, to give a jesting turn to his words, and, rising, walked away into the hall. Valentine's eyes flashed with anger, but in a moment she rose and followed him into the cool, duskily shadowed library.

"Dearest, did I disgust you with my savage talk?"

"I do not like such sentiments from you, Valentine. It does not sound womanly, and those people criticize you severely enough as it is."

Her eyes darkened again, her lips curled.

"What do I care for their good opinion!"

"It is well for us to care for everybody's good opinion."

"Miss Lawrence has taught you that great and noble truth, has she? You have grown very critical of my speech and manners yourself since she came among us. Frank, Frank! what is it coming between us?" she cried in sudden, piteous entreaty.

"Your jealous imagination, Valentine. A man does not like to be doubted, frowned upon, every time he speaks to, or looks at, another woman."

"Is that all? Tell me, on your honor."

"Yes," he said; but his eyes shifted under her eager gaze, and a slight flush rose to his face. But she was too anxious to believe him to heed such fine changes of expression.

"I *am* a miserable, jealous creature, all fire and wicked temper," she humbly acknowledged. "I have tormented you, I know; but unfortunately for me I love you with all my heart, instead of just a little bit of it, and it is a great strong heart, dearest, if it is wayward and untamed."

She leaned towards him with luminous eyes, her beauty softened, as sweet and gentle as that of any other woman. What man could resist her in such a mood? He raised her arms to his neck, and kissed her on lips and eyes.

"You love me, you do really love me?" she whispered.

"Love you! How can I help it, my princess?"

They had a little dance at Dugarre that night — a merry, informal party. A large number of young people came out from the neighboring town, the parlors were cleared, and Uncle 'Riah, the old white-haired fiddler, was called in to play for them. It was a moonless night, and to add a little to the picturesqueness of the fine old house and grounds the negroes built a great bonfire on the lawn. It threw its ruddy light afar under the trees, and a rain of glowing sparks fell here and there on the grass, and some even floated away on wreaths of pearly smoke over the roofs.

The ladies of the house were all in evening dress, but it was acknowledged that Valentine Dugarre and Helen Lawrence carried off the palm for beauty. Valentine appeared her loveliest and best. No suggestion of scorn or anger marred her face. Her dress of thin, creamy

silk was Greek-like in its flowing lines and its full draperies, and her throat and arms were bare. She wore no jewels, except her engagement ring, and a single diamond star in her hair. She was radiant, yet so sweet and gentle in all her ways, that those who thought they knew her best wondered what new whim possessed her. She even smiled approval when Black led Helen out on the floor and danced with her. If he had stopped at that!—but he asked her after the dance to walk on the piazza with him. She hesitated, cast a hurried glance about the room, saw Valentine in a distant corner talking to Livingston, and consented.

They walked the length of the long piazza, and then Black drew Helen into the deserted library. She took her hand from his arm, her usually pale face burning with color, her calm eyes agitated. It was enough to set his faithless heart aflame, to call forth treasonable words of love. Curiously enough it was on the very spot where a few hours before he had given Valentine such assurance of his love. The remembrance stung him to shame, but it could not silence his tongue. His love for Valentine had been an infatuation, but Helen held his heart. So he told himself, so he had been telling himself for a month, though he had never before confessed as much to Helen. Valentine was not the woman to make him happy, with her jealous, tempestuous moods and passionate temper.

"But you, you are an angel of sweetness and goodness," he said, kissing her hands, even the folds of her pale-blue silken sleeves.

Helen shivered a little as she listened to him, and cast uneasy glances about the room, for there was a good deal of cowardice in her nature, and she feared Valentine.

"What if she should hear you?" she said, trembling, yet leading him on with her soft eyes, her half-yielding manner.

"Why speak of her, think of her, now?" he exclaimed. "My bondage is not yet hopeless, and I—I cannot help not loving her."

"But you are engaged to her, and it is all wrong to talk so to me," she said, tears starting suddenly to her eyes. What she had deliberately begun as a flirtation had become as serious to her as to him. Her emotion nearly distracted him. Still rasher words trembled on his lips, when—

"Is this tableau for the benefit of the public, or only for your own amusement?" a voice inquired near them, causing them to start guiltily apart, for it was Valentine herself standing there, white as her dress, and with eyes that were terrible in their rage and anguish. "Mr. Black will be perfect in the art of love-making if he continues his present rôle. You need not tremble, and look as if you 'd like to run away, Miss Lawrence. There is no Hebe here to crunch your delicate bones, richly as you deserve such a fate, and willingly as I would give you to it."

"Blame me for it all, Valentine, not her," exclaimed Black, feeling like a craven between them.

"So you would protect and defend her. What a chivalrous gentleman; what a man of honor! Do you think I have been blind and deaf to the sighs and glances, to the thousand little arts she has used upon you—she, the example that has been held up to me by my aunt as worthy of imitation? Well, I congratulate her on the conquest she has made. Two months ago you were ready to grovel at my feet, and to-day—yes, only a few hours ago—you assured me that you were true, that you loved me; and I believed you." Her passion rose again to violence. "I would like to kill you both; yes, with my own hands!"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Black. "Do you want all those people in here?"

"Oh, no! It does n't, of course, make any difference if you break my heart, but it would be shocking for the world to know it. I will hush, and leave you to console and reassure Miss Lawrence; but do not expect me to break our engagement. You shall never be free until I die—never."

And then she left them, disappearing through the open window as swiftly and noiselessly as she had come upon them. Livingston met her on the piazza, and, without questioning his presence there, she allowed him to take her hand and lead her to a seat. He looked almost as pale as she, and far more agitated, and when she turned from him, covering her face with her hands, his self-possession deserted him entirely.

"Don't—don't cry, Valentine. He is not worth a tear, or one pang of that dear heart of yours."

"I know his worth; but that cannot alter my feelings now. I love him."

"And I—I love you, Valentine, even as you love him."

Valentine turned and looked at Livingston.

"Then I pity you," she said, simply, but with such pathos that he himself felt like dealing out summary punishment to Black. He did not attempt to plead his own cause then, knowing that it would be not only selfish but worse than useless. She had no thought for him or for anybody or anything but her own sorrow and bitterness. "I wonder if animals can have souls, because if they do I must have been a tigress."

She laughed tremulously, crushing up folds

of her gown in her hands. "I 'd like to kill them, I would indeed," she exclaimed, her eyes burning through a veil of tears.

"You think so now because you are excited," Livingston said gently, as though speaking to an angry child.

"Excited! I think I must be mad."

"You could not do them any violence, Valentine, were it really in your power. I know your generous, noble nature better than that."

But she turned away again, with hidden face, jealous rage melting into anguish.

NOBODY could ever tell just how it happened. The most reasonable theory was that it caught from some of those vagrant sparks flying up from the bonfire, but deep in the darkness and silence of that night, long after the household had all retired, a little tongue of fire shot up from the roof, growing larger and brighter until its light shone across the woods and fields beyond the river.

It was Valentine who, turning on her pillow to look from the window, saw the strange illumination, and, springing up, discovered its cause. One could hear the curl and crackle of the dry boards as the flames devoured them, feel the heat, smell the rolling volumes of smoke. Confusion reigned supreme as Valentine ran through the halls, waking the slumbering people. Nobody attempted to save anything, but all fled for their lives from the old house, which burned like so much tinder. The great trees surrounding it were shriveled in the heat, and falling flakes of fire set barns and stables ablaze. The low clouds caught the lurid reflection, the river shone like a mirror, while along the horizon the darkness was so intense, so thick and inky black, that it seemed as if all the night had been compressed into it.

The Dugarres wept to see the old house falling to ashes before their eyes — all but Valentine. Its walls held no loving associations, no precious memories for her; but the force, the awful destructive fury of the fire fascinated her.

And then, from group to group, ran a cry for Miss Lawrence. She could not be found. Had she been left, forgotten in the terror and confusion? Then indeed men and women looked at one another with blanched faces and eyes of horror.

"It would be death to go in there now," said one man.

But, death or not, one had gone, running across the lawn, up the steps, and into the clouds of smoke filling the piazza and wreathing the great white columns — Valentine Dugarre. Black and Livingston would have followed her, but were forcibly restrained. It was enough, they were told, that two lives should be lost, without throwing their own away. But in a few moments a joyful shout drew all to the side of the house, where they saw Valentine at a second-story window, with Helen Lawrence half fainting at her side. She helped her through the window, and those below could hear her eager words of encouragement as Helen dropped safely down to the hands outstretched to receive her.

"Now, Valentine, quickly, dear," cried her cousin, sharply.

"Yes, for God's sake!" Livingston cried. But it was too late. A volume of flame seemed to burst up at her very feet, curling in the folds of her white gown and circling about her head. Out of that fiery nimbus her face shone for a moment, and then with a creaking of burning timbers and a great flare of light, the whole building fell in.

*Matt Crim.*

## LONGING.

ARIADNE! Ariadne!
On the sunny lea I sought her,
Traced her footsteps by the water,
Followed them through grove and meadow,
Calling in the forest shadow,
"Ariadne! Ariadne!"

Gray at even grew the air;
Red, behind the fire-edged mountains,
Dropped the tired sun; the fountains
Of the sea flowed dim, and weary
Fell the bird into its eerie
Nest to dream, and night was there.

While my soul lay wrapt in vision,—
I of Ariadne dreaming,—
All that is was lost in seeming,
All that seemed was more than real,
With the joy that dreams may feel,
With an ecstasy Elysian.

But the morrow came and found me
Restless, searching for the dream,
Lost, as are the things that seem,—
When a sudden turning showed
Naiads, where a runlet flowed,
Grouped in loveliness around me.

Startled into sudden hoping,
Thinking Ariadne nearer,—
She than all the great world dearer,—
Quickly did I scan each face,
But in none her own could trace:
And my spirit sank, a-moping.

Glad because my joy was brief,
Happy that my hope seemed dead,
Then they closer drew them to me,
With their arms to bind and woo me,
Smiled upon me, captive led.
But my soul turned faint with longing,
For, though beauty rare is thronging,
Love, *unloving*, still must see
Only happiness in grief.

So they ceased, with arms outlaid;
Songs of banter rudely singing,
Laughter from their lips came swinging,—
And before me, silent, white,
Stood the hope of my delight,
Ariadne, goddess-maid.

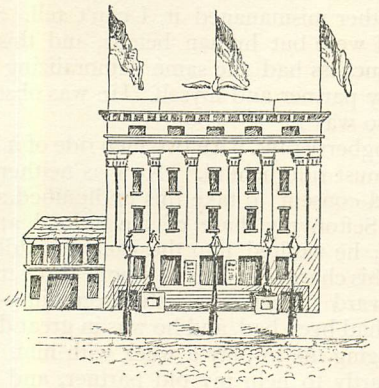
As I clasped her with a bliss
That with keenness stung my heart.
"Nevermore," I cried, "to part,
Mystic maiden! Bride of Light!"
Scarce had fed my starvèd sight,
Scarce I held her, when I felt
All her clinging softness melt,
Part from me as day from night,
Leave me, empty, wond'ring there.
And the unimpressèd air
Mocking, wafted back my kiss.

. . . . . .

Ariadne! Ariadne!

*Louise Morgan Sill.*

# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]



OLD CHATHAM STREET (NATIONAL) THEATER, NEW YORK.

## FROM STOCK TO STAR.

THERE is nothing a young actor enjoys more than itinerant theatricals. It is so grand to break loose from a big tyrant manager in the city and become a small tyrant manager in the country. I was one of those juvenile theatrical anarchists who, after having stirred up a rebellion in the greenroom, would shout to my comrades, "Let's all be equal, and I 'll be king!" I had annual attacks of this revolutionary fever, and having saved up all my salary during the regular winter season would lose it patriotically in the summer. It was on the eve of one of these excursions that I received my first telegram. It came in the form of a despatch from my partner, who was in Baltimore, I being in Cumberland. I could not believe it, but there it was; a reply to my letter of the day previous, which he could have received only an hour before the message was delivered to me. I called at the office to inquire if it were really so: yes, there could be no doubt about it. A small group of people had collected about the operator, some having received messages of congratulations at the establishment of the line, others sending them away to the same effect, and all wearing a look of surprise and incredulity. We began showing one another our despatches, and, looking with respectful awe at the mysterious little machine that was ticking away as if worked by some invisible spirit of the other world, wondered what they would do next. The whole town was up in arms about it. People were running to and fro with little messages in their hands, and stopping one another in the street to talk and wonder over the new event. If I were now to receive a message from the planet Mars offering me a star engagement, I could not be more astonished than I was on that day.

It is said that the man who invented spectacles was imprisoned for daring to improve on the eyesight that God had given us; and that these comforts of old age were called the "Devil's eyes." So, in the height of this telegraphic novelty, did many wise old Solons shake their solemn heads, declaring that the wrath of God would fall on those who dared to take a liberty with lightning. The people with universal consent made the occasion a holiday, and as this was our opening, in the evening the hall was full.

We should have considered it a good house if the receipts had reached forty dollars; but when I made up the account I found myself in possession of more than a hundred dollars, all in silver. Loaded down with this weighty fortune I started after the play for the hotel, being supported on either side by the walking gentleman and the property man, utilizing them as a body-guard lest I should be waylaid and robbed. In this flush of fortune, and as a requital for their valuable services, I stood treat to my escort and dismissed them for the night. My room was in the third story, so there was no fear of burglars from without; but as I fancied that every robber in town must by this time be in full possession of all the information concerning my late acquisition, I ascended the stairs with a solitary tallow candle and a nervous step. The long, dark entry seemed so very favorable for an attack that at each landing I imagined that I should be stabbed in the back. I thought it therefore just as well to hum a tune in a careless way, as though I was quite used to this sort of thing, and thoroughly prepared for any emergency. Sauntering slowly along to the tune of "My Pretty Jane," I reached the door of my room, which I entered as quickly as possible, locking it at once. The next thing was to dispose of my treasure, which I did by placing it between the mattresses of the bed. I spread it all out so as to make it look a good deal when my partner arrived. One always takes delight in showing his partner how well

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things have gone during his absence; it is so delightful to make him feel that he is not of half so much importance as he thinks he is. Having placed the chair under the knob of the door, I could see no chance for a successful burglary unless the operator came down the chimney. I confess this rather worried me, as I felt that in the event of his making a descent upon me by the flue I could not possibly keep him out with the blower. I went to bed with the idea that I should be found murdered in the morning, and dropped off to sleep dreaming of Jack Sheppard.

At daylight I was startled by a loud knock at the door. "Who's there?" I said, still somewhat alarmed. "Sefton," said the voice of my partner. "Are you sure?" said I. "Of course I am," he replied. I opened the door and admitted him. "How was the house?" was the first question. I made no reply, but turned down the mattress and displayed the full receipts to his astonished gaze.

Now our managerial labors began in earnest. The town did not contain more than five hundred playgoers, so that we were obliged to change the performance nearly every night. After the play we would go out and, taking our property man with us as an assistant, put up our own bills. This we continued to do until at last our financial condition enabled us to afford the luxury of a bill-poster.

No one who has not passed through the actual experience of country management, combined with acting, can imagine the really hard work and anxiety of it — daily rehearsals, constant change of performance, and the continual study of new parts; but, for all this, there was a fascination about the life so powerful that I have known but few that have ever abandoned it for any other. It had a roving, joyous, gipsy kind of attraction in it that was irresistible. Who would not rather play a good part to a bad house than a bad part to a good house? — ay, even if he were the manager! Then just think of the eagerly looked-for criticism in the morning papers, of no consequence to the world at large, but of much importance to the actor: how anxious I used to be in the morning to see what the critic said, quickly scanning the article and hurriedly skipping over the praise of the other actors, so as to get to what they said about me. Then after breakfast, sauntering down to the drug-store where the reserved seats were for sale: not to look at the diagram to see how the seats were selling — certainly not, that would appear undignified; but just to inquire if there were any letters. These were the delights that always sweetened the poverty that went hand in hand with country acting. In the present instance we were in possession of a gold mine. We had captured the town, having been the first to attack it.

It is seldom that partners in theatrical management agree. Wood and Warren, of Philadelphia, were never on very friendly terms, and Ludlow and Smith were in partnership for many years without exchanging a word except on business. How they managed it, or rather mismanaged it, I can't tell. Sefton and I were but human beings, and this sudden success had the same demoralizing effect on my partner and myself. He was obstinate, and so was I.

Dogberry says, "An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind." Now as neither of us would consent to take this undignified seat, I sold Sefton my share of the animal and retired; he vaulted into the vacant saddle and rode his charger to death. About three months afterward I received a letter from him — business had been bad, and he was in great distress — urging me to play a week with him. I did so, partly to help my old partner, and partly to see my name in large letters. This was the first time I had ever enjoyed that felicity, and it had a most soothing influence upon me. My hotel was just opposite the hall, and when I arose in the morning and looked across the street I gazed delightedly upon my name in bold "Roman caps.," though I was much annoyed at seeing the citizens pass by this important announcement without taking any notice of it; and the conduct of two strangers who met precisely in front of the theater and began an earnest conversation, without deigning to bestow a glance at the bill-board, was positively insulting.

I had to contend on my opening night with a local favorite in the shape of a rival comedian. This was no easy matter, for not only was he a clever actor, but a feeling had been engendered among his many friends that I had entered into a dark conspiracy with the manager to dethrone him. I had acted here the season before and was something of a favorite, so my reception was very cordial; but as soon as it ceased I was greeted with a storm of hisses. This sudden and unlooked-for demonstration took the audience and myself by surprise, and of course checked the progress of the play. In the midst of this confusion my rival was loudly called for by his friends, at which the curtains of a private box were violently shaken, then jerked apart, and in their opening appeared the form of my rival. He stepped unsteadily upon the stage; one side of his trousers had crawled up his leg, revealing an untied shoe, the brim of his hat was slightly bent, and he swayed from side to side with folded arms and disheveled hair. There was a mingled air of defiance and melancholy in his looks, plainly

showing that he was not only persecuted but intoxicated. The wild encouragement from his friends clearly proved that they were in the same condition, indicating that the entire party had partaken freely of "Dutch courage" in order to stimulate them for the fray. After a maudlin speech, which first amused and then bored the audience, he was led from the stage and the play proceeded.

Actors in sickness or distress are proverbially kind to one another, but little professional misunderstandings will take place now and then. Some overzealous defenders of our art have asserted, I think erroneously, that no true artist is jealous of another. This is going a little too far, and giving us credit for more virtue than we possess. Jealousy is unfortunately an inborn quality, entirely independent of art. If a man has this unfortunate passion he feels it whether he is a true artist or not. In this instance my rival was a good actor, but not too good to be jealous of me, and if our positions had been reversed the chances are that I would have been jealous of him.

### FROM STAR TO STOCK.

It was during this, my first star engagement, that I received a telegram announcing the sad intelligence of my mother's death. I started at once for Philadelphia, but by some accident was detained on the road for two days, arriving too late to look upon her face. My brother, my sister, and myself passed a week together after the burial of my mother, and then separated, they returning to New York, whence they had been summoned, and I remaining in the city to look after an engagement.

On the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets stood the Amphitheater. At this establishment in the winter season the circus used to amalgamate with a dramatic company and make a joint appearance in equestrian spectacles, which were produced under the stage management of Mr. Joseph Foster. This gentleman had studied in the best school of the highly colored melodrama —Astley's, on the Surrey side of London. He came to America as property man with Cook's company somewhere about 1836; in this position he continued for some years, ultimately joining the Amphitheater in Philadelphia. His industry, backed up by long experience, made him so valuable that he soon became stage-manager, and was holding this position when I called on him to apply for a situation as comedian. He had been prepared for the visit, having heard something to my advantage as an actor, but he was undoubtedly disappointed with me at first sight. As I entered the managerial sanctum, he lowered his bushy eyebrows and scowled at me with anything but an engaging expression of face.

"Humph!" was all I could catch of his first greeting. Then, after a slight pause, he said, "Oh, you are the new young comedian, eh?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "There is no doubt about my being young; but how much of a comedian I am remains to be seen."

"Humph; quite modest too. Modesty is a good thing if it is not carried too far," he said. "Humph; where have you been acting lately?"

I told him that I had just finished a starring engagement in Cumberland.

"Starring, oh! Then you are not so modest after all," he replied. "I suppose you have heard that my present comedian is a failure?"

I told him that the welcome news had reached me, and as I had also been informed that in consequence of this the gentleman was about to retire from the Amphitheater, I made bold to apply for the vacancy.

"Well," said Mr. Foster, "my funny man is certainly the most dismal piece of humanity I have ever met with. I engaged him on his face. I never saw such a comical outside belonging to such a serious inside. The man's 'mug' is as funny as Liston's — whom he resembles, too, very much; large, round eyes, fat chops, and a turned-up nose. I thought when I first saw him that, like the milkmaid, his face was his fortune; but no, as soon as he opens his mouth all the humor seems to vanish. But now about yourself. I suppose you know that our plays, such as 'Mazeppa,' 'Dick Turpin,' 'Timour the Tartar,' 'The Terror of the Road,' are not celebrated for good low comedy parts; the actor has a great deal of hard work to do. It is what I call physical comedy; and you are too light for that kind of business, I fancy."

I told him that I regretted this, for if he engaged me by the pound, my salary would perhaps be as light as myself.

"But you do not look like a comedian," said he to me. "You have a serious, melancholy expression; you look more like an undertaker."

This last remark was rather crushing, so I endeavored to put on a jovial, quizzical expression, and failed. In a short time we arranged terms — twenty dollars a week, with a third-clear benefit. The engagement being settled, he gave me a part to study for the next play. I acted all this season at the Amphitheater, and a curious experience it was. The low comedian of a melodramatic theater is generally used as a stop-gap, and his artistic efforts are confined to going on in "front scenes" and amusing the audience, if he can, by speaking some long, dry speech, supposed to be full of humor,

while the carpenters are hammering away behind and noisily arranging an elaborate set. Under these conditions it is very difficult to gain the confidence of an audience, or to distract their attention away from the painful fact that there is a hitch in the scenery. They seem to know that something has gone wrong, and decline to be consoled by a feeble comic song.

Upon the initial performance of the nautical drama of "Captain Kidd," Mr. Foster had given me a long, dismal ditty to sing, in order that I might divert the audience in case of an accident. It was privately understood between us that as soon as the scene was ready he would wave his hat at me from the wing as a sign that everything was right; then I was to finish my song and make my exit. The much-dreaded accident occurred, and I was deputed to go on and distract the audience, which I certainly did. The lines of the song ran thus:

My name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
And wickedly I did, as I sailed, etc.

There were just twenty-five of these verses, equally humorous and grammatical. The audience bore them patiently for the first time, but when I looked towards the wing for a comforting wave of Foster's hat, to my horror he was not there; so I began again. It is said that republics will endure tyranny with more fortitude than empires, but it is possible that I had gone too far even for the forbearance of our free institutions, for many voices in the audience cried out: "No more! We can't stand that again." Other remarks were made too numerous and uncomplimentary to mention. I still tried to get a hearing "as I sailed"; but, with the hammering behind the scenes and the hooting in front, my efforts failed to make any impression, so I retired amidst the confusion.

Of all theatrical entertainments, the equestrian drama is perhaps the most absurd. The actor and the horse refuse to unite; there is nothing of the centaur about them. I have seen the tyrant *Timour the Tartar* stride about the stage tempestuously, inspiring the audience with the idea that nothing could daunt the imperious spirit within him, but as soon as he espied the prancing steed that was to bear him to victory his passion cooled, and with a lamb-like submission he would allow himself to be boosted up into the saddle, where he would sit unsteadily, looking the picture of misery.

Foster was a short, stout man, but extremely active, and as alert as a lynx. Nothing escaped his quick eye. If the house was crowded and the drama going well, he was the personification of good-nature. At such times he would stand with his legs wide apart, his hands clasped behind him, his face beaming with smiles and his eyes fairly glistening with delight; but if the slightest hitch took place in the performance, he knew it in an instant. He would then jump as if he were shot, rush to the wing, shake his fist at the delinquent, and taking his high, black-silk hat off his head would trample it under his feet in frenzy.

The grand spectacular drama of "Mazeppa" was announced for the Easter holidays, and was produced with great splendor. Charles Foster, a son of the manager, was cast for the hero. He was a handsome, dashing young fellow, possessed of considerable dramatic talent, and, added to this, was one of the finest riders I have ever seen: his graceful figure and youthful appearance fitted him perfectly for the romantic lover of the *Princess*. The announcement that this drama was to be produced caused a slight commotion in the theater, for there was attached to the company an old melodramatic actor by the name of Cartlidge; he had been a leading man of Astley's Amphitheater in London during the days of the famous Ducrow, and was now seventy years of age. I met him at the greenroom door just as he came in to look at the cast. "I hear they are going to play 'Mazeppa,'" he said, with some agitation. "Is this true?" "Yes," I said; "there is the cast." He went over to the cast-case and looked at it in mute bewilderment, and then, as if he could not believe his eyes, took out his spectacles, wiped the glasses, put them on, and stood for a long time gazing in blank amazement at the cast. As he turned around I saw tears in his eyes. He walked slowly out of the greenroom, and, going into a dark corner of the stage, sat down despondently. I knew pretty well what was the matter with him, so I thought I would go up and comfort the old man, for he was usually cheerful, and it was sad to see him so dejected.

I sat down beside him and asked him what was the matter. He took out a large handkerchief, and, burying his face in it, began to sob. After he had recovered himself he said, "Foster has cast me for the Khan." Then turning on me with his eyes full of tears and a retrospective look in his face, he continued: "Young man, I was the original *Mazeppa* fifty years ago, and now I am cast for *Mazeppa's* father. Why should I not play *Mazeppa* still? I may be a little too old for it, but—" Here he broke down again, and as he sat there with his eyes and his spectacles both full of tears he looked more like *Mazeppa's* grandfather than like *Mazeppa*. The fact is, if he had been cast for the part he would have realized that the time had gone by for him to look or act it, and he would have declined: the self-inflicted blow would have fallen lightly on him; but to receive the

stroke from another hand was more than he could bear. It made him feel that he had outlived his usefulness, and brought before his mind the glowing days of his youth when he had been the idol of Astley's. The painful truth that he was getting old and was no longer wanted came upon him.

It is natural that the world should smile at the old and senile as they are pushed aside, but no deposed emperor feels the force of compulsory abdication more than the stage king who has outlived the liking of the people.

"St. George and the Dragon" was the grand final production of the season. I was not in the play, so I saw the first performance from the front of the theater. The opening act ends where the seven champions of Christendom assemble to have a conference, pledging themselves to stand by one another in any emergency. The glittering armor of the knights, and the prancing of the fiery steeds as the grooms led them on, stirred the audience to enthusiasm.

Young Foster was a picture as the gallant St. George of England. His manly form was encased in a rather vulnerable armor of pure spangles, and he shone like a sheet of silver. At a given cue he vaults into the saddle, and waving his bright sword and throwing back his fine, classic head, he shouts, "Up, knights, and away!" Now St. Denis of France, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. David of Wales, St. Andrew of Scotland, and one or two other knights mount their chargers and gallop away, following their leader, the gallant St. George, as the curtain falls upon the animated scene. It so happened that St. Denis of France and St. Andrew of Scotland had been cast to two actors who were not what would be called daring horsemen. All of the knights with the exception of these two mounted their horses and galloped off in the interest of Christendom with unmistakable ardor. But the steeds of St. Denis and St. Andrew had but little faith in their knights, and the knights seemed to have no faith in themselves. This timidity communicated itself from one to the other, and as the riders hopped about on one leg trying to mount, the horses kept going slowly round to avoid any further intimacy. The audience was roaring with laughter, and I knew by this time that Foster was standing on his hat, if not on his head. At last the knights made a powerful effort to "bestride their foaming steeds." St. Denis, being very tall, scrambled up, but overshot the mark. "He o'erleaped his saddle," so that his head hung on one side and his heels on the other, while the horse kept going round with him in this dreadful position. At this juncture the curtain came down, cutting off the other knight, St. Andrew, and shutting him outside of it and close to the footlights. Unfortunately in the excitement of mounting this gentleman had got the wrong foot in the stirrup, so that the gallant Scotchman found himself in pursuit of glory with his face towards the horse's tail. Finding that he would make but little progress towards Christendom in this position, he slid gently off behind, still clinging to the bridle, while the horse dragged the unlucky warrior across the front of the stage. The audience shouted as the animal pulled his rider along. The horse now changed his tactics, and standing upon his hind legs came slowly but surely towards St. Andrew, who scrambled for protection into the nearest private box. The horse, still on his hind legs, looked down on the orchestra as if meditating a descent upon the musicians, at which the entire band fled "for safety and for succor," some of them retreating under the stage, while the majority scattered among the audience. The curtain had to be raised and a groom sent on to take the poor frenzied horse in. There was now some anxiety to know what had become of St. Andrew. That gallant Highlander, seeing that the coast was clear, jumped out of the private box where he had been concealed behind the curtains, and, half denuded of his armor, rushed frantically across the stage and darted behind the curtain amid the unqualified approbation of the audience.

I was not twenty-one at this time, but being an old young man, and looking upon life perhaps more seriously than one should at my age, I bethought me that it was time to marry and settle down in life. My brother strongly objected to this; he believed that I was too young, and I believed that he was jealous. The first serious words we ever had were in relation to my prospective marriage, he insisting that my wife and I had not known each other long enough to form any estimate as to the strength of our attachment; but I was obstinate, and the wedding came off.

I wished this marriage to take place privately, well knowing that otherwise my friends of the company, from the leading man down, would be at the wedding in full force, not so much out of compliment, perhaps, as for the purpose of indulging in that passion for quizzing which seems to be so deeply planted in the histrionic breast. My betrothed desired that the ceremony should be solemnized in church, fearing that ill-luck would follow if it came off at any other place. I consented to this. Now I hate to be quizzed, and I think most people do; particularly those who indulge in the habit of quizzing others. Revolving in my mind, therefore, the best method of avoiding ridicule, I boldly told the company that I was to be married at church

the following Sunday, after the morning service, and, well knowing that they were coming, invited them to witness the ceremony.

The important day arrived. My new lavender suit fitted me to perfection; none of your ready-made affairs, but got up by a first-class Chatham street tailor, and embodying in its value the savings of two months' salary. With a beating heart, and, if I remember rightly, a pair of tight boots, I led my young bride to the altar. The wedding took place at the old church in Oliver Street; Barney Williams and my sister acted as groomsman and bridesmaid. After the ceremony was over, Mr. and Mrs. Williams expressed their surprise at the extreme privacy of the whole affair. Williams hinted that he had understood that the whole company would be present in full force. "So they would have been, Barney," said I, "but I have sent them to the wrong church."

### THE ELDER BOOTH AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."

I WAS at the time of my marriage acting at the Chatham Theater in New York. By my brother's influence I was put forward more rapidly than my merits deserved; at least, I think so now, though at that time I was quite confident that my ability was fully equal to the demands made upon it.

When but twenty-two years of age I was cast for *Marrall* in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," the elder Booth playing *Sir Giles Overreach*. There can be no doubt about the fact that I was entirely unfit for so important a part; it is a very difficult one, and to give it effect requires that an actor should be in his prime, both as to his age and his talent. A mere boy, with but little physical or dramatic strength, coming upon the stage to rehearse so important a character, must have been rather a shock, and somewhat of a disappointment, to the great actor whom he was to support. But Mr. Booth wisely made the best of a bad bargain, and, instead of annihilating me with a look, took much pains to teach me the business of the part. Surely this was better than disapproval or petulance; for as it was I acquitted myself respectably, whereas it is most likely that I should have done the reverse had I met with discouraging treatment.

The elder Booth's acting of *Sir Giles* was indeed something to be remembered. During the last scene he beats *Marrall*, who hides for protection behind *Lord Lovell*. Booth's face, when he found he could not reach his victim, had the look of an uncaged tiger. His eyes flashed and seemed to snap with fire; his nostrils dilated; his cheeks appeared to quiver; his half-opened mouth, with its thin lips pressed tightly against the white teeth, made a picture of anger fearful to look upon. At the point where he is about to draw his sword his arm shakes, his right hand refuses to do its office, and, stricken with paralysis, he stands the embodiment of despair; then come his terrible words of anguish and self-reproach:

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
. . . . . my sword,
Glued to my scabbard, with wronged orphans' tears.

His whole frame, shaken with convulsions, seems to collapse, his head sinks upon his breast, his jaw drops, and the cruel man is dead. There was no applause the night I speak of; the acting was so intense and so natural that the mimic scene seemed really to have happened.

Mr. Barton Hill related to me an incident that occurred during Mr. Booth's performance of this same part of *Sir Giles Overreach*. Mr. Hill was acting *Lord Lovell*, and in the scene where the crafty *Sir Giles* is endeavoring to court the favor of his lordship a large, white ostrich feather, which formed one of the plumes in *Lovell's* hat, became by some accident detached, and fell in the center of the stage. A conspicuous object like this, had it been allowed to remain where it fell, would have marred the effect of the scene. Booth, seeing the mishap, came quickly forward, and, raising the feather from the floor, presented it with becoming humility to its owner. This admirable point not only removed the obstacle, but heightened the effect of the situation. Here was a display not merely of presence of mind, but of good taste. It is quite likely that the audience thought it a part of the play, and a good part of it too.

### THE SOUTHERN THEATRICAL CIRCUIT.

AFTER two seasons of metropolitan stock acting, a restless desire for country management again seized me. These attacks seemed to have been periodical, resolving themselves into a sort of dramatic ague, breaking out at regular intervals. The fit at this time having laid violent hands upon me, I entered into partnership with Mr. John Ellsler, whose veins became infused with the virus of my managerial enthusiasm. The inoculation must have taken admirably too, for he has been in management ever since.

I have seldom had an attack of the old complaint. In fact, I may add that the symptoms have entirely disappeared, and in the present enjoyment of my convalescence I do not see any likelihood of a relapse. I do not mean by these remarks to disparage theatrical management; on the contrary, I look upon the manager of a stock theater, containing a stock company, as

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."

(FROM A WATER-COLOR BY W. HEATH.)

a hero, and a public benefactor. To be successful, he must combine force of character and self-control with artistic taste and executive talent. He stands between the public and the actor, the actor and the author; he must judge them all, and unite them harmoniously. To contemplate the amount of skill and industry that is lavished on the splendid dramatic productions of to-day is appalling to a man who wishes to enjoy a good night's rest. If you have a passion for the dog, the rod, the gun, the yacht, or the country, don't think of entering into theatrical management. The eye of the master is absolutely imperative in the conduct of a theater, and only those succeed who give it their undivided attention.

But to return to the managerial partnership between Mr. Ellsler and myself. The relations between us were very pleasant, for as our lines of business were quite distinct, there was no professional jealousy. Besides this, our duties in the management differed widely; consequently we never clashed. He had full control of the front of the house, while I managed behind the curtain, and I think we enjoyed the fullest confidence in each other.

Our season in Macon was quite good, but in Savannah our fortunes had a reverse. From some unknown cause the business here was very bad. I say "from some unknown cause," for it is characteristic of the members of the theatrical profession to attribute their failures to anything or everything else but themselves. It is so disheartening to feel that we are responsible for the disaster. In mercantile affairs, if losses are incurred, the loser can console himself with the fact that it is the merchandise that is worthless; if an artist's picture be refused admittance to the gallery, it is his work that is disregarded; but if an actor fails, it is himself who is neglected. The mortification of a personal and a public slight is so hard to bear that he casts about for any excuse rather than lay the blame upon himself. This is unfortunate, for if we only had the courage to acknowledge that the fault lies within ourselves, we could more speedily set it right; but to go groping on in the dark, with the blind consolation that others are to blame, only retards our advancement.

As I had been married a year, and our first child had just been born, I was naturally beginning to feel the weight of a new responsibility.

### A WANDERING STAR.

It has always been my habit, when anything important was to be thought over, to get off alone somewhere in the woods, or to lock myself up in a room, where I can turn the matter over quietly. I had left the theater after rehearsal and was walking along in search of some solitary place where I could ruminate.

Savannah is a lovely city at all times, but in April it is like fairy-land. The beautiful Southern houses of semi-tropical architecture are surrounded with live-oak and magnolia shade-trees, and the gardens are laden with flowers. The city was peaceful and quiet — too much so for a manager in distress. The air was redolent of orange blossoms and bad business. I was looking down one of the long, solitary avenues of trees for which this city is famous, when in the distance I espied the tall figure of a man walking leisurely towards me. His height was so enormous that I thought some optical illusion caused by the long vista through which I was looking had elongated the gentleman beyond his natural proportions. No; as he came nearer he seemed to get taller and taller; he was at least six feet six inches in height. He sauntered leisurely along with an elegant carriage and an aristocratic bearing, not assumed, but perfectly natural. I had never seen this man until now, but I imagined that I knew who he was, for if I was not mistaken in his height and appearance I had already heard of him. As we approached nearer, his ease and confident manner were almost impertinent. He had one hand in his pocket, and with the other slowly twirled a long, gold-headed cane. As we met, there was on his handsome face a self-sufficient smile, and he turned his large eyes from one side of the street to the other, with the air of a man who owned half of Savannah, and was contemplating the possibility of getting a mortgage on it with the ultimate view of purchasing the rest of the city. After we had passed I turned to look back, and found that he had done the same. We were both caught dead: there was no disguising it, so we approached each other.

"Pardon me," said I, "if I am mistaken, but are you not Sir William Don?"

"Quite right, old chap. How are you?" he replied. We shook hands and there was a pause. He looked at me with a quizzical twinkle in his eye, and said: "Well, which is it — Jefferson or Ellsler? You can't be both, you know."

I laughed heartily at this: not so much at what he said, which was commonplace enough, but at the way in which he said it. I thought to myself, "This must be a great comedian." He saw he had made a hit, and laughed in the enjoyment of it.

"My name is Jefferson," said I. "Mr. Ellsler is my partner."

"Well, Jeff, old fellow" (as if he had known me all his life), "I'll be frank with you. Here I am, a star in search of a manager."

"Well," I said, "I will be equally frank

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH AS "SIR GILES OVERREACH."[1]

with you. I am a manager in search of a star."

"Capital!" said he. "Will I do?"

"Will you do? You are the very man," I replied.

"Hurrah! We will play 'Box and Cox' together." Then throwing his arms around me, he quoted from the farce, "'You are my long-lost brother!'"

"Sit down," said I, as we came to a bench, "and we will talk terms."

"What are you going to offer me? Don't be modest — put it high. 'Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him who first cries, Hold, enough!'"

In our present delightful frame of mind there was no difficulty in settling terms — we both would have agreed to anything. I told him I would give him one-third of the gross receipts, with a half-clear benefit at the end of the week.

"Quite right; anything you like. But will your partner ratify this?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "He attends to the financial part of the business, leaving all matters connected with the stage to me; though, of course, I must consult him before we consider the matter settled."

We walked to the theater and I introduced Ellsler to Don, telling my partner of the arrangement we had made. He acquiesced at once, and seemed quite as much pleased at the prospect of the baronet's engagement as I was.

"Stop," said Don; "I have just thought of it. My wardrobe is in Charleston. Can we get it here by Monday?"

"Yes; but we must send for it at once," said I.

"All right," he replied. "Just let me have fifty dollars, and I will telegraph. It 's in pawn, you know."

"In pawn?" said I.

"Yes, I lost a hundred dollars at poker (queer kind of game, is n't it?) on the steamer coming from New York; so I was dead broke

[1] Unless otherwise stated, the pictures in this article are from the collection of Thomas J. McKee.

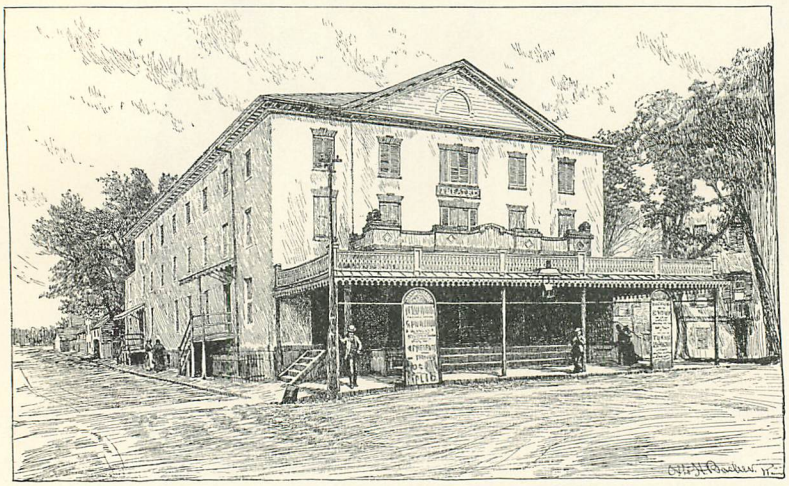
when I got to Charleston, and I left my traps at my 'uncle's' for money to pay my bill at the hotel, you know — the Charleston Hotel, is n't it? Large columns outside — tough steak inside."

Matters were all settled, and a bill for the first night was arranged — "Used Up" and "The Rough Diamond." Sir William told me that he had a number of letters to the first people in Savannah.

"Don't lose a moment," said I. "Deliver them at once. This will sound your arrival through the city."

"All right," said he; "I 'm off. I wish you could go with me; I should like you to see how I cultivate a new acquaintance. No? Very well — by-by." And away he strode, taking such enormous strides that he looked like the Colossus of Rhodes at the commencement of a walking-match.

My partner and I, congratulating ourselves on this new treasure, began making preparations for the opening. As I had predicted, the quiet city began to stir with an undercurrent of aristocratic emotion. As the week wore on the tide swelled, and by Monday had reached the high-water mark of excitement.



THE SAVANNAH THEATER PREVIOUS TO 1884. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY J. D. JOHNSON.)

The theater on Sir William Don's opening night presented a picture of beauty and refinement. Families that seldom visited the house, except on the conventional Friday night, crowded the auditorium; costly silks and laces fluttered in the dress circle, and old-fashioned rose and table-cut diamonds glittered in the private boxes. Elderly dames with their white hair dressed *à la pompadour*, and with long and brilliant pendants in their ears, nodded majestically to one another, and prim old gentlemen in stiffly starched cravats looked coldly on. A live baronet was on view!

The curtain rose, and the play proceeded quietly until at last some action revealed that the new star was about to shine. The audience leaned forward as the center doors opened and the baronet stalked upon the stage. As he appeared the applause broke forth; fans and handkerchiefs were waved at him from all directions, and kid gloves were ruined in frantic enthusiasm. The audience at last quieted down and the scene proceeded. The people in front seemed anxious and nervous: I was in the same condition, for I saw that Don, with all his assurance, was suffering from stage fright. His face was pale as death, and he cast his eyes down on the stage. I knew the latter was a bad symptom; he wanted encouragement. I was at the first wing, and catching his eye gave him an approving nod. He seemed to take courage, and, as the audience began to enjoy his acting, warmed up. He finished the great speech of the scene, ending with, "I have been to the top of Vesuvius and looked down the crater; there is nothing in it." He did this admirably, receiving a tremendous round of approbation. As he sauntered up the stage he again caught my eye; and giving me a comical wink as the applause was continued, he said, so that I could hear him, though the audience could not: "It's all right, old chap. I've got 'em."

His engagement proved a great financial success. I was disappointed in his acting: he was amusing and effective, but he was an amateur from head to foot, which in his case meant a good deal. I am of opinion that "once an amateur, always an amateur." There are many good actors that have this peculiar, raw quality who have been on the stage for years; and it is because they begin their careers by acting leading characters. Mrs. Mowatt and James H. Hackett were examples of many in our profession who have committed this fatal error. No matter how bold and dashing they may appear, there is a shyness and uncertainty about everything they do. It exhibits itself in the casting of the eyes down upon the stage in an embarrassed way just after they have made a point. This is very disastrous. When a strong effect is made, the eye, the

pose, the very feeling, should be, for an instant only, a picture, till the public digest it. If it is disturbed by some unmeaning movement the strength is lost, and the audience will at once discover that they are not looking at a master. This characteristic of the amateur may wear off in some instances, but I do not remember any.

Sir William went with us to Wilmington, North Carolina, where we opened with the stock, he appearing at the beginning of the second week. The audience here did not like his acting; they seemed to prefer our domestic goods to the imported article. He saw this, but did not seem to mind it, and so bowed to the situation. He became very much attached to the company and remained with us some time, joining in our fishing and boating parties. His animal spirits were contagious; and as we had no rehearsals, the mornings at least were devoted to amusement. We would do the most boyish and ridiculous things. Three or four of us, himself the central figure, would go through extravagant imitations of the circus and acrobatic feats that were then in vogue. "The Bounding Brothers of the Pyrenees" was a particular favorite with him. We would pretend to execute the most dangerous feats of strength — lifting imaginary weights, climbing on one another's shoulders and then falling down in grotesque and awkward attitudes, and suddenly straightening up and bowing with mock dignity to an imaginary audience. Once he did an act called the "Sprite of the Silver Shower," pretending to be a little girl, and tripping into the circus ring with a mincing step. Then, with a shy look, he would put his finger in his mouth, and mounting a table would go through a daring bareback feat. Nothing that I ever saw was more extravagant.

While in New York during the next summer, I got the following note from Don:

St. Nicholas Hotel, June 25, 1851.

My dear Jeff: I have just arrived from Boston, where I have been playing a bad engagement. The modern Athens was not overwhelmed by my nobility. The critics went so far as to say that I was anything but a good actor. What execrable taste! Well, here I am at the St. Nicholas. Fine rooms, but abominable cooking; everything tastes alike. I am beginning to think that the Frenchman was right when he said that in America you had fifty religions but only one gravy. When shall I dine with you? Make it early. I will drop in just as one of the family — pot-luck, you know. Do not put yourself out for me; a pair of canvasback ducks and a bottle of Johannisberg, or two; am not particular.

Yours, Don.

The day for the dinner was arranged — the Fourth of July; but as it would have needed a journey to the coast of Labrador to get a pair

SIR WILLIAM DON.

of canvasback ducks at that time of the year, I ordered roast beef and plum pudding instead. The occasion being a patriotic one, as far as the date was concerned, it struck me that an English dinner would be in good taste for Sir William. But we were doomed to disappointment, for at ten o'clock in the morning a strange man came to the door and gave me the following note from Don:

Ludlow Street Jail, July 4, 1851.

My dear Jeff: You will see by the heading of this that I have changed my hotel. Was it you or your father who wrote the Declaration of Independence? If it was your ancestor, you are not responsible, and I have nothing to say; but if "in the course of human events" it was yourself, never hope to be forgiven. See what that absurd and unimportant document has brought me to. If America were still one of her Majesty's colonies, an English nobleman would not be treated with this disrespect. Here I am languishing in prison because some old Jew says I borrowed one hundred dollars from him on false pretenses. (He may think himself lucky that it was not a thousand.) I said that I would pay him out of the money I made in Boston. Well, I did not make any money in Boston, so I looked upon the matter as settled. Come and see me. If you have never been in this establishment it will be quite a treat for you. Yours, Don.

Don was a singular character, at once generous and unjust, genial and slightly cruel. He would borrow from his friend for the purpose of lending to his enemy. His wit was charming and original, and he was quite unconscious of his own brilliancy, apparently

setting no value on it. He had that thorough contempt for tradesmen which stamps this type of English nobility, and he would walk ten miles to help an old woman or to escape from a tailor.

### THE BALCONY SCENE.

THE love of management still clung to me, and my partner sharing my enthusiasm, we resolved to make another trial of our fortunes in the Southern circuit. Our limited means compelled us to adopt the most economical mode of transportation for the company. It was settled, therefore, as it was necessary, that we, the managers, should arrive at least a week in advance of the opening of the season: our passage must be made by rail, while the company were to proceed by sea.

There was in those days a line of schooners that plied between Wilmington, N. C., and New York. The articles of transportation from the South consisted mainly of yellow pine, tar, and resin, which cargo was denominated "marine stores." Feeling confident that we could procure cheap passages for our company by contracting with one of these vessels to take them to Wilmington, we determined to conclude a bargain with the owners.

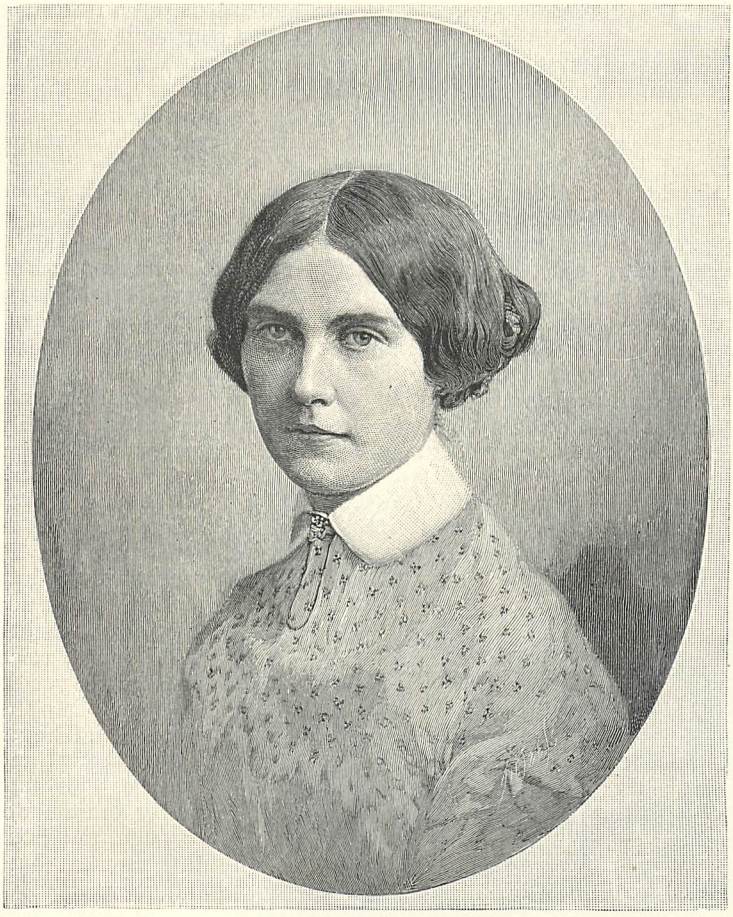
The arrangement was made at a rate that suited all parties except, perhaps, the members of the company, who, I fear, had some slight misgivings that they were to be conveyed to their destination as a kind of ballast. The day was fixed for their departure, and Mr. Ellsler and myself went down to the wharf at Peck Slip to see them off. If we had felt any uneasiness before in the thoughts of sending our comrades off in this way, what was the depth of our remorse when we saw the dreadful old tub in which they were to depart. It was an ill-shapen hulk, with two great badly repaired sails flapping against her clumsy and foreboding masts. The deck and sides were besmeared with the sticky remnants of her last importation, so that when our leading actor, who had been seated on the taffrail, arose to greet his managers, he was unavoidably detained. The ladies and gentlemen of the company were uncomfortably disposed about the vessel, seated on their trunks and boxes that had not yet been stowed away. There were handsome John Crocker, our juvenile actor, leaning with folded arms and a rueful face against an adhesive mast; pretty Mrs. Allen, then only eighteen years old and just married, nestling upon the bosom of her husband, with her lovely dreaming eyes serenely wondering, not when they would start, but whether they ever would return; Mrs. Ray, the first old woman, with an umbrella in one hand and a late dramatic paper in the other, sitting on a coil of rope and unconsciously ruining her best black dress. It was a doleful picture. The captain, too, was anything but a skipper to inspire confidence. He had a glazed and disheveled look that told of last night's booze. Our second comedian, who was the reverse of being droll on the stage, but who now and then ventured a grim joke off it with better success, told me in confidence that they all had been lamenting their ill-tarred fate. Ellsler and myself bid our company as cheerful an adieu as we well could, but there must have been a tinge of remorse in our farewell, for on talking the matter over as we watched the wretched old craft being towed away to sea, we concluded that we should not forgive ourselves if our comrades were never heard of again.

On our arrival in Wilmington the days were spent in preparing the dusty old rat-trap of a theater for the opening, and our nights in wondering if our party were safe. The uneasiness was not lessened, either, by the news that there had been bad weather off Cape Hatteras.

Within a week, however, they arrived, looking jaded and miserable. Another week for rest and rehearsal, and our labors began. It was customary in those days, particularly with provincial companies, to vary the dramatic bill of fare so as to suit the different tastes of the public. Comedy and tragedy were therefore dished up, and I may say hashed up, alternately, as for instance Monday: Colman's comedy of "The Poor Gentleman," fancy dances by the soubrette, comic songs by the second comedian, concluding with the farce of "The Spectre Bridegroom." The next evening we gave "Romeo and Juliet."

The name of this latter play calls to mind an anecdote connected with its performance in Wilmington that will not be amiss at this point. I have before said that a portion of my early theatrical education was drawn from hard work in the paint and property room of a theater, so that when I became a manager I delighted in the "get-up," as it was technically called, of plays, so far as our slender means would permit. To fashion and paint a rustic bridge, with a wide board behind it, set upon two shaky trestles, for *Rob Roy* to cross over, was a special privilege. A profile boat for the "Lady of the Lake" was another delight. This perfectly unsafe-looking skiff was always set on a trunk mounted upon four little wooden wheels that no amount of black-lead could induce to keep from squeaking. The rope must be steadily pulled — the slightest jerk and over goes her ladyship into the gauze waters. But let us return to the story.

"Romeo and Juliet" being announced, I felt that the balcony scene should have some attention, and I conceived a simple and eco-



JULIA DEAN. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.)

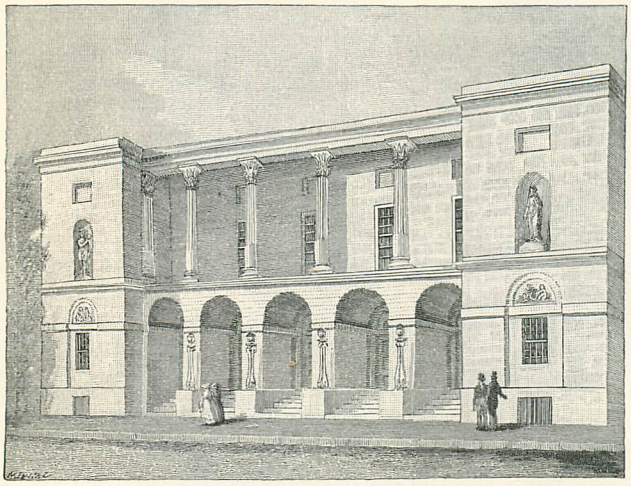
nomical idea that would enable me, at a day's notice, to produce the effect in a manner "hitherto unparalleled in the annals of the stage." Skirmishing about the wharves and the ship-chandlers', I chanced to light upon a job lot of empty candle-boxes. By taking a quantity the cardboards were thrown in, and nothing makes a finer or more imposing but unsubstantial balustrade than cardboard. The boxes, placed one by one on top of each other and painted a neat stone color, formed a pleasing architectural pile. Before the play began I had cautioned *Juliet* that when "she leaned her cheek upon her hand" she should let her elbow rest gracefully but lightly on the frail structure that was to support it. *Romeo* also had to be cautioned, for as the house of Capulet was already about his ears, it was necessary that at least his shins should escape any contact with the foundation. The scene opened with a backing of something, supposed to represent the distant city of Verona, with my new balcony in the foreground. *Romeo* and *Juliet* were warm and energetic in their love passages, but still acted with becoming care and gentle consideration for the balcony about which they fluttered. All seemed to be going well till presently there came the sound of half-suppressed laughter from the audience. "Crocker," said I from the wing, "are you shaking the balcony?" "No," he whispered; "I have n't touched it." "What are they laughing at, then?" "Can't imagine," said he. The laughter increased, and it was quite evident that something not announced in the bills had gradually attracted the attention of the audience till at last the whole house had discovered the mishap. *Juliet* retreated in amazement and *Romeo* rushed off in despair, and down came the curtain.

I rushed upon the stage to find out what had occurred, when to my horror I discovered that one of the boxes had been placed with the unpainted side out, on which was emblazoned a semicircular trade-mark, setting forth that the very corner-stone of *Juliet's* balcony contained twenty pounds of the best "short sixes."

JULIA DEAN.

FROM Wilmington we journeyed to Charleston, South Carolina, where, after three weeks of stock and star, we were joined by Julia Dean.

Julia Dean and I had been in the utility ranks of the Mobile Theater during the management of Ludlow and Smith, and as this firm was noted for the economy of its organization, we were made good use of. In the various dramas produced during this season Julia and I had gone hand in hand, alternately espousing the cause of tyranny and virtue for the small sum of six dollars a week. For this reward we were content to change our politics and our costumes at the will of the stage-manager. As brigands, gentle shepherds, or communists we gained our daily bread together. We changed our religion without the slightest compunction; as Catholics we massacred the Huguenots, while as Pilgrims we bade a sad adieu to our native land, from which we had been driven by religious persecution. Lay or secular, it mattered not to us. So we trudged on, with perhaps a lurking thought that some day we might lead to victory as we were then following to the death. Straightway comes a change; not for me, but for my gentle comrade. Let me recall the scene. The greenroom is in a high state of excitement; a lady has fainted and is borne to her dressing-room "insensible"; the prompter, George Stanley, brings intelligence to the stage-manager that she is too ill to act. The play to be given is "Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are." The audience must be dismissed unless some one can be found to read the part. The economy before referred to has permitted no overflow of genius to glut our dramatic corps, so that impromptu talent is a scarce commodity with us. Stanley suggests, "Perhaps Miss Dean can do it." "Oh, no, impossible!" replies the manager; and then a gentle but clear and steady voice says, "I think I can, sir." What, quiet, shy, and modest Julia! Whence comes the courage to avow all this? It does not spring from vanity — she has none; it is begot of that honest confidence which often underlies ability; it wins the manager, who in his dilemma clutches at a straw. While the sweet volunteer is robing herself in the dress of *Lady Priory*, left by the invalid, a friend reads the lines of the first scene to Julia, who drinks them in with eagerness; and the audience are told that they must be charitable to the young novice.



CHESTNUT STREET THEATER, PHILADELPHIA.
(FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM BIRCH IN 1823.)

The play proceeds and *Lady Priory* enters; we, her comrades, are standing at the wing. Take courage, girl! There beats not here one heart that envies you. The gentle eyes are raised, so full of innocence and truth, and now she speaks. Who ever thought that Julia harbored such a voice — so low, so sweet, and yet so audible! It sinks deep into the hearts of all who listen. They are spellbound by her beauty, and as she gives the lines with warm and honest power a murmur of delight runs through the house, and from that moment our lovely friend is famous.

Just seven years after this I found myself manager in Charleston, and Julia Dean, then the leading juvenile actress of America, engaged to play a star engagement in my theater. I was rather proud to feel that while my young friend had in the meantime risen to be a brilliant star I was at least a manager, if not a successful one. On the morning of her arrival in Charleston I called at the hotel to pay my respects. I sent up my card. I knew she would smile at the very idea of my having a card; so I wrote in pencil under my name, "All the utility people wanted at ten for the country dance." As the door opened I entered her drawing-room. She burst out laughing, and, giving me both hands in the frankest way, said, "So here we are again." The tall lanky figure of a girl of sixteen, with deep blue eyes and golden hair, had rounded into the graceful figure of a charming woman.

Mr. Ellsler and myself had been struggling along in the old up-and-down way, but were looking forward to an improvement in business as soon as our new star should shine —

JOHN GILBERT AS "SIR PETER TEAZLE."[1]

and shine she did. The town fairly went wild with enthusiasm. The star was fêted and entertained by those to whom she would vouchsafe her presence. All vied in paying homage to her beauty and her virtue. She received these attentions with simple dignity and grace unspoiled by flattery or success, and in those days of her artistic splendor she would delight to laugh and chat over the olden time when we marched together in the glorious preparatory ranks. The success of this engagement was quite an event in the annals of Charleston theatricals. At the end of the first week we shared $900 each — think of it, $900! My partner was more sedate than I, and I fancy took his good fortune with a quiet, philosophic air. But for me, I was in the clouds, a plutocratic comedian! During the whole week I had been covetously eying two watches in the jeweler's window of Hayden & Greg — one a small, blue enameled one, having a real diamond in the center, with which I intended to, and did, surprise my wife; the other a patent eighteen-carat lever, with which I was bent upon astonishing myself. These purchases were eventually made, absorbing a large portion of our profits.

I had my watch for many years. It was a true and valuable friend. I will not say that we never parted; there were moments of embarrassment when a temporary separation was imperative.

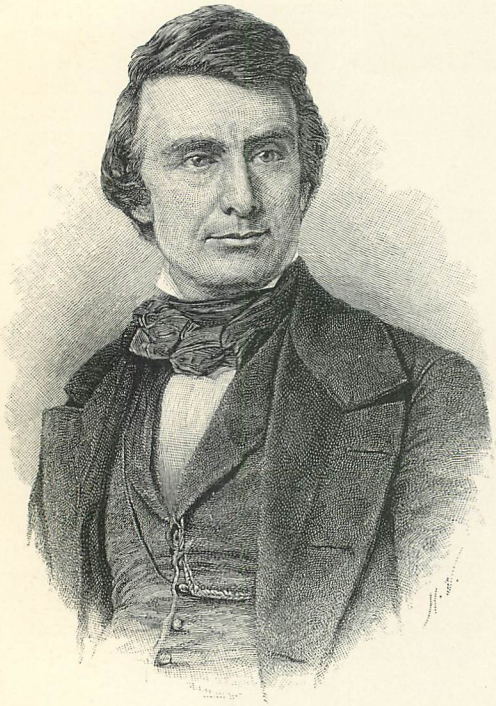
### LEGITIMATE COMEDY.

THE following season I was engaged to act the "first comedy" under the stage-management of Mr. John Gilbert, at the Chestnut street Theater. This being a period when stars were rare and combinations unknown, the regular companies were fully commissioned, and generally supplied with excellent actors.

At the Arch, Wheatley and Drew had a most popular stock company, and the ladies and gentlemen attached to it were undoubtedly the dramatic heroes of the city.

Our company at the Chestnut street was not quite so capable, but we produced the stand-

[1] Reprinted from an article by J. Ranken Towse in this magazine for January, 1888.



JAMES E. MURDOCH.

ard plays with considerable effect, and were thought, by ourselves at least, to be formidable rivals of the other actors. I had played *Dr. Ollapod* and *Bob Acres* before, so that in these characters I was comparatively at home; but when the cast of the "Heir-at-Law" appeared in the greenroom I felt rather nervous, though, of course, I was delighted at the prospect of acting the important part of *Dr. Pangloss*. But now there came upon me a dreadful mortification. The speeches of the erudite doctor are filled with classical quotations, and as I knew but little of Latin and nothing of Greek there was only this course left me, I must go to Mr. Gilbert and confess my ignorance. That gentleman kindly offered to assist me in mastering the classics, at least so far as the learned doctor was concerned.

The first thing to be accomplished was to get at the exact meaning of the quotations, that they might be delivered with intelligence. And the next and really most important point was to familiarize myself with the correct pronunciation of them. In two or three days we accomplished this to our mutual satisfaction, and when acting the part I gave out the quotations with such gusto and confidence that I am quite sure the audience was convinced that it was listening to a very learned fellow. I do not feel any remorse, however, at the imposition, for I have no doubt that two-thirds of the spectators who applauded my pronunciation of Greek and Latin knew as little about the matter as I did.

In 1853 I became stage-manager at the Baltimore Museum for Henry C. Jarrett. He was known as the railroad manager, from a habit he had contracted of getting up excursions between Washington and Baltimore. These flying trips were both startling and inconvenient for nervous actors, as he would frequently arrange for one of his stars to play a short piece for the opening performance in Baltimore, and then hasten him, on a-mile-a-minute trip, to Washington, in a special train, terminating the entertainment in the latter city with the same attraction.

On one occasion he produced the "School for Scandal" at the capital with a cast so strong, including as it did the first comedians of the day, that some account of it here may be interesting. The characters were distributed as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Sir Peter Teazle* | MR. HENRY PLACIDE. |
| *Charles Surface* | MR. J. E. MURDOCH. |
| *Joseph Surface* | MR. J. W. WALLACK. |
| *Sir Benjamin Backbite* | MR. A. H. DAVENPORT. |
| *Crabtree* | MR. THOMAS PLACIDE. |
| *Sir Oliver Surface* | MR. GEORGE ANDREWS. |
| *Moses* | MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON. |
| *Snake* | MR. EDWIN ADAMS. |
| *Lady Teazle* | MISS LIZZIE WESTON. |
| *Mrs. Candor* | MISS KATE HORN. |
| *Maria* | MISS MARY DEVLIN. |
| *Lady Sneerwell* | MRS. JANE GERMON. |

Being stage-manager, of course I was delighted to have this vast array of talent under my direction. Naturally my position on this occasion was a sinecure, as there was but little to do in the way of management. These great lights had been accustomed to manage themselves, and were not likely to expect advice or to brook it from a youngster like myself; so I was contented to get the credit of arranging the whole affair, which had really cost me but little thought or labor. I fancy though, from what I remember of myself about that time, that I went about with a wise and profound look, as though the destiny of nations rested on my head. I have since seen older men than I was assume this importance.

### JAMES E. MURDOCH AND HENRY PLACIDE.

THE undoubted hero of this occasion was Murdoch in the character of *Charles Surface*.

James E. Murdoch, as an actor, was not only extremely versatile, but entirely original. Neither the popularity of Forrest nor the fame of Booth could tempt him to an imitation of either of these tragedians, and his comedy was equally free from resembling the style of the Wallacks or that of Charles Kemble — for the school of the latter was still lingering upon the stage. I do not mean to say that the traditions of these great actors were not worth preserving.

On the contrary, they possessed, from all accounts, a dignity and finish that would be welcome at any time. I cite the fact to show that Mr. Murdoch,— though I feel sure that he admired the great ones that had gone before and were surrounding him,— while he strove to emulate, disdained to imitate them. He stood alone, and I do not remember any actor who excelled him in those parts that he seemed to make especially his own. He was one of the few artists that I can call to mind who were both professed elocutionists and fine actors.

There was a manliness about his light comedy that gave it more dignity than the flippant style in which it was usually played. This method elevated the characters exceedingly. *Charles Surface*, *Major Oakly*, and young *Mirabel* cannot be acted with the same free and easy manner that might be thrown into *Richard Dazzle*, *Littleton Coke*, or *Mr. Golightly*. I do not say this in contempt of these latter characters; they are natural pictures of modern men, but they are eccentric rather than elegant. I saw Charles Mathews in the part of *Charles Surface*, and it was a failure. He had been for years acting the London man-about-town style of character, and the modern air and rather trifling manners, which were admirable when introduced into those parts, were entirely out of place in old English comedy. The quaintness of the language and the fashion of the costume seem to demand a courtly carriage, which a modern swagger, with one's hands thrust into one's breeches pockets, will fail to give. It was the finish and picturesque style of Murdoch's acting that agreeably surprised the audience of the Haymarket Theater when this actor played there some forty years ago. The public was unprepared to see comely old English manners so conspicuous in an American actor, and he gained its sympathy at once. The modern light comedians, with a few exceptions, seem to have discarded the quaint manners of the stage, thinking them antiquated and pedantic. And so they were, for modern plays; but it is dangerous to engraft new fashions upon old forms. I should as soon expect to see *Mercutio* smoke a cigarette as to find him ambling about the stage with the mincing manners of a dude.

And speaking of this very character, Charles Mathews told me that, during Macready's Shaksperean revivals at Drury Lane Theater, he was engaged to play *Roderigo*, in which light and frivolous part he made such a hit that Macready tried to persuade him to act *Mercutio*. He was delighted with the idea at first, but upon reading and pondering over the part he felt convinced that it was beyond him. Macready urged, but Mathews would not undertake the responsibility. Some years afterward Charles Kemble returned to the stage for a short farewell engagement and acted *Mercutio*. "Oh," said Mathews, "when I saw this elegant and manly actor dash across the stage with the confident carriage of a prince, and heard him read the lines of Shakspere as though they had been written for him, I felt that I had made a fortunate escape in dodging this first gentleman of Verona."

HENRY PLACIDE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.)

The next important figure to James E. Murdoch, in the powerful cast of the "School for Scandal" just referred to, was the *Sir Peter Teazle* of Henry Placide. It was one of this actor's most striking characters. His style, during the latter part of his career, was said to have been founded on that of William Farren, the great English actor. If so, from all the accounts we get of Mr. Farren, the model was superb. Henry Placide was considered a finished artist, but somewhat cold and hard in his manner. These features, however, though they mar the more delicate points in acting, would be less objectionable in *Sir Peter* than in most of the old men in English comedy. Except in the scene where he speaks feelingly of his wife to *Joseph Surface*, the part is stiff, testy, and formal; the humor is dry rather than unctuous. The career of Henry Placide was long and brilliant. He was a strong feature of the old Park Theater for many seasons, and starred in the principal cities of America with success. He was an acknowledged favorite, whose talents as an actor made him a valued member of the theatrical profession.

### A PLAY IS AN ANIMATED PICTURE.

I REMEMBER that during the rehearsal of the "School for Scandal" I was impressed with the

idea that the performance would not go well. It is always a difficult matter to bring a company of great artists together for a night and have them act in unison with each other; not from any ill-feeling, but from the fact that they are not accustomed to play together. In a fine, mechanical contrivance, the ease and perfection with which it works often depend upon the fact that the cog-wheels have their different proportions. On this occasion they were all identical in size, highly polished, and well made, but not adapted to the same machinery. Seeing a hitch during the rehearsal in one of the important scenes, I ventured, in my official capacity, to make a suggestion to one of the old actors. He regarded me with a cold, stony gaze, as though I had been at a great distance,— which I was, both in age and in experience,— and gave me to understand that there was but one way to settle the matter, and that that was his way. Of course, as the company did not comprise the one regularly under my management, I felt that it would be becoming in me to yield; which I did, not, however, without protesting that the position I took was the proper and only one, under the circumstances; and when I saw the scene fail and virtually go to pieces at night, I confess that I felt some satisfaction in the knowledge that my judgment had been correct. In fact the whole entertainment, while it had been a financial success, was an artistic failure. People wondered how so many great actors could make a performance go off so tamely.

Harmony is the most important element in a work of art. In this instance each piece of mosaic was perfect in form and beautiful in color, but when fitted together they matched badly and the effect was crude. An actor who has been for years the main attraction in his plays, and on all occasions the central and conspicuous figure of the entertainment, can scarcely be expected to adapt himself at once to being grouped with others in one picture: having so long performed the solo, it is difficult to accompany the air. A play is like a picture: the actors are the colors, and they must blend with one another if a perfect work is to be produced. Should they fail to agree as to the value and distribution of their talents, then, though they be ever so great, they must submit their case to the care and guidance of a master hand.

(To be continued.)

*Joseph Jefferson.*

## A DAMASCUS GARDEN.

AMID the jostling crowd, she dwells apart,
Girt by it, but not of it. To and fro
She watches the world's commerce come and go,
With laden caravans for every mart
That craves such traffic. Hers the mystic art
To keep unparched by desert winds that blow,—
By skies that burn, and sands that scorch below,
All the lush freshness of her tropic heart.

Find but the gate of entrance: turn the key,
And gaze within. What fountains leaping bright! —
What palm-like aspirations, rich with bloom
Of lofty passion! What a mystery
Of pure emotion hidden in fragrant gloom!
What a Damascus garden of delight!

*Margaret J. Preston.*

# PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.[1]

CHARLES W. SHIELDS.
HENRY C. POTTER.
THEODORE T. MUNGER.
SAMUEL W. DIKE.
WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON.
SETH LOW.
RICHARD T. ELY.

## PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY.

### THEIR MAGNITUDE.

A FEW years before his death the late Dr. Mulford, whose great book "The Nation" has been the instructor of many statesmen in the higher conceptions of our political institutions, wrote in a private letter that he thought the sixteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States ought to be on the family. His meaning was made clear in some later conversations upon the subject. He saw that marriage, divorce, and polygamy, with perhaps other connected subjects, are so interrelated that nothing short of one inclusive constitutional provision on the family will meet the case when it shall finally be made up for this highest form of political action upon it. Other subjects seemed to him so much beneath this in real dignity, or to be so much more within the scope of the States themselves, that he thought this one should take precedence of them all. But such are the nature and place of the family in the social order, so many and grave evils arise from its present legal and social conditions, and these matters are of such a fundamental, universal, and urgent character, that he thought, as he again wrote and repeatedly said, that "the family is the most important question that has come before the American people since the war." And as the war had brought into the Constitution certain amendments relating to the individual, so he thought the time would come when the results of study and peaceful discussion on the family might find their way into the organic law of the nation. But no one saw more clearly than Dr. Mulford the long and thorough work that needs to be done in preparation for this great end; and for some time before his death he had seriously thought of undertaking a book on the family. No one, certainly no one in this department of profound philosophical thought upon political and social problems, could have taken up the task with larger promise of usefulness.

I have found substantial agreement in this opinion of Dr. Mulford, as to the supreme importance of the family in our social problems, among many persons whose opinions are entitled to the greatest respect. Mr. Gladstone also has lately given the weight of his name to a still more emphatic statement. For he says, "The greatest and deepest of all human controversies is the marriage controversy. It appears to be surging up upon all sides around us. . . . It is in America that, from whatever cause, this controversy has reached a stage of development more advanced than elsewhere."

### THE SCOPE OF THIS DISCUSSION.

THIS paper will not attempt to go into those deeper relations of the subject which lead to the proper apprehension of the grounds on which such opinions rest. For an explanation of them must come from a scientific knowledge of the nature and movement of nearly all the great social institutions and forces which have shaped the Western civilization of twenty-five centuries. It is enough to remark one or two things in passing. The year 1861, the opening of our civil war, was the year in which Sir Henry Sumner Maine, by the publication of his "Ancient Law," introduced to English readers a system of study that, by its use of the historical method upon the material afforded by law, has given us new and larger views of the social life which lies back of and interprets our own. Within nearly the same period a very different school of students of social problems has sprung up — that of those who would account for the present order of society upon the theory of evolution. Whatever may be said of some of the conclusions of this latter school, its facts and theories demand consideration by every one who would understand modern social problems. It is not too much to say that under the combined influence of these two very unlike classes of writers, and from the mighty forces of the

[1] The first Present-day Paper, "The Problems of Modern Society," appeared in THE CENTURY magazine for November, 1889.

present, the problems that are connected with the family are taking on new forms; and it is only as we study them in their historical relations as well as in the more common ways that we can hope to solve them or even understand them. With these remarks, it is purposed to confine this presentation of the subject to the more practical problems before us and sketch some of the work that immediately needs attention.

### SOME LINES OF INVESTIGATION.

THE true way to begin is undoubtedly with the use of investigation. For the time has come when social studies demand that we start with indisputable facts, so far as they can be discovered. Dogmatism and sentiment are more and more coming under ban as guides in the work of social reform. We shall gain much if we can enter upon the hard work that is to be done for the family from the solid basis of fact. The statistical report of the Department of Labor at Washington on marriage and divorce was originated for this purpose. It begins at the beginning. It gives, for the United States, and the most of Europe, the fundamental facts as to law and its operations as they bear upon two points: first, the existence of the family as this is affected in its entrance into being through marriage, and secondly, by its unnatural and premature dissolution by divorce. In effect, it is an official report of facts on the vitality of the most fundamental and universal institution of society in the greater part of Christendom. It demonstrates a suspected, but hitherto not clearly proven, fact that the official disruptions of the marriage bond have more than doubled within twenty years on both sides the Atlantic; that the exceptions to the general rule are few; that the movement still goes on and has reached huge proportions in the United States, where the laws regulating the formation and dissolution of the family are extremely lax, indefinite, and conflicting.

The discovery of this uniform tendency of the social tissue to break up into its individual units points to the need of further investigation. For this fundamental fact in social statistics demands more study both by itself and in its relations. That is to say, there are many additional points concerning marriage and divorce to be investigated, and beyond this those matters which are closely related to these subjects should become the object of special inquiry. Licentiousness, that most difficult of all social evils for the student and reformer, needs attention, however reluctant we may be to give it. For licentiousness corrupts the physical basis of the family, whose maintenance in the vigor of absolute purity is of more concern to society than anything else in the physical conditions of human welfare. Its extent, forms, the classes affected by it, its influence upon pauperism, crime, insanity, intemperance, and its hereditary results are subjects that call for investigation. The study of the productiveness of American families in children, by careful examination both of birth-rates and of death-rates, is another. A knowledge of this subject by classes, whether of so-called native stock or of foreign birth, whether Irish, German, French, Canadian, Protestant or Catholic, white or black, rich or poor, if carried on, as has been done in a good degree in the State census of Massachusetts, will be of great value. It has been found in that State that the birth-rate among foreign mothers is much larger than among others; that the death-rate among their children is also greater, but not enough so to offset the greater birth-rate; and that in the last ten years there has been a decided gain in the number of children in families of native stock, and a loss in those of foreign origin. Any one can see the great value of such inquiries. It is not hard to understand that the future of this country is dependent in part upon the relative operation of these powers of reproduction. The common method of improving society by individual conversions to better ways may need to be supplemented by some control upon the organism of the family, instead of being content in the degree we have been to pick out individuals one by one. In this way we may perhaps turn to our advantage the greater reproductive powers of certain classes against which we now contend with doubtful success. But competently conducted investigations, with their definite and indisputable results, will be needed to fix attention and direct action. And to these several inquiries one more especially needs to be added — the investigation of the home as itself a unit of the various social forces. For it is not enough that we study the effects of its virtues or its vices, one by one, separately. Such is its vitality, and its interrelations are so important, that we miss much if we dissect it and test it by parts only. I believe that the relation of the home, as a social unity, to poverty, crime, intemperance, and other vice, is worthy of the search of the statistician under the direction of social science. The composition of the family, its housing, its relation to the industries of its members and society, its influence in supplying the saloon, the brothel, the almshouse, and the prison with victims, or in resisting the allurements of these places of vice, as well as its own sufferings from them, are subjects of pressing importance. For just here, and very largely by the statistical method, is to be sought that exact information which is almost indispensable to the greatest success in social reform.

### CONFIDENCE IN SCIENTIFIC STATISTICS.

NOR is there any need of serious hesitation about using statistical methods here because of the obstacles to mathematical estimates of social forces. That there are difficulties no thoughtful statistician will deny. But the principle on which the statistical measurement of social elements and their movements rests is as sound as that which justifies the man of business in his use of bookkeeping. Indeed, social statistics are only the application of the well-established methods of business and science to social affairs. The units of measurement are less easily managed than in material things, but they are by no means beyond control. And besides, we are continually depending in our practical action upon what is called common observation. That is to say, the judgments and actions of mankind upon social matters are continually made up upon the very material which the statistician uses. But he simply gathers the exact matter for an opinion, reduces it to precise order, and gets out of it the real truth it holds so far as his methods can accomplish the task. In other words, he systematically extracts the reducible truth and puts the rest where its real value can be better understood, even though it is seen to be incapable of measurement by his instruments. He does not put in order the mere observation of one man nor that of all men concerning a class of facts, but goes to the facts themselves and compels the observer to see them all in their proportions and relations. I speak of this matter at some length because the time is evidently near when the call for this kind of work will be more general than it has been, and to direct attention to its essential trustworthiness. There is, as already intimated, a growing distrust of sentiment as a safe guide, and a readiness to accept the methods of scientific investigation as the basis of social reform, and it is well to know the really high degree of confidence which we can put in these methods. The economist, as I shall try to point out later, the advocates of temperance, sexual purity, prison reform, and the prevention of poverty and of all kinds of vice, have a deep interest in the results of statistical and other investigations touching the home and its social influences. We are now working blindly and wastefully in many of these directions for lack of more exact information about our subjects. And more than this, the popular mind, and even its leaders, need to see the number and tremendous force of the influences that emanate from the family or center in it.[1]

With this plea for preliminary and general investigation, let us look at some of the more practical work that needs to be done for the family and about it, as, for convenience, we follow along the line of the cardinal classes of American social institutions. We naturally begin with religious institutions — the most fundamental and important of all. Let us take these on their practical side. We shall soon see that the Church has quite overlooked or negligently used one of its most important forces.

### TREND OF ECCLESIASTICAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE American religious life of this century has had two chief centers of development. One of these is the local church. This has been made the subject of a series of inventions that have produced most remarkable results in the Christian organization and life of the more progressive of our communities. The Sunday-

[1] A striking illustration of the value of such statistical work as has been urged in this paragraph, and of the use of it in correcting the opinions of the people, is afforded by some figures that have come to hand since it was written. They are drawn from the report on marriage and divorce already noticed, and throw light upon the probable effect of that uniform legislation which is widely advocated. Uniformity is often sought because it is expected to prevent a great part, if not the greater part by far, of our divorces, since these are supposed by many to be granted largely, if not chiefly, to those who have left their own State in order to obtain them more easily or secretly. But the facts are as follows:

Out of the total of 328,716 divorces granted in the United States in the twenty years from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, 289,546 were granted to couples who had been married in this country, and only 7739 were from marriages celebrated in foreign countries. The place of the marriage of 31,389 is unknown. One-fourth of these latter are reported from Connecticut, as that State does not require a disclosure of the place of marriage in its libels for divorce. Now the report shows that out of the 289,546 divorces whose place of marriage was in this country and was ascertained, 231,867, or 80.1 per cent., took place in the same State where the persons divorced had been married, and 57,679 couples, or 19.9 per cent., obtained divorce in some other State. The migration from State to State to obtain divorce must therefore be included within this 19.9 per cent. But it cannot be even anything like the whole of it. For in 1870 there were 23.2 per cent., and in 1880 22.1 per cent., of the native-born population of this country living in States where they were not born. Of course this last class comprises persons of all ages, while that under special consideration is made up of those who migrated between the date of marriage and that of divorce. The length of married life before divorce in the United States averages 9.17 years, which, I think, is from one-third to one-half the average continuation of a marriage in those instances where divorce does not occur. Careful study may lead to a reasonably correct approximation to the proper reduction from the 19.9 per cent., and thus give the probable percentage of cases of migration to obtain divorce, but at present I would not venture an opinion on the point. It certainly is a very small part of all the divorces of the country, though varying in different States. But the necessity of such investigation is the point it illustrates. The discovery of these facts alone justifies the cost of the invaluable report of the Department of Labor. It can hardly fail to compel the study of the problem of uniformity from almost entirely new points of view as to its real nature and place in the general question.

school, the prayer-meeting, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Society of Christian Endeavor, children's societies, and religious guilds of various kinds are examples of a large number of devices that have been made for the use of the churches. But they are all only varying forms of a single sociological type. One underlying principle has been the controlling idea in their construction. Their chief purpose has been to make most effective the method of religious influence through the use of an assembly of the people of a given vicinage. The primary social form for religious work is taken to be the congregation, and seemingly every possible way of turning it to account has been sought out and made the subject of inventive skill. The Sunday-school is the most notable of these recent developments. Not only has it a literature devoted to its work of instruction which perhaps is now larger in amount and the subject of more thought than that of any other single department of religious work, but it has almost created an architecture and system of organization and work peculiar to itself. We have made a great science of the organization, the housing, and the successful operation of the Sunday-school system. This is more or less true of the other later forms of doing religious work in collections of the people of a locality. They are fast becoming elaborate. And the same tendency is seen in those churches which formerly stood aloof from this complete surrender to the idea of dependence upon congregations or local assemblies. Even the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England, if not elsewhere, seems to have lost something of its former reliance upon the class and its meeting and upon the house-to-house work which that institution and the circuit-riding system accomplished in their best days.

I am not pointing to this tendency either to approve or to condemn it, but to call attention to the fact. It has undoubtedly greatly increased the efficiency of Christian work. But we do well to reflect upon the nature of this remarkable process by which most local churches of nearly all Protestant faiths have become as unlike their earlier selves as the modern factory is unlike its predecessor of two generations ago.

Another development has gone on in connection with this of the congregation. I refer to those larger forms of religious action that in some degree are regarded as representative of the life or organization of the local churches. Some of these are truly representative of the lower congregations, both in form and reality. Others are so in name, but in fact only partially, having a dominance of either clerical or other ecclesiastical influence that is neither democratic in origin nor truly representative. Some of these have sprung up in due constitutional form out of their polities. Others are anomalies as judged by their relation to their polities, but have had a more or less natural development. As society has become more complex, nearly all the Christian denominations have multiplied these larger forms of work to meet the necessities of their times. This is especially true of those polities founded on the theory of the essential independence of the local church.

In this respect the simpler forms of ecclesiastical order have been following that earlier movement in political institutions which has given us the modern state with its interacting parts of national, State, and local institutions. And just as the development has been truly representative of the constituent congregations, or been dominated by the paternal idea with power emanating from a superior order, the religious development has reproduced one or the other of the two great systems of political life. In some directions the representative form of development has done much to improve the former, that is, the congregational. It has often greatly helped the latter to better methods and a larger life. It has quietly brought to the community those broader conceptions and rules of action that have made public opinion a power for good. By use of the two the individual, who is the common object of their solicitude and beneficent care, has been touched and made to feel his relationship to his fellows and his responsibility for the discharge of the duties that grow out of it as apparently could be done in no other possible way.

### CONSEQUENT SUPPRESSION OF THE FAMILY.

Now while American Christian life has been making great development in these two directions, or, perhaps, some would say in this one direction, from the inevitable tendency of communal life to expand into the association of communities, there is one of the three great types of social order which has received nothing like the care and skill that have been bestowed upon the others. I refer to the family. While it has not been forgotten, the family has been comparatively neglected. As soon as one attempts to institute a comparison between the labor spent in bringing out and developing the resources of the congregation in the various forms of it, to which allusion has been made, he can scarcely fail to feel the force of my contention. The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school teacher, Sunday-school relations and duties, and Sunday-school rooms and literature have been abundantly, though still probably far from exhaustively, studied and planned for. This and those institutions of the Church which are constructed on the similar principle of work through use of pop-

ular assemblies may be said to have come into full self-consciousness and found abundant recognition and care. But nothing like this has been done for the family as a distinct religious institution demanding a correspondingly distinct treatment. Considerable advance in the welfare of the home may be freely conceded without abating the force of the charge that it has been relatively neglected. There has been of late years considerable talk in the newspapers and elsewhere about doing things for the home, and this is a token of good. But the form it assumes is rather disheartening. It reveals a lack of faith in the home itself. For the plea for the home almost always ends in an exhortation to some other institution to attempt some work for this precious charge of society whose constitution and training are assumed to be too delicate for any effort towards its own support. The irreligion of the home is usually met only by some redoubled effort to bring its inmates into the various congregations of the Church.

### ITS PERIL TO THE CHURCH.

THE consequences of this method are very serious. For one thing, we are limiting our religious work to the conditions essential to its success under the peculiar forms we have imposed upon it. Having committed our task to the congregation, we have put ourselves under its limitations to the extent of our dependence upon that ecclesiastical form and the higher one that works upon and through it. We can go where our congregation can be gathered, but we must stop with the length of its rope, or cut loose from it and make our way beyond as best we can, deprived of most of the aids that have been provided for it. Accordingly our hold upon the people fails as we get away from the conditions under which congregations are gathered and do their work. Distance alone cuts us off from some millions of people in the United States. Let no one start at this word millions, for it is true to the facts. The experience of the American Tract Society in the work of its colporteurs and a statistical examination of a large section of rural Vermont go to show that one-third of our people outside the cities — and this means about one-fourth the entire population of the country — live beyond easy access to church. In Vermont thirty-six per cent. live more than two miles from the nearest church of any kind, and the proportion of non-attendants upon public worship was found to be fifty per cent. greater as we passed this limit of two miles. The reader will understand how very large this part of the population is when I say that a careful study of the census of 1880 shows that in the fourteen Northern States east of the Mississippi River, where a little over one-half of the entire population of the United States was found in that year, there were more people by about a million in the country townships of less than 2000 inhabitants than there were in all the large cities and towns having 4000 or upwards. Any one must see, what the facts prove conclusively, that the attempt to evangelize these great numbers by main reliance on the various forms of congregational effort must largely fail of its object. Statistics for Vermont, where this kind of information has been better gathered than elsewhere, show this. That State has about six hundred churches, spending nearly a half-million dollars annually on her third of a million of people, and yet nearly one-half of the population do not go to church at all. This probably pretty fairly represents the condition of things in a large part of the country. The occupation by two or more churches of the same field has much to do with this state of things. But the limits of Christian action fixed by the conditions of work through public assemblies has a large part of the responsibility for it. We distribute our work far too much with reference to its relation to some church edifice; and where we cannot hope to secure church organization or church attendance we too often let things go, or work our defective method as we can.

But other things operate against the congregational method of doing our work. The social barriers of dress, manners, sympathies, the conditions of health, household cares, and other like influences, often have all the effect of distance. And here the problem is very much the same in country and in city. In the city and larger villages very much has been accomplished by the great working churches, as they are called, through the variety of ways already noted. But the thoughtful student of these methods must see that their simple extension or the intensive development of their work will not fully meet the case even in denser populations. While we may not neglect this, we must soon add something else to it. And I suggest that there is more hope from the recognition and better use of the family than in any other one social instrument within our reach. The latent religious powers of the average American home, of which I am more especially writing in this paper, almost need discovery. They certainly need to be recovered to their legitimate place in Christian service.

### RELIEF BY THE USE OF THE HOME.

NOTHING else can be used with so great effect to meet the obstacles presented by distance and the other hinderances to public worship as the home. The home is always in contact with

the vast numbers of the unchurched both in city and country. It is, so to speak, always on the ground. Distance, weather, dress, and the many social considerations that hinder church attendance disappear before the home. Natural affection, parental duty, and domestic interest are pleading for its offices. It brings to its task something of more worth than mere intellectual qualification or professional enthusiasm. And these forces wait the development and direction which the Church can give if it will apply its energies and resources to the work with anything like the way in which it has spent itself over the Sunday-school and similar institutions. In the judgment of the sociologist that cannot be a healthful or permanent adjustment of the forces of the Church which does not distribute them proportionately among the three great forms of social institutions represented by the family, the congregation, and the larger bodies formed out of the latter. The family is the primary social institution. It is the most universal in its inclusion of members and in its presence. It is the most constant in its influence. It comes into the closest contact with persons of all ages and sex, though it touches especially the young, and it is the great channel of woman's influence. To develop into all their complex relations the other social institutions and yet keep the life of the family sound and duly vigorous is the great task of modern society. As our modern civilization pushes out its wonderful growth on this side and on that, it continually finds itself compelled to look to its primary constituents and see that they are kept at their very best. It does this on peril of dissolution. The clearest lessons from the history of Aryan civilization, enforced too by the stress laid by early Christianity upon piety in the household, point in this same direction.

Here, then, is a place for some practical work in the development of the latent religious uses of the family. While we may not cease our talk with men about public worship and the duties they owe it, we may well learn to go to them in behalf of the family. But this must not be done as if the family were a beggar, with self-respect lost, waiting for the dole others may condescend to give it. We have had too much of this sort of treatment of the home. We have made it helpless by the methods of our charity long enough. It is time to help the home to self-respect by our own respect for it. There is in it a slumbering consciousness of itself which needs to be called into activity. It is time we ceased to make people feel that there is no salvation except by way of the church-door, in simple justice at least to Him who said, "I am the door." Where He is there is the church, is at least Protestant doctrine, and no form of ecclesiasticism, not even that of the most orthodox Protestantism any more than that of Rome, can shut Him within church walls or look to the congregation as the place for the greater part of His work.

Work in this direction will be slow at first. Long disuse of the powers of the family, or perhaps I should say the great neglect to train and use them fully, has had the effect of partial paralysis or of infantile weakness. It is easier to work upon larger collections of people than it is to take single households, just as we can make shoes cheaper in a factory than in the old-fashioned way.

### AN EXAMPLE.

BUT the work can be done. I give an example, which is only one, and in the single direction of religious instruction. I refer to the home department of the Sunday-school. This is the name given to an extension of the Sunday-school beyond the limits of the collection of its members in congregations. It secures the enrollment of all it can of those persons who cannot attend with much frequency the central Sunday-school, as its members in the home department of the school. These are supplied with the necessary material and helps, and are pledged to give at least a half-hour every Sunday to the study of the international lesson or some other Scripture at home, either alone or with other members of the family. A record of attendance upon this duty and of other matters is made and sent regularly to the school, which in its turn gives similar information. This is the leading feature, to which others have been and may still be added. This device has been very successful, almost always adding at least one-fifth to the membership of the school, and sometimes doubling its numbers. Several hundred schools probably have adopted it in country towns, where it is working remarkably well, and of late it has been most successfully tried in some cities.

The principle of this is evident, and it is capable of enlargement and application in several directions. It reaches more people than the congregational method of work can do by itself. What is more, it has planted anew in the popular mind the idea of the responsibility of the home to itself and the possibility of doing its own work in some measure. Now we may go on to other arrangements of this general sort. Household worship and perhaps liturgical aids to it, studies in the ethics and esthetics of home life, the assignment of definite parts of religious instruction to the home along with those pursued in the church school, may be named as within the range of the American family of ordinary intelligence. Such a course in Bible study as Dr. Munger lately

outlined in THE CENTURY,[1] and also the salient points of Church history, the confessions, collects, hymns, music, and missionary work of the Church might become parts of systematic study at home in the more intelligent families, if not in most.

### THE FAMILY IN THE EDUCATION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I NEED touch but briefly the application of this principle in the field of so-called secular education. The same vicious tendency prevails here as in our use of religious institutions. The public school, which is based on the collective principle, and the periodical press are now compelled to do their own work and much of that which belongs to the home. If there is popular ignorance of morals or even religion, we seek a place for instruction and call for text-books on these subjects in the public school. Our cherished school system is in some danger of breaking down under burdens that do not naturally belong to it, by a thoughtless attempt to put upon it the whole task of education. One of the popular needs of the time is a careful survey of the entire range of educational forces — the home, the school, the church, the great university of literature, and the vocation, with a view to determine the province of each and the contributions these various parts should each make to the whole and to one another. Among these the family demands particular attention. For a hundred things in thought, feeling, speech, manner, and morals are determined quite as much by the home as by the school. The home and the school cannot afford to work inharmoniously or at cross purposes.

### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

THE state among us generally confines itself to the regulation of the education of the schools. But it may point out to the people what must be expected of those educational institutions which it does not attempt to control. It may open the way for a closer interrelation of home and school, and so break up the tendency to concentrate educational thought upon the teacher and pupil to the comparative neglect of the parent and child. The teacher now longs for what the parent does not give, and the parent is sometimes shut out of a participation in what should be common work. Besides this, we are now trying to secure the education of the entire people by concentration of effort upon the younger half. There is a consequent loss in two directions. We work against the uneducated part of the population that is outside the school-room, and we do nothing for the adults. But if we should bring about some coöperation of the parent with the school we should reënforce the work of the teacher with that of the parent and in some degree educate both together. A certain kind of social vitality would be given to what otherwise is too mechanical. Instead of combating nature we should secure her aid. By educational tracts and by other means, like a series of cards reporting weekly or monthly the subjects of study, their methods of pursuit, and such general matters as the proper pronunciation and use of certain words, the points made in manners, morals, and the principles of industry and frugality, very much can be accomplished for the children and much indirectly for the parents. The general life of the home and the instruction of the school-room would then more happily blend with each other. It would seem to be a proper thing for both state and church — perhaps after a common agreement — to take up the work of outlining their respective provinces in education with the purpose of clearly defining each and the duties growing out of their relationship. At present one part of the church seems to be engaged in a determined effort to secure to itself the entire educational functions of society because the state does not do full religious work, while another part is as zealous in its effort to force religious work to a certain degree upon the state. The last is often done on the weak plea that since the church and family do not reach certain classes with instruction in religion and morals, the school must be made to do their work for them. The idea of recalling the two former institutions to their own share in the work is hardly entertained. The only way out of the difficulty consistent with the American political system, and the way that will strengthen all educational interests, would seem to be in the direction here indicated. But it cannot be taken without turning attention to the family as a factor of unmeasured value in our educational problems.

### THE FAMILY IN ECONOMICS.

ECONOMIC institutions are the third class where there is new work for the family. It is significant of the need of this that the original meaning of the term "economic" has been lost, and it no longer refers to the law of the house, as the word strictly means, but we use it almost wholly in the larger sense. For our science of wealth is now *political* economy, or the science of wealth in city and State, or rather the nation and the world. In this we have moved so far away from the primary institution — the

[1] September, 1888.

family—that the primary sense of the term has dropped well-nigh out of sight. It clings to the word economic merely in etymology. But any one who has ever traced the great historical movements of the institution of the family and property must have been impressed with their close interrelations and mutual dependencies. Few things in the history of the civilization of Western Europe are more suggestive than the great changes in property from the time when it was largely the corporate possession of a household or village community down to its present form of individual ownership. This history of the growth of individual out of corporate property, of modern capital and the new organization of labor, of the will as a means of transmitting property, of the emancipation of capital and labor from the bonds of status to the liberty of contract, and of the industrial activities of women and children, is closely interwoven with that of the family. In some way or other the family has been deeply affected by all these social changes. And in this movement, as in religion and education, the family has made surrender of one after another of its functions to the institutions above it and to the individual members of itself. The family is still continually yielding something to the boarding-house, the factory, the school, the church, and that multitudinous combination we call society. This is by no means wholly wrong. For it is the very process of life in highly organized society, and the family receives much for what it gives. But it is my present contention that we should know just what has been going on, so that we may act intelligently, and not needlessly run into danger. There may be need of arresting the process of differentiation in some directions, and of turning our thought to re-integration in more constructive lines of work. The friction of our present social life finds a part, at least, of its explanation in this suggestion. The corporate forms of capital and of the industrial organization of the times belong to this class. The irritation over the working of the modern will, by which the individual fixes his property for all time to uses defined by the conceptions of his own short life, is another. So completely has the modern commercial theory of endowments and trusts as affairs of pure contract taken possession of the popular mind, that any other view seems to most people, who do not know the history of law on this subject, either absurd or dishonest.

### THE MOVEMENT IN BEHALF OF WOMAN.

THE bearing of modern industrial methods on the family and on the future of woman deserves more study than has yet been given to it, in order that we may detect the real causes that lie underneath. What some call a woman's movement for industrial liberty is not quite what it is claimed to be. It is largely an incident in the movement of property, which is seeking its own ends, caring very little for either sex or age. In order to find an easier place under the common industrial yoke that rests upon the neck of every individual, women seek more and more employments. But it is not so much womanhood as it is property that is the real impelling force. Let me state the principle concretely. It is the desire of capital, or property in accumulation, to get things done at the smallest cost to itself. If it can have enough intelligence and character to insure the end it seeks, the less there is in labor beyond the ability to accomplish the end the less costly the labor. Put the few indispensable qualities of successful labor into a machine, or supply them in a human being, and mere capital cares little for anything besides. It is under this law that women are continually taking the place of men in our industries, and children that of both. Under it the Irish, the French-Canadians, the Italians, Hungarians, and Chinese successively supplant each other in the lower forms of labor. I do not, of course, forget the powerful and beneficent upward movement that comes to all classes from this. But we must not shut our eyes to the difficulties that the operation of this principle puts in the way of those near the foot of the social ladder, nor the bondage it imposes on all who feel the pressure of it. Its effect upon the family is one of the most serious things in the whole modern industrial problem.

### THE DISINTEGRATING WORK OF PROPERTY.

THE general movement of property has, so far, been like that of a huge glacier, breaking and wearing away into their elementary atoms all forms of corporation, whether political or economical. Its ultimate atom is the individual; its favorite corporation is the largest possible combination. The family has in it the greatest cohesive strength, and consequently has most successfully withstood the grinding power that has tended to crush everything subjected to it. This operation of the modern industrial system, and the commercial outgrowth of it, combine with other social causes to help postpone marriage and reduce the size of families in those sections of society where these tendencies are the least needed. It brings the family into the labor market as a mere collection of individuals on the same economic footing as the unmarried. For small provision, at the best, will be made in fixing wages, for the rearing of children, the care of

other dependents, and all those little things that make the home. In the market of wages the family is the accident of the laborer rather than his essential. There is great need that these differentials between the economic value of society as a mere mass of individuals and what it is as actually composed of men, women, and children, living in families and having domestic and social wants above those bare material necessities to which capital is inclined to confine its thought, be carefully sought out and estimated.

Political economy may well think of calling statistics into its service for their aid in the solution of this problem, which is clearly a difficult one. But it may not be impossible, for example, to get the approximate economic value of ten thousand persons of the usual proportions as to age and sex and compare it with the pecuniary returns of the labor of the same number of like proportions in respect of age and sex who are outside real family life. And something like this is the important statistical problem of measuring the share of the home in the general accumulation of wealth. If some work like this could be done even fairly well, it is probable that we should recognize as we never have done the large place of the home in a realm of study where it has been greatly ignored.

### THE FAMILY AS THE SUBJECT OF LAW.

THE last field of work for the family is in the region of law and politics. The official report on marriage and divorce shows the need of legal reform. There is dangerous looseness both in the statutes and in their administration.

There is nothing like a scientific and harmonious system of law upon these subjects for the whole country. Great confusion prevails. In too many States and Territories the family can be formed in marriage and dissolved by divorce in the most careless and irresponsible manner. In most there are no provisions for official information on these most important matters. On the other hand, Europe has recovered largely from her early looseness, particularly in respect of the law of marriage, and has pretty generally secured scientific and conservative systems for the civil recognition of marriage and the dissolution of its bond. It has in some countries realized the idea of family law as an organic whole, and as the point from which to treat specifically marriage and divorce laws. Meanwhile we have done very little to reduce to order the colonial confusion and the unrelated growths of the new States. It is not easy to find the term family in national or State constitutions. It is by no means frequent in our statute-books. Indeed the title has found its way into the encyclopedias only in recent years. We have come at the family in fragments and legislated accordingly. Our ideas of it are extremely individualistic, and so we are dominated by the conception of marriage as a mere contract, with little thought of the family and its relations of status. In this respect law only reflects the common sentiment. There is a vast deal of work to be done here — a work that is scarcely begun.

### THE FAMILY IN POLITICAL SCIENCE.

THE more strictly political problem of the family is, if anything, still farther from our present views of public questions. Democracies necessarily part with the political significance of families as Europe understands the idea. Among us has culminated that prolonged social movement by which the family has surrendered its early political functions to build the city, the State, and the nation. And we are now confronting the question whether the last point shall not be yielded, and by the enfranchisement of women secure the completed substitution of the individual for the family as the ultimate and only true depositary of the prerogatives of political power. Those who advocate this final step triumphantly quote one of the great generalizations of Sir Henry S. Maine — that the movement of society has been from the family to the individual, assuming that social movements go straight on in the direction they have hitherto been taking. But some of us may well recall another of the remarks of that great scholar. For he has said that "Civilization is nothing more than a name for the old order of the Aryan world, dissolved but perpetually reconstructing itself under a vast variety of solvent forces." An American student of social institutions also reminds us that "The family perpetually reproduces the ethical history of man and continually reconstructs the constitution of society." If these statements of Maine and Dr. H. B. Adams assert historical facts, as will be readily granted, it certainly is high time that we considered more thoroughly than has yet been done the part which this primary and universal social institution is likely to have in the politics of the future. The recovery of an institution like the family to its true place in the ultimate social order, carrying along with it the subordinate problem of the determination of the political functions of woman, may be an early necessity of our political stability and vigor. The wiser political thought may refuse to speak positively on the enfranchisement of woman until it has studied more carefully the political relations of the family.

Whether it be for weal or for woe, the proposed perfection of the economic, political, and legal individualization of modern life is the most momentous of social propositions, and the gravity of the problem is not diminished when we remember that the world has yet to witness the first successful attempt of a civilization at the reconstruction of its own social order after it has reached high achievement and decay has once begun. If pessimism is to be shunned, let us not forget that it is also unscientific, at least, to proclaim with unhesitating confidence the ultimate triumph of our present social order.

### RETURN TO THE FAMILY OF THE PAST IMPROBABLE.

BUT we may not by any means return to the exact type of even the better family of the past. For social movements, as already implied, do not vibrate like a pendulum between two extremes, rising to a fixed point only to return to the exact place whence it started. The cry heard in some quarters, which calls simply for "the good old family of former times," may not be a wise one. For it is a recovery to yet unexperienced possibilities rather than to a narrower domestic life that seems most likely. We have been tending politically towards nationalization; that is, to the concentration of more and larger functions in the highest political forms of government. This almost necessarily goes on at the expense of the state, the municipality, and the family. The whole modern industrial system tends to compel all the minor social organizations to give way. The Trust, as we now feel it, is the latest evidence of this tendency in the field of economics.

Economic forces have of late years had an immense influence in shaping public and private law. As has been already intimated, the family is the strongest natural barrier to that great disintegrating process which constantly tends to reduce to their lowest terms all intermediate combinations or institutional forms between the individual and the largest conceivable organization; in short, between the individual and the largest massing of social force. Social readjustment along truly natural and therefore proportional lines, in which each social combination shall have its true place and share of work, is the great task before us.

No one can think long upon the point without seeing that in this great work the family, from its nature as the original germ and permanent tissue of society, will become a leading object in the study of the problem. Its profound study is indispensable to the solution of the problems which underlie socialism.

### EDUCATIONAL WORK TO BE UNDERTAKEN.

THIS leads to a final suggestion. Since the problems of the scholar and the statesman among us are preëminently those of the people, there is need of fundamental educational work in which both classes can share. Chairs of sociology are needed which shall begin work by such analysis and historical study of social institutions that the framework of society may be understood both as it now exists and from the comparative point of view, and our concrete social problems be made to appear in the light of their relation to the great social institutions whose working has given rise to them. The trouble with much of our social therapeutics is that our practice is not based on sufficient anatomical knowledge. Comparative social anatomy and physiology are strangely neglected. There is need of some provision by which young men who are to be legislators, clergymen, missionaries, and writers for the periodical press, and young women, too,— for whom there is plenty of work based on this very kind of knowledge, both in city and country, in touching the home-life of our people,— may be trained so as to be able to understand the chief features of the social order about them. I mean that such shall have the advantage of knowing the social life around them in the way they know things in the inferior departments of biology. Have we not come to the time when the biology of society demands some place in the majority of our higher institutions, such as it is just beginning to have in one or two of them? Such study will bring out the place of the family in the development and present constitution of society. It will help us to forecast in some degree our future work. It will equip for their work — at least partly — the educated young men and women whose opportunities for usefulness in the solution of social problems increase with the years.

Some of these subjects open fresh fields for monographs. We need, for example, a good manual on social structure and functions. Then another needs to be written, making, as I suggested some years ago,[1] a critical historical study of the development of the family in Christianity. For there is reason to think, as I there tried to show, that the family has not come out into its proper perspective, even in the thought of the Church at the end of all these centuries, as a distinct well-proportioned whole. Its practical and theoretical aspects in their several and separate parts have usually been the subject of study and precept. But now a singularly fortunate convergence of several of its fragmentary prob-

1 In an article entitled "The Family in the History of Christianity," "Christian Thought," Dec., 1885.

lems make it a fit time to bring forward the inquiry whether the family is not soon to receive something of that special and larger thought which has been occupied during the last hundred years with the individual. The great treatise upon the family, and indeed anything worthy the subject, is yet to be written. And before that is done, we need to measure accurately what has and what has not been already achieved. We might well go much farther and examine anew the ground of antiquity, on which, in some parts at least, we do have some valuable books, and study the place of the family in all the great religions. A special treatise on its relation to property or to education is equally needed. And it might be well to consider the usefulness of distributing this great work among those who should take up its various parts with the co-operation and under the direction of that increasing number of scholars who are becoming competent for tasks of this kind.

### POPULAR STUDY OF THE FAMILY.

MORE popular agencies for study should be set in motion. The great Chautauqua idea of home study deserves its vigorous prosecution. But we need to go beyond this. There is work enough for the energies of a great publication society. The great publication societies seem slow to perceive that the times have outgrown the piously written but often weak tract of former days and demand almost a new order of literature. The Christian spirit, the scientific accuracy and method, the literary form, and the practical touch upon such subjects as are treated in this paper might be combined, in the hope of the widest usefulness, in issues from some of the old publication societies which have lost their hold upon large portions of our people. These tracts should be written by or under the supervision of the best teachers of their subjects whom we have, and by well-educated young men and young women mostly, who have taken in the fresh thought and methods of recent years at every step in their education. For it is useless to disguise the fact that recent advances in scientific methods have made rubbish of a great deal that was well enough a generation ago.

It is, then, my conclusion that much original and other special work, both in study and in the practical application of its results, needs to be done for the family; that this should be applied to the family considered by itself and to it in its relation to religious, educational, economic, and political institutions, with the multiform practical problems to which their working gives rise; that the collection of facts by the aid of statistical science be continued and extended in various directions and be supported by the other departments of scientific inquiry; and finally, in order that we may accomplish all these ends in the best way, that we ought as speedily as possible to lay broad and deep the foundations of a thoroughly scientific training in that department of sociological study which is connected with the family; and to do all we can meanwhile to bring the best results of such knowledge as we have into the service of those who have practical uses for it.

*Samuel W. Dike.*

## ANDREA MANTEGNA (1431–1506).

### (ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

MANTEGNA must be ranked among the very few artists of the highest order to whom fortune was always kind and whom every material circumstance in his life led in the direction of his highest abilities. Born near Padua ("of a most humble stock," according to Vasari), only one condition was lacking to his artistic development—that, like Bellini and Raphael, he should have been born into a painter's house. He lived at an age when state and church were more than at any other time in a vein of appreciation of what was best in the art of the day; when that art was also true and progressive; and in a city where the spirit of the day was in a remarkable sympathy with his mental tendencies, intellectual, severe, and genuinely classical, and where the best Italian art of the preceding century had lavished its noblest work: Giotto and some of his best followers formed his taste, and the high-tide of the Renaissance had set in on Padua; Paolo Uccello and Filippo Lippi had painted there; the sculptor Donatello had shown how the antique was to be accepted by the modern artist, not in the inane repetition of accessories and of imaginary prescriptions as in the more modern classical school, but in the Greek manner of seeing nature. Mantegna no doubt saw Donatello's equestrian statue of Gattamelata and the marvelous reliefs of S. Antonio fresh from the founder's hands; and though we have no record of his having lived or worked in Venice, it is

impossible that with his early intimacy with the Bellini, he having been the fellow-pupil of Giovanni with old Jacopo, he should not often have been in Venice, whose campaniles are almost in sight of Padua; while the vigorous individuality of the brothers Bellini, his contemporaries and personal friends, was well calculated to make him eclectic and defiant of mere precedent. Squarcione, the master to whom he seems to have owed the earlier part of his technical education, was not, as Vasari takes the pains to tell us, "the finest painter in the world," but he was a more or less original painter who had traveled, and we are told had been to Greece and brought back antiquities which he set his pupils to draw from.[1] But the character of the designs of Mantegna makes it clear that the source of his knowledge of antique art was rather Roman. There is nothing in his manner or material which suggests a direct knowledge of pure Greek architecture, but always of Roman, and it is probable that, in common with his pupil Squarcione, he was carried away by the great Italian Renaissance of which the originators were the Pisani, and which had invaded the Venetian and Tuscan schools before Squarcione began to paint, which is the more indicated in the fact that he began life as a tailor and embroiderer, and had therefore presumably taken up painting comparatively late in life. He probably knew the technical processes of fresco and tempera, and the habit which he formed in his pupils of drawing from the model was probably the substantial part of his teaching, which does not seem to have been very fruitful; for, though his pupils numbered 137, the only two of them who attained distinction were Mantegna and Niccolo Pizzolo. He was probably a simple drawing-master who had not individuality enough to do his pupils either good or harm. In the sacristy of S. Antonio of Padua there are some cupboards in marquetry after his designs and executed by his pupils. To the training in this school, and the habit of drawing from the round which an artist of his intensity was certain to do with great sincerity and elaborateness, we may be indebted for the careful drawing and modeling of the details of his pictures which distinguish Mantegna from all his contemporaries. We found in Benozzo Gozzoli the practice of drawing all the figures from life, and ineffaceably stamped with the *pose-plastique;* but in Mantegna, while the model is generally to be felt, there is more of Donatello's portraiture of the ideal, his realization of a certain conception of character, and in this character an ideal of the antique is to be found. And this ideal in Mantegna is always Roman, as are his architecture and his decoration. In the fresco of the "Trial of St. James," in the Church of the Eremitani, Padua, the head of the magistrate before whom the saint is brought, or that of the officer who superintends his execution, might have been taken from a Roman portrait, and perhaps they were, for he continually introduces Roman monumental portraits in his ornamentation. But nowhere is there a hint of anything Greek.

From an inscription which has been preserved — though the picture to which it belonged has not — Mantegna seems to have appeared as an independent painter as early as his seventeenth year. The picture was an altarpiece in the church of S. Sophia, and the inscription was: "*MCCCCXLVIII Andreas Mantineas Patavino ann. septem et decem natus sua manu pinxit.*" This should at least settle the question of his having been born in Padua, and not, as has been suggested, in Vicenza. In 1452, at the age of twenty-one, he was so far a recognized master that he was called to paint the fresco of SS. Bernardino and Antonio over the door of the church of the latter saint in Padua, and in 1453 the Benedictine monks gave him the order to paint the altarpiece for the church of S. Giustina — a Gothic arrangement of twelve pictures on panel, this survival of the Byzantine usages being the orthodox type.

According to the letters found by Basquet in the archives of Mantua, Mantegna was under engagement to the Marchese Lodovico Gonzaga soon after to go to that city. The Marchese writes, January 5, 1457, mentioning this engagement and desiring him to leave Padua and come to execute the commissions he had at Verona, where he had also an engagement with the prothonotary and where he would be nearer his new patron. Gonzaga waited fifteen months, during which time Mantegna was at work in the Eremitani, and then renewed his urgency. A subsequent letter was still more pressing and more explicit, offering fifteen ducats a month, with a house for his family, corn for six persons during the year, and wood for all his household uses, and gives till 1459 to finish all other work he may have in hand. Again, fearing that Mantegna would not be punctual, he writes, on the 26th of December, further to impress on him his agreement. Gonzaga is informed by some one who has seen Mantegna that he is still at work for the prothonotary of Verona in January of 1459, and he accords him a new delay of two months. On March 24, Jacomo Marcello, the podesta, begs for a further delay, as Mantegna is at work finishing a little picture for him. On the

[1] It is far more probable that the Greece intended was Constantinople, Greece proper having for centuries been ravaged and desolated by barbarian invasions, and certainly nowhere in the land now known as Greece could he have purchased antiquities.

4th of May there is another letter pressing the painter to come on to Mantua, and accompanied by twenty ducats for the journey. On the 28th of June the Marchese writes again, "Come for a day to see our chapel." He probably arrived in Mantua at the end of 1459, and after some absences remained there.

This chronicle is of interest as showing how high the painter was in the graces of those whose favor was fame and fortune, and it tells us also the date of the great frescos of the Eremitani, *i. e.*, from 1457–1459, before he was thirty years of age, though they may have been begun before the former date.

The work on which he was engaged at Verona was a frame of subjects painted for San Zeno, and the prothonotary who ordered it was Gregorio Corraro, "Abbate Commendatore" of the church. It was composed of six pictures: the upper portion was a Madonna surrounded by angels, with side panels of saints; the lower a Calvary, with side panels of the Resurrection and of Christ on the Mount of Olives. It was carried off to France in 1797, and the lower part still remains there — the "Calvary" in the Louvre, while the side panels are in the Museum of Tours.

Mantegna seems sometimes to have been dissatisfied with his treatment at Mantua: in December, 1466, he writes to the Marchese from Goito, one of the hunting-seats of the latter where the painter was doing some decorations, that he had not had his pay for four months. In this year he was sent to Florence by the Marchese, who was then constructing the greater chapel of the Annunciata. Giovanni Aldobrandini, who had charge of the work, writes to Gonzaga saying that Mantegna had arrived and that he had given some advice on the subject; and in the same year Mantegna writes to Gonzaga to borrow one hundred ducats to enlarge his house, the money to be repaid by keeping back instalments of three or four ducats a month from his salary. In 1468 he writes to complain of the gardener and his wife, whose disorderly conduct annoyed him greatly, as well it might, considering how incessantly he was occupied in the designs of every kind he was making for his patron's country houses, for tapestry, architectural decorations, etc., as well as portraits, as we learn by a letter which the Marchese writes him requesting him to bring the two portraits he had just finished to show to Zanetti of Milan, who was coming expressly to see them. In 1472 he goes to Bologna at the desire of Cardinal Gonzaga, who wishes to show him his antiquities, and in 1476 we have a memorandum of the Marchese having given him land near the church of S. Sebastiano to build himself a house.

In 1478 Lodovico died, and Mantegna, full of disquietudes as to his future and his expenses, passed on with other princely appanages to the successor Frederico, who treated the artist with the same indulgence and friendliness that his father had shown to him. There is especial mention of another room at Mantua which Frederico was anxious to have finished that he might occupy it. He died the year that it was finished, 1484, and his successor, Giovanni Francesco II., kept up the traditions of the family and of Mantua; but Mantegna had probably the usual fortune of artists, no matter what their stipends, for he writes that year to Lorenzo de' Medici for a little money to enable him to finish his new house, though orders were pouring in on him from the different courts — more, in fact, than he could accept. There is mention of a madonna painted for the Duchess of Ferrara in 1485, and the same year the Duke of Ferrara mentions having seen him at work on the "Triumphs of Cæsar"; and three years later Pope Innocent VIII. writes to Francesco to lend him his painter for a while. Mantegna went to Rome and decorated the Belvedere chapel, since destroyed, in the Vatican, with four frescos, the "Baptism of Christ," the "Entombment of the Virgin," the "Nativity," and the "Adoration of the Magi," with decorations after his manner in grisaille, "finished like miniatures," as Vasari tells us. Mantegna seems to have remained in Rome two years, for in 1489 Francesco begs the Pope to send back his painter for the festivities of his marriage with Isabella d'Este; but he was ill and unable to return till 1490, when he was nearly sixty, but in the height of his powers, as he shows by finishing the "Triumphs of Cæsar" for the San Sebastiano palace in the following year. As extra compensation for this and the decorations of the new room he receives a grant of a piece of land free from taxes. Francesco being commander of the Venetian forces in the war with the French King Charles VIII., Isabella was often regent for him, and was especially gracious to Mantegna and continually asked of him new designs, and his son was employed at court and received a salary. Isabella wished to order a statue to Virgil, and Mantegna made a design which is now in the Louvre, but the statue was never made, the Marchese having many embarrassments at the time. In 1499 Mantegna married his daughter Taddea to Antonio Viani, and gave her a dowry, which shows at least that he was getting forehanded in money matters; though later on, and perhaps in the decay of his powers, he was obliged to sell to Isabella a bust of Faustina to which he was much attached; but this was in 1506, shortly before his death. In 1501 a gentleman of Ferrara writes of having

been at a theatrical representation at which the designs of Mantegna, the "Triumph of Petrarch," formed the decoration of the room, and between this and 1505 the lovely decorative designs now in the Louvre had been executed for the Marchesa — "Parnassus" and "Wisdom Triumphing over Vice," which must be ranked among his very best work in refinement and fertility of invention. In 1504 he made his will, leaving an endowment for a chapel to S. Andrea, of which 50 ducats were for the decoration and 100 for the purchase of a piece of ground large enough that the light might not be cut off — a characteristic provision of a painter who had perhaps not always found the corresponding forethought in his patrons. The decorations were to be executed within a year after his death. He afterward added a codicil in favor of an illegitimate son, Giovanni Andrea, the child of a connection formed after the death of his wife. At the age of seventy-three he engaged to paint for Francesco Cornaro, a Venetian, the "Triumph of Scipio," the price being stipulated as 150 ducats; but as he found this too little, he seems not to have gone on with the work, and Cardinal Bembo wrote to the Marchesa in 1505 to beg her to urge Mantegna to go on with it. This is now in the National Gallery of London. It was apparently his last work, for in 1506 he wrote to Isabella saying that he had finished the "Comus" she had ordered, adding that he had paid 340 ducats for a house and that his purse was empty, and offering her the Faustina, which she sent her bailiff to buy, she being then at one of her country houses on account of the plague which was raging.

Five weeks later he died and was buried in the chapel he had ordered, where he lies, with his bust by Speranzio above the grave. Considering the unbroken prosperity of his life, and the uninterrupted favor which he enjoyed with the sovereigns of the little north-Italian states whose capitals were the refuge of all that was most distinguished in art and literature, and whose taste was, for an official taste, singularly good and refined, it is difficult to understand his continual complaints of pecuniary embarrassment. His sons, of whom he had two legitimate and one illegitimate, may have brought him into difficulties, and we know that Francesco, the one who was in the service of the court of Mantua, fell into disgrace and was exiled, but we have no hint of his personal extravagance. On the contrary, the devotion to his art, shown by the enormous amount of work, involving the most concentrated effort, which he maintained to the last days of his life, denies the suspicion of any irregularities or excesses; and the singular absence of the sensuous element in his work — its dry, severe, and imaginative intellectuality — indicates its remoteness from the common temptations of the artistic temperament: next to Michael Angelo Mantegna rises into the serene regions of abstract intellect.

As an artist he must rank with the very greatest whose works we possess. Color is to him only the means to the same end as his minute finish, *i. e.*, the complete representation of whatever he undertook to tell. Invention and imagination were in him at their maximum, and to these he added a scientific and archæological fervor quite his own, the combination of which qualities gives him a position apart from all other painters. The reproach that his master Squarcione brought against him, that his works were conceived in the spirit of sculpture, is only so far justified as that he cared nothing for color *per se;* and as was the habit of his time, even in the Venetian school, he never painted direct from nature, but from drawings which must have been of extreme finish and naturally in monochrome, or with but slight indication of color, and that conventional rather than realistic. He was an idealist of intense vision, and his reproduction of his conceptions has only that in common with the modern idea of realism which any intensely elaborate representation must have. It was this intensity of imagination which led up to his introduction into art of the element of emotional expression, which no preceding artist, with the exception of Giotto,— and he to a very limited extent,— had ever before made the object of his art. The student of early Italian art, if he follow his studies in Florence and with the system which they require, will, when he comes to make the acquaintance of the little triptych from which the illustration of Mr. Cole has been taken, find in that example something of which he had never before noted the existence — the pathos in the face of the little Jesus, who, shrinking from pain, turns to his mother for a refuge, to which the grave, pathetic face of the mother responds, as who should say, "Cruel, inexorable fate"; and that of the high-priest, with the kindly pity of a tender-hearted surgeon who performs an operation which cannot be escaped. This triptych was painted in Mantua soon after Mantegna arrived there, and Vasari mentions it as "Una tavoletta non molto grande ma bellissima" ["A panel not very large but most beautiful"]. Of the "Calvary" from the altarpiece of S. Zeno, already mentioned as being in the Louvre, it has been said that "It is one of the finest works of art the world has ever produced." Although classifications of this kind are not always easy to justify and never possible to prove correct, I am not disposed to quarrel with it, for certainly in the quality of dramatic expres-

sion, which is its highest artistic motive, no painter has ever surpassed Mantegna; and the subject of this composition, the crucifixion, was that which, to the devout Christianity in which the painter was educated and for which he worked, made the highest demand on his powers of delineation and called out his greatest intensity. The Virgin sinks fainting into the arms of her women — a heterodox conception of the event, as I had to notice in the case of Masaccio, who shows the same sign of the merely human nature of the Virgin, who is supposed by the Church to have borne the great sorrow without yielding to human weakness; a disciple tells his pain by a gesture of desperation; and the faces of the bystanders betray an emotion in complete sympathy with the great woe of the consummation of the divine sacrifice: their eyes are red with weeping, and their lips are parted in their pain. It is this command of the expression of dramatic emotion that distinguishes Mantegna from all his predecessors and contemporaries. The elaboration of his detail is not so intense as that of Gentile da Fabriano, or more tender than that of Fra Angelico: his archæology is not an artistic quality but a purely scientific one; but in this power of rendering the pathos of the sacred emotion, the tragedy of the sacred history, without a tinge of exaggeration or the least display of the *pose-plastique*,— a power given only to the most vivid imagination,— he is rivaled only by Giotto, and Giotto was too impetuous in his nature and too much driven by the exuberance of his invention to delay over the subtleties of expression and delight in the elaboration of suffering, as Mantegna could and did.

Of his extraordinary fertility of production it is hardly necessary to speak, for the number of works I have mentioned would fill the life of an ordinary painter; but his frescos have mostly disappeared. He painted the façade of the Pescheria Vecchia at Verona and the upper part of the façade of a house near the gate of the Borsari belonging to Niccolo Giolfino, his painter friend, with whom he staid, and he made many engravings of his works. He is chiefly to be known by these engravings and his easel pictures, and is best studied at Paris and London. With the exception of passages of the St. Christopher subjects the Eremitani pictures (Padua) are in good condition, though I find some difficulty in accepting the decorative part of the upper two subjects of the St. James series as by Mantegna. But the work of this kind unmistakably by him is of a delicacy that is scarcely approached by any other work of the kind. The modeling of the fruits, the pine cones, and the ears of grain in the lower frames is as delicate as if they were human heads;— nothing is slighted, or treated as if it were of less importance.

The perspective of these pictures is evidently something on which Mantegna prided himself, and on which he spent a great deal of labor, but it is, in my opinion, the weakest point of all those involved in his art. It is laborious, ostentatious, and in the main overdone. It is done by rule and calculation, and does not betray the eye for perspective which we found, for instance, in Giotto. It has the effect of photographic perspective as given by wide-angle lenses when the subject is so near the camera that it seems distorted. We seem to be under the buildings of Mantegna. This is especially the case with the subject in which St. James on his way to be judged stops to bless and heal a believer, evidently a blind man. At the left of the picture is a tower in the middle distance, which he has put askew on the street, apparently to show his knowledge of perspective, and he has drawn it wrong. In one of the St. Christopher subjects he has made the architectural elevation of his principal building with an elaborate pergola covered with a vine in full bearing, the grapes hanging through the interstices, the whole like an architectural drawing, and in the second distance is a brick building in which every brick is pointed with the most exemplary patience and quite correct; but between this and the next important building he seems to have found it necessary to put in a bit of unimportant brick wall, also pointed with care but utterly wrong in perspective, and so conspicuously so that if he had had a correct eye for perspective he must have seen it to be so. In the "Martyrdom of St. James" a railing separates the spectator from the action. Just beyond lies the saint, and above him stands the executioner; but a soldier, who also stands on the other side, leans over the railing to the side of the spectator to see the execution. The impression produced is that the mallet with which the saint is to be killed is going to spend its blow on the railing.

The landscape is formal but full of invention of delicate detail: a fig tree in one of the St. Christopher subjects and an oak in the St. James are drawn leaf for leaf and the stems carefully modeled. The minuteness throughout is amazing, and the compositions are full of little incidents of by-play — people happening to look out of the windows, side conversations, friezes in the architecture, medallions, etc.; and considering the period in his life in which these works were executed and their relation to previous work we must recognize in them the justice of the claim which has been put forward for them of being the most important mural painting of northern Italy. The frescos in the castle at Mantua have disappeared, with

the exception of a portion of those in the room called the Camera de' Sposi, of which there are some remains. Those of the room which Frederico was so anxious to have finished are effaced, and the frescos painted for the Pope were destroyed in enlarging the Vatican Museum, having already gone out of favor in Rome.

Of his easel pictures the "Madonna della Vittoria," now in the Louvre, painted in commemoration of the battle of Taro, is considered the best; but to my feeling the triptych in the Uffizi holds that place, and for the qualities in it that I have described.

*W. J. Stillman.*

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE Mantegna triptych, from which the detail of "The Circumcision" is taken, is in the tribune of the Uffizi, Florence, and is composed of the "Adoration of the Magi," "The Circumcision," and "The Ascension" (improperly styled "The Resurrection"). The whole measures, with the frame, seven feet wide by three feet seven inches high. It is painted in tempera on panels. The panel to the right is "The Circumcision," and is thirty-four inches high by seventeen inches wide, and the figures measure from ten and a half inches to twelve inches high. By taking this portion only I was enabled to get at the expression of the faces and the detail, which is remarkable for delicacy of finish, though this has been to the sacrifice of the full length of the figures and the grouping of them, which is very graceful; and also of the lofty and beautiful interior of the temple, which, however, could never receive justice in a small engraving. The group is composed of the Madonna and Child, accompanied by two female attendants, and a child who is standing near the skirt of the foremost. The priest is accompanied by the altar-boy, and following him is Joseph, who carries a small basket containing the "pair of turtle doves," the offering for a sacrifice according to the law (Luke ii. 24). Behind the priest rises a yellow jasper pillar for some two-thirds of the distance up. This is surmounted by an ornamental capital in gray marble of a warm tone, from which spring two arches of the same material, to the upper corners of each side. In the space above and between the two arches is a triangular panel of a variegated, deep-colored marble, with a seraph painted in gold upon it, ornamentally filling the space with its outstretched wings. Beneath the arches are semicircular panels of dark spotted green marble, illuminated with scriptural subjects painted in gold. These are deeply framed in a frieze of dark red granite illuminated in gold with ornamental scrolls of foliage. The panels thus framed are supported by pilasters on each side of the jasper pillar, of the same dark red granite, and illuminated in gold in the same manner, and having fine capitals of the same material. The spaces on each side of the pilasters and beneath the panels just described are filled, that to the right of the priest by a sideboard in marble, the upper portion of which is composed of four panels of precious marble or jasper of various glowing hues. These are framed in marble of a soft gray dove color. The lower portion of the sideboard is of the same gray marble formed in panels decorated in low relief with sculptures of foliage in ornamental designs. This space forms the background to the standing figure of Joseph and the altar-boy. The space answering to this to the left of the Virgin, and forming the background to the two attendant females, is filled by two oblong panels of dark wood highly ornamented in gold, framed in the dove-colored marble, and capped by a beautiful sculpture of two cornucopias mingling their fruits and flowers. The pavement is checkered with alternate squares of dark red spotted granite and yellow Sienna marble. The beauty and finish of all this work is indescribable. What patience it must have required, for instance, to work in the infinitesimal and innumerable spots in the dark red granites, and each with its characteristic shape and various color, and the delicate, soft graining, veins, and clouds of the various colored marbles and rich jaspers, and the exquisite finish of the gold illuminations — all true to nature. But outvying these tints are the rich hues of the draperies. That of the Madonna is of a deep rich shade of peacock blue; the folds are illuminated with touches of gold that sparkle and blend with the drapery, the variety and grace of the forms being most pleasing to look upon. Her underskirt is of a garnet shade, illuminated in like manner with gold in the high lights. The robe of the priest is of a rich, soft shade of ultramarine blue of a changeable hue, being shot with purple in the part over the breast where it recedes from the high light of the shoulder. The ornamental border is of gold upon a ground of deep blue or bright crimson, according to the pattern. His white garment and the towel falling over his shoulder — beneath the other portion of which the form of his hand is clearly marked as it gently supports the thigh of the Child — are of a soft, cool, creamy shade tinged with blue. The folds are strongly marked, with delicate ones in low relief playing in between. The linen headdress of the Madonna is thus treated, also the white robe of the altar-boy, the headdresses of the female attendants, and the towel which the older one holds. Their charm of color depends upon viewing them in their proper relation to the surrounding brilliant hues; for when looked at near and out of this relation they appear quite warm and yellowish in tone, but from a few feet and as a whole, their juxtaposition to the rich garnet and yellow robe of Joseph, and the brilliant vermilion of the dress of the Child, renders them of a cool and bluish cast, and the difference is surprising.

The flesh tints throughout are warm and glowing, and have all the depth and softness of nature. I was much struck with this on looking through my magnifying-glass at the face of the priest: the softness and decision of the detail, the quick intelligence of the eye, and the mobility and tenderness of the expression made me smile at my audacity in attempting such wonders by great coarse lines in boxwood.

But how my heart beat when I came to the face of the child Jesus! I always leave the most difficult part of my work till the last, so that while engaged upon the easier portions I have time to study over and work up gradually to the climax. Fortunately on this I had the benefit of Mr. C. F. Murray's criticisms, as he

DETAIL OF "THE CIRCUMCISION," BY ANDREA MANTEGNA, IN THE TRIBUNE OF THE UFFIZI.

happened in at the Uffizi when I had about finished the block. The appealing look the child casts to his mother, and her sympathy, are very touching. I had to do every stroke on this block before the original, or rather in another room next to where the picture hangs, and this kept me running in and out the whole time, so that I was enabled to accomplish but very little in a day; the original being marvelously finished and exquisite in detail, and the photograph being very bad and quite altered in the expression of the heads, I was kept down to every eighth of an inch.

### MANTEGNA AS AN ENGRAVER ON COPPER.

MANTEGNA was a famous engraver on copper, and was among the first who practiced the then new art. His style is grand, and it is a pleasure to note the vigor and spring of his lines. He cuts everything — drapery and all — in slanting lines, all in one direction, and it is wonderful how he suggests the form of things in so simple a manner. Everything yields to the power and magic of his touch. His marvelous mechanical dexterity, unerring precision, and perfect mastery of the smallest part of his art are here displayed in all their energy and brilliancy. With what vim he runs through a background, making each line sparkle with life and character! With what freedom and nonchalance he dashes off his heads; as in his Bacchanalian pieces! He must have cut with lightning-like rapidity; and he drew in much of his work with the tool as he went along. The directness with which he plows along is amazing. How fearlessly he takes his trenchant blade in hand! What a sculptor he appears in the faces of his "Battle of the Sea Gods"! The forms of his lights, so delicate and true, appear as though freshly chiseled out in marble, and shine like silver. I could dwell for hours over this exciting work. Every line is electric and bristling in sympathy with the fury of the scene.

Then, too, the charming grace and airy lightness of his engraving of the "Dancing Nymphs"! Buoyant, classic forms tripping hand in hand in breezy move-

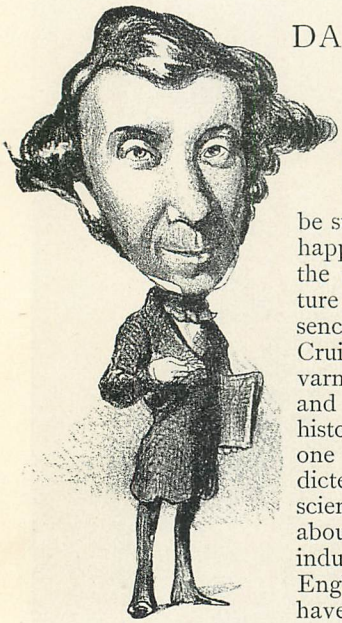
ment, with flutter of flying draperies, all in a delicate silvery key. Nothing more completely translates one into the realm of the mythological than his treatment of such themes. His masterpiece on copper is his engraving of the "Entombment of Christ," and in this he rises to a sublime height.

Raphael must have dwelt over this marvelous work. This is clearly perceptible in his treatment of the same subject in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, where the figures bearing the body of our Lord walk backward.

Considering the few engravings made by Mantegna, — not more than twenty or twenty-five, — the virility and freedom of his technique are all the more remarkable.

*T. Cole.*

# DAUMIER, CARICATURIST.[1]



DE TOCQUEVILLE.

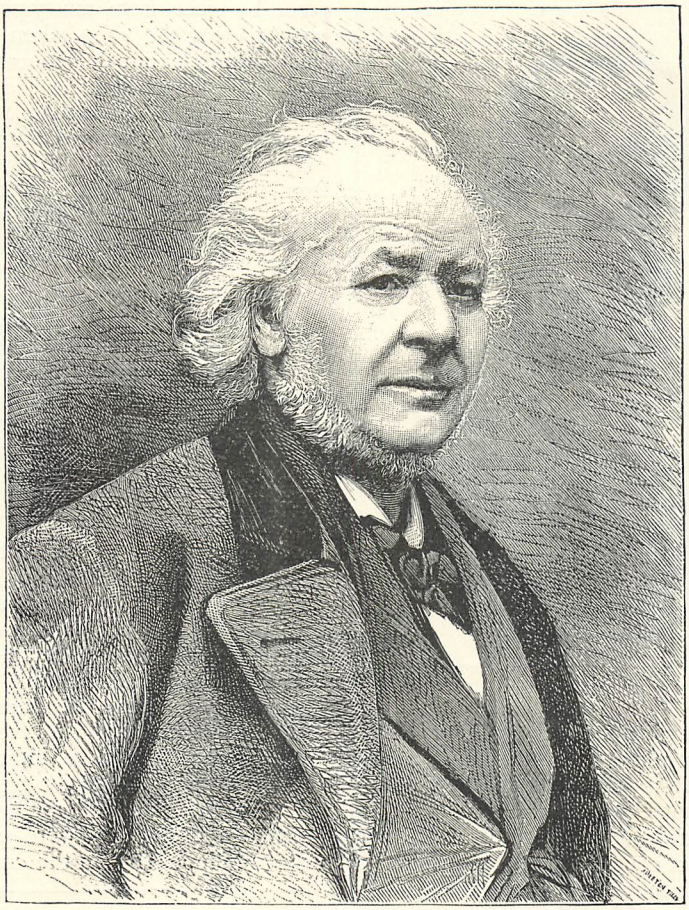
AS we attempt, at the present day, to write the history of everything, it would be strange if we had happened to neglect the annals of caricature; for the very essence of the art of Cruikshank and Gavarni, of Daumier and Leech, is to be historical; and every one knows how addicted is this great science to discoursing about itself. Many industrious seekers, in England and France, have ascended the stream of time to follow to its source the modern movement of pictorial satire. The stream of time is in this case mainly the stream of journalism; for social and political caricature, as the present century has practiced it, is only journalism made doubly vivid.

The subject indeed is a large one, if we reflect upon it, for many people would tell us that journalism is the greatest invention of our age. If this rich branch has shared the great fortune of the parent stream, so, on other sides, it touches the fine arts, touches manners and morals. All this helps to account for its inexhaustible life; journalism is the criticism of the moment *at* the moment, and caricature is that criticism at once simplified and intensified by a plastic form. We know the satiric image as periodical, and above all as punctual, as we know the printed sheet with which custom has at last inveterately associated it.

This, by the way, makes one wonder considerably at the failure of caricature to achieve, as yet, a high destiny in America — a failure which might supply an occasion for much explanatory discourse, much searching of the relation of things. The newspaper has been taught to flourish among us as it flourishes nowhere else, and to flourish moreover on a humorous and irreverent basis; yet it has never taken to itself this helpful concomitant of an unscrupulous spirit and a quick periodicity. The explanation is probably that it needs an old society to produce ripe caricature. The newspaper thrives in the United States, but journalism perhaps does not; for the lively propagation of news is one thing and the close interpretation of it is another. A society has to be old before it becomes critical, and it has to become critical before it can take pleasure in the reproduction of its incongruities by an instrument as impertinent as the matutinal crayon. Irony, skepticism, pessimism are, in any particular soil, plants of gradual growth,

COQUEREL.

[1] Of the accompanying pictures, "Connoisseurs" is from a water-color in the gallery of the Montreal Art Association; the portrait of Daumier and "In the Court of Assizes," from the collection of Charles de Bériot, are from "L'Art"; and the others are from "La Charivari."



HONORÉ DAUMIER.

and it is in the art of caricature that they flower most aggressively. Furthermore, they must be watered by education,—I mean by the education of the eye and hand,—all of which takes time. The soil must be rich, too; the incongruities must swarm. It is open to doubt whether a pure democracy is very liable to make this particular satiric return upon itself; for which it would seem that certain complications must not be wanting. These complications are supplied from the moment a democracy becomes, as we may say, impure, from its own point of view; from the moment variations and heresies, deviations, or perhaps simple affirmations of taste and temper begin to multiply within it. Such things afford a *point d'appui;* for it is evidently of the essence of caricature to be reactionary. We should hasten to add that its satiric force varies immensely in kind and in degree, according to the race, or to the individual talent, that takes advantage of it.

I used just now the term pessimism; but that was doubtless in a great measure because I have been turning over a collection of the wonderful drawings of Honoré Daumier. The same impression would remain with me, no doubt, if I had been consulting an equal mass of the work of Gavarni, the wittiest, the most literary and most acutely profane of all mockers with the pencil. The feeling of the pessimist abides in all these things, the expression of the spirit for which humanity is definable primarily by its weaknesses. For Daumier these weaknesses are hugely ugly and grotesque, while for Gavarni they are either rather basely graceful or touchingly miserable; but the vision of them in both cases is close and direct. If, on the other hand, we look through a dozen volumes of the collection of "Punch" we get an equal impression of hilarity, but we by no means get an equal impression of irony. Certainly the pages of "Punch" do not reek with pessimism. Leech is almost positively optimistic; there is at any rate nothing infinite in his irreverence: it touches bottom as soon as it approaches the pretty woman or the nice girl. It is such an apparition as that that really, in Gavarni, awakes the scoffer. Du Maurier is as

VICTOR HUGO.

graceful as Gavarni, but his sense of beauty conjures away almost everything save our minor vices. It is in the exploration of our largest ones that Gavarni makes his principal discoveries of charm or of absurdity of attitude. None the less, of course, the general inspiration of both artists is the same: the desire to try the innumerable different ways in which the human subject may *not* be taken seriously.

If this view of him, in its plastic manifestations, makes history of a sort, it will not in general be of a kind to convert those persons who find history sad reading. The writer of the present lines remained unconverted, lately, on an occasion on which many cheerful influences were mingled with his impression. They were of a nature to which he usually does full justice, even overestimating, perhaps, their charm of suggestion; but, at the hour I speak of, the old Parisian quay, the belittered print-shop, the pleasant afternoon, the glimpse of the great Louvre on the other side of the Seine, in the interstices of the sallow *estampes* suspended in window and doorway — all these elements of a rich actuality availed only to mitigate, without transmuting, the general vision of a high, cruel pillory which I extracted, piece by piece, from musty portfolios. I had been passing the shop when I noticed in a small *vitrine*, let into the embrasure of the doorway, half a dozen soiled, striking lithographs, which it took no more than a first glance to recognize as the work of Daumier. They were only old pages of the "Charivari," torn away from the text and rescued from the injury of time; and they were accompanied with an inscription to the effect that many similar specimens of the artist were to be seen within. To apprehend this circumstance was to enter the shop, and to find myself promptly surrounded with bulging portfolios and tattered relics. These relics — crumpled leaves of the old comic journals of the period from 1830 to 1855 — are neither rare nor expensive; but I happened to have lighted on a particularly copious collection of them, and I made the most of my small good fortune, in order to erect it, if possible, into a sort of compensation for my having missed, unavoidably, a few months before, the curious exhibition "de la Caricature Moderne" held for several weeks, just at hand, in the École des Beaux-Arts. Daumier was said to have appeared there in considerable force; and it was a loss not to have had that particular opportunity of filling one's mind with him.

There was perhaps a perversity in having wished to do so, strange, indigestible stuff of contemplation as he might appear to be; but the perversity had had an historical growth. Daumier's great days were in the reign of Louis Philippe; but in the early years of the

THE PRODIGY AT THE AGE OF SIX.

Second Empire he still drove his coarse, formidable pencil. I recalled, from a juvenile consciousness, the last failing strokes of it. They used to impress me with their abnormal blackness as well as with their grotesque, magnifying movement, and there was something in them that rather scared a very immature admirer. This small personage, however, was able to perceive later, when he was unfortunately removed from the chance of studying them, that there were various things in them besides the power to excite a vague alarm. Daumier was perhaps a great artist; at all events unsatisfied curiosity increased in proportion to that possibility.

A FRENCHMAN PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

The first complete satisfaction of it was really in the long hours that I spent in the shop on the quay. There I filled my mind with him, and there, too, at no great cost, I could make a big parcel of these cheap reproductions of his work. This work had been shown in the École des Beaux-Arts as it came from his hand; M. Champfleury, his biographer, his cataloguer, and his devotee, having poured forth the treasures of a precious collection, as I suppose they would be called in the case of an artist in a higher line. It was only as he was seen by the readers of the comic journals of his day that I could now see him; but I tried to make up for my want of privilege by prolonged immersion. I did not take home all the portfolios from the shop on the quay, but I took home what I could, and I went again to turn over the remaining piles of superannuated paper. I liked looking at them on the spot; I seemed still surrounded by the artist's vanished Paris and his extinct Parisians. Indeed no quarter of the delightful city probably shows, on the whole, fewer changes from the aspect it wore during the period of Louis Philippe, the time when it will ever appear to many of its friends to have been most delightful. The long line of the quay is unaltered, and the rare charm of the river. People came and went in the shop (it is a wonder how many, in the course of an hour, may lift the latch even of an establishment that pretends to no great business). What was all this small, sociable, contentious life but the great Daumier's subject-matter? He was the painter of the Parisian bourgeois, and the voice of the bourgeois was in the air.

M. Champfleury has narrated Daumier's life, in his lively little "Histoire de la Caricature Moderne," a record not at all abundant in personal detail. The biographer has told his story better perhaps in his careful catalogue of the artist's productions, the first sketch of

which is to be found in "L'Art" for 1878. This copious list is Daumier's real history; his life can have been little else than his work. I read in the interesting publication of M. Grand-Carteret ("Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France, 1888") that our artist produced nearly four thousand lithographs and a thousand drawings on wood, up to the time when failure of eyesight compelled him to rest. This is not the sort of activity that leaves a man much time for independent adventures, and Daumier was essentially of the type, common in France, of the specialist so immersed in his specialty that he can be painted in only one attitude — a general circumstance which perhaps helps to account for the paucity, in that country, of biography, in our English sense of the word, in proportion to the superabundance of criticism.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

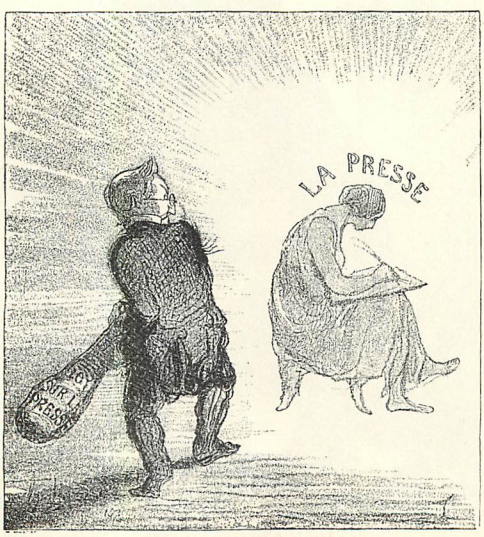
Honoré Daumier was born at Marseilles on the 26th of February, 1808, and he died on the 11th of the same month, 1879. His main activity, however, was confined to the earlier portion of his life of almost exactly seventy-one years, and I find it affirmed in Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains" that he became completely blind between 1850 and 1860. He enjoyed a pension, from the state, of 2400 francs; but what relief from misery could mitigate a quarter of a century of darkness for a man who had looked out at the world with such vivifying eyes? His father had followed the trade of a glazier, but was otherwise vocal than in the emission of the rich street-cry with which we used all to be familiar and which has vanished with so many other friendly pedestrian notes. The elder Daumier wrought verses as well as window-panes, and M. Champfleury has disinterred a small volume published by him in 1823. The merit of his poetry is not striking; but he was able to transmit the artistic nature to his son, who, becoming promptly conscious of it, made the inevitable journey to Paris in search of fortune.

The young draughtsman appeared to have missed, at first, the way to this boon; inasmuch as in the year 1832 he found himself condemned to six months' imprisonment for a lithograph disrespectful to Louis Philippe. This drawing had appeared in the "Caricature," an organ of pictorial satire founded in those days by one Philipon, with the aid of a band of young mockers to whom he gave ideas and a direction, and two or three others, of whom Gavarni, Henry Monnier, Decamps, Grandville were destined to make themselves a place. M. Eugène Montrosier, in a highly appreciative article on Daumier in "L'Art" for 1878, says that this same Philipon was *le journalisme fait homme;* which did not prevent him — rather, in fact, fostered such a result — from being perpetually in delicate relations with the government. He had had many horses killed under him, and had led a life of attacks, penalties, suppressions, and resurrections. He subsequently established the "Charivari" and launched a publication entitled "L'Association Lithographique Mensuelle," which brought to light much of Daumier's early work. The artist passed rapidly from seeking his way to finding it, and from an ineffectual to a vigorous form.

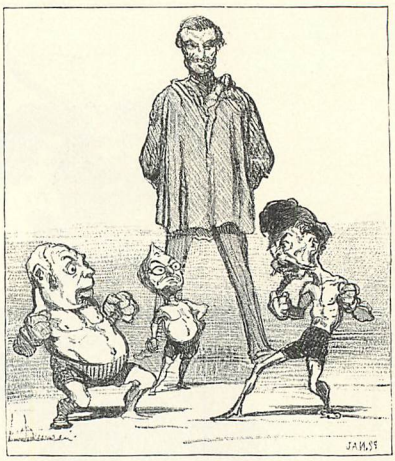
In this limited compass and in the case of such a quantity of production it is almost impossible to specify — difficult to pick dozens of examples out of thousands. Daumier became more and more the political spirit of the "Charivari," or at least the political pencil, for M. Philipon, the breath of whose nostrils was opposition,— one conceives from here the little bilious, bristling, ingenious, insistent man,— is to be credited with a suggestive share in any enterprise in which he had a hand. This pencil played over public life, over the sovereign, the ministers, the deputies, the peers, the judiciary, the men and the measures, the reputations and scandals of the moment, with

a strange, ugly, exaggerating, but none the less sane and manly vigor. Daumier's sign is strength above all, and in turning over his pages to-day there is no degree of that virtue that the careful observer will not concede to him. It is perhaps another matter to assent to the proposition, put forth by his greatest admirers among his countrymen, that he is the first of all caricaturists. To the writer of this imperfect sketch he remains considerably less interesting than Gavarni; and for a particular reason, which it is difficult to express otherwise than by saying that he is too simple. This was not Gavarni's fault, and indeed to a large degree it was Daumier's merit. The single grossly ridiculous or almost hauntingly characteristic thing which his figures represent is largely the reason why they still represent life, and an unlucky reality years after the names attached to them have parted with a vivifying power. Such vagueness has overtaken them, for the most part, and to such a thin reverberation have they shrunk, the persons and the affairs which were then so intensely sketchable. Daumier handled them with a want of ceremony which would have been brutal were it not for the element of science in his work, making them immense and unmistakable in their drollery, or at least in their grotesqueness; for the term drollery suggests gaiety, and Daumier is anything but gay. *Un rude peintre de mœurs*, M. Champfleury calls him; and the phrase expresses his extreme breadth of treatment.

Of the victims of his "rudeness" M. Thiers is almost the only one whom the present generation may recognize without a good deal of reminding, and indeed his hand is relatively light in delineating this personage of few




A BLOW AT THE PRESS.



THE MATCH BETWEEN RATAPOIL AND M. BERRYER.

inches and many labors. M. Thiers must have been dear to the caricaturist, for he belonged to the type that was easy to "do"; it being well known that these gentlemen appreciate public characters in direct proportion to their saliency of feature. When faces are reducible to a few telling strokes their wearers are overwhelmed with the honors of publicity; with which, on the other hand, nothing is more likely to interfere than the possession of a countenance neatly classical. Daumier had only to give M. Thiers the face of an owl, minus the stupidity, and the trick was played. Of course skill was needed to keep the stupidity out and put something else in its place, but that is what caricaturists are meant for. Of how well he succeeded the admirable plate of the lively little minister in a "new dress"—tricked out in the uniform of a general of the First Republic—is a sufficient illustration. The bird of night is not an acute bird, but how the artist has presented the image of a witty individual! And with what a life-giving pencil the whole figure is put on its feet, what intelligent drawing, what a rich, free stroke! The allusions conveyed in it are to such forgotten things that it is strange to think the personage was, only the other year, still contemporaneous; that he might have been met, on a fine day, taking a few firm steps in a quiet part of the Champs Élysées, with his footman carrying a second overcoat and looking doubly tall behind him. In whatever attitude Daumier depicts him, planted as a tiny boxing-master at the feet of the virtuous colossus in a blouse (whose legs are apart, like those of him of Rhodes), in whom the artist represents the People, to watch the match that is about to come off between Ratapoil and M. Berryer, or even in the act of lifting the "parricidal" club of a new gagging law to deal a blow at the Press, an effulgent, diligent, sedentary muse

THIERS.

(this picture, by the way, is a perfect specimen of the simple and telling in political caricature) — however, as I say, he takes M. Thiers, there is always a rough indulgence in his crayon, as if he were grateful to him for lending himself so well.

He invented Ratapoil as he appropriated Robert Macaire, and as a caricaturist he never fails to put into circulation, when he can, a character to whom he may attribute as many as possible of the affectations or the vices of the day. Robert Macaire, an imaginative, a romantic rascal, was the hero of a highly successful melodrama written for Frédérick Lemaître; but Daumier made him the type of the swindler at large, in an age of feverish speculation — the projector of showy companies, the advertiser of worthless shares. There is a whole series of drawings descriptive of his exploits, a hundred masterly plates which, according to M. Champfleury, consecrated Daumier's reputation. The subject, the legend, was in most cases, still according to M. Champfleury, suggested by Philipon. Sometimes it was very witty; as for instance when Bertrand, the muddled acolyte or scraping second fiddle of the hero, objects in relation to a brilliant scheme which he has just unfolded, with the part Bertrand is to play, that there are constables in the country, and he promptly replies, "Constables? So much the better — they 'll take the shares!" Ratapoil was an evocation of the same general character, but with a difference of *nuance* — the ragged political bully, or hand-to-mouth demagogue, with the smashed tall hat, cocked to one side, the absence of linen, the club half way up his sleeve, the straddle and pose of being gallant for the people. Ratapoil abounds, in the promiscuous drawings that I have looked over, and is always very strong and living, with a considerable element of the sinister, so often, in Daumier, an accompaniment of the comic. There is an admirable page — it brings the idea down to 1851 — in which a sordid but astute peasant, twirling his thumbs on his stomach and looking askance, allows this political adviser to urge upon him in a whisper that there is not a minute to lose — to lose for action, of course — if he wishes to keep his wife, his house, his field, his heifer, and his calf. The canny skepticism in the ugly, half-averted face of the typical rustic, who considerably suspects his counselor, is indicated by a few masterly strokes.

This is what the student of Daumier recognizes as his science, or, if the word has a better grace, as his art. It is what has kept life in his work so long after so many of the occasions of it have been swept into darkness. Indeed, there is no such commentary on renown as the "back numbers" of a comic journal.

RATAPOIL AND THE PEASANT.

CASMAJON RATAPOIL.

They show us that at certain moments certain people were eminent, only to make us unsuccessfully try to remember what they were eminent for. And the comparative obscurity (comparative, I mean, to the talent of the caricaturist) overtakes even the most justly honored names. M. Berryer was a public servant of real distinction and the highest utility; yet the fact that no one to-day devotes many thoughts to him seems to be positively emphasized by this other fact that we pore over Daumier, in whose plates we happen to come across him. It reminds one afresh how Art is an embalmer, a magician, whom one cannot speak too fair. People duly impressed with this truth are sometimes laughed at for their superstitious tone, which is pronounced, according to the fancy of the critic, mawkish, maudlin, or hysterical. But it is really difficult to see how any insistence on the importance of art can overstate the plain facts. It prolongs, it preserves, it consecrates, it raises from the dead. It conciliates, charms, bribes posterity; and it murmurs to mortals, as the old French poet sang to his mistress, "You will be fair only so far as I have said so." When it whispers even to the great, "You depend upon me, and I can do more for you, in the long run, than any one else," it is scarcely too proud. It puts method, and power, and the strange, real, mingled air of things into Daumier's black sketchiness, so full of the technical *gras*, the "fat" which French critics commend and which we have no word to express. It puts power above all, and the effect which he best achieves, that of a certain simplification of the attitude or the

"BEAUTIFUL LADY, ACCEPT MY ARM!"

gesture to an almost symbolic immensity. His persons represent only one thing, but they insist tremendously on that, and their expression of it abides with us, unaccompanied with timid detail. It may really be said that they represent only one class — the old and ugly. So that there is proof enough of a special faculty in his having played such a concert, lugubrious though it be, on a single chord. It has been made a reproach to him, says M. Grand-Carteret, that "his work is lacking in two capital elements — *la jeunesse et la femme*"; and this commentator resents his being made to suffer for the deficiency — "as if an artist could be at the same time deep, comic, graceful, and pretty; as if all those who have a real value had not created for themselves a form to which they remain confined and a type which they reproduce in all its variations, as soon as they have touched the esthetic ideal which has been their dream. Assuredly, humanity, as this great painter saw it, could not be beautiful; one asks one's self what a maiden in her teens, a pretty face, would have done in the midst of these good, plain folk, stunted and elderly, with faces like wrinkled apples. A simple accessory most of the time, woman is for him merely a termagant or a blue-stocking who has turned the corner."

WOMEN SOCIALISTS.

When the eternal feminine, for Daumier, appears in neither of these forms he sees it in Madame Chaboulard or Madame Fribochon, the old snuff-taking, gossiping portress, in a nightcap and shuffling *savates*, relating or drinking in bewildering wonders. One of his masterpieces represents three of these dames, lighted by a guttering candle, holding their heads together to discuss the fearful earthquake at Bordeaux, the consequence of the government's allowing the surface of the globe to be unduly dug out in California. The representation of confidential imbecility could not go further. When a man leaves out so much of life as Daumier,— youth and beauty and the charm of woman and the loveliness of childhood and the manners of those social groups of whom it may almost be said that they *have* manners,— when he exhibits a deficiency on this scale it might seem that the question was not to be so easily disposed of as in the very non-apologetic words I just quoted. All the same (and I confess it is singular), we may feel what Daumier omitted and yet not be in the least shocked by the claim of predominance made for him. It is impossible to spend a couple of hours with him without assenting to this claim, even though there may be a weariness in such a panorama of ugliness and an inevitable reaction from it. This anomaly, and the challenge to explain it which appears to proceed from him, make him, to my sense, remarkably interesting. The artist whose idiosyncrasies, whose limitations, if you will, make us question and wonder, in the light of his fame, has an element of fascination not attaching to many a talent more obviously charming. If M. Eugène Montrosier may say of him without scandalizing us that such and such of his drawings belong to the very highest art, it is interesting (and Daumier profits by the interest) to put one finger on the reason why we are not scandalized.

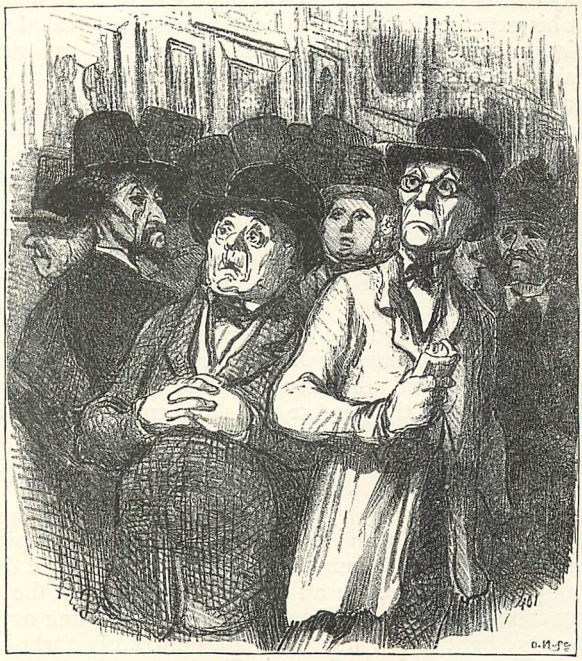
I think this reason is that, on the whole, he is so peculiarly serious. This may seem an odd ground of praise for a jocose draughtsman, and of course what I mean is that his comic force is serious. This is a very different thing from such a force being absent. This essential sign of the caricaturist may surely be anything it will so long as it is there. Daumier's figures are almost always either foolish, fatuous politicians, or frightened, mystified bourgeois; yet they help him to give us a strong sense of the nature of man. They are sometimes so serious that they are almost tragic; the look of the particular pretension, combined with inanity,

THE EARTHQUAKE AT BORDEAUX.

placid a credulity, while his unnatural little boy, opposite to him, finds sufficient entertainment in the much-satirized "Constitutionnel." The bland absorption of the papa, the face of the man who believes everything he sees in the newspaper, is as near as Daumier often comes to positive gentleness of humor. Of the same family is the poor gentleman, in "Actualités," seen, in profile, under a doorway where he has taken refuge from a torrent of rain, who looks down at his legs with a sort of speculative contrition and says, "To think of my having just ordered two pairs of white trousers." The *tout petit bourgeois* palpitates in both these sketches.

I must repeat that it is absurd to pick half a dozen at hazard, out of five thousand; yet a few selections are the only way to call attention to his strong drawing. This has a virtuosity of its own, for all its hit-or-miss appearance. Whatever he touches—the nude, in the swimming-baths on the Seine, the intimations of landscape, when his *petits rentiers* go into the suburbs for a Sunday—acquires relief and character. Docteur Véron, a celebrity of the reign of Louis Philippe (he made his fortune by some much advertised curative compound, was a Mæcenas of the hour, and also director of the opera, and wrote the "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de

is carried almost to madness. There is a magnificent drawing of the series of "Le Public du Salon," old classicists looking up, horrified and scandalized, at the new romantic work of 1830, in which the faces have an appalling gloom of mystification and platitude. We feel that Daumier reproduces admirably the particular life that he sees because it is the very medium in which he moves. He has no wide horizon; the absolute bourgeois hems him in, and he is a bourgeois himself, without poetic ironies, to whom a big cracked mirror has been given. His thick, strong, manly touch stands, in every way, for so much knowledge. He used to make little images, in clay and in wax (many of them still exist), of the persons he was in the habit of putting forward, so that they might constantly seem to be "sitting" for him. The caricaturist of that day had not the help of the ubiquitous photograph. Daumier painted actively, as well, in his habitation, all dedicated to work, on the narrow island of St. Louis, where the Seine divides, and where the monuments of old Paris stand thick and the types that were to his purpose pressed close upon him. He had not far to go to encounter the worthy man, in the series of "Les Papas," who is reading the evening paper at the café with so amiable and



OLD CLASSICISTS.

CONNOISSEURS.

Paris") — this temporary "illustration," who was ignobly ugly, would not be vivid to us today had not Daumier, who was often effective at his expense, happened to have represented him, in some crisis of his career, as a sort of naked inconsolable Vitellius. He renders the human body with a cynical sense of its possible flabbiness and an intimate acquaintance with its structure. "Une Promenade Conjugale," in the series of "Tout ce qu'on voudra," portrays a hillside, on a summer afternoon, on which a man has thrown himself on his back to rest, with his arms locked under his head. His fat, full-bosomed, middle-aged wife, under her parasol, with a bunch of field-flowers in her hand, looks down at him patiently and seems to say, "Come, my dear, get up." There is surely no great point in this — that is, the only point is life, the glimpse of the little snatch of poetry in prose. It is a matter of a few broad strokes of the crayon; yet the pleasant laziness of the man, the idleness of the day, the fragment of homely, familiar dialogue, the stretch of the field with a couple of trees merely suggested, have a communicative truth.

I perhaps exaggerate all this, and in insisting upon the merit of Daumier may appear to make light of the finer accomplishment of several more modern talents, in England and France, who have greater ingenuity and subtlety and have carried qualities of execution so much further. In looking at this complicated younger work, which has profited so by experience and comparison, it is inevitable that we should perceive it to be infinitely more cunning. On the other hand Daumier, moving in his contracted circle, has an impressive depth. It comes back to his strange seriousness. He is a draughtsman by race, and if he has not extracted the same brilliancy from training, or perhaps even from effort and experiment, as some of his successors, Charles Keene, for instance, or the wonderful, intensely modern Caran d'Ache, does not his richer satiric and sympathetic feeling more than make up the difference?

However this question may be answered, some of his drawings belong to the class of the unforgetable. It may be a perversity of prejudice, but even the little cut of the "Connoisseurs," the group of gentlemen collected round a picture and criticizing it in various attitudes of sapience and sufficiency, appears to me to have the strength which abides. The criminal in the dock, the flat-headed murderer, bending over to speak to his advocate, who turns a whiskered, professional, anxious head to caution and remind him, tells a large, terrible,

IN THE COURT OF ASSIZES.

story and awakes a recurrent shudder. We see the gray court-room, we feel the personal suspense and the immensity of justice. The "Saltimbanques," reproduced in "L'Art" for 1878, is a page of tragedy, the finest of a cruel series. M. Eugène Montrosier says of it that "The drawing is masterly, incomparably firm, the composition superb, the general impression quite of the first order." It exhibits a pair of lean, hungry mountebanks, a clown and a harlequin beating the drum and trying a comic attitude, to attract the crowd at a fair, to a poor booth in front of which a painted canvas, offering to view a simpering fat woman, is suspended. But the crowd does not come, and the battered tumblers, with their furrowed cheeks, go through their pranks in the void. The whole thing is symbolic and full of grimness, imagination, and pity. It is the sense that we shall find in him, mixed with his homelier extravagances, an element prolific in indications of this order that draws us back to Daumier.

*Henry James.*

# TO THE TSAR.

O THOU into whose human hand is given
A godlike might, who, for thy earthly hour,
Above reproof, self-counseled and self-shriven,
Wieldest o'er regions vast despotic power;
Mortal, who by a breath,
A look, a hasty word, as soon forgot,
Commandest energies of life and death,—
Midst terrors dread that darkly multiply,
Wilt thou thy vision blind, and listen not
Whilst unto Heaven ascends thy people's cry?

In vain, in vain! The injuries they speak
Down unto final depths their souls have stirred:
The aged plead through them, the childish-weak,
The mad, the dying,— and they shall be heard!
Thou wilt not hear them; but,
Though Heaven were hedged about with walls of stone,
And though with brazen gates forever shut,
And sentried 'gainst petitions of despair,
'T were closely guarded as thy fearful throne,
That cry of helpless wrong should enter there!

From sunless casemates by the Neva shore,
From parching steppes where lifeless waters flow,
From polar wastes, from mines where men explore
Grief's inner mysteries, that cry of woe
Moves trembling unto God:
And thou who, like Siberian tiger caged,
Must secret journey o'er thy native sod,
In bomb-proof chambers masked 'gainst perils dim
That threaten thee from wretched ones enraged —
Dost thou not falter at the thought of Him?

O Majesty! 'T is great to be a king,
But greater is it yet to be a man!
The exile by far Lena perishing,
The captive in Kara who bears thy ban,
Ransomed at length and free,
Shall rise from torments that make heroes strong—
Shall rise, as equal souls, to question thee;
And for defense there nothing shall endure
Of all which to thy lofty state belong,
Save what thou hast of human, brave, and pure.

Cæsar, thou still art man, and servest a King
Who wields a power more terrible than thine:
Slow, slow to anger, and long-suffering,
He hears his children cry and makes no sign:
He hears them cry, but, oh!
Imagine not his tardy judgments sleep,
Or that their agonies He doth not know
Who hidden waste where tyrants may not see!
Eternal watch He over them doth keep:
Eternal watch — and Russia shall be free!

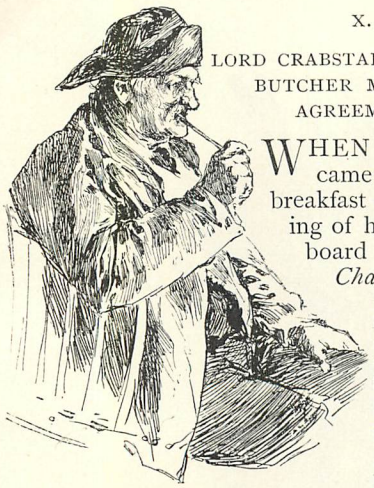
*Florence Earle Coates.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

# THE "MERRY CHANTER."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc.



CAPTAIN BODSHIP.

## X.

### LORD CRABSTAIRS AND THE BUTCHER MAKE AN AGREEMENT.

WHEN Dolor Tripp came on deck after breakfast on the morning of her arrival on board the *Merry Chanter* she was in a state of intense delight with her surroundings. She was going to sea in a ship! She had been on the bay in a boat, but never on the sea in a ship! And what was this for—and that? And how different the air was, even such a little way from shore!

When Doris told her how we came to own the *Merry Chanter*, and had talked to her about the four captains, and about the butcher, and about Lord Crabstairs, and about the schoolmaster, Dolor Tripp declared that that ship was the most interesting place she had ever been in in her whole life.

She was in no hurry to start, and was perfectly willing to wait for the tide. Being on board the ship was joy enough for the present. She asked questions about every part of the vessel; and although the four captains would have been the proper persons to answer these questions, these experienced mariners were not allowed the opportunity of so doing. Lord Crabstairs and the butcher always happened to be near at hand when Dolor Tripp wanted to know anything; and sometimes both answered her question in the same instant, while sometimes one got a little ahead of the other.

Towards noon, however, I noticed that Dolor Tripp was walking about the after portion of the ship accompanied only by Lord Crabstairs, and soon afterwards I found that he and the butcher had come to an agreement on the subject. A chalk line had been drawn across the deck midway between the bow and the stern, and it had been settled that Lord Crabstairs should explain to Dolor Tripp everything aft of that line, while the butcher should have the privilege of being her guide over that portion of the schooner which lay forward of the line. By this amicable arrangement annoying interferences would be avoided.

Lord Crabstairs, with his glowing, ruddy face, and his sparkling blue eyes, was in a very good humor as he told his companion everything he knew about the after portion of the ship, and a great deal, I am sure, that he did not know. But want of knowledge did not interfere in the least with the fluency of his merry talk, nor with her enjoyment.

For some time the butcher had been below, but now he came up and informed Doris and me that he had been consulting with Captain Cyrus and getting as much information as possible in regard to foremasts and bowsprits, with their attachments and surroundings, so that when his turn to guide the young woman should come he would be able to give her points that might be depended upon. When he and Lord Crabstairs had tossed up for the two portions into which the ship had been divided by the chalk line he had been very glad that the bow end had fallen to him.

"Passengers," said he, "are mostly at sterns, and bows are newer to them. And, besides, the Merry Chanter is on my end, and I intend to come out strong on that dilapidated old party. I think she 's the kind of young woman to take to things that are on the romantic."

But he did not intend to begin with her as soon as Lord Crabstairs had finished. No, indeed! He was too deep for that! He would take her when she was fresh, and not so bored with ropes and spars that she did not wish to hear such things even so much as mentioned.

It was yet early in the afternoon, and we were enjoying ourselves idly on deck, some reading, some smoking and talking, and nearly all of us in the shade of the mainsail, which had been partly hoisted to serve the purpose of an awning. Even the butcher was content to gaze quietly out at sea, for in his opinion Dolor Tripp had not yet sufficiently recovered from her ordeal of the morning properly to

enjoy his interesting accounts of the nautical objects forward of the chalk line. Suddenly there came from landward a shrill voice; and the voice cried, "Do — lo —— r!"

Instantly we all sprang to our feet, bobbed under the boom, and ran for the stern of the schooner. On shore, close to the water's edge, stood a woman in a black-and-white sunbonnet, who was easily recognized by those who had seen her before as Lizeth of the poultry-yard.

THE PROMENADE BATH.

Again came the voice across the water: "Dol — or! Are you on that ship?"

Dolor Tripp stood on tiptoe and showed herself well above the bulwarks. "Don't you see me, Lizeth?" she cried.

The distance between the ship and the shore was not great; and as there was but little wind the clear, high voices of the sisters were distinctly heard across the intervening space.

"Where-are-you-going?" cried Lizeth.

"I-am-going-to-Boston," replied her sister.

"How-long-do-you-expect-to-stay?" cried Lizeth.

Dolor Tripp turned to Doris. "How long do you think," she said, "that the ship will stay in Boston? You know I want to come back in it."

"I really do not know," was the answer; "but we shall certainly stay long enough to take on board some barrels of flour."

Then Dolor Tripp turned her face shoreward, and hailed her sister. "I-do-not-know," she cried. "It-depends-on-flour."

"What-flour?" screamed Lizeth.

Dolor Tripp turned inquiringly. "Minnesota Family Joy," said I, for want of better information to give.

"Min-ne-so-ta-Fam-i-ly-Joy," screamed Dolor Tripp.

Lizeth did not immediately resume her questions, but after a few moments' thought she cried, "Why-don't-you-start?"

"There-is-some-thing-the-matter-with-the-tide," replied Dolor Tripp.

Here there was another pause in this high-strung conversation, and several persons on board the *Merry Chanter* looked at one another and smiled.

Lizeth now called out again, "Will-you-get-me-in-Boston-four-yards-of-the-inch-wide-black-and-white-ribbon?"

"I-will!" cried Dolor Tripp. "Does-Alwilda-know-I-'ve-gone?"

"Yes," called back Lizeth. "She-'s-begun-painting-you-on-the-dining-room-wall. You-are-stretched-out-drowned-on-the-sea-shore. Your-face-is-all-soaked-and-there-'s-little-slimy-green-weeds-flappin'-against-it. She-was-just-beginnin'-to-paint-a-puddle-under-you-when-I-came-away. Good-bye!"

"Now, is n't that mean?" said Dolor Tripp, turning a troubled countenance towards us, and then, suddenly recollecting herself, she

called after her departing sister a shrill "Good-bye!"

"I notice," remarked the butcher, as he cast a severe look shoreward, "that she did n't say anything about the weeds and the puddle till she 'd got in her black-and-white ribbon."

In order to dissipate from her mind all thoughts of the dismal picture of herself which was in course of creation upon the dining-room wall of her home, the butcher now invited Dolor Tripp to allow him to show her that portion of the *Merry Chanter* which lay forward of the chalk line. The invitation was accepted, and from the general appearance of things forward I think that Dolor Tripp's enjoyment was troubled by no visions of soaked countenances.

The captains were on the forecastle, and as they all knew something about Dolor Tripp or her family, they had frequent snatches of talk with her. Lord Crabstairs and the schoolmaster took to wandering about the bow, but the former never uttered a word. He had agreed that the butcher should take charge of the lady on this part of the ship, and he religiously forbore to speak.

When the butcher and his fair companion leaned over the extreme bow, and he began to describe and descant upon the wooden figure of the Merry Chanter, Doris, who had gone forward, requested permission to listen, which being cheerfully granted, we all gathered about the speaker.

It is astonishing how well that butcher talked about our old figure-head. He let himself out splendidly about roaring winds and mountain waves, and driving rain and freezing sleet, and banks of blinding fog, and yet ever that right arm, or what there was left of it, was stuck straight out, and that head was thrown back boldly, and that mouth was open ready for song, or shout, or to take in sea-water, as the case might be.

"He has been through it all, time and again," said the butcher, in conclusion, "and he is ready for it all over again, fair weather or foul, as long as those iron bolts through his body hold him fast to the ship."

"I love him already," cried Dolor Tripp; "and as soon as we begin to plow the waves I am going to stand in front here and see him do those things."

"Of course," remarked Captain Timon, "that will depend on the principal owner"—waving his hand towards Doris. "I have heard her say that she wanted to stand abaft the figure-head when there happened to be a good sea on."

"Oh, there will be room for us both," said Doris, who had already begun to take very kindly to Dolor Tripp.



XI.

THE PROMENADE BATH.

THE next morning after breakfast Captain Timon made a little speech to the assembled ship's company. "I feel bound," he said, "to tell you all that I 've been disapp'inted in the wind and the tide. They are two things, as everybody knows, which won't wait fur no man, but they 're willin' enough to make any man wait fur them, and that 's not what I call the square thing."

"You are right there, Captain," said Lord Crabstairs; "but the rascals have been at it all their lives, and it is too late to try to reform them."

"This schooner," continued the captain, "draws a leetle more water than we thought she did. You see none of us ever sailed in her before, and she draws a leetle more water than we thought she did. And then ag'in there 's a leetle less water in this bay than there generally is at this season. You see when we anchored here to get water out of that spring we did n't know that the ship drawed so much and the bay was so low."

"Then," interrupted Lord Crabstairs, "you should get more water out of your spring and pour it into your bay."

Captain Timon joined in the laugh that followed this remark, and then went on:

"What we want is a high wind, pretty nigh to a gale, comin' in from sea along with the flood tide. That will give us enough water to get out of this bay, and then we 're all right. That half-gale from the sou'east is what we 're a-waitin' fur."

"That sort of gale," said the butcher, "most generally comes in the fall of the year."

"That is autumn, is n't it?" cried Lord Crabstairs. "Now, really, that is three months off!"

"If you 'd sailed the sea as much as we have," said Captain Timon, addressing the butcher, "you 'd have known that them gales blows whenever they 've a mind to. That 's their rule; whenever they 've a mind to. Now there 's just two things we can do; and one of them is to get a vessel that don't draw so much water; Cap'n Teel has got one to hire. She 's a sloop, and a good one. He can bring her round here, and we can put our stores into her and sail to Boston without no trouble at all."

At this point there was a general outcry. "Sail in another ship!" cried Doris. "Never! It is not the voyage to Boston I care about; it is the voyage there in our *Merry Chanter*."

I joined in the remonstrance. Lord Crabstairs vowed that he was in no hurry, and could wait for a wind as long as anybody else. And Dolor Tripp asserted with considerable warmth

that if she could not sail behind that bold, wooden singer of the sea she did not wish to sail at all.

The butcher had been gazing intently upon first one and then another of us; and when Dolor Tripp had said her say he spoke out fully and definitely. "I stick to the ship," said he.

The schoolmaster made no remark. He was not now so uneasy as he had been at first, but it was plain enough that he wished to sail away, no matter in what vessel.

"Well, then," now continued Captain Timon, "as none of you seems to want to leave the schooner, there 's another thing you can do. You can just make yourselves comfortable and wait fur the gale with a flood tide. Some of you can take the boat and go fishin'; some of you can walk about on shore; and if any of you wants to hire a horse you can do it over there in the village. If there 's a special high tide when you are not aboard we 'll just run the schooner out into deeper water and fire a gun and wait fur you."

This plan was instantaneously agreed upon, and to prove that we were perfectly contented with the *Merry Chanter*, we all set about to amuse ourselves.

Lord Crabstairs went to look after his poultry. These were mostly scattered about the deck, none of them having courage to fly overboard; but some had gone out on the bowsprit, and the truant cock was still in the rigging. His master had vainly endeavored to coax him down, and was obliged to scatter his corn on the maintop, where it was contentedly pecked up. Doris applied herself to the care of her little chicks and their mother; three of the captains went ashore in the boat; the butcher was making some remarks to me in regard to the improbability of the schooner's moving from her present position without leaving behind her her hold, her paving stones, and her barnacles; and what Dolor Tripp was looking at in the water I do not know, but suddenly her little boots in which she was standing tiptoe slipped backward, and in an instant she disappeared over the side of the vessel.

I gave a shout and rushed for the spot where she had been leaning over the bulwark. Doris, startled by the great splash, was by my side in a moment. Looking down with pallid faces we saw below us what appeared like the surface of a boiling pot some five feet wide. Out of the tossing turmoil of the water now arose the dripping head, shoulders, and arms of Dolor Tripp, who had succeeded in struggling to her feet and who stood upright, puffing and blowing the water from her mouth, wildly waving her hands, and endeavoring to scream.

In the next instant there were two great splashes, and the butcher and Lord Crabstairs went overboard. Each of them went under water for an instant, and then emerging upright they swashed towards the dripping maiden and each took her by an arm.

"You are as safe now," exclaimed Lord Crabstairs, sputtering as he spoke, "as if you were high and dry on shore."

"Unless we sink in the sand," said the butcher.

But Dolor Tripp paid no attention to similes and suppositions. "Oh, get me out!" she cried. "Get me out!"

Those of us who were on deck soon discovered that it would not be easy to get her out. There was one broad ladder with hand-rails by which we descended into or ascended from the one boat which belonged to the *Merry Chanter*, and this ladder had been taken ashore in the boat by the three captains who had gone for fuel, and who proposed to use it when sawing off such lower branches of trees as might be small enough to suit their purpose. The idea that anybody might want the ladder while they were gone never entered the minds of these wood-cutting mariners.

Captain Teel, who was left on board, was not very fertile in expedients. He proposed hauling up the young woman by means of a rope; and when the butcher declared that if this were done she would be cut to pieces by the barnacles, the captain suggested that if a spar were put out at an angle, with one end held down to the bottom and the other resting on the side of the vessel, she might climb on board without touching the barnacles.

This proposition meeting with no approval, the captain stated that the proper thing to do was to put a block-and-tackle out at the end of a boom and haul her up that way, but that as he was the only seaman on board he did not like to undertake this job by himself. He might put a barrel of fish on board that way, but it would take a good deal of careful hauling and steering to prevent a dangling young woman from getting bumped. He rather guessed that the boat would be back pretty soon, and that the best thing to do would be to wait for it.

This seemed like hard lines for Dolor Tripp, and I suggested that the three should wade to shore.

"They can't do that," said Captain Teel. "The water is deeper nearer shore than it is just here. If they go a dozen yards from the schooner it will be over their heads. We 've made soundin's."

"I suppose," said Doris to the group in the water, "that you will have to wait till the boat comes; but you ought to walk about to keep from taking cold."

"Very good," said Lord Crabstairs; and re-

leasing his hold upon Dolor Tripp, he offered his arm in the usual fashion. The butcher, on her other side, did the same, and the three began their walk through the water.

"You can go all around the ship," said Captain Teel, "if you don't get too far away from her, and I guess you 'll find the bottom pretty hard and smooth."

The tide was very low, the water being not more than waist-deep for the men and below the shoulders of Dolor Tripp; but it was quite deep enough to make walking a very slow performance. But as the young woman put perfect faith in the ability of her protectors, and as the two men were greatly pleased to have this opportunity of aiding and protecting her, the spirits of the little party recovered their usual level as they pushed their way through the water. On deck Doris and I, with Captain Teel and the schoolmaster, kept pace with them, the latter carrying a plank which he intended to hurl to or upon Dolor Tripp in case of danger, such as a tidal wave or an attack by sharks.

"I like it ever so much!" cried Dolor Tripp to Doris. "It is a promenade bath. The water is warm and lovely."

Reaching the bow of the ship, Dolor Tripp looked up at the Merry Chanter.

"I never expected," she said, "to be under him and look at him from the sea. I wonder if I could climb up to him by this anchor-chain?"

"Don't try it, miss," said Lord Crabstairs. "If you ever climb up to anybody, don't let it be to a wooden-headed old party like that."

"When it comes to that sort of thing," said the butcher, "the climbing will be the other way."

Perhaps Dolor Tripp did not understand this remark, for she made no answer to it. As they moved on she said:

"How gently these little waves lap up against us! Does either of you gentlemen believe in mind waves?"

"I don't know what they are," answered the butcher.

"If you mean a wavering of the mind," answered Lord Crabstairs, "I have had it often; particularly when I bought my last cow. I wavered between Alderney and Ayrshire for nearly a month, and, after all, I bought a Devon."

"Oh, it is n't anything like that," said the young woman. "It is a sort of understanding between minds that are far away from each other. It comes along in a sort of airy waves something like these ripples, I suppose, and the thoughts and feelings of one friend go to another ever so far off."

"Oh, I know what it is!" cried Lord Crabstairs. "You can do it with snails. You go to China and take a she-snail with you, and I stay here with a he-snail, or vice versa. I can go to China with either and you can keep the other—"

"Do they have to be a married couple, to begin with?" interrupted the butcher.

"What! The people?" cried Lord Crabstairs.

"No, the snails," said the butcher.

"Yes," replied the other. "I forgot to say they must be a pair, so that there shall be a sympathy between them." Then, again addressing the lady, "You have one snail and I the other one, and we 've got the whole world between us. Whichever of us wishes to communicate with the other takes a pin and jabs his or her snail, as the case may be, and in that very same instant the other snail wiggles."

"Horrible!" cried Dolor Tripp. "If I had to do that I would never communicate."

"I don't believe it hurts them," said Lord Crabstairs. "The least little bit of a prick will do. And we could get up a jab alphabet: one short jab, a long jab, two short jabs, with a rest between them—three long jabs, a rest and a short jab, and so on."

"I never would do it," said Dolor Tripp, firmly. "I would n't even watch wiggles that were made by pins in China."

The butcher did not wish to be left out of this conversation. "That must be pretty much the same thing," he said, "as is the case with the legs of frogs. You catch a dozen frogs and put their hind legs on a plate, all skinned and ready to be cooked, arranged in a circle with their toes pointing out like the spokes in a wheel, and then you sprinkle some salt on them and every one of those legs begins to kick. If you never saw it before you 'll drop the plate."

"That is not like my snails at all!" cried Lord Crabstairs. "A person in China could n't sprinkle salt on frog-legs here. If he were near enough to do that he might as well talk. I don't see any sense in that sort of thing, even allowing that your frog-legs do kick."

"I don't see any sense in the other sort of thing," said the butcher, "even if your snails do wiggle."

At this Dolor Tripp declared that her correspondence should always be either by letter or by telegraph; and she began to wonder when the boat would return. We all strained our eyes shoreward, but nothing could be seen of the nautical wood-cutters, and the three in the water were obliged to continue their stroll around the vessel.

Captain Teel now made a joke which for some time had been resolving itself into form in his mind. "She calls it a promenade bath,"

he said with a subdued giggle, "but to me it looks a good deal more like a promenade baptize. That butcher in his shirt looks just like a minister with a pair of uncommon sinners."

I had noticed that every time the party passed under the bow the butcher looked very attentively at his disengaged arm, which hung down by his side. Having caught my eye, he now turned back a little and held up his hand with his forefinger and thumb separated about two inches. He then pointed towards the surface of the water and then let his arm drop again.

The meaning of this pantomime was very plain to me. He had been measuring the depth of the water by some mark on his sleeve, and the tide had risen two inches. He wanted me to know that he was getting uneasy. I began to grow uneasy also. I would have been better pleased had not the butcher always chosen me as the recipient of his forebodings.

But there was no reason for anxiety, for, as the hour for dinner drew nigh, the three captains emerged from the woods, two of them carrying the ladder and the other a bundle of sticks. Dolor Tripp and her companions were then near the bow of the vessel, and concealed from view of the persons on shore. By the time the boat had nearly reached the schooner the three water-walkers came around the bow, and there never were more astonished mariners than our captains when they beheld the three heads and shoulders which apparently floated towards them. Captain Cyrus, who held the tiller, was so startled that he nearly fell overboard, and in their sudden consternation the two others allowed a few words of the swearing variety to escape from their lips — the first we had heard from them since they had entered our service.

"Now you see," said Lord Crabstairs to Dolor Tripp, "if those sailors had taken a snail with them and we had had a snail, we could have let them know what was the matter, and they would have turned back immediately and taken us out of the water. Every ship should carry a lot of snails in case the people on board get separated."

The butcher shrugged his shoulders, but evidently saw no way of bringing his frogs' legs to the fore.

Our friends were soon on board and in dry clothes; and when the butcher appeared on deck he took me to one side and remarked: "As I was walking round this ship I made up my mind it would n't be long before her barnacles grew down into the sand bank — that is, if they grow that way; and when that happens, and taking into consideration the seventy cart-loads of paving stones in her hold, she 'll have a pretty strong foundation. But of course there 's no use saying anything of that kind to the ladies, especially if they 're beginning to feel as if they 'd like to be getting on to Boston."

## XII.

### DOLOR TRIPP TAKES US UNDER HER WING.

THE gloomy remarks of the butcher in regard to the permanency of the *Merry Chanter's* position had a certain effect upon me. I did not agree with him, for I had full faith in the knowledge and experience of our skipper, and believed that when the exceptional gale and the exceptional tide came along together our ship would float off the sand bank and sail out of Shankashank Bay. But the continual allusions of the butcher to our barnacles and our seventy cart-loads of paving stones could but depress me. It would require such a very high tide and such a very strong gale to move us. As we had started for Boston, I wanted to go there.

Doris, to my surprise, appeared to have become reconciled to the delay. Of course, as she had started for Boston, she wanted to go there; but, as she several times remarked, she did not wish to be unreasonable. She knew there were many delays connected with voyages on sailing vessels, such as calms, head winds, and the like, and she supposed the cause of our present detention was equivalent to a calm. With this view Captain Timon coincided.

She had begun to feel at home in Shankashank Bay, and so long as she had to stay she determined to make the best of it. And in this resolve she was joined by the rest of the ship's company.

Lord Crabstairs could sing a good song, and he sang a great many. The butcher had a deep and earnest voice, and with this he joined in choruses. The rest of us also did our duty in this line according to our abilities. The schoolmaster conducted spelling-bees; Doris told stories, which she did excellently well; and I delivered one lecture on "The Analysis of Lava." The only person, however, who appeared to be much interested in the subject was Lord Crabstairs, who inquired if there were any old volcanoes near Boston. I think this question was inspired by a glimmer of hope in regard to the lifting of the hereditary debts of his family; for when I told him that there were no volcanoes, new or old, near the port to which we were bound, he fixed his eyes upon the back of Dolor Tripp, and I am sure gave no further thought to lava.

On the second day after the water promenade a picnic on shore was proposed; and immediately after dinner the two ladies, with myself, the butcher, Lord Crabstairs, and the

schoolmaster, went on shore. The latter declined at first to be of our party, for fear that Mrs. Bodship might catch sight of him; but as the butcher lent him a gown and a high silk hat, he was convinced that he might go with us without danger of being recognized — at least at a distance. He took with him the sandpiper in its cage; for although the bird was well on its way to recovery, he considered it not yet able to take care of itself.

Our plan was to go some distance inland, eat our supper at an appropriate rural spot, and, returning to the shore at the close of the day, take a moonlight row on Shankashank Bay. This was to be long or short according to our pleasure, and when it was over we would return to the *Merry Chanter*. We invited any of the captains who chose to accompany us, but they all declined. The exceptional gale might come in with the tide, and in that case they should all be on board to take the schooner out into deeper water.

We rambled about two miles inland, and our little excursion was enjoyed by all of us until we were preparing to return to the shore after having eaten our supper. Then a sudden rain-storm burst upon us, and we ceased to enjoy the excursion. Hastily gathering up our baskets and wraps, we ran for the nearest house; but as this was about a quarter of a mile away, we were well wet before we got there.

Even when we reached it we found it a poor place of refuge. It was a very small house, and there was nobody at home but a boy and girl, who, I am sure, would not have admitted us if we had knocked at the main door. But as we rushed pell-mell into the kitchen from the back of the house, they had no option in regard to our entrance. The girl, however, locked the door of the front or best room so that we should not go in there with our wet feet and clothes, and we were obliged to bestow ourselves as well as we could in the little kitchen, in which there was one chair. There was no fire, and the girl declared there was no need of making one until her mother came home with the supper, and that now she would not come until the rain was over. Had we been able to discover any fuel we would have made the fire ourselves; but as we saw none, we merely stood about and grumbled.

The heavy clouds, which had come up so fast from behind the woods in which we had supped, brought darkness upon us at least an hour before we expected it, and the rain continued to fall steadily. When we had spent half an hour or more in the dismal little kitchen Dolor Tripp spoke up.

"It will never do to stay here," she said. "We shall take our deaths of cold. Our house is not a mile away, and the best thing we can do is to go there. We are so wet now that we might as well be wetter, and when we get there we can warm and dry ourselves and stay until the rain is over."

This suggestion was accepted instantly, and heaping coals of fire upon the heads of the youngsters by giving them some small change, we tramped out into the storm. Dolor Tripp declared that dark as it was she knew she could find the way, for the road to her house was a moderately direct one, having but few turns; and, supported by Lord Crabstairs and the butcher, she led the way.

The road might have been direct enough and smooth enough if we could have kept in the middle of it; but the sides on which, without intending it, we did most of our walking were very rough, and as we frequently ran against the fences on either side, Dolor Tripp declared that she believed that the roads were a good deal narrower by night than by day. But during our slow and stumbling progress we cheered ourselves with two reflections — we were getting nearer and nearer to a sheltering roof, and the exercise was keeping us from taking cold.

After walking for what seemed to me a very long time, Dolor Tripp remarked that she believed that she had passed a fork in the road where we should have turned to the right, and that we must go back a little. We went back; but after stumbling and splashing and peering about for nearly a quarter of an hour, our guide said that she now believed we had not passed the fork, and we might as well keep on.

We kept on and on and on, and at last we came to a fork,— which the butcher discovered,— and then we turned to the right. The rain now began to slacken, the clouds grew a little thinner, and a diluted and shadowed moonlight enabled us better to find our way. I asserted that I believed it would be well to change our course, and, instead of going to the Tripp house, turn shoreward and get back to the schooner as soon as possible.

This proposition, however, met with no favor. The others declared that as the road to the shore would from this point lead us over fields and sand hills we should be lost, and should miserably perish; whereas, from the Tripp house to the boat-landing we all knew the way, which, moreover, we need not take until we had dried ourselves and rested.

We therefore pressed on; and as we could now see the roadway, which, although sloppy, was comparatively smooth, we made fair progress, and after a time the house of our destination loomed up dark before us. As we made our way to the front gate Dolor Tripp remarked: "Of course they are abed and asleep, for they

always go to bed early, and the gate must be locked."

"But I hope they will get up and open it," said I.

"Not Alwilda and Lizeth," she said. "You would n't think that if you knew them. They would n't unlock the gate after dark, even if they were up; and as to getting out of bed to do it, they 'd let Queen Victoria stand here and wait till morning."

For some time I had been in a bad humor, and I now felt very much provoked. "It might have been well," I said, "if you had thought of all this before you brought us here."

"I did, partly," said Dolor Tripp. "That is, I thought it would be just as well that they should be in bed and asleep when we got here, for I know Alwilda will talk dreadfully to me about going to Boston, and perhaps talk me out of it; but I did n't happen to think that if they were not up we might not get in."

"There is no need bothering about the gate," quickly spoke up the butcher. "I can make an opening in this fence and not hurt it, either. And when we get inside the yard I expect we can find some window or door unfastened. There always is in country houses."

Dolor Tripp replied that if he did not hurt the fence she thought that would be a good plan, and in a few minutes the butcher had felt along the fence and found a place where the pales were somewhat loose, by reason of age. He and Lord Crabstairs then pulled five or six of them from their bottom fastenings and pushed them to one side, so that the party easily entered.

The butcher enjoined us to make as little noise as possible. It was natural that he should not wish to wake up a woman who might talk Dolor Tripp into not going to Boston. Then he said he would go by himself round the house and try the shutters and doors.

"You need n't do that," said Dolor Tripp. "There is n't a door or a window on the lower floor that is n't bolted, or locked, or barred, or screwed up."

There was a little murmur among us. The rain had almost ceased, but we were tired, wet, and miserable, and what we wanted above all things was to rest ourselves before a fire. The situation was disheartening, and as for Doris and me, we did not care whether the sisters were wakened or not so that we got in and were warmed.

"I 'll knock at the door," said I, "and make some one come down and open it."

Dolor Tripp held up a warning hand. "Don't do that," she said. "Alwilda has a gun. I 've thought of a way to get in. Do you see that pine tree at the corner of the house? That is the tree that I expected the burglars to climb up when I used to sit and watch for them. And if a burglar could do it, I should think some one else could; and then he could easily push up the sash of that window and get in, and go through the room into the hall and down the stairs, and take down the bar from this door and unlock it, and let us in."

"I 'll do it!" said the butcher the moment she had finished speaking; and without delay he advanced towards the tree.

"I would climb up and go in myself," said Lord Crabstairs, "but I am not sure that I understand these American houses."

The butcher took off his gown, which clung to him like a wet shroud, and casting it upon the grass he began to ascend the tree. This he did easily and rapidly, the horizontal branches affording him convenient hold for foot and hand. Very soon he was inside the house, and we listened anxiously, fearing that we might hear a noisy stumbling and the report of Alwilda's gun. But we heard no noise at all; and after what seemed an unnecessarily protracted period of waiting, the front door quietly opened.

"I did n't strike the stairs at first," whispered the butcher, "and I went too far along that upper hall; but when I came against a door that was partly open I knew I was wrong, and turned back."

"Mercy!" gasped Dolor Tripp. "That was their room!"

We all now entered, and the butcher gently closed the door behind us. There was an unshuttered window at the other end of the hall through which came enough dim light to enable us faintly to discern one another and surrounding objects.

"I 'll go first," whispered Dolor Tripp, "and take you to the old part of the house."

So saying she led us, all stepping as softly as we could, to a transverse hall, and along this to a large open door, through which we passed and went down three steps into another hall. This was very short; and opening a door at the end of it Dolor Tripp ushered us into a large room, into which the moonbeams, now grown brighter, came through a small unshuttered window high up in the wall.

Dolor Tripp, who seemed to be used to doing things in semi-darkness, took down an iron candlestick from the mantelpiece, and asked if anybody had a match. One was immediately produced by Lord Crabstairs and the candle was lighted.

"Now," said she, holding the light above her head, "this is the kitchen of the old house. Part of the old house was torn down to make room for the new one, which is pretty old itself, but this kitchen was left. If some one will close that door we shall be entirely shut off from

the rest of the house, and then we need not be so particular about keeping quiet."

I did not care a snap whether this part of the house was old or new, but I saw before me a great old-fashioned fireplace with some charred logs lying upon the iron andirons, and at one end of the hearth a pile of firewood. This was what we had come for. We fell to work, and in ten minutes a great fire was blazing and crackling, the wet wraps of the ladies were removed, and we all were gathered around the hearth, which fortunately was large enough to accommodate the six of us. It is astonishing how the genial heat dried our shoes and clothes and raised our spirits.

The schoolmaster and the butcher sat at the corners of the fireplace, and they were very well placed indeed. The former took off his gown and hung it on a crane that extended from one side of the great fireplace. He wished to have it dry enough to put on when he went out. It was not probable that Mrs. Bodship would be rambling about the country at night, but he wanted to feel quite safe.

"Now, then," said Doris, "if we only had some good hot tea we ought to be perfectly happy."

"And something to eat," added Lord Crabstairs. "I, for one, am half famished."

"You can have both tea and something to eat," said Dolor Tripp. "We have used this kitchen as a storeroom for the things we buy in quantities. In that cupboard is a box of tea, and there is sugar and salt and spices, and a barrel of flour."

"We can't do anything with flour and salt without waiting ever so long," said Doris.

"I feel as if I could eat them without baking," said Lord Crabstairs.

"You need n't do that," said Dolor Tripp. "I can go quietly to the other end of the house, where the pantry is. There is always something to eat there. But first let us boil the kettle. If you, sir, will move your gown a little farther to the back of the crane there is a kettle here which we can hang over the fire."

Under her direction the butcher, with as little noise as possible, pumped some water from a cistern under the kitchen, and when the kettle was filled and over the fire the two ladies got down some cups, saucers, and a tea-pot from the shelves of a dresser which seemed to be filled with old-time pottery.

Then Dolor Tripp started to go to the pantry. "I will blow out the candle," she said, "and take it with me. Then I will light it when I get there. They are very hard to wake, but a light passing through the house might do it. You folks won't mind sitting here in the firelight?"

Of course we did not mind, and Doris offered to go with her. The two opened the kitchen door and went out into the little hall. In a moment they returned.

"What do you think," said Doris, in an excited undertone; "the door at the top of the steps that leads into the main building is fastened, and we cannot open it!"

In great surprise we all rose to our feet and looked towards Dolor Tripp that she might tell us what to think. "Is there a spring-lock on the door?" I asked.

"No," said she, "there is no spring-lock, and we did not close the door after us. We shut only this kitchen door. But I know who did it," she added, quietly. "It was the ghost. It is one of its ways to lock and bolt doors."

## XIII.

### THE PIE GHOST.

"THE ghost!" exclaimed Doris, with a quick grasp upon the arm of Dolor Tripp.

"I was sure of it!" said the butcher, looking straight in front of him and speaking very decidedly. "I saw something white moving in the front hall as I came down the stairs. I knew it for a ghost, but I did n't say anything, for I did n't suppose it would meddle with six people."

"Fiddle-faddle!" said Lord Crabstairs. "There are no such things as ghosts." And with this opinion I coincided. The schoolmaster said nothing. He resumed his seat at the side of the fireplace and rearranged his gown upon the crane, so as to expose all parts of it to the heat. It might be necessary to put it on suddenly.

"There is no mistake about this ghost," said Dolor Tripp. "If you will all sit down till the kettle boils I will tell you about it."

We resumed our seats in front of the fire, and the butcher put on some fresh sticks.

"It has been in this house," said Dolor, still holding the unlighted candle, "ever since I first came here, a little girl only ten years old. I soon began to see it, though I don't believe it often saw me."

"Did n't it frighten you nearly to death?" asked Doris.

"No," replied the other. "At first I thought it belonged to the house just as much as any of the other queer things which I found here, and there seemed to be no reason why I should be frightened at one thing more than another."

"What did your sisters say about it?" asked Doris.

"They did n't say anything," replied the other. "I soon began to believe that they did n't know anything about it, and I was afraid

that if I told them they would have something done to drive it out of the house."

We all looked at her in amazement. "And you did not want that?" asked Lord Crabstairs.

"No, indeed," replied Dolor Tripp. "I used to like to watch for it. I would go into different parts of the house at night and watch for it, hoping it would come by. Sometimes weeks and weeks would pass without my seeing it, and then I would get a glimpse of it on two or three nights in succession."

"What did it look like?" asked Doris.

"Its head was light or whitish, and below it gradually melted down into darkness."

"That was it," said the butcher. "That is exactly like the thing I saw."

"And you never, never told your sisters," said Doris, "that they were living in the house with a ghost?"

"No, indeed!" replied Dolor Tripp. "You see, before we came here we lived in a horrid little house in the town, and when it was decided by the court that this place belonged to us nobody was so glad as I was. So, as I told you, I did not want Alwilda and Lizeth to do anything to drive the ghost away; but what I was most afraid of was that they might find that they could n't get rid of it, and would go away themselves. I would n't have that happen for anything in the world."

"And so," said Doris, "as the burglars would not come you did n't want to lose the visits of a ghost."

"Perhaps so," replied Dolor Tripp. "And now the kettle is boiling, and we can have some tea, if we can't get anything else."

"As for ghosts," interjected Lord Crabstairs, "I never have believed in them, and never shall. But I do know that I am as hungry as a wolf; and if you 'll allow me, miss, I 'll push open that door, no matter who fastened it on the other side, and I 'll go with you to the pantry, or anywhere else where there 's bread and meat, and defend you against all comers, ghost or otherwise."

"Oh, you must not do that!" exclaimed Dolor Tripp. "The door would be broken, and Alwilda and Lizeth would surely wake up."

"As for believing in ghosts," said the butcher, "a good deal depends upon who does the believing. If you 've never had a chance of seeing ghosts, sir, you are out of the race."

The candle was now lighted, and cups of hot tea were served by the ladies. I hurriedly drank a cup and then began to consider the situation. I went to the door at the top of the steps and tried it, thinking perhaps there might be a mistake in regard to its being fastened. But there had been no mistake. It was locked, and the key was on the other side. I did not like to be fastened up against my will in any place or by any agency.

I now insisted that we should leave this place without delay, by a window if there was no other outlet, and make our way to our boat.

"Oh, you can't get out," said Dolor Tripp, "until he unfastens the door. The window sashes are all nailed and screwed fast, and the outside shutters and that back door are padlocked. Alwilda and Lizeth are very particular about having this kitchen secure from burglars. But you need n't worry. That door will be opened before long. The ghost always does that after making you wait a little while."

"I think it is rather jolly," said Doris, "to have a ghost for a jailer, though I can't really say I should like to have him come in and bring us a jug of water and a loaf of bread."

"If he will do that," said Lord Crabstairs, "I 'll believe in him; although I don't care for the water, and should like him to fetch some meat or cheese with the bread."

Doris suddenly turned towards the schoolmaster. "What have you done with the sandpiper?" she said.

The butcher started. "You are not thinking of eating him?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said Doris, with a laugh. "We have not got so low as that yet, although I must admit that I also am awfully hungry. But talking of things to eat made me think of the bird, and I wondered what had become of it."

"I left the cage," said the schoolmaster, "just outside by the front door. I put my hat over it to keep the rain off the sandpiper."

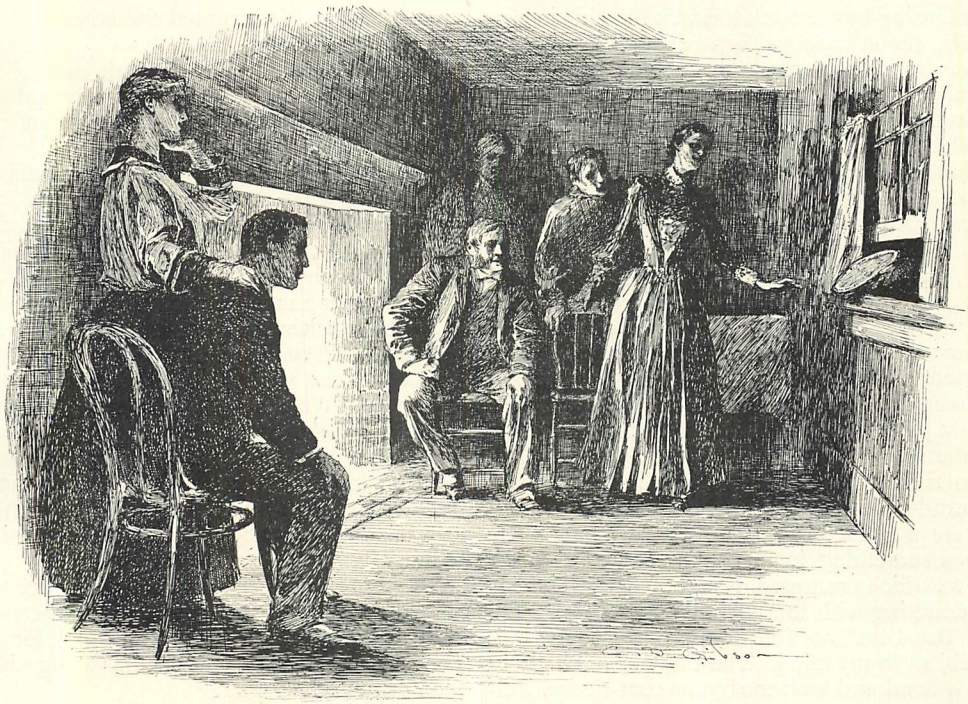
Lord Crabstairs smote his knees with his hands and laughed. "Why, man," he cried, "that tall silk hat has blown forty miles across country by this time!"

The butcher looked at him severely. "That's all right!" he said. "I should like to know how it could get out of this yard with such a high fence and no gate open. I don't believe it 's raining, anyway; so you may feel sure, ma'am, that the sandpiper is comfortable."

At this moment there was a little noise at one of the windows, and, turning my eyes in that direction, I saw the lower sash raised a couple of inches. I was about to spring towards the window when Doris, who had followed my glance, caught me by the coat.

Instantly we all rose to our feet, and as we looked at the window, beyond which we could see nothing, something like a young moon began to protrude itself through the opening under the sash. In a moment the lunar apparition had greatly increased in size and was a half-moon.

Dolor Tripp now made a quick step forward. "Keep back, all of you," she said. "I know



THE PIE GHOST.

what it is." And going to the window she took hold of the moon, and, drawing it into the room, she held it up to us in all the glory of its fullness.

"A pumpkin pie!" exclaimed Doris.

We gathered about it. It was of the largest size and as yellow as gold. "Oh, delicious!" cried Doris. "Somebody get a knife."

"But where did it come from?" I asked.

"From the ghost, of course," replied Dolor Tripp. "That is one of its ways. It leaves pies about. Several times when it has locked me into a room, I 've just waited quietly until I found the door unfastened, and there outside, just where I would n't step into it, there would be a little pie."

"A lovely ghost!" cried Lord Crabstairs. "I am converted. I believe in him. But this is n't a pie, it 's a tart. Pies are made of meat."

"No, they are not," said the butcher; "at least, not punkin pies. I should think I ought to know what things are made of meat."

"And I ought to know what things are made of fruits and vegetables," retorted Lord Crabstairs. "That is a tart!"

"I 'll toss up to see who is right," said the butcher.

"Done!" said Lord Crabstairs, producing a penny.

"Heads!" cried the butcher.

It was tails.

"All right," said the butcher. "I 'll take some of it, but all the same I never imagined that I should live long enough to eat punkin tart!"

Dolor Tripp quickly cut the pie into six parts, but I would have none of it. I do not believe in ghosts, and will not eat food brought by them. I went to the window and endeavored to raise the sash higher, but could not do so. With all my strength I could not increase the width of the narrow aperture. One of the shutters was open, but the shadow of the main building and a growth of evergreen bushes made everything dark immediately outside.

I left the window, and walking quietly out of the kitchen into the little hall, I again tried the door at the top of the steps. To my delight it was unfastened. I stepped gently back, and looking in at the kitchen door I caught the eye of the butcher, who was finishing his piece of pie. Without attracting the attention of the others, who were making some fresh tea, he came to me.

I whispered to him to follow. We went up the steps, and through the door. We groped our way along the passage, turned into the main hall, opened the front door, and went out.

"It is no ghost," I said. "Let us go around the house and catch him!"

"I began to have my doubts," said the butcher. "The pie was too real."

As quietly as possible we walked along the front of the house and around the end of it,

returning by the back towards the old kitchen. The moon gave us light enough to see our way until we reached the shaded corner by the window; but when we had slowly and gently pushed through the evergreens we found ourselves in almost total darkness, the little light that came from the candle within amounting to almost nothing. But although we could not expect to see an approaching figure, we might hear one, and we stood silently and waited.

But we did not wait long. Down from some region above came a light, misty spot like a will-o'-the-wisp. When it was about five feet from the ground it moved towards the kitchen window. I do not know what the butcher thought, but at this moment it occurred to me that perhaps after all it might be well not to interfere with this apparition. We really had no right to interfere and we were ourselves intruders upon the premises. And whether it were a ghost, or a man, or a woman, there was something in my nature, naturally sensitive, which prompted hesitation before actively interfering with the pursuits of another.

But I had no time properly to revolve this subject in my mind. The butcher reached out one hand and took me by the coat-sleeve. Following the impulse thus given I moved with him towards the window, our feet making no noise upon the soft grass.

Against the faint light in the room, on the side of the window where the shutter was opened, we could see the top of a strangely formed head raised just high enough above the window-sill to enable its owner to look inside. The ghost was watching our friends!

There was a quick movement of the apparition; the butcher had seized it. In the next instant I also laid hold of it. Within my grasp I felt an arm, a human arm quite firm and solid. Not a word was spoken; there was no struggle, no noise. Silently the butcher and I pulled our captive away from the window, through the overhanging evergreen boughs, and out into the moonlight.

There we discovered that we held a man, quite a small man, with a white cap on his head.

"Well, now," said he, looking from one to the other of us, "you have caught me, have n't you? And I must say you did it pretty neat. I knew it was risky, foolin' with sech a big party, but for the life of me I could n't help it. Never sech a chance turned up before in this house!"

"But who are you?" said I.

"You are a stranger to me," replied the little man, "and you would n't know who I was if I told you. Now, this gentleman knows me, and I know him."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed the butcher, "that you are —"

"Yes, I am," interrupted the other.

"And you are the ghost?"

"Now, tell me," asked the little man, "did she take me for a ghost? I always hoped she would, but I could n't help feelin' sort of uncertain about it."

"She certainly did," answered the butcher.

"That 's what I call real jolly!" said our prisoner, rubbing his hands. "Let 's go in, and have it all out. I guess I 've served my time as a spook, and might as well come down to the level of common people."

As the butcher had released his hold of our prisoner, I did so likewise. The little man now started off, and went around the house to the front door. We followed, and he led us into the hall and along the passage to the kitchen. Entering abruptly he stopped near the door, and exclaimed in a cheery voice, and without removing his cap: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, here 's your ghost! What do you think of him?"

The party had been anxiously discussing our absence, and Lord Crabstairs and the schoolmaster were about to start out to look for us. They now all stood in amazement, gazing wide-eyed at the new-comer.

Suddenly Dolor Tripp stepped forward. "Griscom Brothers!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the little man, "I am Griscom Brothers."

"In the name of common sense," said Doris, "please tell me what you two are talking about? Is this the pie ghost?"

"Yes, madam," said Griscom Brothers. "And not only pie but bread, both wheat and Boston-brown, with rye to order; cakes of all kinds, especially home-made ginger; and family bakings and roasts on reasonable terms. In a word — Griscom Brothers."

"Of the village over here," added Dolor Tripp, in further explanation.

"Griscom Brothers," said the butcher, in a tone of confident affirmation.

All this was as surprising to me as it was to the others. As for Lord Crabstairs, he stood up very straight with his feet wide apart, and stared at Griscom Brothers.

"Now, really!" he exclaimed. "It is Brothers, is it? And the ghost of a baker besides!"

"No, sir," spoke up quickly the little man. "I may be a baker ghost, but I 'm not the ghost of a baker; not yet."

"Are you two in one?" asked Lord Crabstairs. "If not, where is the other one of you?"

"My brother," said the little man, "who, with me, gave our business its firm name, is not now living."

"Then," said Lord Crabstairs, "Griscom Brothers is half dead, and has a right to be a half ghost."

"Aha!" said the little man. "That 's about right. Half the time I 'm a baker, and half the time a ghost. And now, then, if you folks care to hear all about it, I 'm ready to talk."

"Care to hear!" said Dolor Tripp. "I 'm on pins and needles to hear!"

The fire was now built up afresh, and again we placed ourselves on our chairs, stools, and boxes about the hearth, Griscom Brothers having a place in the middle, between Dolor Tripp and Doris. I happened to notice that in this arrangement the schoolmaster was left out, and was standing back of our half-circle. But as the schoolmaster was evidently a humble-minded person and did not appear to object to his position, I thought it wise not to disturb the company by interrupting the story which the baker had just begun.

(To be continued.)

*Frank R. Stockton.*

# A GOD OF THE AZTECS.

[The Aztecs chose a youth without blemish, gave him a palace and household, and worshiped him as a god for a year, and then sacrificed him to the god he represented.]

MY fawn, my bride of an hour,
Dark as a dusky cloud,
Lithe-limbed, shadowy-browed,
Why do you droop and cower
As the languid lilies nod
With the weight of the sunset shower?
Is it sad, my fawn, my flower,
To be the bride of a god?

Have you left the garden gloom,
To be sad here for my sake—
To sit in the pillared room,
With your tender, tearful gaze;
Have you left the garden ways
And the women half awake—
My silent, statuesque women—
As cool and calm as the lake
That they lave the languid limb in?

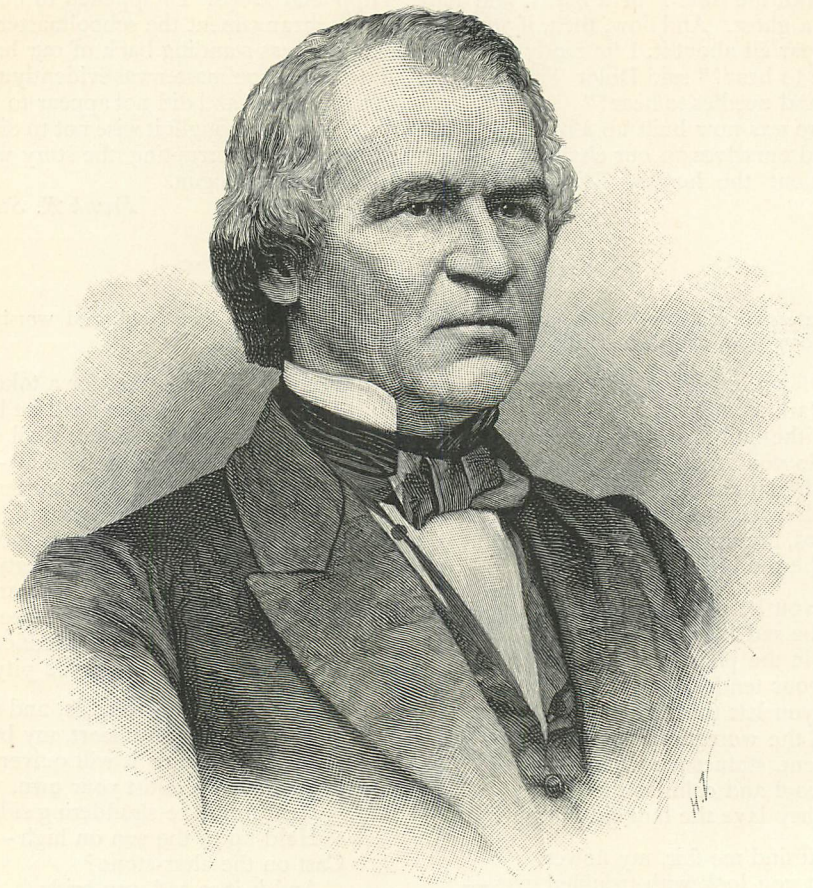
Do you find me fair, my flower,
That you look with troubled eyes—
Fashioned without a flaw
For a god and a sacrifice?
I walk in the morning hour
And the people gather in awe,
The people gather and gaze
As I walk in the crowded ways;
The flowers are on my head,
The flowers are under my feet;
I touch my lute in the street,
And the throng with the lute are led.

Do you shrink from the scent of the flowers?
Do you start at the lute's soft sound?
Do you count the passing hours—
The hours of my pomp and pride—
Do you think of the day, my bride,
That the circling stars bring round,
The day when my feet shall ascend
Where the altar-stone is laid—
The day when my hand shall rend
The lute whereon I have played—
When I lay my godhood down
With the robes that the god arrayed,
And part my blossoming crown,
And fling the flowers to the gale
From the temple tops, for a token
That the pride of man shall be broken,
And the beauty of man shall fade,
And the life of man shall fail—
When we wind with steps unsteady
Up the sides of the pyramid,
When we wind, now seen, now hid
From the eyes of the gazing city—
While the black-robed priest stands ready
With the sullen fire in his eyes,
With the knife for the sacrifice—
The priest who has outlived pity?

Do you start, and tremble, and shiver
As you lie on my heart, my bride?
Do you fancy how it will quiver
As it quivers against your own,
Rent from the shuddering side,
Held up to the sun on high—
Cast on the altar-stone?
And is it so sad, my bride,
To have been a god—and to die?
I am fair, my flower, my fawn,
I am strong and supple and slim—
I must die in my perfect dawn,
With the bowl of life at the brim,
Ere the foot can gather a stain
From the earth it has scarcely trod,
Or the eye begin to dim,
Or the blood begin to wane
From body, and brow, and limb
That have borne the name of a god!

My heart shall break on the altar,
And yours shall break for this!
I will drain your love like wine,
At the single draught of a kiss,
And grow too strong to falter
For the thought of the things I miss;
And upon your lips resign
The less for the larger bliss—
The smiles that might have been mine
For one of your tender tears,
And a life of common years
For a year of the life divine!

*Helen Thayer Hutcheson.*



ANDREW JOHNSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

## THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL—THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS —THE MOURNING PAGEANT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL.

THE 14th of April was a day of deep and tranquil happiness throughout the United States. It was Good Friday, observed by a portion of the people as an occasion of fasting and religious meditation; but even among the most devout the great tidings of the preceding week exerted their joyous influence, and changed this period of traditional mourning into an occasion of general and profound thanksgiving. Peace, so strenuously fought for, so long sought and prayed for, with prayers uttered and unutterable, was at last near at hand, its dawn visible on the reddening hills. The sermons all day were full of gladness; the Misereres turned of themselves to Te Deums. The country from morning till evening was filled with a solemn joy; but the date was not to lose its awful significance in the calendar: at night it was claimed once more, and forever, by a world-wide sorrow.

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The thanksgiving of the nation found its principal expression at Charleston harbor. A month before, when Sherman had "conquered Charleston by turning his back upon it," the Government resolved that the flag of the Union should receive a conspicuous reparation on the spot where it had first been outraged. It was ordered by the President that General Robert Anderson should, at the hour of noon on the 14th day of April, raise and plant on the ruins of Fort Sumter the identical flag lowered and saluted by him four years before. In the absence of General Sherman the ceremonies were in the charge of General Gillmore. Henry Ward Beecher, the most famous of the anti-slavery preachers of the North, was selected to deliver an oration. The surrender of Lee, the news of which arrived at Charleston on the eve of the ceremonies, gave a more transcendent importance to the celebration, which became at once the occasion of a national thanksgiving over the downfall of the rebellion. On the day fixed, Charleston was filled with a great concourse of distinguished officers and citizens. Its long-deserted streets were crowded with an eager multitude and gay with innumerable flags, while the air was thrilled from an early hour with patriotic strains from the many bands, and shaken with the thunder of Dahlgren's fleet, which opened the day by firing from every vessel a national salute of twenty-one guns. By eleven o'clock a brilliant gathering of boats, ships, and steamers of every sort had assembled around the battered ruin of the fort; the whole bay seemed covered with the vast flotilla, planted with a forest of masts, whose foliage was the triumphant banners of the nation. The same chaplain[1] who had officiated at the raising of the flag over Sumter, at the first scene of the war, now offered a prayer; Dr. Richard S. Storrs and the people read, in alternate verses, a selection of psalms of thanksgiving and victory, beginning with these marvelous words which have preserved for so many ages the very pulse and throb of the joy of redemption:

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

And at the close, before the Gloria, the people and the minister read all together, in a voice that seemed to catch the inspiration of the hour:

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.

General Townsend[2] then read the original dispatch announcing the fall of Sumter, and precisely as the bells of the ships struck the hour of noon, General Anderson, with his own hands seizing the halyards, hoisted to its place the flag which he had seen lowered before the opening guns of rebellion. As the starry banner floated out upon the breeze, which freshened at the moment as if to embrace it, a storm of joyful acclamation burst forth from the vast assembly, mingled with the music of hundreds of instruments, the shouts of the people, and the full-throated roar of great guns from the Union and the captured rebel forts alike, on every side of the harbor, thundering their harmonious salute to the restored banner. General Anderson made a brief and touching speech, the people sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Beecher delivered an address in his best and gravest manner, filled with an earnest, sincere, and unboastful spirit of nationality; with a feeling of brotherhood to the South, prophesying for that section the advantages which her defeat has in fact brought her; a speech as brave, as gentle, and as magnanimous as the occasion demanded. In concluding he said, and we quote his words, as they embodied the opinion of all men of good will on this last day of Abraham Lincoln's life:

We offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom.

At sunset another national salute was fired; the evening was given up to social festivities; the most distinguished of the visitors were entertained at supper by General Gillmore; a brilliant show of fireworks by Admiral Dahlgren illuminated the bay and the circle of now friendly forts, at the very moment when at the capital of the nation a little group of conspirators were preparing the blackest crime which sullies the record of the century.

In Washington also it was a day, not of exultation, but of deep peace and thankfulness. It was the fifth day after the surrender of Lee; the first effervescence of that intoxicating success had passed away. The President had,

[1] The Rev. Matthias Harris.

[2] Gen. E. D. Townsend, afterwards Adjutant-General, U. S. A.

with that ever-present sense of responsibility which distinguished him, given his thoughts instantly to the momentous question of the restoration of the Union and harmony between the lately warring sections. He had, in defiance of precedent and even of his own habit, delivered to the people on the 11th, from the windows of the White House, his well-considered views as to the measures demanded by the times. His whole heart was now enlisted in the work of "binding up the nation's wounds," of doing all which might "achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." Grant had arrived that morning in Washington and immediately proceeded to the Executive Mansion, where he met the Cabinet, Friday being their regular day of meeting. He expressed some anxiety as to the news from Sherman, which he was expecting hourly. The President answered him in that singular vein of poetic mysticism which, though constantly held in check by his strong common sense, formed a remarkable element in his character. He assured Grant that the news would come soon and come favorably, for he had last night had his usual dream which preceded great events. He seemed to be, he said, in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, moving with great rapidity towards a dark and indefinite shore; he had had this dream before Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and Vicksburg. The Cabinet were greatly impressed by this story; but Grant, the most matter-of-fact of created beings, made the characteristic response that "Murfreesboro' was no victory, and had no important results." The President did not argue this point with him, but repeated that Sherman would beat or had beaten Johnston; that his dream must relate to that, as he knew of no other important event which was likely at present to occur.[1]

The subject of the discussion which took place in the Cabinet on that last day of Lincoln's firm and tolerant rule has been preserved for us in the notes of Mr. Welles. They were written out, it is true, seven years afterwards, at a time when Grant was President, seeking reëlection, and when Mr. Welles had followed Andrew Johnson into full fellowship with the Democratic party. Making whatever allowance is due for the changed environment of the writer, we still find his account[2] of the day's conversation candid and trustworthy. The subject of trade between the States was the first that engaged the attention of the Cabinet. Mr. Stanton wished it to be carried on under somewhat strict military supervision; Mr. Welles was in favor of a more liberal system; Mr. McCulloch, new to the Treasury, and embarrassed by his grave responsibilities, favored the abolition of the Treasury agencies, and above all desired a definite understanding of the purpose of the Government. The President, seeing that in this divergence of views among men equally able and honest there lay the best chance of a judicious arrangement, appointed the three Secretaries as a commission with plenary power to examine the whole subject, announcing himself as content in advance with their conclusions.

The great subject of the reëstablishment of civil government in the Southern States was then taken up. Mr. Stanton had, a few days before, drawn up a project for an executive ordinance for the preservation of order and the rehabilitation of legal processes in the States lately in rebellion. The President, using this sketch as his text, not adopting it as a whole, but saying that it was substantially the result of frequent discussions in the Cabinet, spoke at some length on the question of reconstruction, than which none more important could ever engage the attention of the Government. It was providential, he thought, that this matter should have arisen at a time when it could be considered, so far as the Executive was concerned, without interference by Congress. If they were wise and discreet, they should reanimate the States and get their governments in successful operation, with order prevailing and the Union reëstablished, before Congress came together in December. The President felt so kindly towards the South, he was so sure of the Cabinet under his guidance, that he was anxious to close the period of strife without overmuch discussion. He was particularly desirous to avoid the shedding of blood, or any vindictiveness of punishment. He gave plain notice that morning that he would have none of it. "No one need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them.[3] Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off," said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep. "Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union."[4] He depre-

1 This story is told by the Hon. Gideon Welles in an article printed in "The Galaxy" for April, 1872. It was frequently told by Charles Dickens with characteristic amplifications. See also "The Life of George Eliot."

2 "The Galaxy," April, 1872.

3 Welles, in "The Galaxy."

4 Near the close of the war his old friend, Joseph Gillespie, asked him what was to be done with the rebels. He answered, after referring to the vehement demand prevalent in certain quarters for exemplary punishment, by quoting the words of David to his nephews, who were asking for vengeance on Shimei because "he cursed the Lord's anointed": "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah, that ye should this day be adversaries unto me? Shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel?"

cated the disposition he had seen in some quarters to hector and dictate to the people of the South, who were trying to right themselves. He regretted that suffrage, under proper arrangement, had not been given to negroes in Louisiana, but he held that their constitution was in the main a good one. He was averse to the exercise of arbitrary powers by the Executive or by Congress. Congress had the undoubted right to receive or reject members; the Executive had no control in this; but the Executive could do very much to restore order in the States, and their practical relations with the Government, before Congress came together.

Mr. Stanton then read his plan for the temporary military government of the States of Virginia and North Carolina, which for this purpose were combined in one department. This gave rise at once to extended discussion, Mr. Welles and Mr. Dennison opposing the scheme of uniting two States under one government. The President closed the session by saying the same objection had occurred to him, and by directing Mr. Stanton to revise the document and report separate plans for the government of the two States. He did not wish the autonomy nor the individuality of the States destroyed. He commended the whole subject to the most earnest and careful consideration of the Cabinet; it was to be resumed on the following Tuesday; it was, he said, the great question pending — they must now begin to act in the interest of peace.

These were the last words that Lincoln spoke to his Cabinet. They dispersed with these words of clemency and good-will in their ears, never again to meet under his wise and benignant chairmanship. He had told them that morning a strange story, which made some demand upon their faith, but the circumstances under which they were next to come together were beyond the scope of the wildest fancy. The day was one of unusual enjoyment to Mr. Lincoln. His son Robert had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young soldier in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to the throng of visitors, admitting only a few friends.

Schuyler Colfax, who was contemplating a visit overland to the Pacific, came to ask whether the President would probably call an extra session of Congress during the summer. Mr. Lincoln assured him that he had no such intention, and gave him a verbal message to the mining population of Colorado and the western slope of the mountains concerning the part they were to take in the great conquests of peace which were coming. In the afternoon he went for a long drive with Mrs. Lincoln. His mood, as it had been all day, was singularly happy and tender. He talked much of the past and the future; after four years of trouble and tumult he looked forward to four years of comparative quiet and normal work; after that he expected to go back to Illinois and practice law again. He was never simpler or gentler than on this day of unprecedented triumph; his heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, which took the shape usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men.

From the very beginning of his Presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the proper expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings were not less numerous; the vaporings of village bullies, the extravagances of excited secessionist politicians, even the drolling of practical jokers, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice. In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite, when they came to be examined proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence.[1] He had himself so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in a political hatred so deadly as to lead to murder. He would sometimes laughingly say, "Our friends on the other side would make nothing by exchanging me for Hamlin," the Vice-President having the reputation of more radical views than his chief.

He knew indeed that incitements to murder him were not uncommon in the South. An advertisement had appeared in a paper of Selma, Alabama, in December, 1864, opening a subscription for funds to effect the assassination of Lincoln, Seward, and Johnson before the

[1] All Presidents receive the visits of persons more or less demented. Mr. Hayes, when about to retire one day from his working-room, asked his messenger if there was any one waiting to see him. "Only two," the attendant replied, "and one of them is crazy." "Send in the sane one," said the President. A grave-looking man was introduced, who announced himself as the emperor of the world. The President rang the bell, and told the messenger if that was his idea of sanity to send in the maniac.

inauguration.[1] There was more of this murderous spirit abroad than was suspected. A letter was found in the Confederate Archives[2] from one Lieutenant Alston, who wrote to Jefferson Davis immediately after Lincoln's reëlection offering to "rid his country of some of her deadliest enemies by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery." This shameless proposal was referred, by Mr. Davis's direction, to the Secretary of War; and by Judge Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, was sent to the Confederate Adjutant-General indorsed "for attention." We can readily imagine what reception an officer would have met with who should have laid before Mr. Lincoln a scheme to assassinate Jefferson Davis. It was the uprightness and the kindliness of his own heart that made him slow to believe that any such ignoble fury could find a place in the hearts of men in their right minds. Although he freely discussed with the officials about him the possibilities of danger, he always considered them remote, as is the habit of men constitutionally brave, and positively refused to torment himself with precautions for his own safety. He would sum the matter up by saying that both friends and strangers must have daily access to him in all manner of ways and places; his life was therefore in reach of any one, sane or mad, who was ready to murder and be hanged for it; that he could not possibly guard against all danger unless he were to shut himself up in an iron box, in which condition he could scarcely perform the duties of a President; by the hand of a murderer he could die only once; to go continually in fear would be to die over and over. He therefore went in and out before the people, always unarmed, generally unattended. He would receive hundreds of visitors in a day, his breast bare to pistol or knife. He would walk at midnight, with a single secretary or alone, from the Executive Mansion to the War Department, and back. He would ride through the lonely roads of an uninhabited suburb from the White House to the Soldiers' Home in the dusk of evening, and return to his work in the morning before the town was astir. He was greatly annoyed when, late in the war, it was decided that there must be a guard stationed at the Executive Mansion, and that a squad of cavalry must accompany him on his daily ride — but he was always reasonable and yielded to the best judgment of others.

Four years of threats and boastings, of alarms that were not founded, and of plots that came to nothing, thus passed away; but precisely at the time when the triumph of the nation over the long insurrection seemed assured, and a feeling of peace and security was diffused over the country, one of the conspiracies, not seemingly more important than the many abortive ones, ripened in the sudden heat of hatred and despair. A little band of malignant secessionists, consisting of John Wilkes Booth, an actor, of a famous family of players, Lewis Powell, alias Payne, a disbanded rebel soldier from Florida, George Atzerodt, formerly a coachmaker, but more recently a spy and blockade runner of the Potomac, David E. Herold, a young druggist's clerk, Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, Maryland secessionists and Confederate soldiers, and John H. Surratt, had their ordinary rendezvous at the house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt,[3] the widowed mother of the last named, formerly a woman of some property in Maryland, but reduced by reverses to keeping a small boarding-house in Washington. Booth was the leader of the little coterie. He was a young man of twenty-six, strikingly handsome, with a pale olive face, dark eyes, and that ease and grace of manner which came to him of right from his theatrical ancestors. He had played for several seasons with only indifferent success; his value as an actor lay rather in his romantic beauty of person than in any talent or industry he possessed. He was a fanatical secessionist; had assisted at the capture and execution of John Brown, and had imbibed, at Richmond and other Southern cities where he had played, a furious spirit of partisanship against Lincoln and the Union party. After the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, which rang the knell of the insurrection, Booth, like many of the secessionists North and South, was stung to the quick by disappointment. He visited Canada, consorted with the rebel emissaries there, and at last — whether or not at their instigation cannot certainly be said — conceived a scheme to capture the President and take him to Richmond. He spent a great part of the autumn and winter inducing a small number of loose fish of secession sympathies to join him in this fantastic enterprise. He seemed always well supplied with money, and talked largely of his speculations in oil as a source of income; but his agent afterwards testified[4] that he never realized a dollar from that source; that his investments, which were inconsiderable, were a total loss. The winter passed away and nothing was accomplished. On the 4th of March, Booth was at the Capitol and created a disturbance by trying to force his way through the line of policemen who guarded the passage through which the President walked to the east front of the building.[5] His

1 Pitman, Conspiracy Trial, p. 51.
2 Ibid., p. 52.
3 541 H Street.
4 Pitman, p. 45.
5 He was seized and held back by John W. Westfall, of the Capitol Police.

intentions at this time are not known; he afterwards said[1] he lost an excellent chance of killing the President that day. There are indications in the evidence given on the trial of the conspirators that they suffered some great disappointment in their schemes in the latter part of March, and a letter from Arnold to Booth,[2] dated March 27, showed that some of them had grown timid of the consequences of their contemplated enterprise and were ready to give it up. He advised Booth, before going further, "to go and see how it will be taken in R—d." But timid as they might be by nature, the whole group was so completely under the ascendency of Booth that they did not dare disobey him when in his presence; and after the surrender of Lee, in an access of malice and rage which was akin to madness, he called them together and assigned each his part in the new crime, the purpose of which had arisen suddenly in his mind out of the ruins of the abandoned abduction scheme. This plan was as brief and simple as it was horrible. Powell, alias Payne, the stalwart, brutal, simple-minded boy from Florida, was to murder Seward; Atzerodt, the comic villain of the drama, was assigned to remove Andrew Johnson; Booth reserved for himself the most difficult and most conspicuous rôle of the tragedy; it was Herold's duty to attend him as a page and aid in his escape. Minor parts were assigned to stage carpenters and other hangers-on, who probably did not understand what it all meant. Herold, Atzerodt, and Surratt had previously deposited at a tavern at Surrattsville, Maryland, owned by Mrs. Surratt, but kept by a man named Lloyd, a quantity of ropes, carbines, ammunition, and whisky, which were to be used in the abduction scheme. On the 11th of April Mrs. Surratt, being at the tavern, told Lloyd to have the shooting irons in readiness, and on Friday, the 14th, again visited the place and told him they would probably be called for that night.

The preparations for the final blow were made with feverish haste; it was only about noon of the 14th that Booth learned the President was to go to Ford's Theater that night. It has always been a matter of surprise in Europe that he should have been at a place of amusement on Good Friday; but the day was not kept sacred in America, except by the members of certain churches. It was not, throughout the country, a day of religious observance. The President was fond of the theater; it was one of his few means of recreation. It was natural enough that, on this day of profound national thanksgiving, he should take advantage of a few hours' relaxation to see a comedy. Besides, the town was thronged with soldiers and officers, all eager to see him; it was represented to him that appearing occasionally in public would gratify many people whom he could not otherwise meet. Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her; they had accepted, and the announcement that they would be present was made as an advertisement in the evening papers; but they changed their minds and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, the daughter and the stepson of Senator Harris. The President's carriage called for these young people, and the four went together to the theater. The President had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress when he arrived. When he appeared in his box the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing, and the audience rose, cheering tumultuously; the President bowed in acknowledgment of this greeting and the play went on.

From the moment Booth ascertained the President's intention to attend the theater in the evening his every action was alert and energetic. He and his confederates, Herold, Surratt, and Atzerodt, were seen on horseback in every part of the city. He had a hurried conference with Mrs. Surratt before she started for Lloyd's tavern. He intrusted to an actor named Matthews a carefully prepared statement of his reasons for committing the murder, which he charged him to give to the publisher of the "National Intelligencer," but which Matthews, in the terror and dismay of the night, burned without showing to any one.[3] Booth was perfectly at home in Ford's Theater, where he was greatly liked by all the employees, without other reason than the sufficient one of his youth and good looks. Either by himself or with the aid of his friends he arranged his whole plan of attack and escape during the afternoon. He counted upon address and audacity to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box; once there, he guarded against interference by an arrangement of a wooden bar to be fastened by a simple mortise in the angle of the wall and the door by which he entered, so that the door could not be opened from without. He even provided for the contingency of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in its door, through which he might either observe the occupants or take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery stable a small, fleet horse, which he showed with pride during the day to barkeepers and loafers among his friends.

The moon rose that night at ten o'clock.

1 Pitman, p. 45.
2 Ibid., p. 236.
3 John F. Coyle, MS. Statement.

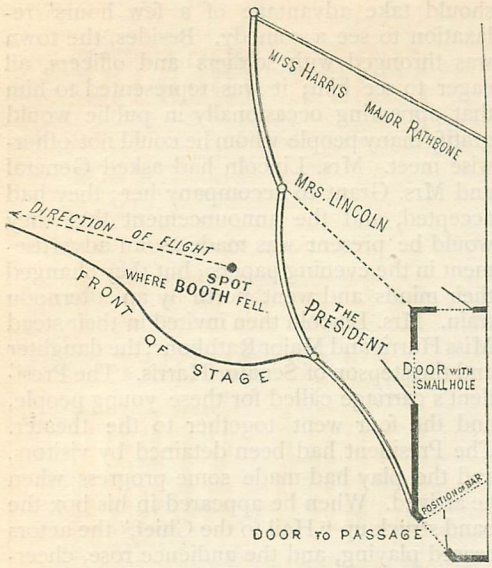



DIAGRAM OF THE BOX IN FORD'S THEATER.
(COPIED FROM THE DRAWING IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

A few minutes before that hour he called one of the underlings of the theater to the back door and left him there holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy, and, entering the theater, passed rapidly through the crowd in rear of the dress circle and made his way to the passage leading to the President's box. He showed a card to a servant in attendance and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly, and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight partition and the door through which he had bored the hole. Their eyes were fixed upon the stage; the play was "Our American Cousin," the original version by Tom Taylor, before Sothern had made a new work of it by his elaboration of the part of *Dundreary*. No one, not even the comedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night — the last Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actors the thinnest of specters. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space — the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company — the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly — fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac.

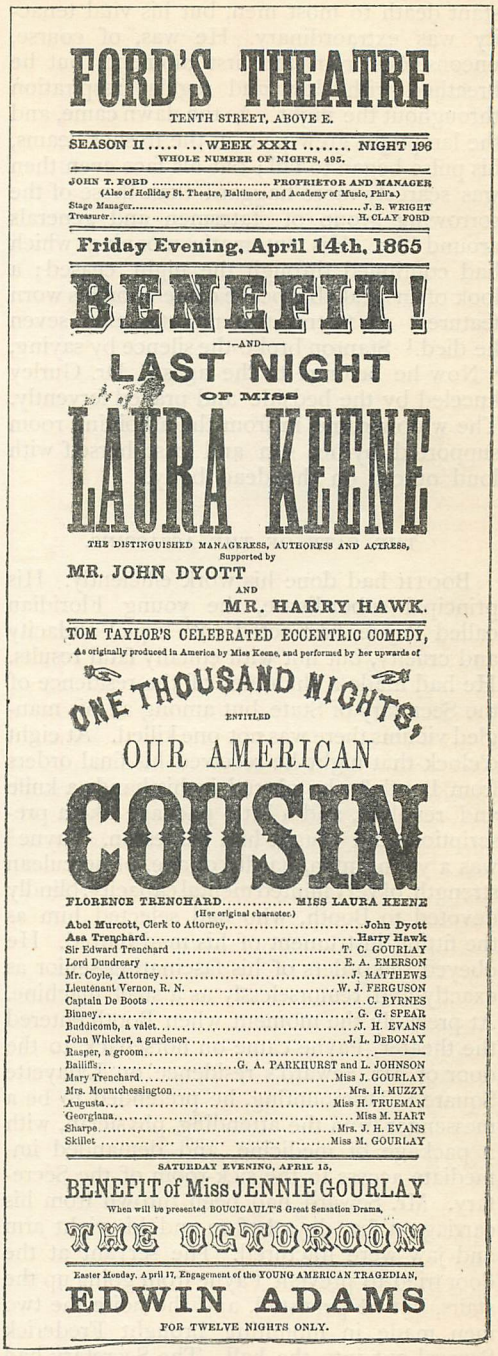
The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. The fumes of brandy and partisan hate had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In "Macbeth," where he met the weird sisters, he leaped from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg, turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the State motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis,"[1] and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, "Stop him!" The cry went out, "He has shot the President." From the audience, at first stupid with surprise

1 Mr. Leopold de Gaillard, writing on the 29th of April, 1865, refers to these words of Booth, which he calls a "stupid phrase" and not American in character. "I remember," he adds, "but one assassination adorned with a Latin quotation, but it took place in Florence, and in the sixteenth century. Lorenzino

and afterwards wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

The President scarcely moved; his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Colonel Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was carried home. Messengers were sent for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone, the President's family physician; a crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it to go to Tenth street. As they were driving away, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news was all so improbable that they could not help hoping it was all untrue. But when they got to Tenth street and found every thoroughfare blocked by the swiftly gathering thousands, agitated by tumultuous excitement, they were prepared for the worst. In a few minutes all who had been sent for, and many others, were gathered in the little chamber where the Chief of the State lay in his agony. His son was met at the door by Dr. Stone, who with grave tenderness informed him that there was no hope. After a natural outburst of grief young Lincoln devoted himself the rest of the night to soothing and comforting his mother.

The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought in-



FORD'S THEATRE

TENTH STREET, ABOVE E.

SEASON II ..... WEEK XXXI ..... NIGHT 196
WHOLE NUMBER OF NIGHTS, 495.

JOHN T. FORD ..... PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
(Also of Holliday St. Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Phil'a)
Stage Manager ..... J. B. WRIGHT
Treasurer ..... H. CLAY FORD

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!

—AND—

LAST NIGHT
OF MISS
LAURA KEENE

THE DISTINGUISHED MANAGERESS, AUTHORESS AND ACTRESS,
Supported by
MR. JOHN DYOTT
AND
MR. HARRY HAWK.

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY,
As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her upwards of
ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,
ENTITLED
OUR AMERICAN
COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD ..... MISS LAURA KEENE
(Her original character)

| | |
|---|---|
| Abel Murcott, Clerk to Attorney, | John Dyott |
| Asa Trenchard | Harry Hawk |
| Sir Edward Trenchard | T. C. GOURLAY |
| Lord Dundreary | E. A. EMERSON |
| Mr. Coyle, Attorney | J. MATTHEWS |
| Lieutenant Vernon, R. N. | W. J. FERGUSON |
| Captain De Boots | C. BYRNES |
| Binney | G. G. SPEAR |
| Buddicomb, a valet | J. H. EVANS |
| John Whicker, a gardener | J. L. DeBONAY |
| Rasper, a groom | |
| Bailiffs | G. A. PARKHURST and L. JOHNSON |
| Mary Trenchard | Miss J. GOURLAY |
| Mrs. Mountchessington | Mrs. H. MUZZY |
| Augusta | Miss H. TRUEMAN |
| Georgiana | Miss M. HART |
| Sharpe | Mrs. J. H. EVANS |
| Skillet | Miss M. GOURLAY |

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15,
BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY
When will be presented BOUCICAULT'S Great Sensation Drama,
THE OCTOROON

Easter Monday, April 17, Engagement of the YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN,
EDWIN ADAMS
FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY.

FACSIMILE OF A PLAY-BILL FOUND IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BOX AFTER THE ASSASSINATION. THE ORIGINAL IS OWNED BY E. A. EMERSON, OF LYNCHBURG, VA.

J. A. Case, of Brooklyn, also has a play-bill, given to A. K. Brown by John T. Ford, the proprietor of Ford's Opera House in Washington, who noted on it that it was found under President Lincoln's chair.—EDITOR.

treacherously killed his cousin, Alexander de Medicie, who was in reality a tyrant, and left in writing near the body the line of Virgil on Brutus: *Vincet Amor patriæ laudumque immensa Cupido.* It was the thirst of fame which was the real incentive to these savage deeds." [Gazette de France, April 30, 1865.]

stant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died.[1] Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages." Dr. Gurley kneeled by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room supported by her son and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.

### THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS.

BOOTH had done his work efficiently. His principal subordinate, the young Floridian called Payne, had acted with equal audacity and cruelty, but not with equally fatal results. He had made a shambles of the residence of the Secretary of State, but among all his mangled victims there was not one killed. At eight o'clock that night he received his final orders from Booth,[2] who placed in his hands a knife and revolver, and a little package like a prescription, and taught him his lesson. Payne[3] was a young man, hardly of age, of herculean strength, of very limited mental capacity, blindly devoted to Booth, who had selected him as the fitting instrument of his mad hatred. He obeyed the orders of his fascinating senior as exactly and remorselessly as a steel machine. At precisely the moment when Booth entered the theater, Payne came on horseback to the door of Mr. Seward's residence on Lafayette Square.[4] Dismounting, he pretended to be a messenger from the attending physician, with a package of medicine, and demanded immediate access to the sick-room of the Secretary. Mr. Seward had been thrown from his carriage a few days before and his right arm and jaw were fractured. The servant at the door tried to prevent Payne from going up the stairs, but he persisted, and the noise the two men made in mounting brought Frederick Seward out into the hall. The Secretary had been very restless and had with difficulty at last been composed to sleep. Fearing that this restorative slumber might be broken, Frederick Seward came out to check the intruders. He met Payne at the head of the stairs, and after hearing his story bade him go back, offering himself to take charge of the medicine. Payne seemed for an instant to give up his purpose in the face of this unexpected obstacle, but suddenly turned and rushed furiously upon Frederick Seward, putting a pistol to his head. It missed fire, and he then began beating him on the head with it, tearing his scalp and fracturing his skull. Still struggling, the two came to the Secretary's room and fell together through the door. Frederick Seward soon became unconscious and remained so for several weeks, being perhaps the last man in the civilized world who learned the strange story of the night. The Secretary lay on the farther side of the bed from the door; in the room was his daughter and a soldier-nurse named Robinson. They both sprang up at the noise of the disturbance; Payne struck them right and left out of his way, wounding Robinson with his knife; then rushed to the bed and began striking at the throat of the crippled statesman, inflicting three terrible wounds in cheek and neck; the Secretary rolled off between the bed and the wall. Robinson had by this time recovered himself and seized the assassin from behind, trying to pull him away from the bed. He fought with the quickness of a cat, stabbing Robinson twice severely over his shoulder, in spite of which the nurse still held on to him bravely. Colonel Augustus Seward, roused by his sister's screams, came in his nightdress into the room, and seeing the two forms in this deadly grapple thought at first his father was delirious and was struggling with the nurse; but noting in a moment the size and strength of the man, he changed his mind and thought that the nurse had gone mad and was murdering the Secretary. Nothing but madness was at first thought of anywhere to account for the night's work. He seized Payne, and after a struggle forced him out of the door—the assassin stabbing him repeatedly about the head and face. Payne broke away at last and ran rapidly downstairs, seriously wounding an attendant named Hansell on the way. He reached the door unhurt, leaped upon his horse, and rode leisurely away out Vermont Avenue to the eastern suburb. When surgical aid arrived, the quiet house, ordinarily so

1 The persons about the deathbed of the President, besides his wife and son, were Vice-President Johnson, all the Cabinet with the exception of Mr. Seward, viz: Stanton, Welles, McCulloch, Usher, Dennison, and Speed; Generals Halleck, Meigs, Farnsworth, Augur, and Todd; Senator Sumner; Rev. Dr. Gurley; Schuyler Colfax; Governor Farwell; Judges Cartter and Otto; Surgeon-General Barnes; Drs. Stone, Crane, and Leale; Major John Hay, A. A. G.; and Maunsell B. Field. Mr. Nicolay was in Charleston at the flag-raising over Sumter.

2 Doster's speech, Pitman, p. 314.

3 His true name was Lewis Thornton Powell.

4 Now the residence of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State.

decorous and well ordered, the scene of an affectionate home life and an unobtrusive hospitality, looked like a field hospital; five of its inmates were bleeding from ghastly wounds, and two of them — among the highest officials of the nation — it was thought might never see the light of another day; though all providentially recovered.

The assassin left behind him in his flight his bloodstained knife, his revolver,— or rather the fragments of it, for he had beaten it to pieces over the head of Frederick Seward,— and his hat. This last apparently trivial loss cost him and one of his fellow-conspirators their lives; for as soon as he had left the immediate scene of his crime, his perceptions being quickened by a murderer's avenging fears, it occurred to him that the lack of a hat would expose him to suspicion wherever he was seen; so instead of making good his escape, he abandoned his horse and hid himself for two days in the woods east of Washington. Driven by hunger he at last resolved to return to the city, to the house on H street which had been the headquarters of the conspiracy. He made himself a cap from the sleeve of his woolen shirt, threw over his shoulder a pickax he had found in a trench, and coming into town under cover of the darkness knocked about midnight at Mrs. Surratt's door. As his fate would have it, the house was full of officers who had that moment arrested all the inmates and were about to take them to the office of the provost-marshal. Payne thus fell into the hands of justice, and the utterance of half a dozen words by him and the unhappy woman whose shelter he had sought was the death warrant of both. Being asked by Major Smith to give an account of himself, he said he had been hired by Mrs. Surratt to dig a drain for her. She was called out and asked if she knew him. Not being aware of what he had said, she raised her right hand, with uncalled-for solemnity, and said, "Before God, I do not know him, never saw him, and never hired him." These words, the evidence of a guilty secret shared between them, started a train of evidence which led them both to the scaffold.

Booth was recognized by dozens of people as he stood before the footlights and brandished his dripping dagger in a Brutus attitude. His swift horse quickly carried him beyond the reach of any haphazard pursuit. He gained the navy-yard bridge in a few minutes, was hailed by a sentry, but persuaded the sergeant of the guard that he was returning to his home in Charles County and that he had waited in Washington till the moon should rise. He was allowed to pass, and shortly afterwards Herold came to the bridge and passed over with similar explanations. A moment later the owner of the horse which Herold rode came up in pursuit of his animal. He, the only honest man of the three, was turned back by the guard — the sergeant felt he must draw the line somewhere. The assassin and his wretched acolyte came at midnight to Mrs. Surratt's tavern. Booth, whose broken leg was by this time giving him excruciating torture, remained outside, on his horse, and Herold went in, shouting to the inn-keeper to give him "those things." Lloyd, knowing what was meant, without a word brought the whisky, carbines, and field-glass which the Surratts had deposited there. Booth refused his gun, being unable in his crippled condition to carry it. Herold told Lloyd they had killed the President, and they rode away, leaving Lloyd, who was a sodden drunkard and contrabandist, unnerved by the news and by his muddy perception of his own complicity in the crime. He held his tongue for a day or two; but at last, overcome by fear, told all that he knew to the authorities. Booth and Herold pushed on through the moonlight to the house of an acquaintance of Booth, a rebel sympathizer, a surgeon named Samuel Mudd. The pain of his broken bone had become intolerable and day was approaching; aid and shelter had become pressingly necessary. Mudd received them kindly, set Booth's leg, and gave him a room where he rested until the middle of the afternoon; Mudd had a crutch made for him, and in the evening sent them on their desolate way to the South.

If Booth had been in health there is no reason why he should not have remained at large a good while; he might even have made his escape to some foreign country, though, sooner or later, a crime so prodigious will generally find its perpetrator out. But it is easy to hide among a sympathizing people. Many a Union soldier, escaping from prison, has walked hundreds of miles through the enemy's country relying implicitly upon the friendship of the negroes. Booth, from the hour he crossed the navy-yard bridge, though he met with a considerable number of men, was given shelter and assistance by every one whose sympathies were with the South. After parting with Dr. Mudd, he and Herold went to the residence of Samuel Cox,[1] near Port Tobacco, and were by him given into the charge of Thomas Jones, a contraband trader between Maryland and Richmond, a man so devoted

[1] What Booth and Herold were about during the week between the 15th and the 22d of April was not brought out upon the trial of the conspirators, but Mr. George Alfred Townsend, while making the extensive and careful studies for his historical novel, "Katy of Catoctin," reconstructed the entire itinerary of the assassin, and published an admirably clear account of it in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1884.

to the interests of the Confederacy that treason and murder seemed every-day incidents to be accepted as natural and necessary. He kept Booth and Herold in hiding, at the peril of his own life, for more than a week, feeding and caring for them in the woods near his house, watching for an opportunity to ferry them across the Potomac. He did this while every woodpath was haunted by Government detectives, while his own neighborhood was under strong suspicion, knowing that death would promptly follow his own detection, and that a reward was offered for the capture of his helpless charge which would make a rich man of any one who gave him up. So close was the search that Herold killed the horses on which they had ridden out of Washington for fear a neigh might betray them.

With such devoted aid Booth might have wandered a long way; but there is no final escape but suicide for an assassin with a broken leg. At each painful move the chances of discovery increased. Jones was indeed able, after repeated failures, to ferry his fated guests across the Potomac. Arriving on the Virginia side, they lived the lives of hunted animals for two or three days longer, finding to their horror that they were received by the strongest Confederates with more of annoyance than enthusiasm — though none indeed offered to betray them. At one house, while food was given him, hospitality was not offered.[1] Booth wrote the proprietor a note, pathetic in its attempted dignity, inclosing five dollars — "though hard to spare" — for his entertainment. He had by this time seen the comments of the newspapers on his work, and bitterer than death or wounds was the blow to his vanity.[2] He confided his feelings of wrong to his diary:

> I struck boldly, and not as the papers say; I walked with a firm step through thousands of his friends; was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted *Sic Semper* before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets. Rode sixty miles that night, with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump.

On Friday the 21st he writes:

> After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night chased by gun-boats till I was forced to return, wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for — what made Tell a hero.

He goes on comparing himself favorably with these stage heroes, and adds:

> I struck for my country and that alone — a country that groaned beneath his tyranny and prayed for this end; and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me.

He was especially grieved that the grandiloquent letter he had intrusted to his fellow-actor Matthews — and which he in his terror had destroyed — had not been published. He thought the Government had wickedly suppressed it; he was tortured with doubts whether God would forgive him, whether it would not be better to go back to Washington and "clear his name." "I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great." With blessings on his mother, upon his wretched companion of crime and flight, upon the world which he thought was not worthy of him, he closed these strange outpourings, saying, "I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course."

The course was soon ended. At Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, Booth and Herold met three young men in Confederate uniforms. They were disbanded soldiers; but Herold, imagining that they were recruiting for the Southern army, told them his story with perfect frankness and even pride, saying, "We are the assassinators of the President," and asked their company into the Confederate lines. He was disappointed at learning they were not going South, but his confidence was not misplaced. The soldiers took the fugitives to Port Royal, and tried to get shelter for them, representing Booth as a wounded Confederate soldier. After one or two failures they found refuge on the farm of a man named Garrett on the road to Bowling Green.

On the night of the 25th of April a party under Lieutenant E. P. Doherty arrested, in his bed at Bowling Green, William Jett, one of the Confederate soldiers mentioned above, and forced him to guide them to Garrett's farm. Booth and Herold were sleeping in the barn. When called upon to surrender, Booth refused, and threatened to shoot young Garrett, who had gone in to get his arms. A parley took place, lasting some minutes. Booth offered to fight the party at a hundred yards, and when this was refused cried out in a theatrical tone, "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me." Doherty then told him he would fire the barn; upon this Herold came out and surrendered. The barn was fired, and while it was burning, Booth, who was clearly visible by the flames through the cracks in the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition, which afterwards developed into insanity.[3] Booth was hit in the back of the neck, not far from the place where he had shot the President. He lingered about three hours in great pain, conscious but nearly inarticulate, and died at seven in the morning.

1 Trial of J. H. Surratt, p. 402. 2 Ibid., p. 310.
3 He is still living, 1889, in an insane asylum in Kansas.

The surviving conspirators, with the exception of John H. Surratt, were tried by a military commission[1] sitting in Washington in the months of May and June. The charges against them specified that they were "incited and encouraged" to treason and murder by Jefferson Davis and the Confederate emissaries in Canada. This was not proved on the trial: the evidence bearing on the case showed frequent communication between Canada and Richmond and the Booth coterie in Washington, and some transactions in drafts at the Montreal Bank, where Jacob Thompson and Booth both kept their accounts. It was shown by the sworn testimony of a reputable witness that Jefferson Davis at Greensboro', on hearing of the assassination, expressed his gratification at the news; but this, so far from proving any direct complicity in the crime, would rather prove the opposite, as a conscious murderer usually conceals his malice.[2] Against all the rest the facts we have briefly stated were abundantly proved, though in the case of Mrs. Surratt the repugnance which all men feel at the execution of a woman induced the commission to unite in a recommendation to mercy, which President Johnson, then in the first flush of his zeal against traitors, disregarded.[3] Habeas corpus proceedings were then resorted to, and failed in virtue of the President's orders to the military in charge of the prisoners. The sentences were accordingly executed: Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt were hanged on the 7th of July; Mudd, Arnold, and McLaughlin were imprisoned for life at the Tortugas, though the term was afterwards shortened, and Spangler, the scene shifter at the theater, was sentenced to six years of jail. John Surratt escaped to Canada, lay in hiding some months in a monastery, and in the autumn sailed for England under an assumed name. He wandered over Europe, enlisted in the Papal Zouaves, deserted and fled to Egypt, where he was detected and brought back to Washington in 1867. His trial lasted two months and ended in a disagreement of the jury.

### THE MOURNING PAGEANT.

RECOUNTING the fate of these wretched malefactors has led us far afield. We will now return to the morning of the 15th of April and sketch, in brief and wholly inadequate words, the honors which the nation paid to its dead. The appalling news spread quickly over the country; millions of citizens learned at their breakfast tables that the President had been shot and was dying; and two hours after his death, when a squad of soldiers were escorting his mortal remains to the Executive Mansion, the dreadful fact was known at all the great centers of population. This was the first time the telegraph had been called upon to spread over the world tidings of such deep and mournful significance; it was therefore the first time the entire people of the United States had been called to deplore the passing away of an idolized leader even before his body was cold in death. The news fell with peculiar severity upon hearts which were glowing with the joy of a great victory. For the last four days, in every city and hamlet of the land, the people were breaking forth into unusual and fantastic expressions of gaiety and content; bonfires flamed through the nights; the days were uproarious with the firing of guns; the streets were hung with flags and wreaths, and whatever decorations could be on the instant improvised by a people not especially gifted with the scenic sense; and committees were everywhere forming to arrange for elaborate and official functions of joy. Upon this mirth and expansion the awful intelligence from Washington fell with the crushing and stunning effect of an unspeakable calamity. In the sudden rigor of this unexpected misfortune the country lost sight of the vast national success of the past week; and it thus came to pass that there was never any organized expression of the general exultation or rejoicing in the North over the downfall of the rebellion. It was unquestionably best that it should be so; and Lincoln himself would not have had it otherwise. He hated the arrogance of triumph; and even in his cruel death he would have been glad to know that his passage to eternity would prevent too loud an exultation over the vanquished. As it was, the South could take no umbrage at a grief so genuine and so legitimate; the people of that section even shared, to a certain degree, in the lamentations over the bier of one whom in their

1 This commission was composed of officers not only of high rank and distinction, but of unusual weight of character. They were Generals David Hunter, Lew Wallace, August V. Kautz, A. P. Howe, R. S. Foster, J. A. Ekin, T. N. Harris, Colonels C. H. Tompkins and D. R. Clendenin. The Judge Advocate and Recorder was Joseph Holt, assisted by the Hon. John A. Bingham and Colonel H. L. Burnett.

2 Mr. Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," contradicts this evidence of Mr. Lewis F. Bates. He admits, however, that the dispatch, being read in his presence to the troops with him, elicited cheers, "as was natural at news of the fall of one they considered their most powerful foe"; and he adds, "For an enemy so relentless, in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn." When captured by General Wilson he affected to think he cleared himself of all suspicion in this regard by saying that Johnson was more objectionable to him than Lincoln — not noticing that the conspiracy contemplated the murder of both of them.

3 See argument of Pierrepont on trial of John H. Surratt, p. 77.

inmost hearts they knew to have wished them well.

There was one exception to the general grief too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Among the extreme radicals in Congress Mr. Lincoln's determined clemency and liberality towards the Southern people had made an impression so unfavorable that, though they were naturally shocked at his murder, they did not among themselves conceal their gratification that he was no longer in their way. In a political caucus, held a few hours after the President's death, they resolved on an entire change of the Cabinet, and a "line of policy less conciliatory than that of Mr. Lincoln; . . . the feeling was nearly universal"—we are using the language of one of their most prominent representatives[1]—"that the accession of Johnson to the Presidency would prove a godsend to the country." The next day the Committee on the Conduct of the War called on the new President, and Senator Wade bluntly expressed to him the feeling of his associates: "Johnson, we have faith in you. By the gods, there will be no trouble now in running the Government."[2] Before many months passed away they had opportunity to learn that violence of speech was no guarantee of political consistency.

In Washington, with this singular exception, the manifestation of the public grief was immediate and demonstrative. The insignia of rejoicing at once disappeared, and within an hour after the body of the President was taken to the White House the town was shrouded in black. Not only the public buildings, the stores and shops, and the better class of residences were draped in funeral decorations, but a still more touching proof of the affection with which the dead man was regarded was seen in the poorest class of houses, where the laboring men of both colors found means in their penury to afford some scanty show of mourning. The interest and the veneration of the people still centered in the White House, where, under a tall catafalque in the east room, the late Chief of the State lay in the majesty of death, and not at the modest tavern on Pennsylvania Avenue where the new President had his lodging. At eleven o'clock Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath of office to Andrew Johnson in the presence of a few witnesses. He immediately summoned the Cabinet for a brief meeting. Mr. William Hunter was appointed Acting Secretary of State during the interim of the disability of Mr. Seward and his son, and directed to communicate to the country and the world the change in the head of the Government brought about by the last night's crime. It was determined that the funeral ceremonies in Washington should be celebrated on Wednesday, the 19th of April, and all the churches throughout the country were invited to join at the same time "in solemnizing the occasion" by appropriate observances. All of pomp and circumstance which the Government could command was employed to give a fitting escort from the White House to the Capitol, where the body of the President was to lie in state. A splendidly appointed force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry formed the greater part of the procession, which was completed by delegations from Illinois and Kentucky as mourners, the new President, the Cabinet, the ministers of foreign powers, and all the high officers of the nation, legislative, judicial, and executive. The pall-bearers comprised the leading members of both houses of Congress and the officers of the highest rank in the army and navy.

The ceremonies in the east room were brief and simple. The Rev. Dr. Hall of the Church of the Epiphany read the burial service. Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church, distinguished equally for his eloquence and his patriotism, offered a prayer, and the Rev. Dr. P. D. Gurley, at whose church the President and his family habitually attended worship, delivered a short address, commemorating, in language notably free from courtly flattery, the qualities of courage, purity, and sublime faith which had made the dead man great and useful. The coffin was carried to the funeral car, and the vast procession moved to the Capitol amid the tolling of all the bells in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, and the booming of minute-guns at Lafayette Square, at the City Hall, and on the hill of the Capitol. To associate the pomp of the day with the greatest work of Lincoln's life, a detachment of colored troops marched at the head of the line. In the rotunda, under the soaring dome of the Capitol, the coffin rested during the day and night of the 19th and until the evening of the next day. The people passed by in thousands to gaze on the face of the liberator — which had taken on in death an expression of profound happiness and repose, like that so often seen on the features of soldiers shot dead in battle.

It had been decided from the first that the President was to be buried at Springfield. Whenever a President dies, whose personality, more than his office, has endeared him to the people, it is proposed that his body shall rest at Washington; but the better instinct of the country, no less than the natural feelings of the family, insist that his dust shall lie among his own neighbors and kin. It is fitting that Washington shall sleep at Mount Vernon, the Adamses at Quincy, that even Harrison and

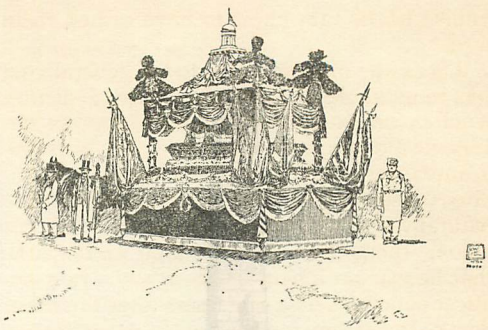
[1] George W. Julian, "Political Recollections," p. 255.

[2] Ibid., p. 257.

Taylor and Garfield, though they died in office, should be conveyed to the bosom of the States which had cherished them and sent them to the service of the nation. So Illinois claimed her greatest citizen for final sepulture amid the scenes which witnessed the growth and development of his unique character. The town of Springfield set apart a lovely spot in its northern suburb for his grave and appropriated $20,000 — a large sum considering the size and wealth of the town — to defray the expenses of his funeral. As soon as it was announced that he was to be buried in Illinois every town and city on the route begged that the train might halt within its limits and give its people the opportunity of testifying their grief and their reverence. It was finally arranged that the funeral cortége should follow substantially the same route over which Lincoln had come in 1861 to take possession of the place to which he had given a new dignity and value for all time.

Governor Brough of Ohio and Mr. John W. Garrett of Baltimore were placed in general charge of the solemn journey. A guard of honor consisting of a dozen officers of high rank in the army and navy[1] was detailed by their respective departments, which received the remains of the President at the station in Washington at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 21st of April, and the train, decked in somber trappings, moved out towards Baltimore. In this city, through which, four years before, it was a question whether the President-elect could pass with safety to his life, the train made a halt; the coffin was taken with sacred care to the great dome of the Exchange, and there, surrounded by evergreens and lilies, it lay for several hours, the people passing by in mournful throngs. Night was closing in, with rain and wind, when the train reached Harrisburg, and the coffin was carried through the muddy streets to the State Capitol, where the next morning the same scenes of grief and affection were seen. We need not enumerate the many stopping-places of this mournful pageant. The same demonstration was repeated, gaining continually in intensity of feeling and solemn splendor of display, in every city through which the procession passed. At Philadelphia a vast concourse accompanied the dead President to Independence Hall: he had shown himself worthy of the lofty fate he courted when, on that hallowed spot, on the birthday of Washington, 1861, he had said he would rather be assassinated than give up the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

[1] General E. D. Townsend represented the Secretary of War, Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis the Secretary of the Navy.

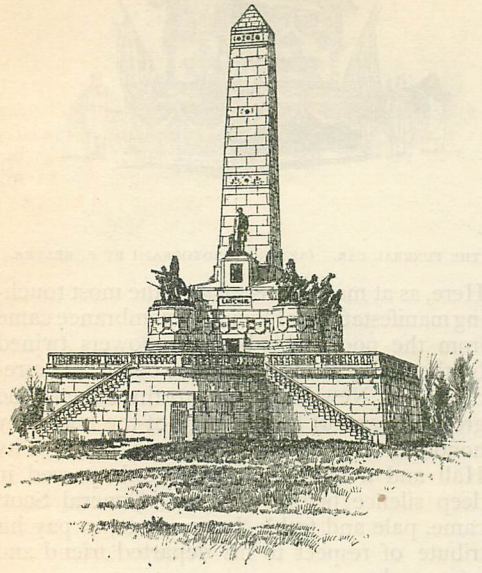


THE FUNERAL CAR. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. RELYEA.)

Here, as at many other places, the most touching manifestations of loving remembrance came from the poor, who brought flowers twined by themselves to lay upon the coffin. The reception at New York was worthy alike of the great city and of the memory of the man they honored. The body lay in state in the City Hall and a half-million of people passed in deep silence before it. Here General Scott came, pale and feeble, but resolute, to pay his tribute of respect to his departed friend and commander.

The train went up the Hudson River by night, and at every town and village on the way vast crowds were revealed in waiting by the fitful glare of torches; dirges and hymns were sung as the train moved by. Midnight had passed when the coffin was borne to the Capitol at Albany, yet the multitude rushed in as if it were day, and for twelve hours the long line of people from northern New York and the neighboring States poured through the room.

Over the broad spaces of New York the cortége made its way, through one continuous crowd of mourners. At Syracuse thirty thousand people came out in a storm at midnight to greet the passing train with fires and bells and cannons; at Rochester the same solemn observances made the night memorable; at Buffalo — it was now the morning of the 27th — the body lay in state at St. James's Hall, visited by a multitude from the western counties. As the train passed into Ohio the crowds increased in density, and the public grief seemed intensified at every step westward; the people of the great central basin seemed to be claiming their own. The day spent at Cleveland was unexampled in the depth of emotion it brought to life, the warm devotion to the memory of the great man gone which was exhibited; some of the guard of honor have said that it was at that point they began to appreciate the place which Lincoln was to hold in history. The authorities, seeing that no building could accommodate the crowd which was sure to come from all over the



THE MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY J. A. W. PITTMAN FOR J. C. POWER.)

State, wisely erected in the public square an imposing mortuary tabernacle for the lying in state, brilliant with evergreens and flowers by day, and innumerable gas jets by night, and surmounted by the inscription, *Extinctus amabitur idem.* Impressive religious ceremonies were conducted in the square by Bishop McIlvaine, and an immense procession moved to the station at night between two lines of torch-lights. Columbus and Indianapolis, the State capitals of Ohio and Indiana, were next visited. The whole State, in each case, seemed gathered to meet their dead hero; an intense personal regard was everywhere evident; it was the man, not the ruler, they appeared to be celebrating; the banners and scrolls bore principally his own words: "With malice towards none, with charity for all"; "The purposes of the Lord are perfect and must prevail"; "Let us resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain"; and other brief passages from his writings. On arriving in Chicago, on the 1st of May, amid a scene of magnificent mourning, the body was borne to the court-house, where it lay for two days under a canopy of somber richness, inscribed with that noble Hebrew lament, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." From all the States of the Northwest an innumerable throng poured for these two days into Chicago, and flowed, a mighty stream of humanity, past the coffin of the dead President, in the midst of evidences of public grief which was all the more genuine for being quiet and reserved.

The last stage of this extraordinary progress was the journey to Springfield, which began on the night of the 2d of May and ended at nine o'clock the next morning — the schedule made in Washington twelve days before having been accurately carried out. On all the railroads centering in Springfield the trains for several days had been crowded to their utmost capacity with people who desired to see the last of Abraham Lincoln upon earth. Nothing had been done or thought of for two weeks in Springfield but the preparations for this day; they were made with a thoroughness which surprised the visitors from the East. The body lay in state in the Capitol, which was richly draped from roof to basement in black velvet and silver fringe; within it was a bower of bloom and fragrance. For twenty-four hours an unbroken stream of people passed through, bidding their friend and neighbor welcome home and farewell, and at ten o'clock on the 4th of May the coffin lid was closed at last and a vast procession moved out to Oak Ridge, where the dead President was committed to the soil of the State which had so loved and honored him. The ceremonies at the grave were simple and touching. Bishop Simpson delivered a pathetic oration; prayers were offered and hymns were sung; but the weightiest and most eloquent words uttered anywhere that day were those of the Second Inaugural, which the committee had wisely ordained to be read over his grave, as the friends of Raphael chose the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the chief ornament of his funeral.

An association was immediately formed to build a monument over the grave of Lincoln. The work was in the hands of his best and oldest friends in Illinois, and was pushed with vigor. Few large subscriptions were received, with the exception of $50,000 voted by the State of Illinois and $10,000 by New York; but innumerable small contributions afforded all that was needed. The soldiers and sailors of the nation gave $28,000, of which the disproportionately large amount of $8,000 was the gift of the negro troops, whose manhood Lincoln had recognized by putting arms in their hands.[1] In all $180,000 was raised, and the monument, built after a design by Larkin G. Mead, was dedicated on the 15th of October, 1874. The day was fine, the concourse of

[1] Besides contributing thus generally to the Springfield monument, the freed people gave another touching instance of their gratitude by erecting in a public square on Capitol Hill in Washington a noble group in bronze, including Lincoln, and entitled "Emancipation." The subscription for this purpose was started by a negro washerwoman. The statue is by Thomas Ball.

people was enormous; there were music and eloquence and a brilliant decorative display. The orator of the day was Governor Oglesby, who praised his friend with warm but sober eulogy; General Sherman added his honest and hearty tribute; and General Grant, twice elected President, uttered these carefully chosen words, which had all the weight that belongs to the rare discourses of that candid and reticent soldier:

From March, 1864, to the day when the hand of the assassin opened a grave for Mr. Lincoln, then President of the United States, my personal relations with him were as close and intimate as the nature of our respective duties would permit. To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of heart and head, and for his patience and patriotism. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had intrusted commands, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure, for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero; in his death the South lost its most just friend.

# PURSUIT AND DEATH OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

[JOHN WILKES BOOTH was my schoolmate in Maryland, many years ago; and by a strange coincidence three of my particular friends were concerned, in one way or another, with his pursuit and death. Two of them were Confederate officers — Major M. B. Ruggles, son of General Daniel Ruggles of the old army, and Lieutenant A. R. Bainbridge, both of whom, with Captain Jett, also of Mosby's command, met Booth and Herold in their flight and aided them to cross the Rappahannock. The other friend is Captain E. P. Doherty, who commanded the detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry that captured the fugitives. From the lips of all three I have heard accounts of the incidents that they witnessed, and the narratives that follow are given in the words of Major Ruggles and Captain Doherty.[1] — PRENTISS INGRAHAM.]

## MAJOR RUGGLES'S NARRATIVE.

AT the close of the civil war Colonel Mosby, to whose command I belonged, surrendered to General Hancock, at Millwood, Virginia. In company with two comrades, A. R. Bainbridge, now in business in New York, and William Jett, now dead, I started for my home in King George County, Virginia. We had heard from United States officers of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that the assassin had been captured in Washington, and little dreamed, when we rode up to the bank of the Rappahannock River, that we were there to come face to face with John Wilkes Booth.

Port Conway is on the King George side of the river, there about three hundred yards wide, and opposite Port Royal. The ferry was owned by a man named Rollins, but the scow was run — that is, poled across — by Peyton Washington, a negro. The scow was on the other side of the river when we rode up, and I observed there a wagon, drawn by two very wretched-looking horses. In the wagon were two men. On seeing us approach, one of them came towards us, and, finding that we were Confederate soldiers, said that his name was Boyd, and that his brother had been wounded severely in the leg while escaping from prison, where they had been for some time. He furthermore said that their negro driver, Lucas, refused to take them any farther, and that they were anxious to get on their way, and asked our aid. I at once said we would help them; and while discussing the speedy coming of the scow, the other got out of the wagon, and walking with evident pain, with the aid of a rude crutch, came towards us. He apparently mistrusted his companion, for as he came forward he said, "I suppose you have been told who I am?" Thinking he meant that Herold had told us they were Confederate soldiers, escaped from prison, I answered in the affirmative. Instantly he dropped his weight back upon his crutch, and drawing a revolver said sternly, with the utmost coolness, "Yes, I am John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Abraham Lincoln, and I am worth just $175,000 to the man who captures me."[2] We were greatly surprised, and yet the coolness of the man won our admiration; for we saw that he was wounded, desperate, and at bay. His face was

1 The proofs of this article have been read and corrected (Nov., 1889) by Colonel Ingraham, Major Ruggles, Lieutenant Bainbridge, and Captain Doherty. — EDITOR.

2 The reward as offered was $100,000 by the U. S. Government, and $25,000 each by three of the States.

haggard, pinched with suffering, his dark eyes sunken, but strangely bright, and though he had shaved off his mustache, upon his lip and face was a beard of some ten days' growth.

In response to his defiant words I said that we had been told that Lincoln's slayer had been captured; but that, though we did not sanction his act as an assassin, we were not men to take "blood money"; and that having promised his friend, who proved to be Herold, to take them across the river to a place of safety, we would do so. Though it is contrary to the general belief of the people of the North, I believe that had the war then been going on, Booth, instead of finding an asylum in the South, would have been taken and surrendered to the United States by the Confederate Government.

Booth replaced his weapon at my words, and, thanking us, said he was utterly unable to walk. I dismounted, and we lifted him upon my horse — a fact that seemed to give the saddle and bridle a great pecuniary value, as I learned through correspondence with Mr. Barnum; though they were never exhibited as relics, and are now at my brother's home in Virginia, there kept as souvenirs of my "days with Mosby."

Booth and Herold both seemed to be the worse for their exposure and hardships of the past few days. Booth wore a black soft hat, dark clothes, one cavalry boot,— the one on his wounded leg having been cut off,— and his weapons were a carbine, two revolvers, and a knife, the blade of the latter bearing the stain of blood, for with it he had wounded Major Rathbone. I noticed that his wounded leg was greatly swollen, inflamed, and dark, as from bruised blood, while it seemed to have been wretchedly dressed, the splints being simply pasteboard rudely tied about it. That he suffered intense pain all the time there was no doubt, though he tried to conceal his agony, both physical and mental.

When the scow arrived Peyton Washington ferried us across the river. After a ride of three miles we came to the Garrett farm, where we asked for shelter for the fugitives, which was granted. We also remained all night near Garrett's, sleeping in the woods, and the next day Herold went with us to Bowling Green, where we left Jett.[1]

The next day, Herold having decided upon the best course to pursue in his flight, Bain-

[1] Colonel John J. Garnett, who at the close of the war was with General Joseph E. Johnston as Chief of Artillery, received from Lieutenant Bainbridge, whom he has known for many years, the following additional particulars of the intercourse of the three Confederate officers with Booth and Herold: "Captain Jett was well acquainted in Caroline County, on the opposite side of the river, and he told Booth, with our approval, that he would find a place of safety for him. 'God bless you, sir!' said Booth, his face wincing with the pain of his disabled leg. When Booth realized that we were kindly disposed, he threw off all reserve and became quite communicative. Booth was dressed in a dark suit of clothes that looked seamed and ravelly, as if from rough contact with thorny undergrowth. On his head was a seedy looking black slouch hat, which he kept well pulled down over his forehead. The lame foot was entirely free from all covering, save a black stocking. The shoe which was on it was entirely cut away at the top, the heel only being covered with leather. The foot was much swollen, and seemed to trouble him greatly. The crutch he carried was rough-hewn and ungainly. His long dark mustache swept over his mouth in a straggling, unkempt manner, although it was evident that he had tried to preserve its shape by frequent handling. Indeed, during all the time he sat with us he was constantly pulling it into shape. His beard, of a coal-black hue, was of about two weeks' growth and gave his face an unclean appearance. Over his shoulders drooped a long gray shawl, which he said had served him well in covering the tell-tale initials 'J. W. B.' done in Indian ink on his right hand. These letters he showed to us to establish his identity. Strung over his shoulders by a long strap were a pair of large field glasses, which he said had not been of much use to him, because he had 'been forced to keep under cover too much.' . . . The wind lulled after we had waited a long time, and the ferryman came over for us. Captain Ruggles helped Booth to mount his horse, and together we went over to Port Royal, a village opposite Port Conway. The ferryman eyed us all very closely and we said but very little. Booth sat squarely on his horse, looking expectantly towards the opposite shore, and when the boat struck the wharf he lost no time in landing. I could see that his spirits were improving, and he laughed heartily when we surrounded him in a group. 'I 'm safe in glorious old Virginia, thank God!' he exclaimed. 'Now, boys,' said Jett, 'I propose to take our friend Booth up to Garrett's house. I think they 'll give him shelter there and treat him kindly.' 'Whatever you deem best to do with me, my friends,' replied Booth, 'I 'll agree to be satisfied.' 'Jett understands this country,' said Captain Ruggles, 'and I think that it will be well to act as he directs.' 'I 'm in your hands,' said Booth; 'do with me, boys, as you think best.' 'Well,' said Jett, 'I want to do the best I can for you; and I think our plan is to escort Mr. Booth up to Garrett's, tell the family who he is, and trust to their hospitality to see him kindly cared for until such time as he sees fit to seek other quarters.' After a few minutes' further conversation we left the wharf and started through Port Royal on the road to Garrett's farm. His house was some distance from the main road, and when we reached the gate leading into the farm Herold, who said that he wanted to go with us as far as Bowling Green to buy a pair of shoes, remained with me, while Jett and Ruggles accompanied Booth to the house. Garrett's residence was in the style at that time in vogue among Southern planters. It was a large, wooden framed building, with broad porches on every side. It stood on a hill, from which sloped in every direction broad rolling fields, fair in their verdure as ever greeted the eye of man. When Booth was a few rods distant in the lane from where Herold and I were standing, he suddenly wheeled his horse about, and lifting his slouch hat from his head waved it towards us and shouted back: 'Good-by, old fellow. Good-by, Lieutenant; come and see me again. I shall always be pleased to see you both.' 'I 'll be with you soon, John,' returned Herold; 'keep in good spirits.' 'Have no fear about me, Herold,' Booth replied; 'I am among friends now'; with which he turned his horse, and followed at a gallop after Jett and Ruggles, who were far in advance of him. Booth impressed me at that moment as the most reckless man I had ever met. Without a parole as I

bridge and myself accompanied him back to Garrett's. We found Booth lying on the grass, in front of the house, and sitting by his side I heard from his lips his version of the tragic conspiracy, his fatal shot, his motives, escape, and flight up to his coming to the Garretts'. In answer to my questions he spoke quietly, repressing now and then a groan of pain, and showing emotion and stern defiance at times. He said, in substance, that the plot had been to capture Mr. Lincoln and carry him a prisoner into the Confederacy, for he believed that by such an act the war could be brought to an end, as the South could dictate terms with such a hostage. Failing in this, he decided at the last moment, as it were, to strike deadly blows at Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and General Grant. In the plot to kill, Payne[1] alone was implicated with him, not even Herold knowing what was to be done. Atzerodt knew nothing of the intended assassination, nor did, according to Booth's statement to me, any other, excepting Payne. The name of Mrs. Surratt was not mentioned by him. He said that Payne was to strike a death blow at Secretary Seward, and he, favored by the fact that President Lincoln and General Grant were to attend the theater together, was to kill both of them. General Grant's having been called away alone saved his life, for, said Booth, "I would have made no failure with either, as I had laid my plans for success only." That Andrew Johnson might appear to be implicated in the plot of assassination, Booth said that he had left that morning a note at the hotel where the Vice-President lived, to compromise him. He had no idea, he said, from the information received about Washington, that the war had really ended; for had he not believed that it would have been kept up by the South, he would not have struck the blow as he did. After getting safely out of Washington his intention was to cross the line, as quickly as possible, into the Confederacy. Joining Herold at a rendezvous, they had ridden hard through the night to gain a place of safety; but having a broken leg, and learning after several days, through the papers, that the war

was, and in my own country, amid scenes with which I had been familiar since childhood, I did not feel that I was perfectly safe. If he felt any premonitions of danger, as I certainly felt that in his position he should, he gave no signs of them. He seemed as light-hearted and careless as a schoolboy just released from his studies. Herold and I went on to Bowling Green, where we remained all night, stopping at the house of a Mr. Clark. Jett and Ruggles, after escorting Booth up to Garrett's house and seeing him well disposed, went on to Bowling Green, where they stopped with Mr. Goldman, for whose daughter Jett had tender feelings. On the following day I learned of Johnston's surrender, and decided to go back to my home in King George County and settle down to the life of a peaceful citizen. I met Jett and Ruggles and told them of my intention, and they concluded to do likewise. I inquired for Booth, and in what shape they had left him, and Willie Jett told me that he did not think under the existing state of affairs the Garretts liked to harbor Booth in their house. 'And yet,' said Jett, 'they did not like to turn him away.' After a little persuasion Mr. Garrett agreed to allow him to remain on his place, although he felt that he would be running a big risk in doing so. 'He 'll be well taken care of, never fear,' said Jett, who decided to remain at Goldman's house for a few days. Captain Ruggles and I went on the next morning towards Port Royal together, Herold accompanying us as far as Garrett's gate, where we left him. He told us that he was going right up to join Booth, and that he would stick by him to the death. Just before reaching Port Royal I met a soldier of my command, who told me that if we had not got our paroles, and did not want to be captured, to turn back. 'For,' said he, 'the town is full of Yankees in search of Booth, who, they say, crossed the river yesterday.' We turned immediately and rode back to Garrett's. As we approached the front gate Booth was lying on the lawn in front of the house. As soon as he recognized us he arose, and hobbling towards us said, 'Well, boys, what 's in the wind now?' We told him the enemy was upon his trail, and advised him to seek shelter in the woods. I remember pointing to a thick piece of woodland some distance from the house, and saying: 'Booth, get over there at once, and hide yourself. In those wooded ravines you will never be found.' 'Yes,' said Ruggles, 'get there as quickly as you can, and lose no time about starting.' Booth turned around to look for Herold, but he was nowhere in sight, as indeed was no one else. He then straightened himself up to his full height, and replied: 'I 'll do as you say, boys, right off. Ride on! Good-by! It will never do for you to be found in my company.' Then biting his lips, as if he had conceived a desperate resolve, he said, 'Rest assured of one thing, good friend, Wilkes Booth will never be taken alive.' The ferryman at Port Conway had recognized Jett, and when Lieutenant Doherty arrived there with his troops, and described the men they were pursuing, he knew at once that he had assisted them across the river the day before. He told the officers that he had taken five men across, three of whom were Confederate soldiers, one of whom he knew to be Captain Jett, as he had often taken him across. If he had only stopped there all might have been well so far as Booth was concerned, for some time. But the ferryman was frightened. He thought if he did not tell all he knew he would be arrested as an accomplice in the assassination of Lincoln, so he volunteered the information that Captain Jett had a sweetheart at Bowling Green, and that in all probability he would be found there. The people of the South conceived the idea that Captain Jett deliberately betrayed Booth. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Had they been in his place, I make bold to say they would have acted as he did. It was *his* life or Booth's. The latter had no hopes; but Jett, with a parole in his possession, had, so far as he knew, a long life of happiness before him. Lieutenant Doherty and his troops were hot upon the assassin's trail, and were not to be denied their prey. Poor Jett had only one alternative, and that was to become their guide, and I am sure he did so unwillingly. He has been dead many years, and I know that he was loyal to the cause he espoused, and fought gallantly for it to the end. He guided the troops back to Garrett's, and he afterward told me that he had hopes that Booth might have been warned in time to escape, as indeed he had been by us."— EDITOR.

[1] Payne was a deserter from a Confederate Florida regiment.

was really at an end, he determined to make his way to the silver mines of Mexico, feeling that the South would be no place of refuge for him. It has been said that Booth had plenty of money with him; but he showed me three five-dollar bills, all that he had, excepting a bill of exchange; while Herold had not as much. I asked him why he did not attempt to get to Europe, and his answer was that there was no asylum for such as he where monarchs ruled, as they feared their own lives might be in danger from the example he had set.

It is generally believed that Herold shot his own and Booth's horse; but Booth told me that after weighting them down they led them into the Potomac the night they embarked in the boat to cross, and drawing their heads over the gunwale cut their throats and saw them sink from sight. This would account for the fact that their bodies were never found.[1]

Booth seemed to feel that he had been spurred on to the deed through a duty he owed the country to bring the war to an end, and he said that he would never be taken alive. If he had not broken his leg he could readily have distanced all pursuit. He was without doubt disappointed at the reception he met in Virginia, and said that he was prepared to meet any fate. The calm courage of the man in the midst of his great peril, and while racked by suffering, impressed me in spite of myself, for there was no braggadocio about him; simply a determination to submit to the inevitable, parleying when it should become necessary to do so. The few extracts he read me from his diary showed this.

From the examination I made of his broken leg, aided by some experience I had had with wounds, I feel confident that amputation would have been necessary to save his life, and perhaps that would not have prevented a speedy death.

Soon after my long conversation with Booth, Bainbridge and myself bade him and Herold good-by and went on our way, remaining that night in the pines, and next day going to Robb's, where we learned that a company of United States cavalry were scouring the country and had captured the fugitives in Garrett's barn. Knowing the barn well, and judging from all the circumstances connected with the burning of it, I feel convinced that Sergeant Boston Corbett has a reputation undeserved as the slayer of Mr. Lincoln's assassin. From the spot where Sergeant Corbett was he could not have seen Booth where he stood, and certainly could not have been able to shoot him in the back of the head. Having asked Captain Doherty to fall back fifty paces with his men and give him a chance to come out, and very properly and naturally being refused his request by that gallant officer, deserted by Herold, the barn on fire, and seeing that he must perish in the flames or be taken to Washington and hanged, Booth, hopeless, alone, and at bay, placed his pistol to the back of his head, and took his own life. No one saw Corbett fire, and one chamber of Booth's revolver held in his hand was empty, and I am by no means alone in the belief that he killed himself.

Learning that Jett was a prisoner, and that we were to be arrested, tried, and hanged, as aiders and abetters, Bainbridge and myself stood not on the order of going, but went at once. Making our way into Essex County and crossing to Westmoreland, we went to our home up in King George County. Some ten days after, I was arrested at night by a squad of United States cavalry. Bainbridge was also captured. We were taken to Washington and placed in the Old Capitol Prison. We were not alone in our misery, however, for Dr. Stewart, at whose house Booth had stopped, William Lucas, the negro who had driven him to the ferry, and a number of others, were there, among them being Jett, who had escaped from Captain Doherty, and had been recaptured at his home in Westmoreland County.

From Booth's own words to me as he lay on the grass in front of Garrett's house, I feel assured that in the excitement of the times there were some innocent ones who were punished for the crimes of Booth and Payne.

After the trial, by a strange mistake I was sent to Johnson's Island, where as a Confederate prisoner I had passed half a year; but after a few days spent there I was returned to Washington, and after taking the oath of allegiance I was released.

*M. B. Ruggles.*

### CAPTAIN DOHERTY'S NARRATIVE.

ABOUT the hour of 4 P. M. April 24, 1865, when Booth and Herold were taken by their newly made Confederate friends to the Garrett farm, where Booth was killed and Herold captured, I was seated, with another officer of the 16th New York Cavalry, on a bench in the park opposite the White House. There I received the following orders from a messenger:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865. Commanding Officer 16th New York

[1] Lieutenant Bainbridge is positive that he heard Booth say: "After we had been three days in the pines, I deemed it advisable to act on Jones's advice and kill our horses. I could hear in the distance the neighing of the horses of the Federal cavalry as they went scouting through the country, and I was afraid that ours might answer them and betray our whereabouts, so I asked Herold to shoot them, which he did."—EDITOR.

Cavalry. Sir: You will at once detail a reliable and discreet commission officer with twenty-five men, well mounted, with three days' rations and forage, to report at once to Colonel L. C. Baker, Agent of the War Department, at 211 Pennsylvania Ave. Command of General C. C. Augur.—J. C. SEWELL, A. A. A. Gen'l.

In accordance with the foregoing order First Lieutenant E. P. Doherty[1] is hereby detailed for the duty, and will report at once to Colonel Baker, 211 Pennsylvania Ave.—N. B. SWITZER, Colonel 16th New York Cavalry, Bvt. Brig. Gen'l, U. S. A.

I proceeded to the barracks, had "boots and saddles" sounded, and in less than half an hour had reported to Colonel Baker. I took the first twenty-five men in the saddle, Sergeant Boston Corbett being the only member of my own company. Colonel Baker handed me photographs of the assassins of President Lincoln. He told me no troops had yet been in Fredericksburg, but that I must reach that vicinity with all dispatch. He introduced me to E. J. Conger and L. B. Baker, of the detective force, and said they would accompany me. I proceeded down to the Sixth street wharf, where I found the steamer *John S. Ide*, and directed Captain Wilson to move down to Aquia Creek and to Belle Plain. After the detachment had landed I directed the captain of the boat to move off to a place of safe anchorage and await my return. Should I not return before 6 P. M. on the 26th he was to go back to Washington and report to Captain Allen, assistant quartermaster. I proceeded directly south until I struck the main road to Fredericksburg. Here I halted at 4 A. M. A negro informed me that a regiment of cavalry had passed to Fredericksburg the previous evening, going along on the north side of the Rappahannock River. I then determined to push down and go up on the south side, where no troops had been.

The detectives asked for a detail of four men and a sergeant to scour the country, while I with the rest of the men continued on towards the Rappahannock. The detectives returned about 3 P. M. without any clue to the whereabouts of the assassins. I went to the ferry at Port Conway and saw Mrs. Rollins, the ferryman's wife, and another woman sitting on the steps of the ferry-house. Drawing Booth's picture from my pocket I showed it to them, and inferred from their looks that Booth was not far distant. One of them said that Booth and Herold had been brought there in a wagon the evening before by a negro named Lucas, who would carry them no farther. While they were bargaining with her husband to take them to Orange Court House, three Confederate soldiers, Ruggles, Bainbridge, and Jett, rode up and they entered into conversation. By and by they were all taken over the ferry. Booth was put on Ruggles's horse and they proceeded towards Bowling Green.

I at once sent the bugler to Sergeant Corbett, telling him to mount the detachment, which I had left a mile behind, feeding, and move down as quickly as possible. Mrs. Rollins went for her husband, who was fishing, and I sent him for the scow, which was on the other side of the river. During his absence the command arrived at the ferry and we were soon over the

[1] The following is taken from the report of Generals Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate, and E. D. Townsend, Adjutant-General, U. S. A., to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, on the subject of the arrest of those engaged in the assassination of President Lincoln, which was transmitted to Congress: "The parties who made the arrest of Booth and Herold were a detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry (consisting of Lieutenant E. P. Doherty, commanding, and two sergeants, seven corporals, and seventeen privates), accompanied by E. J. Conger and L. B. Baker, two employees in the detective service of Colonel L. C. Baker, Provost-Marshal, etc., the officer who originated and directed the expedition, though not personally accompanying it. . . . The military element of the expedition for the arrest of these criminals Booth and Herold is therefore believed to have been that which was essential to its success, and without which its results could not have been attained. As the commander of the detachment employed upon this important duty, Lieutenant Doherty was solely responsible for its discipline and efficiency. He is found to have been active and energetic, and it is believed to be established by the weight of testimony that it was he who personally made the actual seizure of Herold. It was he, too (in conjunction with Mr. Baker), who obtained the first reliable information which rendered the capture of the criminals almost certain; and though, in the direction of the investigation, the initiative would seem more frequently to have been taken by Conger, yet Lieutenant Doherty is shown to have acted and been recognized as the commander of the expedition in the only written instructions which appear to have been issued during the march, to wit, those given by him to the master of the steamer which conveyed the party to and from Belle Plain. Upon the whole, therefore, it is concluded that as such commander he may properly be awarded the one-tenth portion of the whole amount which is payable by law to the commanding officer of a vessel immediately engaged in the capture of a prize, and his share will therefore be $7500. The services of Messrs. Conger and Baker upon this expedition were, no doubt, of great value; and, inasmuch as these parties immediately represented the views and intentions of Colonel Baker, their part in carrying out the original plan was particularly important. It is understood that their expenses incurred upon this duty have been reimbursed, and that they have also been paid, or are entitled to be paid, for their general services, as detectives at this period, at the rate of $150 per month. They should, however, both be liberally, and, as it is thought, equally compensated; and it is concluded that of the amount offered as reward there may properly be paid to each the sum of $4000."

Sergeants Corbett and Wendell each received $2-545.68; each of the seven corporals received $2291.09; and each of the seventeen privates $2036.53. Of the $75,000 thus distributed as a reward for the arrest of Booth and Herold, Colonel L. C. Baker received the share that "would be payable to the commander of a squadron, by a separate ship of which a prize had been taken," that is, one-twentieth, or $3750.—EDITOR.

river. I arrested Rollins the ferryman, and took him as guide to Bowling Green. At dark we passed the Garrett farm, not then dreaming that the assassins were concealed there. Arriving at Bowling Green, I surrounded Goldman's Hotel. After some hesitation the door was opened by Mrs. Goldman. I inquired of her who were the male inmates of the house. She replied that there was only her wounded son, and I directed her to show me his room, telling her that if my men were fired on I should burn the building and take the inmates prisoners to Washington. She took me up one flight of stairs to her son's room, and as I entered Captain Jett sprang from his bed, half-dressed. Her son lay on another bed, wounded. Jett admitted his identity, and drawing Mr. Stanton's proclamation from my pocket I read it to him, and then said, "I have known your movements for the past two or three days, and if you do not tell me the truth I will hang you; but if you give me the information I want, I will protect you." He was greatly excited, and told me that he had left Booth at Garrett's house, three miles from Port Conway, the evening before, and that Herold had come to Bowling Green with him, and returned that morning. I had Jett's horse taken from the stable, and, placing a guard over him, we retraced our steps towards Garrett's. It was now about midnight, and my men, having been out since the 24th without sleep and with very little food, were exhausted; those who had been left on the edge of the town had fallen asleep. I had some difficulty in arousing them, but when they learned that we were on Booth's track new life seemed to be infused into them. I placed Corbett in the rear with orders to allow no man to fall out of line. Upon reaching Garrett's orchard fence I halted, and in company with Rollins and the detectives took a survey of the premises. I had the fence taken down. I told off six men, gave out the countersign of "Boston," and sent the six men as a patrol in rear of the out-buildings, with instructions to allow no one to pass through the field or to approach them without the countersign. The gates in front of Garrett's house were quietly opened, and in a minute the whole premises were surrounded. I dismounted, and knocked loudly at the front door. Old Mr. Garrett came out. I seized him, and asked him where the men were who were there yesterday. He replied that they had gone to the woods when the cavalry passed the previous afternoon. While I was speaking with him some of the men had entered the house to search it. Soon one of the soldiers sang out, "O Lieutenant! I have a man here I found in the corn-crib." It was young Garrett, and I demanded the whereabouts of the fugitives. He replied, "In the barn." Leaving a few men around the house, we proceeded in the direction of the barn, which we surrounded. I kicked on the door of the barn several times without receiving a reply. Meantime another son of Garrett's had been captured. The barn was secured with a padlock, and young Garrett carried the key. I unlocked the door, and again summoned the inmates of the building to surrender. After some delay Booth said, "For whom do you take me?" I replied, "It does n't make any difference. Come out." He said, "I am a cripple and alone." I said, "I know who is with you, and you had better surrender." He replied, "I may be taken by my friends, but not by my foes." I said, "If you don't come out, I 'll burn the building." I directed a corporal to pile up some hay in a crack in the wall of the barn, and set the building on fire. As the corporal was picking up the hay and brush Booth said, "If you come back here I will put a bullet through you." I then motioned to the corporal to desist, and decided to wait for daylight and then to enter the barn by both doors and overpower the assassins. Booth then said, in a drawling voice, "O Captain! there is a man in here who wants to surrender awful bad." I replied, "You had better follow his example and come out." His answer was, "No, I have not made up my mind; but draw your men up fifty paces off and give me a chance for my life." I told him I had not come to fight; that I had fifty men, and could take him. Then he said, "Well, my brave boys, prepare me a stretcher, and place another stain on our glorious banner."

At this moment Herold reached the door. I asked him to hand out his arms; he replied that he had none. I told him I knew exactly what weapons he had. Booth replied, "I own all the arms, and may have to use them on you, gentlemen." I then said to Herold, "Let me see your hands." He put them through the partly opened door and I seized him by the wrists. I handed him over to a non-commissioned officer. Just at this moment I heard a shot, and thought Booth had shot himself. Throwing open the door, I saw that the straw and hay behind Booth were on fire. He was half-turning towards it.

He had a crutch, and he held a carbine in his hand. I rushed into the burning barn, followed by my men, and as he was falling caught him under the arms and pulled him out of the barn. The burning building becoming too hot, I had him carried to the veranda of Garrett's house.

Booth received his death-shot in this manner. While I was taking Herold out of the barn one of the detectives went to the rear, and pulling out some protruding straw set fire

to it. I had placed Sergeant Boston Corbett at a large crack in the side of the barn, and he, seeing by the igniting hay that Booth was leveling his carbine at either Herold or myself, fired, to disable him in the arm; but Booth making a sudden move, the aim erred, and the bullet struck Booth in the back of the head, about an inch below the spot where his shot had entered the head of Mr. Lincoln. Booth asked me by signs to raise his hands. I lifted them up and he gasped, "Useless, useless!" We gave him brandy and water, but he could not swallow it. I sent to Port Royal for a physician, who could do nothing when he came, and at seven o'clock Booth breathed his last. He had on his person a diary, a large bowie knife, two pistols, a compass, and a draft on Canada for £60.

I took a saddle blanket off my horse, and, borrowing a darning needle from Miss Garrett, sewed his body in it. The men found an old wagon, and impressed it, with the negro driver. The body was placed upon it, and two hours after Booth's death I was on the way back to Belle Plain, where I had left the steamboat.

I had released Rollins and sent him ahead to have his ferry-boat ready to take us across the river. About 6 P. M. I reached the boat, and found the captain preparing to return to Washington. We reached Washington at 2 A. M., April 27. I placed the body of Booth and the prisoner Herold on board the monitor *Montauk*, after which I marched my worn-out command up through the navy yard to their quarters.

The next morning an autopsy was held, and measures were taken to identify the body of Booth. The portion of the neck and head through which the bullet had passed was cut out, and is to-day preserved in the National Museum of Anatomy at Washington. The body was buried in a cell in the Penitentiary, where it remained nearly four years, with the bodies of the other assassins. It was then given to his friends, and now lies in a cemetery in Baltimore.

*Edward P. Doherty.*

## THE WINTER FIELDS.

WINDS here, and sleet, and frost that bites like steel.
The low, bleak hill rounds under the low sky.
Naked of flock and fold the fallows lie,
Thin-streaked with meager drift. The gusts reveal
By fits the dim, gray snakes of fence that steal
Through the white dusk. The hill-foot poplars sigh,
While storm and death with winter trample by;
And the iron fields ring sharp, and blind lights reel.
Yet, in the lonely ridges, wrenched with pain,
Harsh, solitary hillocks, bound and dumb,
Grave glebes, close-lipped beneath the scourge and chain,
Lurks hid the germ of ecstasy, the sum
Of life that waits on summer, till the rain
Whisper in April and the crocus come.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

# SANCHO MITARRA.

SOME years ago I passed my summer vacation in the north of Spain, studying the battle-grounds of the last Carlist war. Sketching and collecting notes, I loitered about the picturesque towns which, by the loss of their ancient charters, had paid so high a price for their loyalty to Don Carlos, until eventually I reached Irún, where I remained a week. During the daytime the large, low-studded eating-room of the inn was entirely deserted, but towards evening quite a number of men were in the habit of dropping in singly or in groups, and a few minutes later the noise became deafening. Among these guests I noticed especially a fine-looking, rather silent person, who, to judge from the deference with which the others treated him, must have been a local celebrity. His face was apparently cut in two by an irregular scar, rather frightful to look at until he smiled, when the ugly purplish lines seemed to disappear in the wrinkles about his mouth. I was anxious to get a good sketch of him, but succeeded only after many unsatisfactory attempts, and I was about to close my book when a young man who had been looking over my shoulder exclaimed:

"Ah, *Señor*, what would I not give for that portrait!"

"*Caballero*," I answered, "it is yours; and I esteem the compliment of your request so far above the value of the drawing that you must allow me to consider myself your debtor." My real pay lay in the pleasure this answer gave me, and I felt kindly towards the man who had afforded me an opportunity of making such orthodox use of my Spanish.

So we fell into conversation, and before leaving he handed me his card, on which I read the name Simón Muñoz, and below, in brackets, the word *poeta*. He was assistant editor of the local paper, knew everybody, and seemed astonished when, having told me the name of the man with the scar, I asked further about him. "Is it possible," he said, "that you have not heard of Sancho Mitarra? In that case, sir, you must allow me to offer you a little sketch which I have written about him, in exchange for the portrait which you so generously gave me."

The next morning the manuscript was brought up to my room with my chocolate, and as a heavy rain confined me to the house, I translated it into English. It was as follows:

## I.

OVER a thousand years ago, or, to be more pedantic, A. D. 872, the Gascons, being unable to obtain a consul from France and unwilling to elect one at home, sent over into Castile for Sancho García, called Sancho Mitarra, or the Terrible. As king of Pampeluna and Navarre he ruled over them for nearly forty years, gaining great renown not only as a brave Christian soldier in his wars against the Moors, but as a wise and strong-handed ruler at home. From this good king Sancho Mitarra the brass-founder of Irún is directly descended, as it were easy to prove by the old chronicles of Navarre; but as he is a republican on principle, it gives him less pleasure to reflect upon the distinction of his ancestors than upon the sturdiness of a family that has endured a thousand years without a break.

Indeed, as for his being descended from a king, it seems difficult to understand how it could be otherwise. For, supposing that Sancho had been the only one in Spain thirty generations ago, and that each of his descendants had produced but two children, a simple calculation shows that there should be one thousand and seventy-three odd millions of these descendants in the world to-day. Now, as the population of Spain is less than twenty millions, every inhabitant must have some fifty-three or more claims to royal ancestry — a fact which might in some cases account for the list of titles borne by our more modest grandees of the first class.

It is equally indisputable that no fortune, however great, could bear subdivision on such a magnificent scale; hence the poverty, shared by Sancho's father with so many other distant members of the royal family, seems reasonable enough. This worthy citizen was by trade a fisherman, part owner and captain of the *Guerendiain*, a stanch but ugly vessel belonging to the Basque cod fleet. His house was in the oldest quarter of the town behind the church, and in the dirty kitchen, redolent of the mingled perfumes of tar, garlic, and tobacco-smoke, old Mitarra told strangely incredible tales of the "Américas" beyond the sea. The priest, the postmaster, the captain of the customs, and a couple of retired smugglers were wont to meet there at all hours of the day when

the old man was at home, but usually only after the evening *puchero*,[1] when the family was alone.

Among these good people Sancho grew up, though it can hardly be said that he developed, until, about the time he was twelve years old, the quiet town was thrown into a state of consternation by the news that the whole fleet had been lost off the Banks. The sailor had left but little money — indeed barely enough to support his widow; and thus Sancho had to give up tossing knives and playing ball for the less gentlemanly but more practical employment of blowing the bellows in his uncle's smithy, which enabled him to contribute towards the family expenses. If it be argued that his appetite was altogether out of proportion to his contributions, it were but right to give him credit for a cheerful disposition, a coaxing laugh which compelled sympathy, and a merry wit, always at the service of the household. And whoever has lived on meager fare and in the shadow of sorrow will testify that a merry company around the pot makes as good a sauce as hunger.

Matters went on smoothly for a few years following the old fisherman's disappearance, and indeed up to the date of Sancho's sixteenth birthday, when coming of age suddenly, as it is the custom for kings and possibly for their descendants to do, the ambition of conquest began to disturb his dreams. He renounced the hammer and anvil as being inconsistent with the pursuit of glory, and having successively exacted tribute from the sea in the shape of fish and from the mountains in the shape of game, he finally joined the brotherhood of the *contrabandistas*, among whom he made not a little money. During the periodical intervals of rest that followed each expedition he fell in love with a beautiful, poor, but haughty girl, Elvira Almalta of Ragosa, whom he besought to become his wife. But dazzled by the brilliant life of the great bull-fighters whom she had often admired, the girl had long before vowed to marry no man who had not acquired renown in the arena,— the renown most dear to Spanish hearts,— and Sancho then and there resolved that Spain should ring again with the glory of Mitarra. He had succeeded with so little effort in everything that he had hitherto undertaken, that the new problem before him neither awed nor troubled him; and with his characteristic impetuosity he prepared to leave on the morrow for Pampeluna, where the great Lagartijo was at home. The postmaster gave him some sound advice; the priest his blessing and an antique drawing, representing bull-fighters attending mass before the *corrida;* while Elvira gave him her promise (conditionally) and a kiss. With these presents, and an immense fund of confidence in his own resources, Sancho started on his apprenticeship.

[1] Species of boiled meat with vegetables.

For more than a year nothing was heard from the young man directly. Under an assumed name he appeared in several minor bull-fights in remote provincial towns, and there he probably acquitted himself so well as to compel the notice of the great Frascuelo; for when the now-famous corrida of the 9th of August was advertised throughout the country, Elvira's toreador-errant was announced on the play-bills under his own name of Sancho Mitarra.

II.

It is a gala day. A great lady, the greatest in the land, has brought her infant son to witness his first bull-fight and learn early in life to accept the tribute of blood shed in his honor. Cloth of gold and crimson velvet hang in heavy folds from the front of the governor's gallery, and glorious silken banners, embroidered with the royal arms, flap lazily on each side of the wooden box which a poet-laureate might mistake for a throne. Gorgeous uniforms mingled with dazzling costumes make a background fit for a king's portrait, and to right and left, as far as the shade tempers the heat of the summer afternoon, the magnificent fancy of old Spain shines forth once again after years of courteous oblivion. The stage setting seems perfect. The play that is to be enacted belongs to the repertory of a forgotten, so-called barbarous age, and the audience has arrayed itself accordingly; perhaps as an apology for its presence, perhaps to bear out the illusion of a revival, perhaps merely because its gold and crimson harmonizes with the gold of the sunlight on the yellow sand, and the crimson of the blood that is to flow.

Facing the picturesque wisdom of the realm, that shines in dignified magnificence on the shady side of the circus, the picturesque and ragged populace, brilliant only by its apt wit, undulates impatiently beneath the glaring sun — Don Quixote and Sancho Panza types of a past age, if you will, but also types of modern Spain, no more obsolete than the bloody game which both await.

In the dazzling arena below, a fife-and-drum band walks solemnly round and round heedless of well-aimed oranges or equally well-pointed gibes. In the droning buzz of ten thousand talking people the rumble of the drums is completely lost, and the thin, clear, querulous notes of the pipers sound ridiculously weak and unsuited to the occasion — a discord which establishes the reality of the scene, destroying the illusion of a perfect stage per-

formance, but investing it with the keen interest of an event in real life. All along the corridor that surrounds the arena, separating the *valla* from the wall above which the public is seated, the privileged amateurs are eagerly discussing the chances of the fight, prophesying the behavior of each bull, and betting on the number of passes before the final stroke. The cornet of the band blows a preliminary blast and the music bursts forth; the ring is hurriedly cleared, and in two lines the *cuadrilla* make their entrance, to right and left. For a brief moment the chattering of the audience ceases, and in the partial silence each *toreador*, preceded by his shadow, gravely struts across the sand to his appointed place. An *alguazil*, dressed in black velvet, gallops in at the head of a short mounted procession and urges his chestnut horse to rear, while the crowd jeers at him for his theatrical prowess. The key of the *toríl* gleams for a moment in the air and disappears in the horseman's pointed felt hat. A clatter and a scurry — a few taunting cries — a clashing of the closing gates — and the formalities of the overture are over.

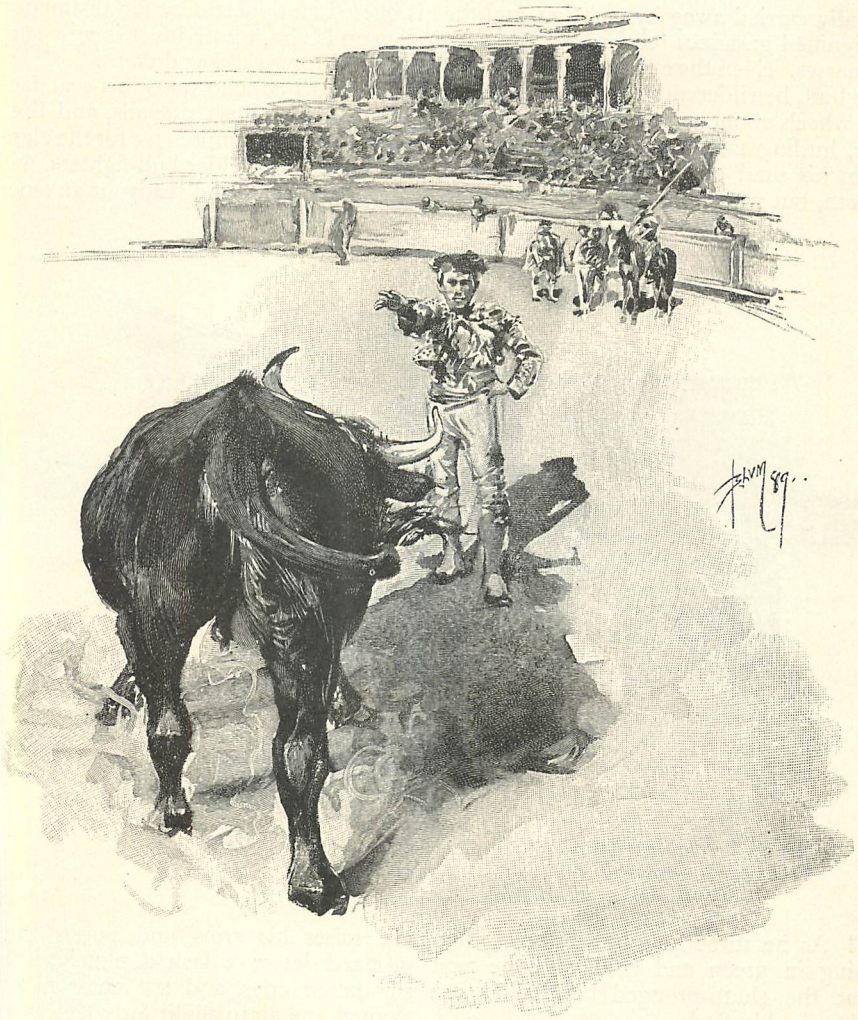
Before a battle, before a duel, or before a bull-fight there is always one moment of silent *recueillement* during which the contestants, veterans or raw recruits, instinctively weigh the chances. God only knows the issue, and during this last respite man realizes the possibility of the immediate future. Even the *espada*, Frascuelo, Lagartijo, or Mazantini, acknowledges to himself that there is a certain solemnity in this gambling with death; before the public he drapes his gorgeous *capa* about him in pretty falling folds; secretly he crosses himself, and the public, whose wonderful intuition justifies the saying *vox populi, vox Dei*, appreciates the hidden anxiety without heeding the ostentatious affected indifference.

*Vaya!* The gate is open, the suspense is over. The angry animal dashes in furiously,— smooth-limbed, deep-chested, superbly strong and defiant,— and the multitude heave a sigh of relief. The duel is begun. Fifteen weak, intelligent, skillful animals dressed in gold and silver and silk against a single one in somber satin — a large, lithe-flanked monster ignorant of its might and confident in its ignorance.

Among the *chulos* facing the bull Sancho stands in green and gold. It is his first appearance before a picked audience, and he feels nervous, yet confident of distinguishing himself if only the opportunity offers. In the farthest box on the shady side he recognizes his mother and Elvira in the front row; behind them the postmaster, the collector of customs, and, unless he is much mistaken, his old friend the priest, nodding at him from behind Elvira's fan. But he has no leisure now to look up at them, for the bull is near him. He throws out his mantle, the animal charges, misses, and passes on, while the handsome boy, avoiding the thrust of the long, polished horns, stands draped in the gaudy silk. He has barely moved, and the crowd cries, "Well done!" but forgets him again as the bull charges the nearest *picador*, raising steed and rider from the ground.

As the play proceeds the excitement grows, and the bull-fighters, spurred on by the despotic fancy of the public, vie with one another in daring and skill. Poor Sancho, alas, is doomed to disappointment. He handles his capa perfectly; plants his *banderillas* gracefully, correctly, fearlessly, yet not more so than the others in the ring. With them he receives a passing tribute of applause; but as one bull after another is goaded into fury, and finally backed up against the fence to be killed, the great espada alone earns the wildly enthusiastic approbation of the audience. Sancho realizes that he is yet a novice and that fame is not for the obscure; he feels that he could kill the bull as gracefully as the great man upon whom all honors and presents are showered; but he must bide his time and rise upon the ladder of renown rung by rung. What he has done was well done, but it is nothing that will be remembered. In the morrow's papers his name will appear only as one of the cuadrilla; the criticism of the connoisseurs will not condescend to notice him, and Elvira will still answer, "Not yet." Five bulls have been dispatched, but one remains; and Opportunity with her short front hair has placed only the bald part of her cranium within his reach. Like all men of a sanguine temper, he is easily depressed; and as the doors of the toríl open for the entrance of the sixth bull, Sancho has well-nigh lost all hope and interest in the game.

The bull is small, dark robed, well armed, and bears the brand of Veragua: in a few bounds he reaches the center of the arena and pauses to look around. The glaring light after the darkness of his cage, the noisy clamoring of ten thousand excited spectators, and these two-legged moving things in gaudy colors, the like of which he has never seen before, arouse his curiosity and astonish him. By the nervous twitching of his tail and the quick, sharp movements of his head it is evident that he is no "coward." The toreadores instinctively recognize him for an exceedingly dangerous adversary, and so it is with more than ordinary prudence that they spread their capas before him and run away. But all this fails to move him: slowly and steadily he advances, looking at the man, not at the rag. Now it is Sancho's turn. The bull throws up his head, stops, then plunges forward with such light-



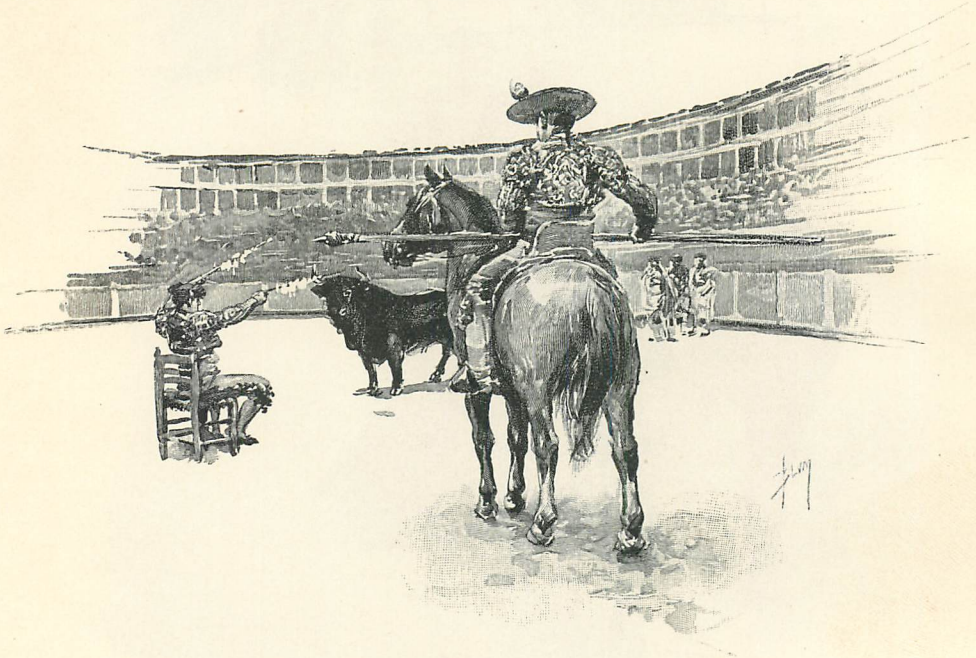
"SANCHO TURNS, STANDS, AND STRETCHES OUT ONE HAND."

ning-like rapidity that the boy feels it is too late to run. The long, smooth horns are already on each side of him; and, scarcely realizing what he is doing, Sancho leaps forward upon the animal's back, and a second later to the ground. How they applaud, how they yell! But he has no time to think, for the bull is coming at him again, heedless of the others who seek to intercept him, and now Sancho knows that the animal has singled him out and that the fight is merely a duel between them. The case is rare, but he has heard of such; the danger is great, but he is not afraid; the chances of his escaping unscathed are few, but he feels confident and happy, for at last his opportunity has come. He flings away his useless capa and turns to run, not towards the refuge, the *burladero*, but straight towards the center of the arena, while the older men shake their heads: a clever bull and a rash youth, there is but one ending to that tale, and a sad one at best. The spectators are beginning to understand, and hold their breath. During the race across the sand not a sound is heard in the vast amphitheater, but the men lean forward and the women hold their fans up to their faces ready to shut out the sight. Suddenly, in the very center of the arena, Sancho turns, stands, and stretches out one hand with a commanding gesture, and the bull, hesitant and startled, stops dead in his wild rush onward, and, stemmed on his outstretched forelegs, gazes in amazement at the slim figure that defies him. Ha! what a glorious group! Strength, grace, beauty, courage, and such movement, suddenly fixed as though in bronze! And now it is gone, as the first low growl of admiration bursts into a thunder of the wildest, most frantic applause. The ten thousand spectators rise as one man to their feet; the "sun" and the "shade"

are equally carried away by emotion, and the most dignified grandees reëcho the very cries of the masses. Even the cuadrilla forgets itself, and the bull, bewildered by the extraordinary clamor, wheels about and dashes at the nearest picador, hurling man and horse against the tablas in his mad onslaught. He has killed them both, but what is that to him or to the crowd! As he turns he still sees before him the thing in green and gold, and the next moment the sharp-pronged banderillas are quivering in his flesh.

"*La silla! la silla!*"[1] yells the crowd. Its kindly sympathy for the skillful boy has made room for a less generous curiosity. Sancho has proved himself to be a master, now let him show what he can do. If he has in him the elements of a great bull-fighter let him be tested. It is cruel to demand "la silla" with such a bull, but Sancho now belongs to the public, and an excited, bloodthirsty crowd knows neither sympathy nor sentimentality. If he succeeds, the greater be his honor; if he fails — well then, he should not have led them to suppose him greater than he was. In this moment of over-excitement the injustice, the cruel selfishness of the argument, are lost even on Sancho, intoxicated with applause and suddenly earned success; even on his mother, too Spanish to think of danger when her son is offered an opportunity for distinction; and even on Elvira, whose lover is now surpassing the ideal torero of her dreams.

Again, as Sancho takes his seat facing the bull, a solemn hush prevails, and the silence seems to be more impressive for the clamor that preceded. The older bull-fighters, with their capas unfolded, stand ready for an emergency.



"LA SILLA!"

He raises his arms and poises the sharp-pronged darts; a dash, a plunge, a few half-smothered cries, and the chair flies upward through the air to alight forty feet away, while Sancho seems to be standing on the very spot he occupied before the charge. The green and gold ribbons dangling from the bull's neck alone show how sure was the boy's aim and how steady his hand. A murmur of incredulity, more flattering than the deafening tumult that follows, sweeps over the benches, and hats, fans, jewels, and cigars rain down into the ring. All restraint seems loosened; all timidity gone from the most timid; young girls, with flushed faces and flashing eyes, laugh hysterically and call out the hero's name. Even the haughty Elvira rises, unclasps her bracelet, and leaning forward with a cry that tells Sancho how real is his dream, she flings the token far out on the sand, where, heedless of all danger, the boy kneels and kisses the precious gift; for by this sign he knows that she has yielded.

1 The *torero* sits in a chair (silla) and awaits the bull's charge; he holds the banderillas (sharp-pronged darts with barbed points) before him and in a sitting posture plants them in the bull's shoulder, a most dangerous feat. Nearly all who attempt it rise before the bull is near them.

Once more he miraculously avoids the bull, who charges at him from behind, and panting, exhausted, but inexpressibly happy, he leans against the *valla*, listening absent-mindedly to the compliments showered upon him. His part in the performance is over, for the cowed animal now sullenly faces his tormentors on the spot where he has chosen to die, and the espada is advancing, sword in hand, to give him the *coup de grâce*. But, to the surprise of all, he passes by the bull, and taking Sancho by the hand he offers him the muleta. One bull more or less is of little importance to his glory, and should this boy become a great man he will remember his master's kindness gratefully; if, on the other hand, the future does not justify the day's promise, the bravos of the crowd that applaud his generosity are as pleasing to him now as had they been delayed a minute to applaud his skill.

And now the parts are reversed. The man attacks, the bull defends himself; he is weary with the gigantic efforts of the last half-hour, weary with loss of blood, weary of attacking an ever-vanishing foe. Sullenly, with lowered head and watchful eyes, he follows the undulating motion of the red rag before him and listlessly attempts to reach it with his horns. A sharp prick on the nose once more rouses his rage; for the last time he charges; the long, flexible blade is buried in his flesh, and as his strength flows away with his life's blood the brave beast slowly kneels before his conqueror. The day is done, and Sancho turns to offer the bull to his lady, thus moving a step nearer to his fallen foe — dying, but alas, not dead. In his impatient joy he has forgotten that that last moment before death is the most dangerous of the fight. Even as he raises his hand towards Elvira's box he is hurled to the ground, and as the two heroic animals sink quivering together on the sand, a mighty, passionate roar bursts from the fickle multitude: "*Toro, toro! Bravo, toro!*"

III.

For many months Sancho was confined to his bed unable to move, for, besides the great gash across his face, he had received two deep and dangerous wounds, and during this long time both Elvira and his friends were constantly at his bedside. It was then that he read "Don Quixote," a work which made such an impression upon his mind that to this day you will rarely meet him without a volume in his pocket, though he knows the greater part of it by heart. Nor is it doubtful that he then acquired the philosophy of contentment which is such a noticeable trait in his character, as well as his love for good Spanish literature, of which his knowledge is extraordinary in a man of his schooling.

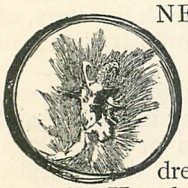
When he had recovered sufficiently, he was married in the old church by the house, and the wedding was an occasion for great rejoicing in Irún. Many members of the cuadrilla, as one of which Sancho's name had become known throughout the length and breadth of Spain, were present at the banquet following the ceremony, and which was offered by the town. Old Salazar, as a representative of the profession, made an elaborate speech in which he said, that having begun his career in so brilliant a fashion, it was Sancho Mitarra's duty to continue and become, as he naturally must, the greatest torero the world had ever seen. Certainly no man, Pepe Hillo and el Tato included, had done more in a single day than had Sancho Mitarra, whom he was proud to call his friend, and whom as an older man he felt authorized to question about his future plans.

"Friends," answered the bridegroom, as he laid his hand on Elvira's head, "I went into the arena not to fight bulls, but to satisfy the lady of my heart; and now, 'as we have loaves, let us not go looking for cakes.' Glory is a fine thing, no doubt, but we cannot leave it to our children. Like truth, it lies at the bottom of a deep well; and, as the proverb says, 'The pitcher that goes often to the well is sure to lose either handle or spout,' a proof of which I shall carry on my face until the curate can do me more good than the baker. As for riches, 'four yards of Cuenca frieze are warmer than four of Segovia broadcloth,' and while counting the cobwebs on the ceiling I figured that I could earn the frieze more surely in a modest shop than the broadcloth in the amphitheater. Thus, friends, let no man be disappointed in my resolution to become a brass-founder, for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

Which accounts for Sancho's wearing a blouse instead of a gold-embroidered jacket.

*John Heard, Jr.*

# WHAT IS THE REAL SHAPE OF THE SPIRAL NEBULÆ?



ONE of the greatest works of the two Herschels, father and son, was the exploration of the region of the nebulæ. When they began their labors, less than one hundred such objects were known. Sir John Herschel's catalogue contains more than five thousand nebulæ, and of these more than four thousand were discovered by the Herschels alone. Such amazing activity in mere discovery did not leave much leisure for a minute study of the details of nebulous structure. Although the nebulæ in general had been divided into classes by Sir William Herschel, and although a few of the more important ones had been carefully studied by Sir John, it was not until after the mounting of Lord Rosse's great reflector that the systematic study of the minute structure of special nebulæ was fairly begun. And one of the first-fruits of the establishment of this great telescope was the discovery of quite a new class of these objects — the spiral nebulæ.

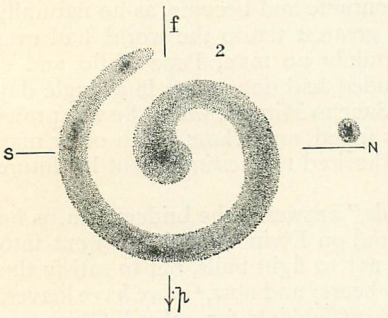



FIGURE 1. SPIRAL NEBULA.

FIGURE 2. SPIRAL NEBULA.

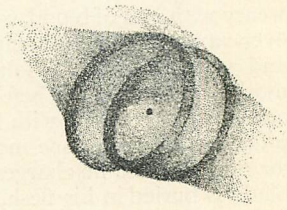


FIGURE 3. HELIX NEBULA.

It was found by Lord Rosse that many nebulæ had all their parts disposed in true spirals, and it was also found that many other nebulæ of the brighter and more interesting kind — the great nebula of Orion among them — also had many of their principal features disposed in spirals. The best drawings of such objects that we possess are due to Mr. Lassell, who constructed with his own hands several splendid reflecting telescopes, and who used them with a skill and insight which many a professional astronomer may envy. Figures 1 and 2 give representations of spiral nebulæ of pronounced type, taken from the collection of drawings made by Mr. Lassell at Malta. From simple shapes like these we can pass by insensible degrees to the highly complex forms of some of the larger nebulæ. These two figures will, however, serve excellently to exhibit the type of spiral nebulæ.

When the great telescope of the Lick Observatory was installed in the summer of 1888 some of the first objects examined were of this class. Although many new details were added to those previously known, no real new light was thrown on the constitution and character of the class of spiral nebulæ. Also many of the so-called planetary nebulæ — objects usually circular or elliptic with a disk somewhat resembling that of a planet — were carefully studied. One of these, as is shown in figure 3, yielded very novel results.

To the Herschels, and to all previous observers, this nebula had presented the aspect of a pale blue elliptical disk, evenly illuminated over all its surface, with a faint dot of a central star or nucleus. The great power of the Lick telescope quite changed all that and gave us new details which have made this one of the most interesting objects in the heavens. The central star — which has a reddish tinge — was there; but the pale uniform elliptic disk was resolved into two interlacing hoops or rings of nebulosity. Although these were projected on the flat ground of the heavens, and although there seemed to be no possible way of absolutely demonstrating our conclusions, we did not hesitate to announce this as the first known nebula of an entirely new class and species — as a nebula whose parts were undoubtedly arranged in space in the form of a helix. No one can study this nebula through the great telescope without feeling certain that he is actually seeing something like the true shape of the object, and that it is in fact what we have called it, a helix nebula, and the first of its

class. There was no doubt that the spiral nebulæ were also the projections of helixes, but there was not the slightest evidence to demonstrate their real shape in space. All that was known was that they were seen as spirals, and that *some* helical shape projected on the background of the sky must produce their spiral form.

The discovery of the helix nebula (figure 3) naturally led to the search for a method which might enable one, in some cases at least, to determine the actual situation of the different branches of a nebula in space of three dimensions, from the meager data afforded by the projection of these branches upon the background of the sky. In general, this problem is hopelessly insoluble by our present means. I have, however, obtained some most interesting results for one class of nebulæ at least, and perhaps the method employed is capable of still wider applications.

To understand the method let us first get a clear conception of the manner in which we see any distant heavenly body, as a nebula, for example. Every point of the nebula is constantly giving off its feeble light in straight lines — rays of light — in every possible direction. Most of these rays pass to other parts of space than ours, but a certain number of them are directed towards the solar system (A in figure 4). These rays alone come to the eye and are alone effective in making the picture

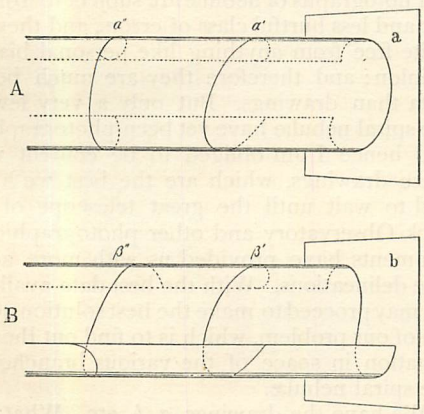



FIGURE 4. SHOWING TWO DRAWINGS OF DIFFERENT NEBULÆ, *a* AND *b* THEIR PROJECTING CYLINDER.

on our retina which corresponds to a particular nebula. The source of light is so distant that all the rays from each point of the nebula are absolutely parallel. The moon is the nearest celestial body, and yet rays which pass from each point of the lunar disk over the 240,000 miles between the moon and the earth are, for all practical purposes, exactly parallel. Still more must we regard the rays from every point of even the nearest nebula as parallel. The picture on the retina of our eye is thus formed by bundles of parallel rays coming from all those points of the nebulæ which are turned towards us. The angle between the axes of the outside bundles of these rays corresponds to the angular diameter of the nebula, and this angle is usually very small.

Suppose, for example, that the nebulæ as it really exists in space is a circle; and that the edge — the rim — of the nebula is turned towards the earth. We shall see such a shape as a straight line. Just as in this case so in others. In figure 4 the eye at A will receive a cylinder formed by parallel rays from the nebula at $\alpha'$ or $\alpha''$ and will project the directions of those rays backward upon the ground of the sky into a curve like *a*. The only thing that we know, in general, about a nebula is that its projection on the background of the sky is a curve, like *a*, for example. And the shape *a* is what we see in our telescopes, or it is what a photograph of the region will show us. We have to conceive, then, a real nebula of unknown form situated somewhere in space between the eye and the background of the sky; of bundles of parallel rays of light from this real nebula reaching the earth at A; and, finally, of these rays projected backward to the real concave of the heavens and meeting this background in a projected curve *a*, which is the nebula as it appears to us and as it is depicted in drawings. Looking at it geometrically, the curve *a*, whatever it is, circle, ellipse, spiral, must be considered as the base of a sort of cylinder; and the rays reaching from *a* to A must be considered as the elements of the cylinder, which taken all together form its surface. If the base *a* is a circle, we have the ordinary cylinder; if it is an ellipse or other closed curve, still we have a cylinder; if the base *a* is not a closed curve but an open one, like a spiral, still we have a cylindrical surface or sheet. This surface may be highly complicated; parts of it may intersect and cross in an involved fashion, depending on the curve of its base; but, finally, we have always the cylindric sheet or surface, with the projection *a* of the nebula at one end of it, and the eye A at the other, and with straight lines between *a* and A. For example, the cylinder B*b* of the same figure shows a more complex cylindrical sheet than the one first drawn, corresponding to a more complex projected curve *b*. Every nebula drawing then must be conceived as the base of some projecting cylinder. The case is very different for one of the nearer heavenly bodies — as Jupiter, for example. Here we actually see all the details of the surface, and know that it is a sphere and not a flat disk by determining the time of rotation of these spots and markings.

Let us consider the two projecting cylinders of figure 4 a little more closely. It is clear that it is only the *surface* of the cylinder which cor-

responds to the drawing *a* or *b*. The interior volume has nothing to do with the matter. Moreover it is clear that the surface of the cylindric sheet corresponds *exactly* to the drawing. And in this way: *any* curve drawn on the surface of the cylinder A must be projected back on the sky in one and the same curve *a*. Draw any curve whatever on the surface of the cylinder and in general it will be projected back on the sky in the one curve *a*.

or ribbons of nebulous matter twisted about a central nucleus and seen by us in the form of a spiral curve. There are many other classes of nebulæ, as those with circular or oval disks —the planetary nebulæ; those consisting of one or two straight parallel rays; those disposed in oval rings, etc. We are now concerned only with the spiral nebulæ, and figures 1 and 2 are the most striking of these which we may select as types.

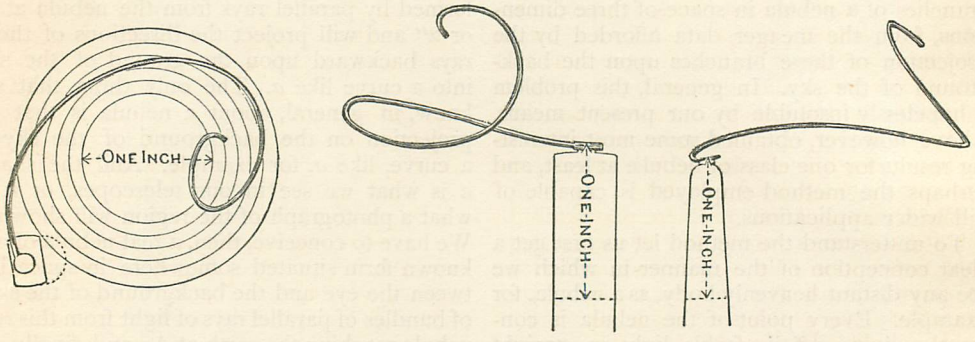



FIGURE 5. THREE VIEWS OF THE MODEL OF THE TYPE-HELIX.

This means that no matter what shape the real nebula $\alpha'$ or $\alpha''$ may have in space, provided only that it lies on the surface of this cylinder, we can see it projected on the background of the sky in only one curve; namely, in *a*. Exactly in the same way, *any* curve on the surface of the cylinder B can be projected on the sky into only one drawing as *b*. $\beta'$ and $\beta''$ are two such curves, but it is clear that there may be an infinite number of them. Any one out of this infinite number, provided only that it is drawn on the surface of the cylinder, must be projected back into the single curve *b*, and it can be projected into no other.

This is all that we know, in general, about a nebula: we have made a drawing of it, or it has been photographed, and we have the picture *a* or *b*. About the real shape of the nebula itself we know next to nothing. It may have almost any fantastic shape. Almost any; but finally there is a limitation. The nebula must lie on the surface of its projecting cylinder. If it fulfills this one condition, it may be, for all that we know, *any* one of the myriad curves which can be so drawn.

The problem to be solved is to determine, if possible, which one of these myriad curves we must choose to represent the real nebula in space. This problem has never been solved, and, in general, it is probably quite insoluble.

In a very particular case it has received a solution, and perhaps the method of solution may be capable of wider application. The particular case in question is that of the spiral nebulæ. These are usually elongated strings

We must recollect that the representations of nebulæ in this article are taken from drawings, and that, like all drawings, they are subject to errors due to imperfect telescopic, visual, and artistic powers.

Photographs of nebulæ are subject to a different and less hurtful class of errors, and they are quite free from anything like personal bias or opinion; and therefore they are much better data than drawings. But only a very few of the spiral nebulæ have yet been photographed, and hence I am obliged to be content with these drawings, which are the best we have, and to wait until the great telescope of the Lick Observatory and other photographic instruments have provided us with more accurate delineations. With the best data available we may proceed to make the best solution possible of our problem, which is to find out the real situation in space of the various branches of the spiral nebulæ.

We have the drawings *a*, *b*, etc. What are the true curves in space? Recollect that any curve on the surface of the cylinder A will produce the curve *a*, and that any curve on the cylinder B will produce *b*, and so on. Notice also that, in general, the surfaces of such projecting cylinders as A, B, etc. must be very different, because the pictures of the nebulæ *a*, *b*, etc. are so utterly dissimilar.

Suppose that we could find a pair of curves, *a*, *b*, whose cylinders, A, B, were of such a shape that the same curve *can* be drawn on their surfaces, then there is at least a probability that this particular curve is in fact the

true shape of this pair of nebulæ. If, again, we can find another nebula, *c*, whose cylinder, C, is so similar in shape to that of *a* that like curves can be drawn on the three surfaces, A, B, C, then there is a still greater probability that the identical curve on these three surfaces is in fact the true shape of these three nebulæ in space. If we find yet another nebula, *d*, whose cylinder, D, is of such a shape that we can also draw the same curve on its surface, then once more there is a much higher probability that we have found the real shape of all four nebulæ, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*. As we get more and more examples all fulfilling the same condition, the probability that we have really obtained the veritable shape of the nebulous form in space is very rapidly increased; and by finding enough examples we may increase the probability to essential certainty.

We can attack the problem practically by seeking to form a wire model of such a shape that when it is held at different angles and in varying positions it can be made to cover accurately the outlines of each drawing of each nebula. The model must be changed and corrected in many trials, but finally I have found that it is possible to construct a helix or corkscrew-like curve, such that it can be projected into nearly every one of the multifarious forms assumed by the different spiral nebulæ. At first sight it would seem strange that one such helix was enough, but in fact it is. All the spiral nebulæ seem to be of the same type. Each of them is nothing more than a different view, a different projection, of one and the same parent curve. This curve is a true helix of not very complex form. It is shown in figure 5. Looking directly down upon it we have the left-hand position in the figure, and two views from the east and north sides respectively are shown beside the first. After constructing such a model as this, by many trials, it was applied to all the drawings of spiral nebulæ which we possess, and it has been found to fit them accurately within the limits of precision of the drawings themselves.

With more accurate drawings the model or type-helix will have to be slightly modified, but I think we may now for the first time say that the situation of the different parts of a nebula in space is known. We have previously not known this for any nebula.

This result may have the most interesting and far-reaching consequences. We shall be able to fix the directions of the axes of each of the spiral nebulæ and to say how they lie in space. Are they all parallel? do they all point

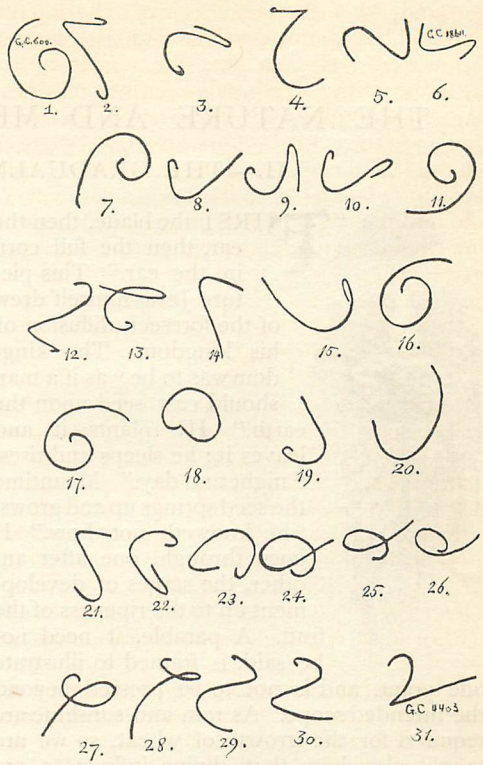


FIGURE 6. PROJECTIONS OF THE TYPE-HELIX ON A PLANE.

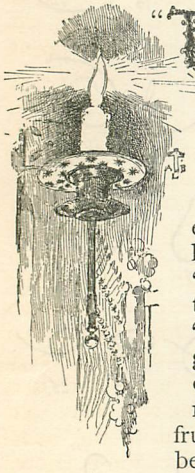
to some central point? or, as is most likely, are they entirely arbitrary in direction? What is the law of force by which the surrounding particles are attracted to, or repelled from, the central nucleus of the nebula? Is there a resisting medium surrounding these bodies? Are they in motion? Some of the parts of each nebula must be approaching us, some receding from us. Is it possible to make our spectroscopic observations sufficiently delicate to decide between these two directions with the clues afforded by our knowledge of their real shape? These and many similar questions at once suggest themselves with regard to each individual nebula. And some of these can certainly be answered, as respects some particular nebulæ. The answers so obtained will have the most important bearing on the larger question of the mode of formation of the solar system. In the spiral nebulæ we have an example of the working of the nebular hypothesis on a comprehensible scale, and we may hope to make some further steps onward by the light of the knowledge which seems now to be opening to us by the application of an unexpectedly simple method.

*Edward S. Holden.*

LICK OBSERVATORY.

# THE NATURE AND METHOD OF REVELATION.

## II.—THE GRADUALNESS OF REVELATION.



"FIRST the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." This picture Jesus himself drew of the foreseen diffusion of his kingdom. The kingdom was to be "as if a man should cast seed upon the earth." He plants it and leaves it; he sleeps and rises, "night and day." Meantime the seed springs up and grows, "he knoweth not how." It goes through, one after another, the stages of development up to the ripeness of the fruit. A parable, it need not be said, is framed to illustrate one point, and is not to be pressed beyond the intended scope. As rain and sunshine are required for the growth of wheat, so we are taught elsewhere that divine influences are needful, and are never disconnected from the operation of the truth in the minds of men. There is enough complementary teaching of Jesus to preclude any mistake, or one-sided view, in this direction. Yet the parable shows the confidence of Jesus in the perpetuity and progress of his kingdom. There resides in it, so he declared, a self-preserving, self-developing life. The seed, once planted, might be left with entire unconcern as to its growth. In these days, when "development" is a word on every tongue, we are often told that the conception of nature and natural law is foreign to the Scriptures. No assertion could be more mistaken. Even on the first page of the Bible, although the design there is to set in the foreground the creative agency of God, we read that the earth was bidden to bring forth the grass, the herb, and the fruit tree, each yielding "after his kind," "whose seed is in itself." In the parable of Jesus of which we are speaking, it is said that "the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself"—that is, to transfer the Greek term into English, "automatically." That epithet is chosen which denotes most exactly a self-acting, spontaneous energy, inherent in the seed which Jesus, through his discourses, his acts of mercy and power, and his patience unto death, was sowing in the world. This grand prophetic declaration, uttered in a figure so simple and beautiful, in the ears of a little company of Galileans, was to be wonderfully verified in the coming ages of Christian history.

It is not, however, the progress of Christianity since it was fully introduced by Christ and the Apostles that we have now to consider. The development of the understanding of Christianity on the side of doctrine and of ethics, the advance to a more and more just and enlightened comprehension of the Christian religion, the unveiling of the riches of meaning involved in it, is a fascinating theme. But all this belongs under the head of the *interpretation* of Christianity, that term being used in a broad sense. The religion of the Gospel means vastly more to-day than it was ever perceived to mean before. This enlarged meaning, however, is not annexed to it or carried into it, but legitimately educed from it, through the ever-widening perceptions of Christian men whom the Spirit of God illuminates. The starry heavens are now what they were of old; there is no enlargement save that which comes through the increased power and use of the telescope. The globe on which we dwell to-day is the same that it was twenty centuries ago. Yet during the past ages there has been a progressive advance in astronomical and geographical discovery. No one commits the blunder of confounding discovery with creation.

What we have to speak of now is development and progress in the contents of revelation itself, in the interval between its remotest beginnings and the epoch when the Apostles finally handed it over in its ripe, consummated form to the Church, to be thereafter promulgated in the world. Of divine revelation itself the saying is likewise true: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The fact that revelation was progressive, that it went forward like the advance from dawn to noonday, may suggest the hasty, unwarranted conclusion that it was a natural process merely. Some will be quick to leap to this rash inference. As regards natural religion, the fact that creation is found to have been progressive, that unsuspected links are found to unite its consecutive stages, that the tendency of science is to lay bare a certain continuity in nature, leads the shortsighted to ignore the supernatural altogether. They imagine that there is no need to call in God to explain nature except where breaks are met

in the chain of mechanical causation. It is enough, they imagine, to be able to trace back the planetary system to a fiery vapor preceding it, as if the existence, or the order, or the beauty, of the astronomic system were thereby explained. If it be true that the plants in their multiplied species or "kinds" spring out of a few primitive germs, or out of only one, the evidence of forethought and will-power in the organization of the vegetable kingdom is not in the least weakened. Nor would it be effaced if the spontaneous generation of the living from the lifeless were an ascertained fact of science. It is the fruit of that same unreflecting tendency to dispense with God where there is observed an orderly progress of phenomena, which leads to the ignoring or denial of the supernatural in connection with the gradually developing religion of redemption. The critical researches of the time ferret out bonds of connection between successive stages of religious and moral teaching in the sacred volume. As in geology, there is less need than was formerly thought to fall back on the supposition of catastrophes along the path. The rudiments of what once seemed an utterly new form or phase of doctrine are detected at a point farther back. Behind the most impressive inculcations of truth are found the more or less unshapen materials out of which they were framed. The statue is followed back through the different sets of workmen to the quarry where the marble was hewn out of its bed. Before the Lord's Prayer was given by the Master some of the petitions contained in it had lain, like grains of gold dispersed in a sand-heap, in the arid waste of rabbinical teaching. The first effect on a novice in literary studies of looking behind Shakspere's plays to the tales out of which they were woven, is to lessen in some slight degree his previous impression of the poet's originality. In a much greater degree is this effect produced by the first view of the spoils of the past which Milton gathered — from Homer, the Greek tragedians, Dante — and incorporated into his poems. That revealed religion *is* revealed, and is not the product of human genius, despite the gradual unfolding of it and the coherence of its parts, becomes more and more evident the more thoroughly the characteristics of it are appreciated. Its unique character finds no explanation in native tendencies of the Semitic race. History belies such a solution, of which Renan is one of the later advocates. This can be said while it is conceded that there were, no doubt, qualities in the Hebrew people which caused them to be selected as the recipients of revelation, and as witnesses for God to the rest of mankind. When we contemplate the true religion in its long, continuous advance upward to its culmination in the Gospel of Christ,— when we survey this entire course of history as a connected whole, — we are struck with the conviction of supernatural agency and authorship. When the outcome appears at the end in Jesus Christ and his work, light is thrown back on the divine ordering of the long series of antecedent steps. The accompaniment of miracle is a crowning token, reënforcing all other proofs of the supernatural, and confirming faith by an argument to the senses.

In glancing at the historic process of revelation, as that is disclosed by the scriptural documents, there is one transition which none can overlook. It is the contrast, on which the Apostle Paul builds so much, between law and gospel, the old covenant and the new. It is true that the Old Testament is not wanting in proclamations of the merciful character of God. The Apostle Paul himself insists that the Old Testament religion was, in its very foundation, a religion of promise, and that law came in to fill an intermediate space and to do a subsidiary office, prior to the realization of the promise. His doctrine is, moreover, that even the Gospel contains a new disclosure of God's righteousness, which was made necessary by his having passed over human sins in the period of comparative ignorance. The Atonement prevents the misconstruction which the divine forbearance in dealing with law-breakers in the earlier times might have occasioned. Still, the earlier revelation of God was predominantly a manifestation designed to impress on those to whom it was made his justice and unsparing abhorrence of transgression. Only as far as ill-desert is felt can pardon be either given or received. An education of conscience must precede a dispensation of grace. The later revelation was one of forgiving love. The superiority of Christianity to the Old Testament religion is the subject of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Its author will show that Christ is the "mediator of a better covenant"— a covenant with "better promises." "For," he pointedly remarks, "if that first covenant had been faultless," there would have been no occasion and no room for the second. The world-embracing compass of God's love, its inclusion of the Gentile races, was one of the prime elements in the Gospel. This was the "mystery" which had been hid from "ages and generations." The ordinary meaning of the term "mystery," in the New Testament writings, is not something which is still unknown, or inscrutable, but something which had before been concealed from human knowledge, but had now been brought to light. And the term is specially applied to the purpose of God to show

mercy to the world of mankind — a purpose which had been concealed from men, or at best but obscurely divined.

What precisely was the conception of God which was entertained in the earliest periods of Hebrew history is a subject of debate. There are questions which will be settled variously, according to the different views which are adopted respecting the date and relative authority of the documents. That the process of expelling the vestiges of polytheism and image-worship from the practices of the Israelitish people was accomplished slowly is sufficiently clear. The assumption, involved in language uttered by the heathen, that the gods of other nations than Israel are real beings, and exercise power, although it may be less than the power of Israel's God, determines nothing as to the doctrine of Israel's own accredited teachers. But Jethro, although a Midianite prince, was the father-in-law of Moses, and we find him saying, "Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods." Jephthah says to a Moabite king: "Wilt thou not possess that which Chemosh thy god giveth thee to possess? So whomsoever the Lord our God hath dispossessed from before us, them will we possess." Even Solomon wavered in his beliefs on this subject. Side by side with the altars of Jehovah, he built altars to foreign gods. Even in the early Church the idea prevailed that the deities of the heathen were demons — really existing, but evil and inferior in power. It would be natural for the less instructed Hebrews to imagine that there was some sort of territorial limit to the jurisdiction of the God whom they worshiped. An indistinct idea of this kind is at least a natural explanation of the story of the attempted flight of the prophet Jonah to Tarshish, which lay on the western border of the Mediterranean. There is a curious disclosure of a natural feeling in the fact recorded, without censure or comment of any sort, of Naaman, the Syrian captain. He craved permission to take into Syria two mules' burden of earth,— the sacred soil of Israel,— that upon it he might offer sacrifice to Jehovah. Some scholars there are who consider the earliest belief of the descendants of Abraham to have fallen short of a positive monotheism, and to have been rather a monolatry — the worship of one God, to the exclusion of all other worship, but without an explicit disbelief in the existence of other divinities who have respectively their own earthly realms to govern. Then the progress of faith would include, first, the idea of the God of Israel as more powerful than all other deities, and then, later, the ascription to him of almightiness, and the distinct conviction that all other gods are fictitious beings. But the scriptural evidence in favor of this succession in the phases of faith is scanty. We are speaking now, not of the populace, but of their more enlightened and steadfast guides. The path from a more narrow conception of God to a pure and absolute monotheism is supposed by some to have been through a deepening ethical idea of the attributes of Israel's God. Wellhausen writes: "Jehovah became the God of Justice and Right; as God of Justice and Right, he came to be thought of as the highest, and at last as the only, power in heaven and earth." The reader of statements of this kind should bear in mind that we are in a field where prepossession and theory play a great part. If it could be established that Jehovah at the outset was regarded as simply the tribal god, the sovereign protector of that one people, while the other nations were imagined to have each its own guardian divinity; yet the expansion of this primitive notion into the pure and lofty conception of the only true and living God, the world's creator and ruler, which is presented in soul-stirring language by the most ancient prophets, is a marvel. The transformation is really insoluble on any naturalistic theory. Even on the supposition that there was this gradual uplifting of religion from the low plane on which all pagan nations stood, and that the notion of a mere local divinity, of limited control, gave way to the majestic conception of one Lord of heaven and earth, the maker of all things, the ruler of nations, the universal sovereign — no conclusion would be so reasonable as that God Almighty took this method of gradually disclosing his being and attributes to that portion of the human race from whom, as from a center, the light of the true faith was eventually to radiate to the rest of mankind.

The universal providence of God is a cardinal element in Christian theism. Nothing is independent of him. There is no province set apart from his control, where rival agencies hold sway and thwart his designs. We can easily understand why, in the early stages of revelation, all emphasis should be laid on the sovereign power of God, and why a clear separation of his direct efficiency from his permissive act should be reserved for a later day. It was always taught, indeed, and holds true for all time, that according to a law of habit, of which the creator of the soul is the author and sustainer, sin engenders further sin. A self-propagating power inheres in transgression. In numberless examples it is observed that sin is thus the penalty of sin. It is true now, as it was always true, that a loss of moral discernment and a fixedness of perverse inclination are an ordained effect of persistent evil-doing. The law which entails this result is but another

name for a divine operation. Hence it is a false and superficial theology which will find no place for "judicial blindness" and for a "hardening of heart" that deserves to be called a judgment of God. So far the Scriptures of the New Testament are in full accord with the Scriptures of the Old. But there are certain forms of representation which, in the introductory periods of revelation, go beyond these statements, and ascribe to God a positive and immediate agency in the production of moral evil. Sometimes the hardening of the heart is spoken of as if it were the end which is directly aimed at. Such passages, taken by themselves, would warrant the harshest doctrine of reprobation which hyper-Calvinism has ever broached. The proper treatment of such passages is not — certainly not in all cases — to pronounce them hyperboles. It is not through unnatural devices of interpretation that we are to rid ourselves of the difficulty which passages of this nature occasion. The reference of them to a fervid rhetoric — in various instances, to say the least — may not be the right solution. We are rather to see in them that vivid idea of God's limitless power and providence which has not yet arrived at the point of qualifying the conception by theological discriminations. If it be asked how it was possible to reconcile the perception of the ill-desert of sin with the ascription of it to God's causal agency, the answer is that the inconsistency was not thought of. Reflection was required before the inconsistency referred to could become an object of attention, and the need of removing it be felt. In more than one philosophical system — for example, in Stoicism — there is found an earnest ethical feeling, which condemns wrong action, side by side with a metaphysical theory as to the origin of evil, which logically clashes with such an abhorrence of it. The two judgments do not jostle each other, because they are not brought together in the thoughts of those who entertain them. Where there is more reflection in the matter, as in Spinoza and his followers, it is still possible to keep up a degree of moral disapproval along with a theory which really ought to banish it as absurd. In the ancient Scriptures, and occasionally in the New Testament, especially in passages cited from the Old, the evil-doing and perdition of classes of men, their misunderstanding and perversion of the truth, are set forth as ends in themselves. Being involved in the circle of occurrences which are comprised in the general scheme of Providence, they are no surprise to him who carries it forward. They were foreseen and taken into the account from the beginning. It was arranged that they should be overruled and made the occasion of good. Their relation to Providence is emphasized in speaking of them as being directly aimed at and pursued, so to speak, on their own account. As we follow down the progress of revelation, we see that needful distinctions are more frequently made, and more carefully insisted on. In the second book of Samuel (xxiv. 1) it is said that God "moved" David against Israel, with whom he was displeased, and bade him go and number the people. The impulse or resolution of David, on account of which David was subsequently struck with compunction, is there said to have emanated directly from God himself. But in the later history (1 Chronicles, xxi. 1), in the record of the same transaction, we read that it was Satan who "provoked David to number Israel." The earlier writer does not hesitate to describe God's providential act as if it were the direct product of his preference, an explicit injunction, and the fact of David's repentance for doing the act does not present to the writer's mind any difficulty. The chronicler, from a later point of view, sets forth the act of David in such a way as to exclude, if not to guard against, the supposition that God prompted it.

The gradualness of the disclosure of the merciful character of God is one of the most obvious features of revelation. One part of this disclosure pertains to the heathen, and to the light in which they are regarded. It was natural that the contempt and loathing which idolatry and the abominations of paganism excited in the heart of the pious Israelite — feelings which the Mosaic revelation developed and stimulated — should be felt towards heathen worshipers themselves. The hatred thus begotten awakened an impatient desire that the divine vengeance should fall upon them. An impressive rebuke of this unmerciful sentiment, and what is really a distinct advance in the inculcation of an opposite feeling, is found in the book of Jonah. There are reasons which have availed to satisfy critics as learned and impartial as Bleek, who are influenced by no prejudice against miracles as such, that this remarkable book was originally meant to be an apologue — an imaginary story, linked to the name of an historical person, a prophet of an earlier date, and was composed in order to inculcate the lesson with which the narrative concludes. This was the opinion, also, of the late Dr. T. D. Woolsey. One thing brought out by the experience of Jonah is that so great is God's mercy that even an explicit threat of dire calamities may be left unfulfilled, in case there intervene repentance on the part of those against whom it was directed. The prophet who was exasperated at the sparing of the Ninevites was taught how narrow and cruel his ideas were, by the symbol of the

gourd "which came up in a night, and perished in a night." He was incensed on account of the withering of the gourd which had shielded his head from the sun. The Lord referred to Jonah's having had pity on the gourd, and said: "And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" This humane utterance, in which compassion is expressed even for the dumb brutes, is memorable for being one of the most important landmarks in Scripture, since it marks a widened view of God's love to the heathen. To illustrate this truth the narrative was written, and towards it as onward to a goal it steadily moves.

The truth of a righteous moral government over the world pervades revelation from the beginning. Obedience to law will not fail of its due reward; guilt will be punished in a just measure. But under the Old Testament system, nearly to its close, the theater of reward and penalty was confined to this world. The horizon was practically bounded by the limits of the earthly life. It was here, on earth, that well-doing was to secure the appropriate blessing, and sin to encounter its meet retribution. The Israelite, like other men of antiquity, was wrapped up in the state. He felt that his weal or woe hinged on the fortunes of the community in whose well-being his affections were, in a degree beyond our modern experience, absorbed. The prophets never ceased to thunder forth the proclamation that the fate of the community would be surely, in the providence of God, determined by its fidelity or its disloyalty to its moral and religious obligations. If they deserted God, he would forsake them. The people were to be rewarded or punished, blessed or cursed, as a body. And so in reality their experience proved. Moreover, as regards the single family, and the individual, the tendencies of righteous action, under the laws of Providence, were then, as always, on the whole favorable to the upright in heart. The arrangements of Providence were in their favor. But in process of time it became more and more painfully apparent that this rule was not without numerous exceptions. The righteous man was not uniformly prospered. He might be poor, he might be oppressed, he might be condemned to endure physical torture, he might perish in the midst of his days. On the other hand, the wicked man was often seen to thrive. His wealth increased. He grew in power and influence. His life was prolonged. How could the justice of God be defended? How could the allotments of Providence — this disharmony between character and earthly fortune — be vindicated? This problem became the more anxious and perplexing as the minds of men grew to be more observant and reflective. How to explain the lack of correspondence between the condition and the deserts of the individual? This problem is the groundwork of the book of Job. A righteous man is overwhelmed by calamities, one after another. His lot is to himself a dark and terrible mystery. But his consolers, when they break silence, solve it in the only way known to their theology. Such exceptional suffering implies an exceptional amount of guilt. Job must have been a flagrant transgressor. Of this fact his dismal situation is proof positive. The wrath of Jehovah is upon him. Conscious of the injustice of the allegation brought against him, yet unable to confute the logic of it, Job can do nothing but break out in loud complaints extorted by his anguish and the bewilderment into which he is thrown. He cannot see any equity in the lot which has befallen him. His outcries give vent to a pessimistic view of the world and of the divine management of it. Another interlocutor brings forward the inscrutable character of God's doings. What more vain and arrogant than for so weak and helpless a creature as man to pretend to sound the unfathomable counsels of the Almighty, and to sit in judgment on his ordinances? This, of course, is a rebuke, but contains no satisfactory answer to the questions which the distress of Job wrings from him. But the real answer is given. Afflictions may have other ends than to punish. They may be trials of the righteousness of a servant of God. They are a test to decide whether it springs out of a mercenary motive. Hence, it is not to be inferred that his sufferings are the measure of his ill-desert. Thus a distinct advance is made in the theodicy. New vistas are opened. Pain has other designs and uses besides the retributive function. Yet at the end Job's possessions and his earthly prosperity are all restored to him. The feeling that even here on earth there must be, sooner or later, an equalizing of character and fortune is not wholly given up.

It was revealed, then, to the religious mind, that suffering, besides being inflicted as the wages of sin, might be sent to put to the test the steadfastness of the sufferer's loyalty to God, to prove the unselfishness of piety, by showing that it might survive the loss of all personal advantages resulting from it, and to fortify the soul in its principle of obedience and piety. But relief from perplexity in view of the calamities of the righteous came from another source. This was the perception of the vicarious character of the righteous man's affliction. This idea emerges to view in a very distinct form in the great prophets. The pious portion of Israel, the kernel of the people,

suffer not for their own sake, but on account of the sins of the nation, and as a means of saving it from deserved penalties and from utter destruction. This view is brought out by Isaiah in his description of the servant of Jehovah. The conception is gradually narrowed from Israel as a whole, or the select portion of Israel, and becomes more concrete; so that in the fifty-third chapter the sufferer is an individual, the Messianic deliverer. It is declared that the popular judgment respecting the sufferer, which attributes to him personal guilt, and sees in his lot the frown of God, is mistaken. Penalties are laid on him, he is taking on himself penalties which not he, but others, deserve to bear. How this principle of vicarious service is illustrated in the life and death of Jesus, and how abundantly it is set forth in the New Testament, it is needless to say. Who had sinned, the blind man or his parents, that he was born blind? His blindness, Jesus replied, was not a penalty for the sin of either. This problem of the distribution here on earth of suffering in discordance with desert, of which we are speaking, had new light shed upon it by the gradually developing faith in the future life; but of this point I will speak further on. In general, the contrast between the common run of Old Testament descriptions of the reward of the righteous, and of the New Testament declarations on the same theme, is very marked. In the Old Testament it is riches, numerous children, safety of person and of property, which are so often assured to the righteous. The words of Jesus are, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Yet the essential character of God, the eternal principle of justice that will somehow and somewhere be carried out in the government of the world, is at the root the same in both dispensations.

He who would appreciate the progress of revelation has only need to compare the silence as to a hereafter and the gloom that encompasses the grave — characteristic features of ancient Scripture — with the definite assurances and the triumphant hopes which are scattered over the pages of the New Testament. On this subject we can trace the advance from the night to the brightening dawn and from the dawn to midday. The hopes and aspirations of the ancient Israelites were bounded by the limits of the present life. Their joys and sorrows were here; here, as we have seen, were their rewards and punishments. It is true that they did not positively believe their being was utterly extinguished at death. On the contrary, they found it impossible so to think. There was some kind of continuance of their being, vague and shadowy though it was. When it is said of the worthies of old that they died and were "gathered to their fathers," it is not to their burial — certainly not alone to their burial — that the phrase points. It was used of those who died far away from their kindred. A continued subsistence of some sort is implied in it. Necromancy was a practice which was forbidden by law, and the need of such a law proves that the belief and custom prohibited by it had taken root. The story of the appearance of Samuel, and the occupation of the witch of Endor, show at least a popular notion that the dead could be summoned back to life. Sheol, the Hades of the Israelites, was thought of as a dark, subterranean abode, a land of shades, where existence was almost too dim to be denominated life. There was nothing in this unsubstantial mode of being to kindle hope, or to excite any other emotion than that of dread. In the poetical books Sheol is personified and depicted as full of greed, opening her mouth "without measure," and swallowing up all the pomp and glory of man. In a splendid passage of Isaiah, Sheol is represented as disturbed by the approach within her gloomy domain of the once mighty King of Babylon, and as stirring up the shades, the dead monarchs, to meet him. They exult over his downfall and death, crying, "Is this the man who made the earth to tremble, who made kingdoms to quake, who made the world as a wilderness and broke down the cities thereof?" But this is only a highly figurative delineation of the humiliating fall and death of the arrogant, dreaded sovereign. It is not until we have passed beyond the earlier writings of the Old Testament that we meet, here and there, with cheerful and even confident expressions of hope in relation to the life beyond death. In the later Psalms there is an occasional utterance in this vein. The sense of the soul's communion with God is so uplifting as to forbid the idea that it can be broken by death. Jesus refers to the Old Testament declaration that God is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as a sufficient warrant for the belief in the continued, immortal life of those who stood in this near, exalted relation to the Eternal One. What other — at least, what higher — evidence of immortality is there than is derived from the worth of the soul, and what indication of its worth is to be compared with its capacity to enter into living fellowship with God? How can a being who is admitted to this fellowship be left to perish, to exist no more?

Besides this connection of faith in future life with the relation of the righteous and believing soul to God, the demand for another state of being to rectify inequalities here arose by degrees in religious minds. The strange allotment of good and evil, whereby the good man, and not the bad man, was often seen to be the sufferer, and the holy were found to be maligned

and the victims of oppression, led to the expectation of a life beyond, where this confusion would be cleared up and an adjustment be made according to merit. The moral argument, which Kant, and others before and since, have presented as the ground for believing in a future state, was a revelation from God to the Hebrew mind, and not the less so because this belief stood connected with experiences and perceptions that went before. There is a familiar passage in the book of Job in which the hope of a reawakening from death is perhaps expressed. It is the passage beginning, "I know that my Redeemer"—or Vindicator—"liveth." The confessions of hopelessness in earlier portions of the book, the impassioned assertions that there is nothing to be looked for beyond death, are to be counted in favor of the other interpretation, according to which the vindication which Job expected he looked for prior to his actual dissolution. On the contrary, however, it is not improbable that the foresight of an actual reawakening to life is represented as having flashed upon his mind, displacing the former despondency. Certain it is that distinct assertions of a resurrection appear, here and there, in the later Scriptures. For, in the biblical theology, it is the deliverance of the whole man, body as well as soul, which in process of time comes to be the established belief. It is closely associated with the conviction that in the triumph and blessedness of the kingdom the departed saints are not to be deprived of a share. It was not a belief derived from the Persians, but was indigenous among the Hebrews,—an integral part of revelation,—however it may have been encouraged and stimulated by contact with Persian tenets. Not to refer to statements, relative to a resurrection, of a symbolical character,—such as the vision of dry bones in Ezekiel,—we find in the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah a passage which is explicit, and, as it would seem, is to be taken literally. In the Revised Version the passage reads, "Thy dead shall live; my dead bodies shall arise." There is a critical question, it should be stated, as to the date of the chapter in which these words occur. In the Psalms there are not wholly wanting passages of a like purport. In the book of Daniel the resurrection of both the righteous and the wicked Israelites is very definitely predicted. As is well known, the resurrection was an accepted doctrine of orthodox Jews in the period following that covered by the canonical books. In the New Testament immortality, and with it the resurrection, stands in the foreground. Through the death and resurrection of Jesus there comes a new illumination, a signal disclosure of God's purpose of grace and of the blessed import of eternal life; so that death is said to be "abolished" and life and incorruption "brought to light" (2 Tim. i. 10).

When we leave theology for the domain of ethics, the progressive character of revelation is capable of abundant illustration. The Sermon on the Mount has for its theme that fulfillment of law, that unfolding of its inner aim and essence, which Christ declared to be one end of his mission. Morality is followed down to its roots in the inmost dispositions of the heart. The precepts of Jesus are a protest against the Pharisaical glosses which tradition had attached to Old Testament injunctions. It is "the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees" which is pointedly condemned. It is still an unsettled question, however, whether the reference to what had been said by or to "them of old time" was intended to include Old Testament legislation itself, as well as the perverse, arbitrary interpretations which had been attached to it by its theological expounders. Plainly the injunction of Jesus to love the enemy, as well as the neighbor, goes beyond the directions in Leviticus (xix. 17, 18): "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart. . . . Thou shalt not take vengeance, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Here nothing is said of any except the "neighbor." The prohibition is limited to the treatment of national kinsmen. That the general obligation to the exercise of good-will towards wrong-doers and foes, whereever they may be, and to the cultivation of a forgiving temper towards all men, finds in the Gospel an unprecedented expansion and emphasis is evident to all readers of the New Testament. A supplication for the pardon of enemies forms a part of the Lord's Prayer. The hope of personal forgiveness is denied to those who are themselves unforgiving. The example of Jesus, and the pardon offered to the most unworthy through him, are a new and potent incentive to the exercise of a forgiving temper.

A glance at the ideals of ethical worth in the early ages of Israel is enough to show how sharply they contrast with the laws of Christ and the type of character required and exemplified in the New Testament. It was once said by an eminent divine that the patriarchs, were they living now, would be in the penitentiary. Polygamy and other practices the rightfulness of which nobody then disputed, the wrongfulness of which nobody then discerned, are related of them, and related without any expression of disapproval. Whoever has not learned that practical morality, the ramifications of a righteous principle in conduct, is a gradual growth, and that even now,

after the generic principles of duty have been set forth in the Gospel, and a luminous example of the spirit in which one should live has been afforded in the life of Jesus, the perception of the demands of morality advances from stage to stage of progress, is incompetent to take the seat of judgment upon men of remote ages. Not long ago, a letter of Washington was published in which directions are given for the transportation to the West Indies and sale there of a refractory negro who had given him trouble. The act was not at variance with the best morality of the time. The letter is one that deserves to cast no shade on the spotless reputation of its author. Yet a like act, if done to-day, would excite almost universal reprobation. To reproach the worthies of Old Testament times as if they lacked the vital principle of unselfish loyalty to God and to right, as they understood it, is not less irrational than to deride the habitations which they constructed or the farming tools which they used to till the ground. It is not the less imperatively required of us, however, to recognize the wide interval that separates the ancient conceptions of morality from those of the Gospel. Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, entered, heart and soul, into the cause of Israel in the mortal struggle with the Canaanites. In lending aid to the cause which she espoused she did an act of atrocious cruelty and treachery. She enticed Sisera into her tent, and when he was reposing drove a tent-pin through his head. Yet for her deed she is lauded in the song of Deborah the prophetess (Judges v.), "Blessed above women shall Jael be, the wife of Heber the Kenite!" Almost the same words were addressed to the Virgin Mary (Luke i. 42), "Blessed art thou among women!" What an infinite contrast between the two women to whom this lofty distinction is awarded! Nothing is better fitted to force on us the perception of the gradualness and the continuity of revelation.

We meet in the Psalms with imprecations which are not consonant with the spirit of the Gospel. They belong on a lower plane of ethical feeling. It is one thing to experience a satisfaction in the just punishment of crime. It is accordant with Christianity to regard with conscientious abhorrence iniquity, whether we ourselves or other men are the sufferers by it. Indifference to base conduct, be the root of this state of mind a dullness of the moral sense, or false sentiment, is, to say the least, not less repulsive, and may be more demoralizing, than the fires of resentment which nothing but fierce retaliation can quench. But the spirit of revenge is unchristian. Christianity teaches us to distinguish between the offense and the offender: the one we are to hate; the other we are forbidden to hate. Moreover, Christianity never loses sight of the possibilities of reformation in the case of wrong-doers. The Christian considers what an individual might be, not merely what he now is. The benevolent feeling, therefore, is not allowed to be paralyzed by the moral hatred which evil conduct naturally and properly evokes. As regards personal resentment, the Christian disciple is cautioned never to forget his own ill-desert and need of pardon from God, and the great boon of forgiveness in the reception of which the Christian life begins. These qualifications and correctives of passion were comparatively wanting in the earlier dispensation.

It is impossible to refer all the imprecations in the Psalms to a feeling of the authors in relation to the enemies of God and of his kingdom. Respecting such even, Jesus invoked not vengeance. He rebuked his disciples when they proposed to call down fire from heaven to destroy the inimical Samaritans (Luke ix. 55). No devices of interpretation can harmonize with the precepts of Christ such expressions as are found in the 109th Psalm: "Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be vagabonds, and beg. . . . Let the extortioner catch all that he hath. . . . Let there be none to extend mercy unto him. Neither let there be any to have pity on his fatherless children." The wrath of the author of this lyric against the cruel and insolent one who "persecuted the poor and needy man, and the broken in heart, to slay them," it is fair to assume was merited. The sense of justice and the holy anger at the root of these anathemas are in themselves right. They are the result of a divine education. But they take the form of revenge — a kind of wild justice, as Lord Bacon calls it. The identification of the family with its head is one of "the ruling ideas" of antiquity. It appears often in the methods of retribution which were in vogue in the Old Testament ages. It gave way partly, and by degrees, under that progressive enlightenment from above through which individual responsibility became more distinctly felt and acknowledged, both in judicial proceedings and in private life.

It is the characteristic of Old Testament laws and precepts that in them bounds are set to evils the attempt immediately to extirpate which would have proved abortive. Something more than this must be said. There was lacking a full perception of the moral ideal. In the Old Testament expositions of duty, as we have already seen, there is an approach towards that radical treatment of moral evils which signalizes the Christian system. An additional example of this feature of the preparatory stage of revelation may be found in the last chapter

of the book of Proverbs. There "Lemuel," the name of a king, or a name applied to one of the kings, is apostrophized. He is exhorted to practice chastity and temperance. "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink: lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." What better counsel could be given? The judge on the bench must have a clear head. But the counselor, in order to strengthen his admonition, proceeds to say: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish." So far, also, there is no exception to be taken to the wisdom of his precept. The Jews had a custom, resting on a humane motive, to administer a sustaining stimulant or a narcotic to those undergoing punishment, in order to alleviate their pains. Something of this kind was offered to Jesus on the cross. But the counselor does not stop at this point. He says: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." There need be no hesitancy in saying that this last exhortation is about the worst advice that could possibly be given to a person in affliction, or dispirited by the loss of property. The thing to tell him, especially if he has an appetite for strong drink, is to avoid it as he would shun poison. Yet our remark amounts to nothing more than this, that the sacred author sets up a barrier against only a part of the mischief which is wrought by intemperance. His vision went thus far but no farther. It is a case where, to quote a homely modern proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread." It would be a great gain for morality and for the well-being of society if magistrates could be made abstinent.

On this general subject there is no more explicit criticism of Old Testament law than is contained in the words of Jesus respecting divorce. The law of Moses permitted a husband to discard his wife, but curtailed his privilege by requiring him to furnish her with a written statement which might serve as a means of protection for her. This statute, as far as the allowance to the man which was included in it is concerned, is declared by Christ to have been framed on account of "the hardness of heart" of the people. It fell below the requirement of immutable morality. It was a partial toleration of an abuse which it was then impracticable to seek to cut off altogether. But Christianity lifted the whole subject to a higher level. It presented a profounder view of the marriage relation. It superseded and annulled the Mosaic enactment.

The advance of the New Testament revelation in its relation to the Old has become, in these days, obvious. But the New Testament revelation, in itself considered, was not made in an instant as by a lightning-flash. It did not come into being in all its fullness in a moment, as the fabled Minerva sprung from the head of Jove. As in the case of the earlier revelation, the note of gradualness is attached to it. The fundamental fact of Christianity is the uniting of God to man in the person of Jesus Christ. Peter's confession respecting his person is the rock on which the Church was founded. The Epistle to the Hebrews opens with the following striking passage (as given in the Revised Version): "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son." The former revelations were made through various channels, and were besides of a fragmentary character. They paved the way for the final revelation through the Son, whom the writer proceeds to liken, in his relation to God, to the effulgence of a luminous body. But modern exegesis and modern theological thought, while leaving untouched the divinity of Jesus, and even, for substance, the Nicene definitions of it, have brought into clear light that progressive development of the Saviour's person of which the Incarnation was the starting-point. Not until his earthly career terminated and he was "glorified" was the union of God and man in his person in its effects consummated. More was involved in his being in the "form of a servant" than theology in former days conceived. Nothing is more clear from his own language respecting himself, as well as from what the Apostles say of him, than that there were limitations of his knowledge. On a certain day Jesus started from Bethany for Jerusalem. He was hungry. Seeing at a distance a fig tree with leaves upon it, he went towards it, expecting to find fruit—it being a tree of that kind which produces its fruit before putting out the leaves. But when he came to it his expectation was deceived; "he found nothing but leaves." Jesus said that he did not know when the day of judgment would occur. Apart from conclusive testimonies of this character, it is evident from the whole tenor of the Gospel histories that he was not conscious of the power to exercise divine attributes in their fullness of activity. The opposite idea gives a mechanical character to his actions and to most of his teachings. How, if he was all the while in the exercise of omniscience, could he "marvel" at the unbelief of certain of his hearers? That when he was a speechless babe in his mother's arms he was consciously possessed of infinite knowledge, is an impossible conception. And the difficulties of such a conception are only lessened in degree at any other subsequent day while he was "in the

flesh." When we behold him at the last, prior to the crucifixion, we find his soul poured out in the agonizing supplication: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The supposition of a dual personality in Christ is not less contrary to the Scriptures and to the Creed of the Church than it is offensive to common sense and to philosophy. Yet he was conscious of his divine nature and origin, and the unfolding within him of this unassailable conviction kept pace with the development of his human consciousness. The dawning sense of the unique relation in which he stood to God comes out in his boyhood, in the words addressed to his mother when he was found with the doctors in the temple, "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" And the limitations of Jesus must not be exaggerated or made the premise of unwarranted inferences. He knew the boundaries of his province as a teacher and never overstepped them. Just as he refused to be an arbiter in a contest about an inheritance, saying, "Who made me a judge or a divider over you?" — so did he abstain from authoritative utterances on matters falling distinctly within the sphere of human science. No honor is done to him, and no help afforded to the cause of Christianity, in attributing to him scholastic information which he did not claim for himself and which there is no evidence that he possessed. It is not less important, however, to observe that, notwithstanding the limits that were set about him by the fact of his real humanity, and as long as he dwelt among men, there was yet an inlet into his consciousness from the fountain of all truth. "No one knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal him" (Matt. xi. 27). His knowledge differed in its source, in its kind and degree, from that of all other sons of men. "The words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works." The divine in him was not a temporary visitation, as when the Spirit dwelt for a brief time — sojourned, one may be permitted to say — in the soul of a prophet like Isaiah. Even then God spoke through the prophet, and the mind of the prophet might for the moment become so fully the organ of God that he spoke through the prophet's lips in the first person. But in Christ there was an "abiding" of the Father. The union was such that the whole mental and moral life of Jesus was an expression of God's mind and will. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." As conscience in me is the voice of another, yet is not distinct from my own being, so of Christ is it true that the Father was in him — another, yet not another. And this union, although real from the beginning, culminated in its effects not until a complete ethical oneness was attained, at the end of all temptation and suffering — the oneness which found utterance in the words, "Howbeit not what I will, but what thou wilt." This was the transition-point to the perfect development of his being, which is styled his "glorification." As the risen and ascended Christ, he can be touched with sympathy with the human infirmities of which he has had experience, at the same time that he can be present with his disciples wherever they are — can be in the midst of the smallest group of them who are met for worship.

From Jesus himself we have a distinct assurance that the revelation which he was to make was not to end with his oral teaching. Near the end of his life he said to the Disciples, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." They were not ripe for the comprehension of important truth, which therefore he held in reserve. The Holy Spirit was to open their eyes to the perception of things which they were not yet qualified to appreciate. The communication of the Spirit ushered in a new epoch. Then the Apostles took a wider and deeper view of the purport of the Gospel. We find in the Epistles an unfolding of doctrine which we discover in the germ in the conversations and discourses of Jesus. It was impossible, for example, that the design of his death could be discerned prior to the event itself, and as long as the Disciples could not be reconciled even to the expectation of it. In isolated sayings of Jesus, in particular in what he said at the institution of the Lord's Supper, the Atonement is taught. The giving of his life, he said on another occasion, was to avail, in some way, as a ransom. But it was not until the cross had been raised that the doctrine of the cross was made an essential part of Christian teaching, and the great sacrifice became a theme of doctrinal exposition. By this subsequent teaching a void which had been left in the instructions of the Master was filled. In his teaching there were two elements, standing, so to speak, apart from each other. On the one hand, he set forth the inexorable demands of righteous law. In this respect no portion of the older Scriptures, in which law was so prominent a theme, is equally adapted to strike the conscience with dismay. On the other hand, there was in the teaching of Jesus the most emphatic proclamation of God's compassion and forgiving love. These two sides of the Saviour's teaching are connected and harmonized in the apostolic exposition of the Atonement.

The Apostles themselves, individually, as regards their perceptions of truth, their insight

into the meaning of the Gospel, and its bearings on human duty and destiny, did not remain stationary. How they attained to a more catholic view of the relation of the Gentiles to the Gospel and to the Church must form the subject of a special discussion. Apart from this subject, where their progressive enlightenment is so conspicuous a fact, there can be no doubt that from day to day they grew in knowledge. If we were in possession of earlier writings from the pen of the Apostle John, we might expect that marked differences would appear between them and the Gospel and the First Epistle, which were written when "the Son of Thunder" had ripened into the octogenarian apostle of love. The Apocalypse, so far as the style of thought is concerned, whatever judgment may be formed on other grounds, may quite conceivably have been written two or three decades prior to the date of the Gospel by the same author. When the earliest writings of Paul, the Epistles to the Thessalonians, are compared with his latest writings — with the Pastoral Epistles and the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians — we not only find perceptible modifications of tone, but, in the later compositions, we find also views on the scope of the Gospel — what may be termed the universal or cosmical relations of the work of redemption — such as do not appear in his first productions. As a minor peculiarity, it may be mentioned that when he wrote to the Thessalonians he seems to have expected to be alive when the Lord should come in his Second Advent, while in his latest epistles this hope or expectation has passed out of his mind. As the Gospel and the First Epistle of John are the latest of the Apostolic writings, it is permissible to regard them as the fullest and ripest statement of the theologic import of the Gospel.

*George P. Fisher.*

# PROFESSOR JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."

BY common consent, no Englishman of the present generation knows America so well, or has formed so just and far-seeing an impression of her institutions, as James Bryce. His personal acquaintance with the United States is limited, notwithstanding, to three holiday visits paid to this country in the intervals of professional activity. Mr. Bryce has many friends on both sides of the Atlantic, but, politician and author as he is, he shrinks with unusual timidity from any personal approach of the interviewer. His private life is little known because he has declined to permit it to be observed; and in giving some small sketch of his career we have been obliged to content ourselves with barren materials. The author of "The Holy Roman Empire" and "The American Commonwealth" is too modest to allow even his friends to persuade him that they wish to know something of his inner life or of the development of his intellectual powers. If this sketch of his career is slight, let it be appreciated that Mr. Bryce has not merely contributed nothing to make it fuller, but has done all that lay in his power to persuade us that it was altogether needless and superfluous.

James Bryce was born at Belfast, in the north of Ireland, of a Scottish father and an Ulster mother, on the 10th of May, 1838. His father being an LL. D. of Glasgow, it was natural that he should receive his early education, first at the high school and then at the university of that city. He early showed a vigorous understanding and a rare power of application, gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, and began that connection with the latter university which has lasted now for nearly thirty years. Mr. Bryce, who is many things besides, is primarily and characteristically an Oxford don. He carries about with him a flavor of scholastic life into all his practical concerns, and is now perhaps the most complete specimen of the English university politician. He took his bachelor's degree, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel, the college which Newman and the Tractarian movement had long before made famous, in 1862. He now settled down, at the age of twenty-four, into an Oxford don, whose peculiar existence entails a feverish round of lectures and committees, board meetings and council meetings for eight months of the year, and leaves the remaining four open for extensive travel. Mr. Bryce, whose physique has always been sturdy and active, early became a mountaineer, and some of the more remarkable of his adventures have found their way into chronicle.

His literary life opened in 1864, when he published a prize essay on "The Holy Roman Empire." This was a little volume of a kind

such as is seldom heard of outside the walls of the university. Such essays are commonly found to be, if erudite, yet second-hand, and if elegant, yet juvenile and unimpressive. The volume of the young Fellow of Oriel was an exception. Rarely has the earliest production of a writer in prose attracted or deserved so much notice. It was exceedingly novel in theme; it was sound in matter and brilliant in style; and what was intended for a board of examiners found its welcome in the general world of readers. The object of "The Holy Roman Empire" was to describe that institution or system from a new point of view, as the marvelous offspring "of a body of beliefs and traditions which has almost wholly passed away from the world." The book is, nevertheless, rather a narrative than a dissertation, and with what may be called the theory of the empire is combined an outline of the political history of Germany and of some phases of medieval Italy. This treatise enjoyed a genuine and even a sustained success, and to the fourth edition, which appeared in 1873, the author made great additions, with a supplementary chapter on Prussia. "The Holy Roman Empire" has been translated into German and Italian; the latter version was made by the distinguished historian, Count Ugo Balzani.

The eminent success of this first effort led many of the young scholar's associates to believe that history would be the ultimate aim of his ambition. Yet the readers of "The Holy Roman Empire" might have perceived that its author approached history mainly from the point of view of a jurist. In fact, his design was to make himself a proficient in the practical and theoretical study of the law, and to this end for the next two years he worked hard, both at Oxford and at Lincoln's Inn in London. At the unusually early age of thirty-four his ambition was rewarded by a chair in his own university—that of Civil Law. The Regius Professorship of Civil Law at Oxford is one of the oldest in Europe, dating from 1546, and it is this ancient and honorable office which Mr. Bryce has now held for nearly twenty years. His first act on receiving the appointment from the Crown was to start for his earliest visit (1870) to the United States. For the next ten years the career of Bryce was that of an active and laborious university professor, and he was visible to the world at large only on occasion of his adventurous vacation rambles, of which he gave several public accounts. He became an active member of the Alpine Club; in 1871 he climbed the Schreckhorn, as in 1867 he had scaled the Maladetta. One year he visited Spain; on another occasion he ran through Transylvania and Poland; in 1873 he published, in the "Cornhill Magazine," his "Impressions of Iceland," an article which attracted an unusual amount of attention. By far the most interesting and unique of his traveling experiences, however, is still his tour in western Asia, in 1876.

In company with a relative, Mr. Bryce proceeded to Russia in the summer of that year, visited the fair of Nizhni Novgorod, and towards the end of August sailed down the Volga towards the mysterious East. It was not a happy moment for an Englishman to choose for a visit to Russia. The Russian natives were greatly exasperated against the English, whom they looked upon as abetters and accomplices of the Turk; the Bulgarian massacres of May not having yet produced the English indignation meetings of September. Nevertheless, the travelers were, on the whole, treated generously and kindly. They passed through to the extreme south of the country, crossed the Caucasus, and entered Transcaucasia under the very shadow of the highest mountain of Europe, Mount Kazbek. From the city of Tiflis they proceeded, in September, through Armenia to the town of Erivan, and from that point performed a feat in alpine traveling which was really remarkable and at that time unprecedented in local annals—the ascent of Mount Ararat. It had even become almost an article of faith with the Armenian Church that the silver crest of this exquisite mountain was inaccessible. Mr. Bryce set out to conquer these virginal snows on the 11th of September, 1876, under the escort of six Cossack troopers, and beneath such tropic heat as he had never before endured. One by one his Slavonic attendants, as well as his Kurdish guides, forsook him, and at a height of 13,600 feet the English mountaineer found himself ascending alone. He accomplished the ascent, of which he has given an account which is the most eloquent and most picturesque piece of prose in his writings. Two days afterwards an Armenian gentleman presented him to the Archimandrite of Etchmiadzin, and said, "This Englishman says he has ascended to the top of Massis" [Ararat]. The venerable man smiled sweetly. "No!" he replied, "that cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible." From Erivan the travelers returned to Tiflis, turned east to the Black Sea at Poti, and took steamer along the northern coast of Asia Minor to Constantinople. Mr. Bryce's account of this interesting journey was delayed by a domestic sorrow—the death, as he put it, of "one whose companion he had been in mountain expeditions from childhood, and to whom he owes whatever taste he possesses for geographical observation and for the beauties of nature." Late in 1877 was published the volume called "Transcaucasia and Ararat," which combined notes of the journey with

copious topographical observations and political reflections.

In 1880 a change came over Professor Bryce's manner of life. He had long taken a warm and liberal interest in public affairs, and he now became a practical politician. He entered the House of Commons as member for the Tower Hamlets, a constituency which he continued to represent for nearly five years and which he has been able to address in German. In 1885 he was elected for the Scotch borough of South Aberdeen, and was reëlected, unopposed, to serve in the present Parliament. During Mr. Gladstone's last brief period of power Mr. Bryce held office as Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. But before this he had given his close attention to the study of American institutions. In 1881 he made a second and in 1883 a third visit to the United States. In 1884 he began to write that compendium of well-arranged information which, under the title of "The American Commonwealth," was published in 1889. In 1888–89 Mr. Bryce visited India, his book being issued during his absence. An account of his activity as a professional politician would hardly be in its right place in so slight a sketch as the present. But it is only right to give him special credit for his activity in bringing before Parliament the importance of the question of preserving common rights, in which he has done eminent service. He is prominent, also, as a defender of the rights of literary property, and as a parliamentary representative of that important institution the Incorporated Society of Authors. He was in the chair at the dinner given by that body to the authors of America in 1888, when Mr. James Russell Lowell made one of his finest speeches. In politics Mr. Bryce is a Liberal of the advanced, but not revolutionary section. He has kept very closely in touch with Mr. Gladstone, and is one of those Liberal politicians, now becoming a small body, who have never swerved to the right or to the left in their personal allegiance to the leader. He has even accepted the principle of home rule for Ireland. At various points, but particularly in his convictions in regard to the Eastern question, Mr. Gladstone has found, perhaps, no follower who has given the subject so much study and yet whose judgment is so identical with his own as Mr. Bryce. Historian, jurist, politician, traveler, university reformer, there can be no question but that James Bryce has dissipated his extraordinary talents over too many widely divergent provinces of mental action to attain the credit he might have conquered in any one, but in his versatility — and he is sound even in versatility — he is one of the most "all-round" men of his generation.

*X.*

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Ballot Reform Practically Accomplished.

THE complete success of the new Massachusetts ballot act, at its first trial in the election of last November, made it certain that what had previously been known as the Australian system was destined within a few years to become the American system. As Mr. Henry George, who witnessed the working of the new law in Boston, said, after the election was over, "The new system more than fulfilled every anticipation of its friends, and falsified every prediction of its enemies." This was a terse statement of what had happened. The first trial had swept away at a single stroke every argument which had been raised against the Australian method. It had previously been said by the opponents of it, whenever they were told that it had been in successful operation in Australia for thirty years, in England for eighteen years, and in Canada for sixteen years, that the experience of those countries furnished no evidence that the system was adapted to American needs; that the multiplicity of candidates at our elections would lead to such long and complicated ballots that the voter would take so much time in marking them, and would get so confused by the number of names, that either the election would be defeated, or large numbers of voters would be disfranchised.

This argument of "complications" and "confusion" was advanced persistently and in countless forms, but at bottom it was always the same; the system was too involved, too "theoretical" and "visionary" for practical American needs.

When it succeeded in municipal elections in Louisville, Kentucky, and in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the opponents of it said that those were no tests, since only local candidates were chosen. When in October last it had its first trial in the first election which Montana held as a State, and succeeded again, these opponents said that this could not be regarded as a test, because Montana was a sparsely settled community, and there was no need of haste in depositing or counting the votes. When at the same time it was tried in the chief cities of Tennessee, where there was a large illiterate colored vote, and again succeeded perfectly, the old argument of a simple municipal ticket was advanced as sufficient to meet the case. When a modified form of the system was tried in the same month in Connecticut at a State election, and like all previous trials proved successful, it was said that the reason was that this was not the "complicated" Australian plan, but a simple method which had been advocated by the opponents of the Australian plan as more practicable. They overlooked the fact that more defects were discovered in the working of this "simple" law than had

been revealed in all the previous trials of the various Australian laws put together.

But the Massachusetts test met and overthrew all points of criticism. The law was a thoroughgoing application of the Australian system. In all important principles it was a copy of the bill which was drafted by the committee of the Commonwealth Club of New York City in the winter of 1887, and which became the basis of the two so-called Saxton bills that Governor Hill vetoed in 1888 and in 1889. These principles are secret voting in compartments, exclusively official ballots, printed and distributed at public expense, and nominations by means of petitions or nomination papers, as well as by regular party organizations and conventions. The names of all candidates were to be printed on the same ballot, and the voter must indicate his choice by an X opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wished to vote. Governor Hill and his imitators in opposing these principles had objected most strongly to the exclusive official ballot, the grouping of all names upon one ballot, and the marking of that ballot by an election official to prevent imitations. These were the principles upon which the general charge of "complications" rested. There was nothing said by Governor Hill in his two veto messages in opposition to the Saxton bills which was not aimed at one of these principles. His contention was that in the large cities these provisions would lead to endless delays and complications, would open the door to fraud, would furnish easy means for defeating the secrecy of the ballot, would aid rather than prevent bribery, and would disfranchise thousands of voters.

When tried in the city of Boston every one of these objections was proved to be absolutely groundless; that was the testimony of everybody who witnessed the working of the law. It was shown that all classes of voters had no difficulty in using the system; that "heelers," "workers," "bulldozers," and all the other annoying concomitants of elections in American cities had disappeared as if by magic; that bribery had been abolished; that voting was so easy that three minutes was the average time in which the voter prepared and deposited his ballot, instead of the ten minutes provided by the law; that during voting-hours the polling-places were as orderly as a prayer-meeting, and, finally, that the counting was almost as quickly done as it had been under the old method. In every other part of the State the same demonstration was made, and when the polls closed on election night there could not be found in the State of Massachusetts a single opponent of the Australian system. As one of the bitterest opponents of it said after witnessing its operation: "It is as easy as rolling off a log."

The wonder is, not that the system succeeded, but that we have been content to get along for so many years without it. As a matter of fact we have had nothing which could properly be called a system. We have been getting on in many States, including New York, literally with no legal provision whatever for the furnishing of ballots. The law directs how the ballots shall be printed, but makes it nobody's duty to supply them. Our voters get them where they may, have no assurance that they are honestly printed, or represent what they purport to represent, and advance to the polls to deposit them, in our large cities, through a crowd of loafers and "heelers" to a room filled with a similar crowd and reeking with tobacco smoke, vulgarity, and profanity. Nobody can truthfully call that a "system."

Under the Australian method the voter is taken charge of from the moment he enters the polling-booth, is guarded against annoyances of all kinds, is helped in every way to prepare his ballot, has a path marked out for him to follow in depositing it, and a separate door for him to depart from when his work is done. He could not go astray if he tried. That such a system as this should be called "complicated" is, in the light of experience, an absurdity. It is small wonder that the success of the Massachusetts law has created so general a demand for similar laws that it is a safe prediction to make, that within five years every State in the Union will have adopted a similar statute. There were nine States which had such laws at the close of 1889, and two others which had imitations; and it is not improbable that in a majority of the States our next national election will be conducted under the Australian system. That will be a reform advance as invaluable in its effects as it has been speedy in accomplishment.

### Value of the Small Colleges.

No part of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" shows a keener insight into American needs than his chapter upon our universities. He is able to perceive at once the weak point in the criticism which is so often heard, to the effect that we have too many small colleges and not enough great universities. Like any other observing foreigner who has visited this country, he heard this criticism more generally than any other, for it is the one most often made, both by those who have thought a little upon the subject and by those who have thought upon it not at all. Mr. Bryce says (Vol. II., p. 552):

> The European observer . . . conceives that his American friends may not duly realize the services which these small colleges perform in the rural districts of the country. They get hold of a multitude of poor men, who might never resort to a distant place of education. They set learning in a visible form, plain, indeed, and humble, but dignified even in her humility, before the eyes of a rustic people, in whom the love of knowledge, naturally strong, might never break from the bud into the flower but for the care of some zealous gardener. They give the chance of rising in some intellectual walk of life to many a strong and earnest nature who might otherwise have remained an artisan or storekeeper, and perhaps failed in those avocations.

That is as true as it is well said. We have quoted only a few lines from a chapter which every friend of education ought to read entire. No man can estimate the service which the small colleges of the country have done by setting up "learning in a visible form" in so many parts of the land. Our educated class would otherwise be no more than a fraction of what it is to-day. American boys are proverbially ambitious of learning, and in thousands of them the spark has been kindled by the presence of the small college near their homes. They could not afford to go miles away to a great university, but they can live at home and walk daily to the small college. In every part of the land where such an institution exists it acts as a perpetual inspiration. When the elder son of a family goes to college, his example becomes at once the model for

the younger sons. The tuition is usually low; the ability to live at home instead of having to board brings the education which the college has to offer within the means of any boy who has in him the stuff of which a real man is made. Thousands of American boys have paid their way through these colleges by teaching school and by various kinds of manual labor in vacation time.

Of course the education afforded is limited. It bears no comparison with that obtainable in the largest American colleges, to say nothing of that to be had in the great European universities. But between it and no college education at all the distance is enormous. In some respects the quality of it is inferior to none which is given anywhere. The personal contact between teacher and pupil is closer in the small college than in the large, and wherever there is found in one of them a true teacher, a man of large soul, quick sympathies, and high ideals, who has the indescribable and invaluable gift of touching and opening the minds of youth — wherever there is a college with such a man there is a great university in the highest sense of the word. One such teacher, it matters little what he teaches, can make a college a power in the land. It is our conviction that there are many of these teachers scattered throughout the 345 colleges which we have in the United States, and that there is not in the land a more potent influence for the highest good of the nation.

Statistics show that our colleges, great and small, contain about 70,000 students, and that more than 10,000 degrees are conferred each year. There are thus sent forth into the world 10,000 young men — the statistics given do not include women — in whose minds a love of learning has been kindled. It may be that in the majority of cases there will be little growth towards higher learning after the college precincts are abandoned; but in all cases some influence has been exerted. These 10,000 men will not be so easily misled by false doctrines and fallacious theories as they would have been had they never gone to college. In every community in which they pass their lives their influence will be exerted on the side of progress and in favor of the more liberal ideas which find the light there. Among the 10,000 there will be a few in whose larger and more fertile minds the seed of knowledge will continue to grow until it bears fruit. Among them there may be one whose voice or pen shall prove of highest value to his fellows for many years to come.

There never was a time when our country needed the services of these college-bred men so much as it does to-day. We shall always have in this land of inexhaustible resources enough of men who will devote all their energies to the accumulation of wealth and to the increase of our material prosperity. To counteract them we need and shall continue to need the restraining influence of those who are willing to devote themselves to what Lowell calls the "things of the mind." The country must have some men who can resist the temptation to devote their lives to mere money-getting, not because they would not like to have the freedom and power which money gives, but because they love knowledge more. Our colleges alone can supply these men, and they are supplying them, and are thus of inestimable service to the Republic.

### The Care of the Yosemite Valley.

A COMPETENT judge has characterized the announced policy of an active member of the Yosemite Valley Commission to "cut down every tree [in the valley] that has sprouted within the last thirty years" as a policy "which, if it were carried out, would eventually result in an irreparable calamity — a calamity to the civilized world." This member is represented as declaring that his policy has the support of the commission: it remains to be seen whether his associates will follow such fatuous leadership. But the history of the Yosemite makes it only too probable that a crisis in its management is near at hand.

The American people are probably not aware of their proprietorship in the Yosemite. In 1864, by act of Congress, the valley and the grounds in the vicinity of the Big Trees of Mariposa were granted to the State of California "with the stipulation nevertheless that the said State shall accept this grant upon the express conditions that the premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation; shall be inalienable for all time," etc. Thus is recognized by law the moral claim of all humanity to an interest in the preservation of the wonders of the world. A citizen of New York is as much one of the owners of the Yosemite as a citizen of California, and his right to be heard in suggestion or protest is as undoubted. There are, unfortunately, few resident Californians who are well acquainted with the valley. An actual count has indicated that one-half of the visitors are foreigners, chiefly Englishmen, while one-fourth are from the Eastern States. The opinion of these "outsiders" might be supposed to have a special value, being disconnected with the local dissensions which have gathered about the valley. And yet disinterested endeavors made in a private and respectful manner to arouse the authorities to the destructive tendencies which are evident to people of experience and travel are denounced by certain members of the commission in the most violent and provincial spirit. This spirit has been widely remarked by travelers, and is candidly recognized by many Californians and deplored as doing much to retard the growth of the State.

It is unfortunate that the first public presentation of the subject and the resultant investigation by the legislature of California were complicated by personal, political, and commercial considerations to such an extent as to obscure the important point — Has the treatment of the Yosemite landscape been intrusted to skillful hands? We have before us the report of this investigation, together with a large number of photographs showing the condition of portions of the valley before and after the employment of the ax and the plow. Without going into the details of the alleged abuses, monopolies, rings, and persecutions, it is easy to see in the above testimony and photographs abundant confirmation of those who hold that the valley has not had the benefit of expert supervision. In saying this we are not impugning the good faith of past or present commissions or commissioners, appointed for other reasons than their skillfulness in the treatment of landscape. They are certainly to be acquitted of any intention to injure the valley: that would be unbelievable. It is no reproach to them that they are not trained foresters. Their responsibility, however, does not end

there: it is, in fact, there that it begins; for, in the absence of knowledge of a professional nature, it should be their first aim to obtain the very best man or men available to do this work. No such expert is too good or too expensive, and no claim upon the budget of California should have precedence of this. If the commissioners have not money enough for this expenditure, it is part of their duty as holders of a great trust to arouse a public sentiment which shall procure the proper appropriation. The press of the country, which is never backward in such matters, would lend an effective support to the demand for funds for this most necessary expert care.

Here, however, is the crucial point. The commission may follow the leadership of those who see no need of experts and have no faith in them. They may think it more desirable to improve a trail than to preserve the sentiment for which the trail exists. Perhaps, in their interest in safe and rapid transportation, they may even carry out the project attributed to the governor of California, of building a tramway along the valley! We prefer to believe that, aware of the endless trouble, confusion, and clashing of one commission with another, and of the members of each with their associates, they will awake to the necessity of procuring from a competent person a definite plan for the treatment of the landscape and artistic features of the valley. It is fortunate that there are several such men now living. A large part of the business of their profession is to contrive expedients for lessening the misfortune into which gentlemen of education and culture, supposing themselves to have a special aptitude for the work, have carried themselves in undertaking what they have regarded as very simple improvements. To contrive means and methods by which that which is most distinctly valuable to the world in the Yosemite can be perpetuated, and to provide means by which the world can conveniently and effectively make use of it,—which means shall be in the least degree possible conspicuous, incongruous, and disturbing to the spirit and character of the scenery,—is a problem that no amateur ought to dabble with.

Should the commission not be inclined to this obvious duty, the better sentiment of California might well be organized to procure the amendment of the law by which the commission is appointed. Eight men named by the governor,— none of them for attainments in the profession of forestry,— meeting but twice a year, serving without pay and liable to removal, are not likely to constitute a commission of skill and responsibility. What is needed, after a definite plan, is fitness of qualification and permanence of tenure in its administrators. We believe a large sentiment in California would support a bill for the recession to the United States with an assurance of as capable administration in government hands as now characterizes the Yellowstone Park. Among the chief of California's many attractions are the Spanish missions, Lake Tahoe, and the Yosemite and Big Grove grant. The missions are dropping into a needless decay, the ravages of the lumberman are spoiling the beautiful shores of Tahoe, while the Yosemite, which should be the pride and nursling of the State, finds in her neglect and doled expenditures the indifference which popular tradition ascribes only to a step-mother. It is to the interest of the valley, the commissioners, the State, the nation, and the world that California should adopt an intelligent and generous policy towards the Yosemite with a view to placing it in skillful hands and devising a permanent plan which shall take it, once for all, out of the reach of the dangers by which it is now seriously threatened.

# OPEN LETTERS.

### Destructive Tendencies in the Yosemite Valley.

LETTERS FROM VISITORS.

I.

AT the meeting, in June last, of the commissioners who manage the Yosemite Valley, a project was set afoot to obtain from the National Government the grant of a large addition to the land now held in trust by the State of California under the act of 1864, deeding to that State the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove. The plan to extend the grant is at this writing not worked out in detail. There is, however, a most pertinent and important question which offers itself *pari passu* with the general idea of a widening of the limits of the grant. It is this: Has the past management of the Yosemite Valley been good or bad? has it been characterized by a fit appreciation of the dignity and beauty of the subject to be treated? or has it been conceived and executed on a low plane, either of intelligence or of taste?

Until that question shall have been answered with candor and impartiality it will scarcely be worth the while to suggest or discuss the details of any plan for an extension of the grant. During the year now gone the management of the valley has been most bitterly criticized in the columns of some of the California newspapers. If such utterances were to be accepted as conclusive evidence, there would be but one judgment to be rendered—that the management of the valley was in hands wholly vile, and that to increase the power for harm held by such hands, by enlarging the domain submitted to their control, would be an act of criminal folly.

Fortunately and unfortunately for the peace of mind of those who know and love the greatest treasure of our national scenic gallery, many of the newspaper comments have been of an exceedingly ill-advised description — fortunately, because it is a comfort to know that the situation is not nearly so bad as it has been represented to be; unfortunately, because there are in truth good reasons for vigorous protest against certain parts of the management of the valley, and those reasons have been buried almost out of sight in the newspaper columns under a mass of intemperate, indiscriminate, and sensational denunciation, to no small extent incited by business rivalries and personal jealousies.

Brushing away the impeding rubbish of abuse, one comes to the solid and salient fact that the management of the Yosemite has been a woful failure in respect

of the preservation of the natural loveliness of meadow and woodland. It is not necessary to agree with the sweeping assertion that "the valley has been converted into a hideous hay ranch"; but it is too evidently true that the artistic instinct — if it has ever existed in connection with the management of the valley — has been sacrificed to the commercial, and the conservation of natural beauty has been outweighed too frequently by the supposed necessity of providing mules, horses, and horned cattle with pasturage and hay at the least possible cost to the owners of those beasts.

But the work of the plowshare and of other aids and abetters of commercial agriculture is of less serious import — being primarily less objectionable and also more easily rectified when harmful — than is the absolutely shocking use that has been made of the wood-chopper's ax — deadliest foe, in reckless or ignorant hands, of woodland beauty; deadly unless guided by a mind of most rare attainments in the craft of artistic forestry. There are places in the valley where one is forced to wonder why the axes themselves did not turn and smite the men who were putting them to such base uses. This stupid application of the woodman's tool is not a thing of yesterday. It began with the white man's occupation of the valley. It has been continued under all administrations. During the last year it received a check; but under the system by which the Yosemite is governed there is no saying when the work of the devourer of beauty may not again flourish.

No intention herein exists of decrying the use of the ax, or even of fire, within limitations. Nature indeed is the sole truly great artistic forester; yet the conditions of nature in the Yosemite Valley are such that human agencies must, for human convenience and enjoyment, tamper to some extent with nature's work. But active and unnecessary aggressions have been made on the charms of both woodland and open meadow of a sort that admit of no variety of opinion or taste. The offenses thrust themselves with violence upon the notice of the most transitory observer, and become positively burdensome to one who prolongs his stay in the valley. So far, then, has the administration of the grant been a failure, and the inevitable inference is that any extension of the grant should be made with caution, and not at all unless accompanied with a radical reform in the system of control.

It is simply a waste of time to attempt — as was done last winter during an investigation of the affairs of Yosemite by committees of the California legislature — to fasten upon individuals the blame for the past desecration of the valley's beauty. The roots, trunk, branches, and foliage of the wrong are in the system of management. The individual wrong-doers — whether commissioners, guardians, wood-choppers, stable-boys anxious to feed their mules cheaply, or whoever else — are merely the natural fruitage of such a system. Let us see what that is.

The valley is managed by a board of commissioners, of which board the governor of California, whoever he may be, is ex-officio president. There are eight other commissioners, each of whom serves during four years; but they are appointed four at a time, biennially, the appointment being made by the governor of the State. The commissioners serve without pay other than a small allowance for actual expenses when attending meetings of the board. The meetings are semi-annual, and one of them must take place in the valley. Under the commissioners is a guardian, who receives a small salary, who has no right of initiative, and who is practically merely a watchman and foreman of laborers. It would appear that the bare announcement of such a system would be enough to secure its condemnation as unwieldy, unjust, and totally ineffective to fix responsibility in any certain place. The wonder is that the results of the system have not been tenfold worse than they are.

A small commission, well salaried, and of which one member might with advantage be a man eminent in the profession of landscape gardening and artistic forestry, could fairly be expected to do away with the present causes of complaint — or at least to apply remedies where the evil is not past remedy. There is, however, no need for entering through this letter into a definite and detailed plan of reformation. If the active interest of the clientage of THE CENTURY can be aroused, — and that body comprises an exceedingly great proportion of visitors to the valley, past, present, and prospective, — surely that influence should be able not only to enforce its demand for reform, but also to procure the adjustment of a wiser system of management for the Yosemite than any that the present writer claims to be able to offer.

*George G. Mackenzie.*

WAWONA [BIG TREE GROVE], CALIFORNIA.

## II.

I ENTERED the Yosemite Valley one Sunday afternoon in June, 1889, and rode immediately to the Stoneman House, at the farther end of the valley. My impression on arriving at that point was far from agreeable. At my left was the Yosemite Fall; at my right was the hotel with its expectant waiters; while in front and near at hand was a long, low, frontier-town saloon, vulgar and repulsive in every detail, and so out of harmony with its grand surroundings as to shock the dullest sensibilities.

I was anxious to look upon the valley alone, and therefore took a saddle-horse, and without even a guide rode over it and climbed its trails, standing upon the highest summits and visiting the most concealed recesses. As I rode over the floor of the valley I was more and more impressed with the lack of design or even of ordinary skill in its laying out and management which was everywhere apparent. The drives are as good as can be expected; no fault can be found with their construction, if the shortest route between two points is all that is desired. But this is not all. The floor of the valley is so level that no special skill in road-making is required. What is needed is a cultivated taste; an eye which can take in the grand frame of carved and etched rock and the beautiful picture which nature has spread between the imposing walls; and a trained taste which can combine the latter with the former, so that each shall enhance and contribute to the grandeur and beauty of the other.

Apparently no effort has been made in laying out the drives to reveal by unexpected turns the startling beauties of rock or river or waterfall. A few bridges cross the swiftly flowing river, but these are

bridges of convenience. They are not placed where they will furnish the finest views, and architectural merit or harmony with the surroundings evidently had no place in the mind of their builder.

As to foot-paths, there were none. The visitor can "cut across lots," unless fences prevent; but as for walks, or paths laid out with artistic design, to afford pleasant surprises by openings through which delightful views may be obtained, or leading to shady nooks among the giant pines, or to rare points of observation, they do not exist. The impression is forced upon the mind that pedestrians are not wanted, and this is further demonstrated by the fact that in all this valley there is no seat, nor arbor, nor place of any kind where the visitor may sit and enjoy the wonderful scenery, unless perchance he sit upon the stump of some giant tree which has been felled by ignorance or folly.

The decaying stumps of magnificent pines and oaks, standing alone or in groups in so many and such peculiar places, so impressed me as representing successive stages of destruction, and useless and wanton destruction, that I made a special visit to the guardian of the valley to inquire why it was so. The explanation was simple: "There is no plan for the improvement or care of the valley: each guardian has his own idea; each board of commission has some idea, ill defined, that something ought to be done, and often individual members of the commission have their own ideas in regard to what should be done in the way of trimming, cutting, etc. New commissioners appoint new guardians, and each guardian follows in the footsteps of his predecessor by doing as his own judgment dictates."

This was the explanation of the guardian, and in the light of this explanation I can see how giant trees could be felled to suit the taste or convenience of hotel keepers, how guardians could trim shrubs and lop the branches of trees, or even fell and destroy giant trees as they are moved by the spirit.

In one part of the valley I saw a large piece of ground, entirely cleared of trees, which had been fenced in and was used as a pasture for horses. If this cleared spot could have been used as a park, where natural grasses and wild flowers of the valley should be encouraged to grow, it would have been a source of constant delight to both educated and ignorant visitors. At the last meeting of the commissioners this fence was ordered to be removed at the expiration of the lease now in operation. But why should a considerable fraction of a public reservation of hardly more than eight square miles ever have been given over to the raising of hay or to be trampled by horses?

In another part of the valley wild azaleas were growing and blossoming in such luxuriance as to excite the attention of the most commonplace observer; and yet I saw a number of cows tramping through them and feeding on the tender shoots. Venturesome ladies came to the hotel with arms full of the beautiful blossoms and branches. If this be permitted, in a little time cows and tourists will entirely destroy these rare plants, as so many have been destroyed.

Now what can be done, and what ought to be done? Anything desirable can be done, because the valley is absolutely in the control of the State. First, there should be a carefully prepared plan adopted by the commission and having the force of law, and which should be followed by commissioner and guardian, and not a limb should be cut, nor a tree felled, nor a path made, nor a road graded, except as this plan should prescribe. In this way river and rock, trees and shrubs, walks and drives, would gradually grow into perfect harmony. Every stump should be dug up, every fence in the valley should be removed, and pigpens, saloons, and tin cans placed where they will be rarely seen, and not allowed to occupy conspicuous places in the valley.

Not an animal of any kind should be allowed to be at large in the valley, and not a fence should be allowed as a cottage inclosure. Animals are necessary, but they should be fed and cared for in stables and not allowed to run at large. There must be cottages for those who live in the valley, but cottage-gardens need not be inclosed if there are no animals to destroy them, and if uninclosed they would add variety and picturesqueness if properly cared for on a definite plan.

There were nearly one hundred visitors in the valley at the time I was there, most of them persons whose taste had been cultivated by travel and observation. I heard many criticisms from them in regard to the management of the valley. The rocks cannot be removed and the waterfalls cannot be defaced; but the floor of the valley, with its beautiful trees and rare shrubs and blossoming plants, can be so injured by improper cutting as to render the natural features less beautiful and destroy to a great extent the pleasure of the views.

A class of people known as "campers," that is, people who travel with their own teams, enter the valley in large numbers, and this class, being unwatched, are the source of a great deal of damage to shrubs and smaller trees, both by cutting, by hitching their teams, and by the careless use of fire. This class cannot be excluded, and it would not be well to exclude them if it were possible; but the strictest rules should be made in regard to them and the most careful watch should be kept over them. To do this it might be necessary to have a small force of mounted police, but the result would more than compensate for the outlay.

If the commissioners could be made to see what an immense advantage and relief to them a carefully prepared plan of improvements would be, I feel sure they would secure the services of some competent man and have such a plan prepared at once.

If the present system be continued, the complaints which are now whispered will be spoken with such force and volume as to ring in the ears of the public and literally compel the National Government to retake what it has placed as a trust in the hands of the State of California.

*Lucius P. Deming.*
[JUDGE OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.]
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## III.

IN June, 1889, in company with Mr. John Muir, the well-known California naturalist, I made a visit of eight days to the Yosemite Valley, to the upper Tuolumne Cañon, and to the peaks and meadows of the high Sierras which form the headwaters of these parallel gorges. The wonders of the Yosemite — confessedly supreme in American scenery — are hardly more unique and

marvelous than the little-known cataracts of the Tuolumne River, in one of which, along a sloping descent a thousand feet in length, the force of the torrent, striking the pot-holes of the granite, throws up not fewer than a dozen sparkling water-wheels from fifteen to twenty-five feet in diameter. This cañon, now impassable to all but the mountaineer, and with great difficulty traversed even on foot, is but eighteen miles, as the crow flies, from the Yosemite, and must eventually become easily accessible to the visitor to that region. The trip from the valley to the head of the Tuolumne series of cataracts occupies a horseman two days, part of the way by the old Mono trail, and is a continuous panorama of wild and lonely beauty of cliff and forest. The only sign of the depredations of man is seen in the barren soil fairly stippled by the feet of the countless herds of sheep which have denuded these mountain meadows and forests of the luxurious flowers, breast-high, which overspread them but a few years ago.

Fresh from the impression of the beauty of nature in its wildest aspects, and of how that impression can be impaired by the intrusion of man, we descended again to the level floor of the Yosemite to see once more from below the wonders we had seen from above. What most impresses one in the valley is the close congregation of its wonders. Here, indeed, Ossa is piled upon Pelion. Along a winding gorge, less than ten miles in length and from half a mile to two miles in width, between walls rising almost sheer to the height of three thousand feet, is a series of wonders, the sight of any one of which would be compensation for the uncomfortable and fatiguing trip from the foothills. Lake, river, forests, waterfalls, headlands — there is nothing that is not unique, nothing that is not great.

Common sense would seem to dictate that in making this wonderland accessible to visitors, the treatment of the floor of the valley from the start should have been put in the hands of the very best experts, with a view not only to preserve and enhance the composition, unity, and natural charm of the pictures presented to the eye, but to see that nothing be done to disturb the rare sentiment of the scene. The unthinking may sneer at sentiment, but in such matters the sentiment is everything — the first consideration, the only "sense." Without encroaching upon it, there is still abundant room for practical and necessary adjustments, and that these may not clash with the sentiment is the chief concern of the expert who has to make nature esthetically available by man.

Now let us see what has been done to disturb the sentiment of Yosemite Valley. In the first place the situation and surroundings of the chief hotel, the Stoneman House, are strangely commonplace and repellent. At one side, within a stone's-throw, is a marshy field of stumps; in front is an uninteresting stretch of badly treated open forest, the floor of which, said to have been once covered with beautiful flowers, is now nearly bald with thin weeds. Unfortunate as is the situation of the hotel, the services of a landscape expert would very much have reduced the offensiveness of this view. The building itself is of the cheap summer-resort type, and was so badly constructed that it has recently been declared dangerous by the new commission. It is perhaps well that it is not more conspicuously placed, though it has been so highly thought of that trees have been injuriously trimmed up that it may be seen by approaching stages, and that these in turn may be seen by its guests. Much worse features of this neighborhood are a saloon at one side of it and on the line of its front, and a pig-sty in the rear of the house, which is sometimes so offensive that guests of the hotel have been forced to leave the piazzas.

In walking and driving over the valley, one's feelings of awe at the unspoilable monuments of nature are often marred by the intrusion of the work of unskillful hands upon the foreground of the picture. The importance of the foreground is increased by the narrowness of the gorge and the multiplicity of grand views in every direction, which are enhanced by agreeable foregrounds. In several conspicuous places are fields of rank ferns thickly dotted with stumps — once, according to photographs and the work of disinterested witnesses, spots of singular beauty. Many acres were thus transformed, fenced in and converted into hay-fields and leased to a transportation company, to the exclusion of the public; and though the removal of these fences has wisely been ordered by the commission, nature must be long in repairing the damage already done by the trampling of pasturing animals. Near the Yosemite Fall an unnecessary swath has been cut through the forest, to the sacrifice of some of the noblest oaks in the valley, the boles of which lie where they were felled. The object of this is represented to have been to open a vista from the bar-room of Barnard's Hotel, to rival the natural view of the same fall from the Stoneman House. Indeed much cutting of trees seems to have been done to open up artificial vistas, especially by trimming off the lower limbs of young conifers to one-third or one-half their height. It is idle to say that no trees should be cut in the Yosemite, but it is well known that the cutting of a tree is one of the most delicate operations of the landscape artist, and one does not have to look twice to see that in the valley the cutting has not been guided by expert advice. How much more the need of intelligence and skill when whole vistas are to be opened, and especially when the effect of the grandest scenery is part of the problem. In a number of places where thickets had been trimmed up I saw piles of dry branches lying under the deformed trees, thus exposing the valley to the danger of fire — a more remarkable sight since in general the commission seems to be fully alive to the danger of injury to the valley by fire.

The visitor to the Yosemite finds much to praise in the arrangements for reaching the points of interest. The trails are uniformly good; the guides, so far as I could learn, are sober, careful, and intelligent; the horses and mules are trustworthy for mountain work. One may not be wanting in appreciation of these and other excellent features of the valley management and still feel, from the evidence of his eyes, that in failing to enlist expert assistance the present commission and all previous commissions have exposed to serious danger the trust which they have in charge not only for themselves and for California, but for the world of to-day and of all time to come.

New York City. *Robert Underwood Johnson.*

### Columbus's Day.

NEARLY 400 years ago, on May 20, 1506, Spain permitted the world's most illustrious sailor to die in poverty and disgrace. Some 300 years later a Frenchman erected at Baltimore a neglected and almost forgotten monument to Columbus. In Roman Catholic circles there is now a serious proposition to honor the daring navigator by canonizing him into St. Christopher. Taking all together can any generous citizen of the three Americas think that the discoverer who suffered so much has yet been fitly rewarded?

The fair of 1892 will in itself be a magnificent but fleeting tribute. A monument would be lasting, but with so many unfinished monuments who would dare suggest another? Or by what right should the discoverer of a hemisphere be limited to a statue not visible a mile away, or by the merest fraction of the people to whose grateful memory he has a title? In this dilemma is not this a fitting time to urge the proposal that the day of the discovery should be dedicated to the discoverer? It is so fitly timed, by good fortune, with reference to other holidays of the year that it lends itself to the proposal as though so intended. Between the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving comes only Labor Day. And after Thanksgiving there is no break in the work-days until the two crowded holidays of the New Year season. The half-way holiday of Thanksgiving comes, when it does, in tardy, bleak November, too long after the Fourth and too shortly before Christmas, purely by accident. It is a holiday too firmly fixed in the people's affections for any one to wish or dare to propose its discontinuance. But surely a suggestion to shift it a little in the calendar, to a more genial season, at a time when a holiday is missing, and moreover to add to it a new and deeper meaning, is only to propose a most friendly purpose. It would be sheer caviling to object that already there is one holiday dedicated to honoring the birthday of the father of our country. No one would do him the less honor by honoring Columbus, not only in this great nation but throughout the American hemisphere. Putting religious festivals aside, there would be no holiday to compare with it, just as, since the world began, there has been no material event of greater significance to civilized mankind than the discovery of the New World.

Of course this could not be achieved all at once. Thanksgiving Day, like Topsy, "growed." It was the result of coöperation by the sundry governors, growing out of the obvious fitness of things. Similarly, to create the new holiday only coöperation is necessary. Legislation would be useful, of course; but in New York at least, and probably elsewhere, the wording of the present statutes is sufficient. "*Any* day appointed or recommended by the governor of this State, or the President of the United States, as a day of thanksgiving" is a legal holiday in New York. What better day for Thanksgiving could be named than October 12, and what especial reason is there for retaining Thanksgiving in inconvenient November simply because chance and custom have placed it there? Let us by all means keep the honored feast-day, and better yet let us give it new worth and luster. Let New York's governor set the example, let the President follow it in the great quadro-centennial year, and then poor Christopher will no longer be unhonored in the country upon whose grateful memory he has so especial a claim. Just as the Eiffel tower survives the Paris exposition, so let us hope a new and significant holiday may survive our fair of 1892. The daily press teems with elaborate suggestions for curious and costly structures of stone and metal. But none of them are so fit a memorial or would be so dear to the people as an annually recurring feast-day.

*Edward A. Bradford.*

### "Shooting into Libby Prison."

I WAS surprised at the denial of shooting into Libby Prison, on page 153 of the November CENTURY, because I was so unfortunate as to be compelled to stay a short time at that notorious place and had a personal experience with the shooting. Our squad reached the prison one April night in 1863. Early next morning we new arrivals, anxious to become better acquainted with the rebel capital, filled the windows and with outstretched necks sniffed the fresh air. Three of my comrades were kneeling with elbows resting on the window-sill, quietly looking out. I stood with my hand on the top of a window-frame, looking out over their heads, when bang went a gun, and a bullet came whizzing close to my head and sunk deep into the casing within six inches of my hand. Nothing saved one of our number from death but the poor aim of the guard, who was nearly under us, and to whom we were paying no attention. We were told by those who had been there some time that it was the habit of the guard to shoot in that way to keep prisoners from leaning out of the windows.

*Albert H. Hollister,*
*Company F, 22d Wisconsin; 1st Lieutenant, Co. K, 30th United States Colored Troops.*

I ENTERED Libby a prisoner of war, October 10, 1863, much weakened by our long trip in box cars from Chattanooga, and having been forty-eight hours without rations. To escape the stifling air inside I seated myself in an open window on the second floor. One of my comrades, having more experience, made a grab for me and "yanked" me out, exclaiming, "My God, man, do you want to die?" "What 's up now?" I said. "Look there!" Peeping over the window-sill, I saw the guard just removing his gun from his shoulder. "What does this mean?" I said. "We had no orders about the windows." "That is the kind of orders we get here," he answered. I went through Richmond, Danville, "Camp Sumpter" (Andersonville), Charleston, and Florence, and during this experience, covering a period of fourteen months and thirteen days, I never heard instructions that we might do this or might not do that. Our first intimation of the violation of a rule was to see the guard raising his gun to his shoulder. They did not *always* fire, but often they did.

*J. T. King,*
UPPER ALTON, ILL. *115th Illinois Volunteers.*

# BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Thoughts on the Late War.

I WAS for Union — you, agin it.—
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,
Lookin' at Now and all 'at 's in it.
Le' 's go to dinner.

Le' 's kind o' jes set down together
And do some pardnership forgittin'—
Talk, say, for instunce, 'bout the weather,
Er somepin' fittin'.

The War, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'ints o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.

The old farms and the old plantations
Still occipies the'r old positions.—
Le' 's git back to old situations
And old ambitions.

Le' 's let up on this blame', infernal,
Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin',
And git back home to the eternal
Ca'm we 're a-wantin'.

Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet—
When *women* does my cookin' for me.—
Ther' was n't overly much pie et
Durin' the Army.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

### Of a Lady.

HER house is nearly in the town,
Yet shady branches round it lower,
Her tea is always on the board
At half-past four.

Her fireside has a friendly look,
There 's something happy in the air,
Her cream is such you rarely now
Meet *any*where.

She likes this shaded corner best,
The rosy lamp, the Dresden set,
A friend,—or two, perhaps,—a waft
Of mignonette.

And some one touches, in the gloom,
The harp's mysterious wailing strings,
And thoughts that never rose in words
Take music's wings.

Dear friend, though tired and far away,
I still can seek your door,—in Spain,—
Still sit beside your fire, and drink
That tea again!

*Annie G. Wilson.*

### A Letter.

SHE wrote a letter with her eyes,
Well filled with words of bliss;
Then, like a prudent maid and wise,
She sealed it with a kiss.

*Meredith Nicholson.*

### An Arab Saying.

REMEMBER, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not:
In other hearts 't is living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

*Constantina E. Brooks.*

### Negro Plowman's Song.

DE springtime am er-comin' en dis darky's heart am light,
W'en de sap hit gits ter runnin' in de trees,
En I wants ter be er-laughin' f'om de mornin' tell de night,
En er-playin' lak de green leabes in de breeze.
I feel so monstrous lazy dat I does n't want ter work,
En dis mule o' mine, he foolin' in de row,
'Ca'se he feels jis like he marster, en he 's tryin' fer ter shirk,
En I has ter larrup him ter meck him go.

[*G' up dar, sah! Doan you see my ole 'ooman er-comin' roun' dar er-s'archin' fer sallit* [*salad*] *in de corners ob de fence!*]

En now I feels lak hummin' on some ole-time darky song,
W'ile de mockin'-bird am singin' f'om de hedge.
De medder-larks en robins am er-fussin' all day long,
As de cotton-tail goes dartin' frough de sedge;
W'ile up de crick de turkle-dove am courtin' ob its mate,
En de bumblebee is buzzin' all erroun',
W'ile de martins am er-twitt'rin' at er most amazin' rate,
En de hoss-fly am er-friskin' up en down.

[*What ails dis hyah ole critter, er-snortin' en er-kickin' dat er way! Huh! ef hit hain't one er dem ornary insects erready!*]

I laks ter smell de clover as hit tangles in mer toes,
En ter see de purty blossoms hyah en dar,
W'ile dogwood buds is bustin' in de low-ground whar dey grows,
En de honeysuckle sweeten all de a'r.
En soon de juicy peaches will be drappin' ter de groun',
En de red-streaked apples tumble too;
Den de curl on de melon vine will turn er golden brown,
Er-layin' in de sunshine en de dew.

[*Golly ding! Doan dis hyah darky's mouf water fer one on em dis hyah bressed minute! Yas, Dinah, ole 'ooman, I'se gwine ter move erlong peart now; I was jis er-feelin' in mer pockets fer er string ter splice dis hyah line wid. Git up dar, sah!*]

*Edward A. Oldham.*

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R. Waldo Emerson

(ABOUT 1859.)

*MIDWINTER NUMBER.*

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

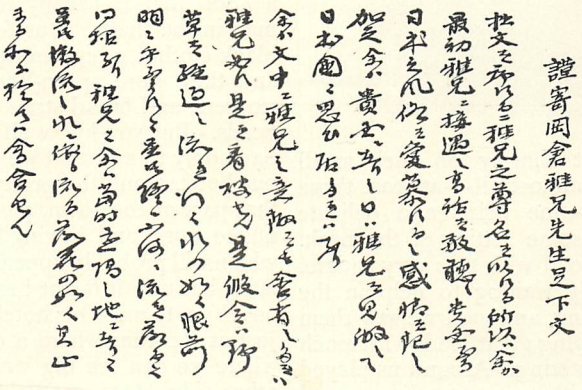
BY JOHN LA FARGE.

TO HENRY ADAMS, ESQ.

*My Dear Adams:* Without you I should not have seen the place, without you I should not have seen the things of which these notes are impressions. If anything worth repeating has been said by me in these letters, it has probably come from you, or has been suggested by being with you — perhaps even in the way of contradiction. And you may be amused by the lighter talk of the artist that merely describes appearances and envelops things monotonous and confused in a covering of dreams. And you alone will know how much has been withheld that might have been indiscreetly said.

If only we had found Nirvana — but he was right who warned us that we were late in this season of the world.

J. L. F.



WHICH IN ENGLISH MEANS:

AND YOU TOO, OKAKURA SAN: I wish to put your name before these notes, written at the time when I first met you, because the memories of your talks are connected with my liking of your country and of its story, and because for a time you were Japan to me. I hope, too, that some thoughts of yours will be detected in what I write, as a stream runs through grass — hidden, perhaps, but always there. We are separated by many things besides distance, but you know that the blossoms scattered by the waters of the torrent shall meet at its end.

YOKOHAMA, July 3, 1886. — Arrived yesterday. On the cover of the letter which I mailed from our steamer I had but time to write: "We are coming in; it is like the picture books. Anything that I can add will only be a filling in of detail."

We were in the great bay when I came up on deck in the early morning. The sea was smooth like the brilliant blank paper of the prints; a vast surface of water reflecting the light of the sky as if it were thicker air. Far off streaks of blue light, like finest washes of the brush, determined distances. Beyond, in a white haze, the square white sails spotted the white horizon and floated above it.

The slackened beat of the engine made a

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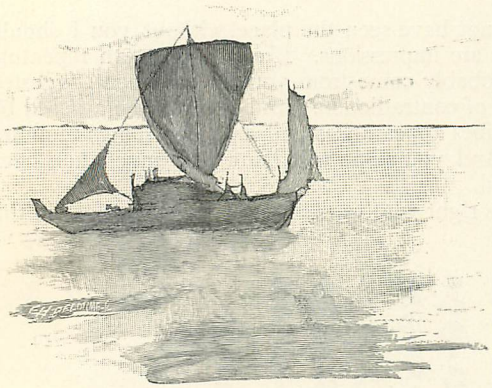
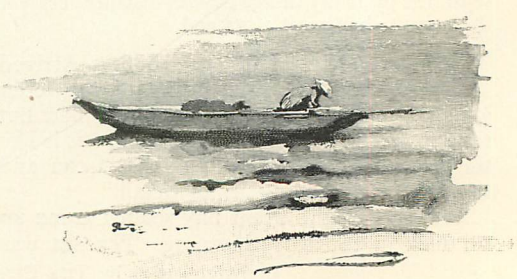
great noise in the quiet waters. Distant high hills of foggy green marked the new land; nearer us, junks of the shapes you know, in violet transparency of shadow, and five or six war ships and steamers, red and black, or white, looking barbarous and out of place, but still as if they were part of us; and spread all around us a fleet of small boats, manned by rowers standing in robes flapping about them, or tucked in above their waists. There were so many that the crowd looked blue and white — the color of their dresses repeating the sky in prose. Still, the larger part were mostly naked, and their legs and arms and backs made a great novelty to our eyes, accustomed to nothing but our ship, and the enormous space, empty of life, which had surrounded us for days. The muscles of the



boatmen stood out sharply on their small frames. They had almost all — at least those who were young — fine wrists and delicate hands, and a handsome setting of the neck. The foot looked broad with toes very square. They were excitedly waiting to help in the coaling and unloading, and soon we saw them begin to work, carrying great loads with much good-humored chattering. Around us played the smallest boats with rowers standing up and sculling. Then the market-boat came rushing to us, its standing rowers bending and rising, their thighs rounding and insteps sharpening, what small garments they had fluttering like scarfs, so that our fair missionaries turned their backs to the sight.

Two boys struggling at the great sculls in one of the small boats were called by us out of the crowd, and carried us off to look at the outgoing steamer which takes our mail, and which added its own confusion and its attendant crowd of boats to all the animation on the water. Delicious and curious moment, this first sense of being free from the big prison of the ship; the pleasure of directing one's own course; of not understanding a word of what one hears, and yet of getting at a meaning through every sense; of being close to the top of the waves on which we dance, instead of looking down upon them from the tall ship's sides; of seeing the small limbs of the boys burning yellow in the sun, and noticing how they recall the dolls of their own country in the expression of their eyes; to see how every little detail of the boat is different, and yet so curiously the same; and then to return to the first sensation of feeling while lying flat on the bottom of the boat, at the level of our faces the tossing sky-blue water dotted with innumerable orange copies of the sun. Then subtle influences of odor, the sense of something very foreign, of the presence of another race, came up with the smell of the boat.

We climbed up the side of the big steamer and found the doctor there, who told us that he had been expecting us for a whole month; so that he soon took possession of us, and we found ourselves in the hotel launch, and at the wharf, and passing the custom house and its officers, who let everything go through quickly except my suspicious water-color blocks. Outside of the gate, in the street, we found the long-expected *jinrikisha*, an arrangement that you know probably as well as I do — a two-wheeled perambulator or gig, very small, with a hood that is usually lowered, and with a man in the shafts. Our fellows were in blue-black clothes, a big inscription on their backs; and they wore apron-like vests, close-fitting trousers, and broad straw hats poised on their heads. But you know all about these; and I have only to add that we were trundled off to our hotel, along the pretty quay which edges that part of the town, past European houses, unlike ours, and having a certain character which will probably appear very commonplace later, because it is not beautiful, but which is novel yet to us. Our hotel is also on the quay, just at a corner where a canal breaks in, and where we can see big walls and trees on the other side. Our rooms open on the water — that same blue water spangled with sunshine and fading into sky. There are men-of-war and steamers far out; picturesque junks sailing past rapidly, flattened out into mere



"THE LIGHTS FLARING UPON YELLOW FACES."

edges of shadow and light against the sea and the sky, their great hollow sterns with the rudder far inboard, and sails which are open at the seams. Not far from us was a little sharp-pointed boat with a man fishing, his big round hat as important as any part of the boat. It was already late in the day. European children were out with their Japanese nurses; from time to time a phaeton or a curricle passed with European occupants, and even in this tremendous heat ladies rode out on horseback. But the human beings are not the novelty, not even the Japanese; what is absorbingly new is the light, its whiteness, its silvery milkiness. We have come into it as through an open door after fourteen gray days of the Pacific which ended only at sunrise this very morning. And we looked again at all the light outside, from the dining-room, where we lunched, where the waiters slipped about in black clothes like those of the runners, and where we were joined at table by a foreign gentleman with high cheek-bones, yellow face, and slanting eyes, and dressed in the latest European fashion with high collar, four-in-hand scarf, and pointed shoes. He was very courteous, and managed what little English he used as skillfully as he dresses. And he gave me a touch of the far East in the story of his being here; for he is under a cloud, an amiable exile whose return to his native land might involve his being boiled in oil, or other ingenious form of death. For well as he figured at luncheon with us, I hear that he has been obliged to leave because of his having poisoned too many of his guests one day at table,—former enemies of his,—and because of his having despatched with the sword those whose digestion had resisted his efforts at conciliation. However this may be, his extradition is demanded; to which he objects, and invokes Western ideas of civilization, and protests that his excesses have been merely political. And then late in the afternoon we sauntered out into the Japanese quarter; walking, so that we may mingle with the gray, black, and blue crowd, and respectfully followed by our jinrikisha men, who slowly dragged our carriages behind them, like grooms following their masters. We stopped at little curio shops and bargained over miserable odds and ends, calling up, I feel sure, the unexpressed contempt of the doctor, the great collector of precious lacquers; but it is so amusing to see things as they are, and not as they should be. And we went into a show which had an enormous draped sign outside, and where, in uncertain darkness, an old, miserable, distorted dwarf played the part of a spider in a web, to the accompaniment of fiendish music and the declamation of the showman. Then we lingered

outside of a booth in which a wrestling match was going on, but did not enter, and we saw the big wrestlers go in or come out, their shoulders far above the heads of a smaller race of men, and we turned at every moment to look at the children, many of whom are so pretty, and who seem to have an easy time of it. Men carry them in their arms as women do with us, and many a little elder sister walks about with the infant of the family slung behind her maternal shoulders. And then there are curious combinations of Western and Eastern dress — rarely successful. Our hats and shoes and umbrellas — all made here — are used, and our ugly shirts stiffen out the folds of the soft Japanese robes; but the multitude wear their usual dress and make no abuse of hats.

Wearied by the novelty, every detail of which, however, was known to us before, we walked back in the white, milky sunset, which was like a brilliant twilight.

JULY 5.—We made our first visit to town yesterday; that is to say we went to Tokio, which is about twenty miles off. Of course we took our jinrikishas at the door of the hotel, and passing through the wide Yokohama streets saw the semi-European houses, some with high garden walls in which are small doors: there are sidewalks, too, and European shops, and colonial buildings, post-office, and telegraph office; and the Japanese *kura*, or storehouses — heavy tile-roofed buildings with black and white earthen surfaces, the black polished to a glaze, as was done with Greek and Etruscan vases. They have deep windows or doors, recessed like our safes, with a great air of solidity, which contrasts with that temporary wooden structure, the usual Japanese house. I came near saying that the little railway station is like ours; but it is better than most of ours, with neat arrangements. We entered the little cars; I noticed, in the third class, Japanese curled up on the seats. The grade is as level as a table, the landscape is lovely, and we saw the shapes we know so well in the prints —

CASTLE, AND MOAT WITH LOTUS.

the curious shapes of the Japanese pines; little temples on the hillside; and rice-fields with their network of causeways, occasionally a horse or peasant threading them. The land is cultivated like a garden, the lotus leaves fill the ditches, and one or two pink flowers are just out. From time to time we saw stretches of blue sea. And once, for an instant, as I looked up into the hazy, clouded sky, far beyond the hills, that were lost in the mist into which the rice-fields stretched, I saw a pale, clear blue opening in which was an outline more distinct, something very pure, the edge of a mountain, looking as if it belonged to another world than the dewy moist one in which we are — the cone of Fusi-yama.

ON passing through the station, very much like the other with its various arrangements for comfort and order,— first, second, and third class rooms, and so forth,— we met a crowd of jinrikishas with their runners, or, as my friends tell me to call them, *kuruma* and *kurumaya*, every man clamoring for patronage in the usual way of the hackmen.

We selected as a leader Chojiro, who speaks English — a little; is a traveled man, having gone as far as Constantinople; wears the old-fashioned queue, flattened forward over the top of his shaven head; and whose naked feet were

to run through the day over newly macadamized roads, for which a horse would need to be well shod. A little way from us, on the square, stood the car of the tramway, which runs as far as Asakusa, to the great popular temples of protecting divinities, Quan-on and Jizo,— and Benten, from whose shrine flowed one day copper coins as if from a fountain,— where Buddhist sermons are preached daily; which are full of innumerable images, pictures, and ex-votos; and where prayer-wheels, duly turned, help the worshiper to be free from annoying sins, or to obtain his desires.

How shall I describe our ride through the enormous city? We were going far across it to call on Professor F——, the great authority on Japanese art, and to be delighted and instructed by him through some fragments of his collection.

In the first street where the tramway runs there are semi-European façades to houses, and in their pilasters the Ionic capital has at length made the circle of the world. Then we took more Oriental and narrower streets, through the quarter of the gei-sha, the dancers and singers who go out perpetually to put a finishing touch on entertainments. At such early hours they are of course unseen. Where houses seemed more closed than usual servants were attending to household duties, and we heard the occasional strum of a guitar. Then great streets again, with innumerable low houses, the usual shops, like open sheds, with swinging signs, carved, painted, and gilded, or with draperies of black cloth marked with white characters. Merchants sat on their mats among the crowded goods, girls at corners drew water from the wells; in a narrower street the black streak of a file of bulls peacefully dragging merchandise; where the crowd was thickest a black lacquered palanquin, all closed, in which was shut some obstinate adherent to ancient fashions. Then bridges and canals, and great empty spaces, long white walls with black copings, and buildings that continued the walls, with gratings like those of barracks. These were the *yashikis* — inclosed residences of princes who were formerly obliged to spend part of the year at the seat of government with small armies of retainers. Then the walls of the castle, great sloping ramparts of irregular blocks of masonry, about which stand strangely twisted pine trees, while the great moats of clouded water are almost filled with the big leaves of the lotus. Now and then great gates of gray wood, and enormous doors. On some of the wide avenues we met cavalry officers in European costume, correct in style, most of the younger with straggling mustaches long and thin, whence their nickname of "horn-pouts," naturally connected with that of the "cats," devourers of fish, as the gei-sha are called. Near official buildings we saw a great deal of black frock coats, and trousers, and spectacles. Everything was seen at a full run, our runners dragging us at horses' pace. Still it was long before we reached our destination. Streets succeeded streets, empty or full, in desolate, Oriental wearisomeness. At length we stopped at a little gate in a plank fence, and entered a vast high space, formerly a prince's park, at one end of which we saw trees and hills, and we came to the professor's house, a little European structure. My mind is yet too confused with many impressions to tell you of what we saw that afternoon and evening, and what was said; all the more that the few beautiful paintings we looked at out of the great collection lifted

AT THE WELL.

me away from to-day into an indefinite great past. I dislike to use analogies, but before these ancient religious paintings of Buddhist divinities, symbolical of the elements or of protective powers, whose worn surfaces contained marvels of passionate delicacy and care framed in noble lines, I could not help the recall of what I had once felt at the first sight of old Italian art.

We passed from this sense of exalted peace to plunge again into the crowded streets at night. It was late; we had many miles to go to catch the last train; two additional runners had been engaged for each kuruma — one to push, one to be harnessed in front.

Then began a furious ride. Mine was the last carriage. We were whirled along with warning cries of "Hai-hai!" now into the dark, then into some opening lighted by starlight, in which I could see the flitting shapes of the other runners and of my companions. I remember the creaking of their carriages, the jerking of them with each pull of the men; then our crossing suddenly other parties lighted by lanterns like ourselves, the lights flaring upon yellow faces and dark dresses and black hair; then our turning some narrow corner and plunging at full speed into lighted streets crowded with people, through whom we seemed to cut our way. Much shouting of our men, and dodging of wayfarers with lanterns, and of bystanders who merely turn enough to let us glide by. Then one of my runners at full gallop struck a post and was left behind; another was gathered in somehow without a stop, and we tore through the city, still more crowded as we came nearer to our end — the railway station. We were in time, and we slept in the now familiar train. We reached the deserted station and were jogged peacefully to our hotel; our men, in Japanese fashion, sleepily turning out of the way of the ownerless dogs that lay in the middle of the streets. And when I awoke in the morning I found that the day's impressions had faded in sleep to what I tell you.

July 6. — I have been asking myself whether it would be possible to have sensations as novel, of feeling as perfectly fresh and new things I knew almost all about beforehand, had we come in any other way, or arrived from any other quarter. As it is, all this Japan is sudden. We have last been living at home, are shut up in a ship, as if boxed in with our own civilization, and then suddenly, with no transition, we are landed in another. And under what splendor of light, in what contrasting atmosphere! It is as if the sky, in its variations, was the great subject of the drama we are looking at, or at least its great chorus. The beauty of the light and of the air is what I should like to describe, but it is almost like trying to account for one's own mood — like describing the key in which one plays. And yet I have not begun to paint, and I dread the moment of beginning to work again. Rather have I felt like yielding entirely to the spirit in which I came, the intention of a rest, of a bath for the brain in some water absolutely alien. A—— and I had undertaken that we should bring no books, read no books, but come as innocently as we could; the only compromise my keeping a scientific Japanese grammar, which being ancient and unpractical might be allowed, for it would leave me as unready as on the day I left.

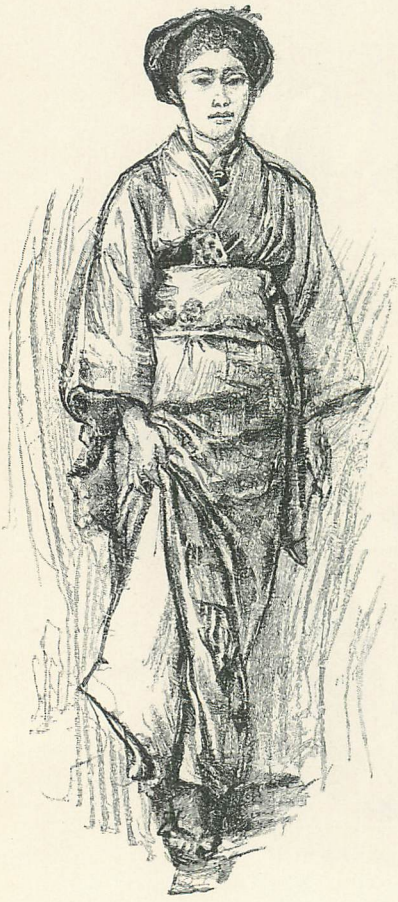
The doctor took us on Sunday afternoon to his club — whose name I think means the perfume of the maple — to see and to listen to some Japanese plays which are given in the club theater built for the purpose. We went there in the afternoon, passing by the Shiba temples, and our kurumas were drawn up at one end of the buildings. There everything was Japanese, though I hear stories of the other club and its ultra-European ways — brandies-and-sodas, single eyeglasses, etc. However that may be, on this side we were in Japan without mistake. We sat on the steps and had our shoes taken off, according to the Japanese fashion, so as not to injure mats, and we could hear during the operation long wailings, high notes, and the piercing sound of flutes and stringed instruments; the curiously sad rhythm mingled with a background of high, distinct declamation. We walked in, with careful attention to make no noise, forgetting that in our stocking feet we could have made none had we wished, and we found the doctor's place reserved for him and us, and marked with his name, writ large. Other low boxes, with sides no higher than our elbows as we sat on the mats, divided the sloping floor down to the stage. The stage was a pretty little building projecting into the great hall from its long side. It had its own roof, and connected with a long gallery or bridge, along which the actors moved, as they came on or disappeared, in a manner new to us, but which gave a certain natural sequence and made a beginning and an end, — a dramatic introduction and conclusion, — and added greatly to the picture when the magnificent dresses of stiff brocade dragged slowly along to the cadence of the music. The boxes were mostly occupied and by a distinguished-looking audience; the Nō, as this operatic acting is called, being a refined, classical drama, and looked upon differently from the more or less disreputable theater.

NŌ DANCER WITH MASK, REPRESENTING THE SAKÉ IMP.

Hence the large proportion of ladies, to whom the theater is forbidden. Hence, also, owing to its antiquity and the character of its style, a difficulty of comprehension for the general public that explained the repeated rustle of the books of the opera which most of the women held, whose leaves turned over at the same moment, just as ours used to do at home when we were favored by French tragedy.

A quiet, sleepy appreciation hovered over the scene; even the devotees near us, many of them older people and belonging to the old régime, showing their approval or disapproval with restrained criticism. I could see without turning my head the expression of the face of my neighbor, a former daimio, a man of position; a face a Japanese translation of the universal well-known aristocratic type — immovable, fatigued, with the drooping under lip. Behind him sat former retainers, I suppose — deferential, in-

sinuating remarks and judgments to which he assented with inimitable brevity. Still, I thought that I could distinguish, when he showed that the youthful amateurs — for most of the actors were non-professional — did not come up to a proper standard, that his memory went back to a long experience of good acting. And so catching are the impressions of a crowd that I myself after a time believed that I recognized, more or less distinctly, the tyro and the master, even



ANCIENT.

though I only vaguely understood what it was all about. For I need not tell you that the libretto would have been still more difficult for me than the pantomime before me; and very often it was but pantomime, the actor making gestures to the accompaniment of music, or of the declamation of the chorægus, who told the poetic story. Occasionally these movements amounted to a dance, that is to say, to rhythmic movements — hence called the Nō dance — to which emphasis was given by rising and falling on either foot, and bringing down the sole with a sudden blow.

There were many short plays, mostly based on legendary subjects, distinguished by gorgeous dresses, and occasionally some comic scenes of domestic life. The monotony of impression was too novel to me to become wearisome, and I sat for several hours through this succession of separate stories, patient, except for the new difficulty of sitting cross-legged on the mats. Moreover, we had tobacco to cheer us. On our arrival the noiseless servants had brought to us the inevitable little tray containing the fire-box with hot charcoal and the little cylinder for ashes, and tea and little sugary balls; and then, besides, notwithstanding the high-toned repose of the audience, there was enough to watch. There were the envoys from Loo Choo, seated far off in the dim light of the room, dressed in ancient costumes, their hair skewered up on the top of the head with a double pin — grave and dignified personages; and a European prince, a Napoleonic pretender, seated alongside, with his suite, and ourselves, the only foreigners. The types of the older people were full of interest, as one felt them formed under other ideas than those of to-day. And though there were no beauties, there was much refinement and sweetness in the faces of the women, set off by the simplicity of their dresses, of blacks, and browns, and grays, and dull violets, in exquisite fabrics, for we were in an atmosphere of good breeding. And I watched one of the young ladies in front of me, the elder of two sisters, as she attended to every little want of her father, and even to his inconveniences. And now it was time to leave, though the performance was still going on, for we wished to return in the early evening. Our shoes were put on again at the steps, our umbrellas handed to us, — for sun and rain we must always have one, — and we passed the Shiba temples and took the train back for Yokohama.

JULY 12. — We are doing nothing in particular, hesitating very much as to what our course shall be. One thing is certain — the breaking out of the cholera will affect all our plans. Even the consequent closing of the theaters shows us how many things will be cut off from us. We spend much time in such idleness as bric-à-brac, letting ourselves go, and taking things as they come.

The doctor's kindness is with us all the time. One feels the citizen of the world that he is when he touches little details of manners here, now as familiar to him as those of Europe.

I enjoy, myself, this drifting, though A—— is not so well pleased, and I try to feel as if the heat and the novelty of impressions justified me in idleness. Once only I was tempted to duty, however, when we went to the temples of Shiba and of Uyèno, where are the tombs of

the shōguns, rulers of Japan of the Tokugawa line. They are all there but the two greatest, Iyéyasŭ and Iyémitsŭ, who lie at Nikko, the sacred place, a hundred miles away. Here in Tokio are the tombs of the others, and the temples about them, splendid with lacquer and carving and gold and bronze, and set among trees and gardens on these hills of Shiba and Uyèno.

My dreams of making an analysis and memoranda of these architectural treasures of Japan were started, as many resolutions of work are, by the talk of my companion, his analysis of the theme of their architecture, and my feeling a sort of desire to rival him on a ground for fair competition. But I do not think that I could grasp a subject in such a clear and dispassionate and masterly way, with such natural reference to the past and its implied comparisons, for A——'s historic sense amounts to poetry, and his deductions and remarks always set my mind sailing into new channels.

But I must put this off— certainly for to-day — while we discuss whether we shall make our visit to ancient Kamakura and the great bronze statue and the island of Énoshima, or whether to put it off until our return from Nikko, and our seeing the other shrines of the shōguns, there. The doctor, who has just left Nikko, tells us of its beauty in the early summer, a few weeks ago, and I feel all the hotter as he talks of the cold mountain streams which run by his house, and of banks of azaleas covering the high rocks. And then the Japanese proverb says, "Who has not seen Nikko cannot say beautiful."

*John La Farge.*

MODERN.

## THOUGHT.

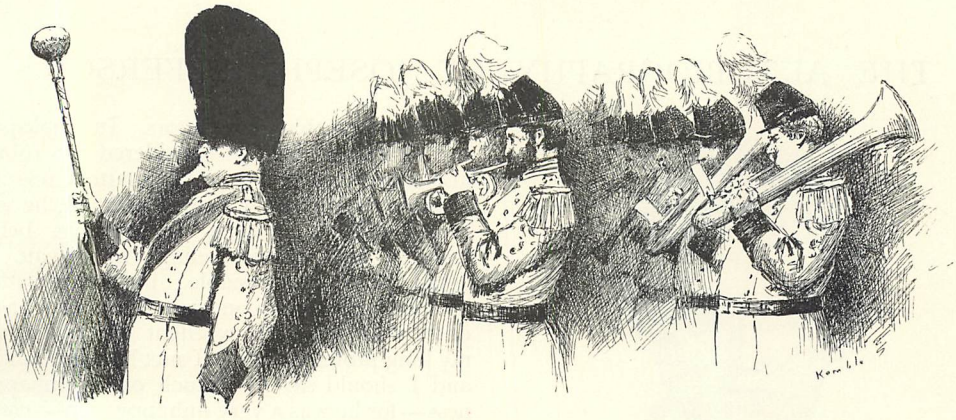
ACROSS the tense chords
Thought runs before words,
Brighter than dew,
And keener than swords.
Whence it cometh,
And whither it goes,
All may conjecture,
But no man knows.
It ebbs and flows
In the dancing of the leaves,
The set of summer eves,
The scent of the violets, the secret of the rose.

*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

# THE OLD BAND.

IT 'S mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,
Considerin' I 've be'n away twenty year and more.
Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a change,
A-comin' back, and notice things that 's new to me and strange;
Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet,
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—
. . . What 's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Sax-horn fellers — say?
I want to hear the *old* band play.

What 's come of Eastman, and Nat Snow? And where 's War Barnett at?
And Nate and Bony Meek; Bill Hart; Sam Richa'son and that
Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as Jim;
And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter — say, what 's become o' him?
I make no doubt yer *new band* now 's a competenter band,
And plays their music more by note than what they play by hand,
And stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow — *any*way
I want to hear the *old* band play.

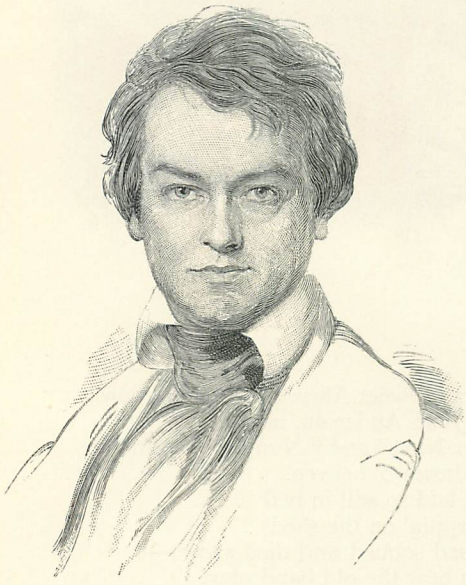


Sich tunes as " John Brown's Body," and "Sweet Alice," don't you know;
And " The Camels is A-comin'," and " John Anderson, my Jo ";
And a dozent others of 'em — " Number Nine" and " Number 'Leven "
Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller dream o' heaven.
And when the boys 'u'd saranade, I 've laid so still in bed
I 've even heerd the locus' blossoms droppin' on the shed
When "Lily Dale," er " Hazel Dell," had sobbed and died away —
. . . I want to hear the old band play.

The *new* band maybe beats it, but the *old* band 's what I said —
It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my head;
And, whilse I 'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes is jes
Nigh drownded out, and Mem'ry squares her jaws and sort o' says
She won't ner never will fergit, I want to jes turn in
And take and light right out o' here and git back West ag'in —
And *stay* there, when I git there, where I never haf to say
I want to hear the old band play.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]



DRAWN BY S. LAWRENCE. LITHOGRAPHED BY E. MORTON.

EDWIN FORREST ABOUT 1835.[2]

## EDWIN FORREST.

IN the year 1854 I became manager for John T. Ford of the theater in Richmond, Virginia. The romantic drama of "The Sea of Ice" was produced with splendid success, and was followed by "The Naiad Queen," which enjoyed equal popularity. The season was altogether quite a brilliant one, and included among its attractions some of the first stars of the country. Miss Agnes Robertson, known as the "Fairy Star," accompanied by her husband, Mr. Dion Boucicault, headed the list, which terminated with Edwin Forrest. This popular tragedian was then in his prime, and what a handsome fellow he was! The form of an Apollo, with the strength of a Hercules: his deep, musical voice was under perfect control, and in the pathetic scenes of *Cade* and *Virginius* full of tears. As a melodramatic actor he stood ahead of all his competitors. In Shaksperean characters he was considered too robust and extravagant. So far as matters relating to his own profession were concerned, he was undoubtedly a student, his readings being faultless, and full of feeling. In private he could be very agreeable; his conversation was both humorous and witty, and his anecdotes were told with excellent effect. During my long professional life I met him frequently, and I should say that much of his unhappiness — for he was a very unhappy man — came from an irritable temper, under little control. His nature, unfortunately, was not softened by that sweet and gradual ascent to good fortune that is so humanizing. Happy are those who in the race for fame advance steadily and by degrees, making no hurried strides, but losing no ground; shaking hands with their competitors as they go by them, and making honest room for them to pass should they come up again. Forrest with one leap bounded to the front. No new triumphs awaited him, and as old age came on he could only witness younger and fleeter metal pass him by. During those fits of anger which came upon him from the inefficiency of his dramatic support he was childish and unreasonable — having no power of recognizing the distinction between a man who tries his best and fails, and he who fails because he does not try at all.

During the engagement of which I am about to speak, and on one occasion while we were rehearsing "Damon and Pythias," Edwin Adams, who was cast for *Pythias*, was going through the exciting scene in which that character parts with *Calanthe*. Forrest took exception to the business arrangements of the stage; but as this was one of his quiet, dignified mornings, he made his objections with respectful deference, saying that if Mr. Adams would allow him he would suggest some new business that might improve the scene. Adams expressed himself as quite willing to receive any instruction; so Forrest went through the parting with *Calanthe*, giving some new and very good suggestions. Adams tried but failed to catch Forrest's idea. It was tried over and over till finally Forrest became impatient. Again taking Adams's place, he rushed towards the fainting form of *Calanthe*, and as he dropped

2 The pictures in this article are from the collection of Thomas J. McKee.

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upon his knee, throwing his head tragically forward, his hat fell off. Now it is always a comical thing to see a man's high black-silk hat tumble from his head, but especially when he is going through a tragic scene. Forrest for a moment hesitated whether he should pause and pick up the hat or not; at last he made a savage grab for it, but it eluded his grasp, and, slipping through his fingers, rolled round the stage, he pursuing it with tragic passion. The company, one by one, turned their heads away, quietly enjoying his discomfiture. At last he secured it, and fixing it firmly on his head, he proceeded with the action of the scene. He felt we had been laughing at him, and became furious. Rushing upon *Calanthe*, he embraced her again and again. "Farewell, my love," cried he in dire woe. He then tore himself from her embrace, and madly careering up the stage ran head first into a scene that the carpenters were moving across the stage, mashing the unlucky hat over his eyes. He struggled manfully to get it off, but with no effect till Adams and myself came to the rescue. We were now all in a roar of laughter. For a moment he looked bewildered and even angry, but as the absurdity of the scene dawned upon him he joined in the merriment, and said it was the most ridiculous thing that had ever occurred.

At the conclusion of the Richmond engagement the company journeyed to Washington, where we were to open with Forrest as *Metamora* — a character that he detested, and one that the public admired. Forrest was always in a state of intense irritation during the rehearsal and performance of this drama. Irregularities that he would have overlooked under ordinary circumstances were now magnified to an enormous size, so that when he donned the buckskin shirt, and stuck the hunting-knife of the American savage in his wampum belt, he was ready to scalp any offending actor who dared to cross his path. The copper-colored liquid with which he stained his cheeks might literally have been called "war paint."

At the rehearsal the poor property man, old Jake Search, got in a dreadful state of nervousness, and everything went wrong. The tragedian naturally held me, as stage-manager, responsible for these accidents, particularly as the unlucky Jake would conceal himself behind set pieces, or mysteriously disappear through traps as each mishap occurred. In the midst of this dreadful confusion, principally brought about by his own ill-humor, Forrest turned on me, saying he would not act that night, and strode out of the theater. I hurried through the front of the house, and heading him off in the alley addressed him, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:

"Mr. Forrest, before you decide upon this step let me state an important fact, that perhaps has not crossed your mind." He saw I was in earnest, and stopped short to listen, as I resumed: "Mr. Ford, the manager, is absent, so I must take his responsibility to the public on myself. The blunders on the stage this morning have been unfortunate, perhaps culpable, but you must pardon me for saying that your excited manner and somewhat unreasonable demands have contributed not a little to confuse the company and bring about this disorder. But be that as it may, there is another and still more important matter to consider. Every seat in the theater is taken for to-night; the audience will crowd the house in expectation of a great dramatic treat, to which they have been looking forward for some time. If you decline to act, and so break your contract with the public, what course is left for me? Why, only this: I must wait for the vast concourse of people to assemble, and then go before them and explain the reason of your non-appearance. I shall have to make a clear statement of the case, and say that you have refused to act because there were some slight discrepancies and irregularities in the rehearsal. The public are, you know, quite unreasonable when their diversion is checked, and it is likely that they will be indignant at the disappointment, failing to see the reason as clearly as you may have done. Now consider for a moment: under these circumstances will it not be more magnanimous in you to overlook the shortcomings and go on with the rehearsal?"

He paused for a moment and said: "I will not go back to the rehearsal. I am too much excited, and my presence on the stage now will only make matters worse; but if you will see that details are attended to, I will act to-night."

I promised to do so, and we parted. I was only too glad to get rid of him on those terms, in his then intemperate state of mind. I went back to the stage and dismissed the rehearsal, cautioning the actors to do what they could to render the night's performance creditable. I now began to hunt up the delinquent and frightened property man, Jake Search,— an appropriate name for a fellow who needed so much looking after,— and discovered him hiding under a pile of old scenery. "Is he gone?" said Search. "Yes," I answered, "but he will return to-night; so see that your properties are in good condition, or he will be the death of you."

The night came and matters progressed favorably until the council scene. One of the characters here, being overcome with nervousness, reversed his questions to *Metamora*,

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Edwin Forrest

giving the wrong lines, and of course receiving an absurd answer. The audience, recognizing the confusion of the dialogue, began to laugh, and of course this made matters worse. The act terminates with the Indian's great speech, "From the east to the west, from the north to the south, the loud cry of vengeance shall be heard," and here he hurls his knife into the center of the stage, where it quivers a defiance as the curtain falls. In his anger and excitement the blade failed to stick in the stage and bounded into the orchestra, the handle hitting the double-bass player on the top of his head, which was as innocent of hair as a billiard-ball, so as the curtain came down the old fellow was stamping about and rubbing his bald pate to the delight of the audience.

I realized now that the storm had burst in earnest and that a total wreck would soon follow. Knowing that I could not avert the catastrophe, and having no desire to face the tragedian's wrath, like a politic but disloyal captain I deserted the ship and went in front to see it go down. Byron says of a battle, "Oh, what a sight to him who has no friend or brother there!" to which Prentice adds, "and is not there himself." The latter was now my case. I was not there myself, and I did not intend to be, so from the secure corner of an upper private box I watched the progress of the most disastrous performance I had ever seen.

As the curtain rises on the last act the tribe of *Metamora* should rush through the woods as their leader calls them; but by this time the braves were so frightened that they had become demoralized, and as the foremost rushed through the opening in the woods his long bow got crosswise between two trees. This not only precipitated the redskin over it, but the entire tribe followed, tumbling head over heels into the middle of the stage. I trembled now lest the "big Injun" would refuse to put in an appearance. At last, to my relief, the audience quieted down and Forrest strode upon the stage. If I remember the story, at this point *Metamora's* wife and children had been stolen away and murdered. His pathos was fine, and by his magnificent acting he reduced his audience to attention and enthusiasm. All was now going well, and I looked forward to a happy termination of the play, which I was thankful to know had nearly reached its climax.

A funeral pile of burning fagots was then brought on, at which some pale-face was to be sacrificed. The two Indians in charge of this mysterious-looking article set it down so unsteadily that a large sponge, saturated with flaming alcohol, tumbled off and rolled down the stage, leaving a track of fire in its wake.

"Put it out!" said Forrest, "put it out!" whereupon the two Indians went down on their knees and began to blow alternately in a seesaw way, singeing each other's eyebrows at every puff. The audience could not stand this comical picture, and began to break forth in laughter. "Let the theater burn!" roared Forrest. At last one tall Indian, supposed to be second in command, majestically waved off the two who were blowing, and stamped his foot with force and dignity upon the flaming sponge, at which a perfect fountain of burning alcohol spouted up his leather legs. He caught fire, tried to put himself out, rubbing and jumping about frantically, and at last danced off the stage in the most comical agony. Forrest made a furious exit; the curtain was dropped, and the public, in perfect good nature, dispersed. I mingled with the crowd as it went forth, and I never saw an audience, at the end of a five-act comedy, wreathed in such smiles.

Forrest's first dramatic career in London was undoubtedly a success, though "The Gladiator" was an unwise selection for the opening night. It is a bloody piece of business altogether, and it is a play that could not fail to disgust the sensibilities of a select audience. An actor visiting England, as Forrest did, not only with a great reputation, but as unquestionably at that time the representative tragedian of America, naturally drew the first people of the land to meet him. It must be borne in mind that a first night's audience never represents the general public, particularly on an occasion of this kind. The event was an international one. It was the first dramatic challenge that America had ever given to England. The theater was filled with a critical audience. Statesmen and authors, with the nobility and gentry of the land, were assembled at Drury Lane to witness the début.

Upon an audience like this the most delicate coloring would have had its effect. An artist could scarcely be too subtle before an array of such nice discrimination. When the American actor came upon the stage the symmetry of his form, his manly bearing, and the deep music of his voice produced a strong impression upon the house; but as the play progressed, revealing only the tumult of brutal passions, disappointment fell upon the house. This crude and extravagant drama ends with the central figure bathed in blood, biting the dust, and writhing in the agonies of death. Nothing but the fine acting of Forrest could have sustained this drama before such an audience.

As an actor he was a success, and the play, that caught the public taste, if it failed to please the judicious, was acted for several nights. There can be no doubt that if he had played *Lear* or *Othello* before the rare audience that

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FORREST AS "METAMORA."

came to witness his début, and which he could not hope again to assemble in such force, his success as a Shaksperean tragedian would have been pronounced.

Forrest's second visit was full of tumult. William Macready, then the reigning favorite as a Shaksperean actor in England, was an intimate friend of Mr. Forster, the dramatic critic; and Forrest publicly declared that it was in consequence of this intimacy that he had been abused in the papers, and more than hinted that Macready was in a conspiracy with Forster to malign him. History will never join with Forrest in this belief. Macready's position was so well assured in London that he could not possibly fear a rival. And the life-long record of Macready clearly shows that he was too honorable a man meanly to connive at another's downfall.

After his engagement was over Forrest went to see his rival act, and because the latter introduced some business that Forrest disapproved of he hissed Macready from the front of the house. To say that this was in bad taste is to put too mild a disapproval upon such a rude and unprofessional act. It was the culmination of Forrest's waywardness and ill temper. But the unfavorable notices in London had stung him to the quick. The virus of adverse criticism rankled in his veins. The eagle of the American stage was in a frenzy; his plumage had been ruffled by the British lion. So giving that intolerant animal one tremendous peck, he spread his wings and sailed away.

I have no doubt that he had often acted *Othello*, *Lear*, and perhaps *Hamlet* with all that care and study could compass, but the audience refused to respond; and knowing that there was a "lurking devil" in him, they sat dumb and sullen until it was let loose.

A dramatic critic told me that he was paid a stated sum of money to go to the theater regularly every night during Forrest's engagements at the Broadway Theater in 1856, for the purpose of writing him down. This gentleman (?) had lately come from England, and until this time had scarcely seen a Shaksperean play. He was a fluent writer, but had not the remotest idea of the thought and philosophy contained in the plays of which he was to write. He said he would get a book of the tragedy that was to be acted at night, read it up, then form his own conception of how the character should be acted, and if Forrest did not render it to his way of thinking,— which fortunately for the public he never did,— he, as the critic, would cut the actor all to pieces. These criticisms did more good to the actor than harm. Unjust abuse generally has this effect. Feeling that these articles were actuated only by malice, the public came in crowds to indorse the actor. Unfortunately the tragedian lost his temper and addressed the audience from the stage, pleading his own case and hurling anathemas at "the irresponsible assassins of the pen." There was no necessity for this. His friends had already taken up cudgels for him and rallied to his support. It was like a successful candidate asking his constituents, after they have elected him, to add to the obligation by throwing his unsuccessful rival out of the window.

Edwin Forrest, with all his faults, had warm and generous impulses. I know of one instance where a poor, old actress went to him in distress. In former years he had known her father and respected him. Touched by her appeal for assistance, he lent her a large sum of money, with the almost certain knowledge that he would never get it back again. It was never made public; no one knew of it but the receiver and myself. The Forrest Home has done much good, and is likely to do more; and those actors who either by age or by infirmities have been debarred the privilege of following their profession will naturally be grateful for this rich legacy.

Even in the days of his theatrical fame and prosperity Forrest was an austere man, and as he grew older he became morbidly misanthropical, holding himself aloof from all but his most intimate friends. The latter part of his life was embittered, too, by illness and the loss of public favor. Until the closing years of his career he had been blessed with perfect health; this became suddenly shattered, and the unexpected attack wrecked his dramatic power. He might have borne the stroke of illness, but to one whose imperious nature could not brook the faintest slight the loss of public admiration was a heavy blow; one, too, that would have shocked a wiser and more even-tempered man than Edwin Forrest. Still he toiled on, and was unjustly censured for acting past his powers. But what was he to do? His physicians told him that he must act if he would live; the wheel must be kept in motion or it would fall. His performances in the larger cities were given to empty houses, while bright and youthful aspirants were drawing from him all his old adherents. His former friends forsook him, and naturally, too; they could not bear the pain of witnessing their favorite of other days declining night by night. No actor can hope to hold an interest in his audience merely by what he has done in years gone by; in acting it is the present that the public have to deal with, not the past. To witness age and decrepitude struggling to conceal their weakness in the mimic scene is too painful. The greater our affection for the artist the less can we bear to see him suffer and go down.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FORREST AS "KING LEAR."

In the vain hope of struggling on, the old tragedian sought "the provinces." Here the people flocked in crowds to see the great actor that they had heard of from their childhood; not with the faintest hope that they would find the grandeur of the past, but from the curious desire to see a ruined tower just before it falls.

### FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

I SAILED for England in the clipper ship *Neptune*, in June, 1856. This was my first visit to Europe, and London was a rare treat to me. It was rich in comedians and poor in tragedians. Robson and Wright were especially fine; Compton was quaint and legitimate, and Buckstone funny. Mr. Phelps was an actor of such versatility that he could scarcely be called a tragedian. His range was wider than that of any other actor in England. *Macbeth*, *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, *Malvolio*, *King Lear*, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and *Bottom* take in the vast area of the legitimate drama. I saw him in two of these characters only, but it is generally conceded that he was equally fine in all of them.

From London I went to France. My mother's parents were from this lovely country, and I longed to see it. We arrived quite early in the afternoon, and then I looked for the first time on the picturesque city of Dieppe. What a transformation had taken place in a few short hours from London! Why, if a hole could have been bored at Waterloo Bridge and I had dropped through the earth, coming out at China, the contrast would not have been greater. Climate, costume, architecture, and language — the change was complete: eight-storied picturesque houses, with three-storied roofs, each story projecting a little beyond the other till at the top they almost meet, making it quite convenient for the occupants in the garret windows to shake hands with one another across the street; all the windows filled with the excited inhabitants chatting to one another and violently gesticulating. The streets were thronged with people: women in wooden shoes, blue petticoats, and high, stiff, white caps, carrying baskets and generally doing all the work; lazy men in blue blouses, quietly submitting to it without a murmur; they were lolling on the piers, slyly laughing and winking at one another as they guyed the cockney and Yankee tourists. A swell table d'hôte dinner, for swell tourists, was carefully avoided by myself and companion; so we slipped around the corner and got a cheap repast, consoling ourselves that by traveling economically you always have a better chance to study character. With this object partly in view, and with knowledge of our slender purse, we purchased second-class tickets on the train for Paris. It was midsummer, and as we started at 6 P. M. there were still three or four hours of golden twilight for us. What a panorama of beauty! We saw the quaint French farms and picturesque châteaux as we skirted along the lovely banks of the Seine; there Rouen with its majestic cathedral loomed up as the moon rose over the river.

At eleven o'clock we arrived in Paris. I drove to Hôtel Byron in Rue Richelieu, and after supper determined to get a view that night of the church of Notre Dame. Past twelve o'clock and the full moon high in the heavens; it was just the time to see it. A cab had us there in twenty minutes. How grandly it stood out against the dark blue sky! We recrossed the Seine, and I stopped the cab to get out on the bridge. Straight before me were the gloomy towers in which Marie Antoinette was confined during the Reign of Terror. I almost fancied that I could see the pale face of the murdered queen gazing with anguish through the iron-grated windows. The French cabman did not quite get into his head what was the matter with me. I think my gloomy looks made him suspicious that I was contemplating suicide and had brought him there as an accessory; for he got quite close to me, evidently intending to grab me by the collar and force me into the cab at the first hint of a plunge. He heaved a sigh of relief as I got into the cab, and drove away from the bridge much faster than he came to it.

### AN EARLY COMEDY.

HÔTEL BYRON was in the busy part of the city, so I was awakened at sunrise by a hum of voices and the rattle of cabs: bakers, milkmen, and venders of fruit and vegetables were trying to drown one another with their various cries. Perhaps a week later than this it would have been annoying, but now the sounds were so strange to my ears that I was only too delighted to be awakened by them. I had just finished dressing when I heard a fearful quarrel in the courtyard: looking out of the window I saw a most curious group of people. There was a fat man, in a white apron and cap (the cook), armed with a large wooden spoon, and a thin baker, with a long loaf of bread, measuring at least four feet, beating each other over the head and shoulders with these deadly weapons. The landlord had embraced the baker and was trying to tug him away; the landlady was endeavoring to do the same with the fat cook, but his dimensions defied her; a kindly milkman and two waiters got in between the belligerents, and in so doing received most of the punishment. Nothing

could be more comical than to watch this exciting but bloodless encounter — the frantic yells of the landlord, the screams of the landlady, the milkman and the two waiters rubbing themselves as the spoon of the infuriated cook and the long loaf of the angry baker descended upon their heads. In the midst of the encounter and the thickest of the fight a huge milk-can was kicked over, and a foaming white flood deluged the middle of the yard. This dreadful accident stopped the fray at once — oil poured upon troubled water could not have been more effectual; economy is a passion with the people of Paris. There was a groan of horror from the milkman, who stood with his shoulders shrugged up to his eyes, his arms stiffened, his hands spread out, and his legs wide apart, surveying the disaster; his stock in trade, once pure and white as the driven snow, was slowly flowing down the middle of the yard, and as it "mixed with the baser matter" became a pearly gray, and so deepened into an inky hue as it reached the gutter of the street. The poor fellow was now the center of attraction. The belligerents crowded around him offering their sympathy; if they could not restore his merchandise, they could at least smother him with the milk of human kindness. The cook and the baker looked on in self-reproaching silence, the waiters assisted the unfortunate man to a chair, and the landlady soothed him with a glass of claret. Now a reaction set in. A faint smile mantled the milkman's face, then they all broke out into a roar of laughter as the comical side of the picture presented itself; the waiters fairly danced with merriment, the cook embraced the baker, who punched him in the stomach with delight, and so ended the first and only fight I ever saw in Paris.

After breakfast I consulted my memorandum and guide-book. What a list of things to see! How could I get through it in the time? Where should I go first? I have since seen my children in this uncertain condition in a toy-shop, and have always felt for them as I remembered this eventful time; for we are only children of a larger growth, and must have all felt this delightful torture. My guide was now engaged; his name was François. He was a capital hand at business, so far as industry was concerned; his vitality, too, was wonderful. Quick, agile, witty, and vivacious, nothing was a trouble to him so long as it was to his taste; but if I suggested some place to visit that he in his vocation was tired of, the humbug of his nature came into full play, and he would disparage the proposal with the true tact of a Frenchman. Not that he was dishonest; on the contrary, where money was concerned he was scrupulously particular, but the artistic side of his nature delighted to assert itself.

On my second visit to Paris, twenty years after, I was struck with some curious incidents that illustrate the devotion of the French to art and their uncertain loyalty to the reigning government. Over their doors and on the cornices of their public buildings the Republican motto "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" was painted; but the prices of admission to the Grand Opera were carved in the stone, as though they plainly said: "We only paint our patriotism on the walls, so if we desire a change in the government we can wash it out; but the price of admission to the grand opera can never be changed — *jamais!*" Again: when the revolution was over, the names of many streets and buildings were changed, all reference to royalty or the empire was swept away, till they came to the Palais Royal; this sacred title was not disturbed, as it was the name of the theater within its walls.

How grand I felt on my first visit, to think that I was in Paris; not the Paris of to-day, with its gilded domes and modern grandeur, but the old, quaint, dirty, gay, strange city in the early days of the Second Empire, with its high, toppling buildings, narrow streets, and lively people. What pride I should take, when I got back to America, in talking familiarly of well-known localities, and getting the French pronunciation pat and glib — rattling off the names with an easy air as if I had lived there for years. What boyish delight I felt in walking through the streets and looking in at the shop windows. Socrates, I think it was, who said, as he walked through Athens, "How happy I am that there are so many things here I do not want." If his philosophy was correct — and I have no doubt it was — I must have been very unhappy and very unlike Socrates, for there were so many things that I did want. Of course I could not get them, but could price and admire them. Now I must be careful; the money had to be recounted, and there should be enough kept to get back with. I had been saving up two years' salary for this trip, so there must be no undue extravagance. This matter settled, I filled my purse with gold, hired a cab, and sallied forth with my guide to visit the theatrical wardrobe shops in the Temple. I shall never forget this lovely day, wandering into the little dens, sometimes in the cellars, sometimes in the garrets of the queer old places, rummaging over quaint hats, square-toed shoes, character wigs, embroidered court suits, charming long silk stockings in all the magic colors of the rainbow, high boots, lovely gaiters, striped vests, and groves of old-fashioned liveries — it was a dramatic fairy-land.

IN THE SECOND-HAND SHOPS.

THE second-hand shops of Paris are very different from those of Chatham Street and Petticoat Lane. In London and with us they are presided over by thrifty Jews, who glare at you with glittering black eyes and thrust their eager noses in your face, almost imploring you to buy. Not so in France: quiet old women sit in the doorways of their shops, or just outside, sewing or knitting; no time is wasted by the women of France. They smile and nod as you pass by, but no rudeness, no urging you to buy; in fact, they seem so perfectly self-satisfied that at times it is quite provoking to the would-be purchaser. I was all eyes, and longing eyes at that. Now and then François would give me a gentle nudge and admonish me not to appear so anxious. At these times I would assume a careless manner as if such scenes were quite usual to me. At last François stopped in front of one of these shops: taking a survey with the air of a connoisseur, and nodding a cold approval of its contents, he invited me to enter. An old woman,—knitting, of course,—the exact counterpart of at least twenty we had already passed, followed us in. Here everything was in picturesque and artistic confusion—piles of curious costumes on the shelves, flowing scarfs, broad felt hats with ostrich feathers, russet boots, and big hilted swords and rapiers arranged in a half-careless, half-methodical way. There was an interior room from which issued sounds of merriment and laughter. I hesitated to pass through, but the old woman smiled and bade us enter, shrugging her shoulders and expressing in her way, "Only young people; they will have their sport." And so it was. Here were two sprightly young Frenchmen, evidently actors, and a pretty coquette of a girl—the daughter of madame—having a royal time at flirting and acting. For a moment our entrance damped their ardor and the "sport," whatever it was, came to a standstill. Then came some pantomime from my guide, who introduced me to the trio as an actor from America, at which they assumed an extravagant air of wonder and amazement, evidently guying me. So feeling themselves quite at ease, the merriment again proceeded. It was quite evident to me that there was a love affair between the pretty girl and the handsomer of the young actors. He was a graceful young fellow, with blonde, curly hair and blue eyes, and I presumed he was the rising young lover of some small theater in the neighborhood. The other actor was undoubtedly a low comedian of the same establishment. He was the reverse of the blonde lover, hideously ugly, with a turned-up nose, and a wide gash in the middle of his face for a mouth. He looked like a monkey and was quite as full of tricks. Assuming a grotesquely tragic air, he grasped me by the hand as if I were his long-lost brother, then, pointing despairingly at the lovers, gave me to understand in pantomime that his life was blasted by unrequited affection. Then he fell upon his knees to the girl and implored her love; she laughed, of course. This started him to his feet, and with a sudden spring he picked up a Roman helmet, cocked it sidewise on his head, seized a poker, and rushed upon his rival. Then he paused, and, bursting into tears, relented. Now taking the lovers' hands he joined them in wedlock, invoked a blessing on them from Heaven, stabbed himself with a poker, and rushed out into the front shop amidst the laughter and merriment of his audience. To me this seemed a very happy party, and though I understood very little of what they were saying, it was quite enough to convince me that some of their fun was at my expense. The old woman now led the way up a dark, narrow staircase to a room of wonders above. The walls were hung with fantastic dresses, spears, shields, and masks with decidedly French expressions of countenance. She pointed quietly to all these things, but rather disparaged them.

Now she came to a high, black leather trunk with a round top and clamped all over with iron bands and hinges. This contained glittering suits of Roman armor. A shining breastplate was displayed to tempt me. I explained that that style of thing was not in my line. So with a sweet smile, somewhat tinged with pity, I think, she shrugged her shoulders and passed on to a large, flat, wooden box like a monster sea-chest with an old-fashioned padlock on it, big enough for the Bank of England. She pointed to the box with admiration, as though she would say, "Ah, you don't know what lovely things are stored there, and so cheap." She first displayed a black court suit with polished steel buttons, very fine, but too large and too somber. Next came a royal purple silk velvet one, embroidered with gold and foilstones. I lost my heart to this at once, and the sly old woman knew it. I tried to look as if I did n't care for it, but failed. It would n't do with her. She saw through me, and began to fold it up with a loving hand, as though she could n't part with it for the world. She spoke no English; and as I was equally skilled in French, we talked through my guide. He, of course, professed to be on my side, but, from certain suspicious intonations, I fancy he slightly favored the old woman.

"Well, what is the price?"

"Five hundred francs." She said this with an injured air, as if she hoped I would n't give it, but of course I did give it.

One article after another was tried on; some reluctantly cast aside, others eagerly purchased. As each new treasure came into my possession it was placed in the cab by my guide. I did not want them sent home — no, I would take them myself; then I had misgivings that the cabman might drive off with my booty. I must have made François take his number three times at least, and put it in my different pockets, fearing I should lose it. At last I had gone through all the shops in the Temple. The longing eyes of the old French woman followed me from door to door, the cab was full, the purse was empty, and now I had a feverish anxiety to get away. I was convinced I had bought these wonders at half their value, and I feared that the venders would regret having sold them, and before I could depart demand them back. So we jumped into the cab, gave the word, and drove to the hotel.

Three lovely weeks in Paris; it seemed like a dream. Then I awakened and sailed for home.

(To be continued.)

*Joseph Jefferson.*

# WASHINGTON AND MONTANA.

## HAVE THEY MADE A MISTAKE IN THEIR CONSTITUTIONS?

THE act of Congress providing for the division of Dakota into two States, and to enable the people of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington to form constitutions and State governments and to be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, was approved February 22, 1889. On May 14, the electors in these Territories chose delegates to constitutional conventions which assembled on the Fourth of July following — the Montana convention in Helena, and the Washington convention in Olympia. For the first time was afforded the spectacle of four territorial conventions assembled on the same day to enter upon the labor of framing the fundamental law of State government. The Washington constitution of 1878 and the Montana constitution of 1884 were not sufficient to stem the adverse current of party politics in Congress.

In a peculiar sense the constitutional convention is an American production, and is composed usually of typical representatives of the interests of the people. Among the members of the Olympia convention were twenty-one lawyers, thirteen farmers, six merchants, six physicians, five bankers, four stockmen, three teachers, two real-estate dealers, two editors, two hop-growers, two loggers, two lumbermen, one preacher, one surveyor, one fisherman, and one mining engineer. Ten members were veterans of the civil war. The average age of the delegates was forty-five years, and the places of their birth were more than twenty-five in number. Ten were born in Missouri, eight in Ohio, seven in New York, seven in Illinois, five in Scotland, four in Pennsylvania, four in Kentucky, three in Indiana, three in Germany, two in Tennessee, two in Ireland, and the remainder in Maine, North Carolina, New Brunswick, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Ontario, Connecticut, Iowa, New Hampshire, Wales, Nebraska, California, and Washington Territory. The convention was composed of forty-three Republicans, twenty-nine Democrats, and three Independents.

There are men and women yet living who were a part of that company of a thousand souls who in June of 1843 gathered in the frontier village of Westport, Missouri, to set forth upon the weary journey of more than two thousand miles overland to an unknown country, Oregon. Its boundaries were still in dispute, its rivers still unexplored. Ten years passed and Washington Territory was formed from Oregon. In the next year Montana was given its present boundaries. The newness of the northwesternmost State of the Union is illustrated in the *personnel* of its constitutional convention: only one member of that convention was born in Washington Territory. That convention was in session fifty days; the Montana convention, forty-five days. On the first day of October following, the electors in each Territory ratified the work of their convention, and elected officers under the constitution and also representatives to Congress. By proclamation of the President, Montana was admitted into the Union on the 8th, Washington on the 11th, of November.

The first noticeable characteristic of these new constitutions is their great length. The constitution of Washington consists of 27 articles, subdivided into 245 sections; the constitution of Montana has 20 articles, subdivided into 268 sections. Each constitution contains above 30,000 words. Each of the successive State

constitutional conventions since 1776—and there have been over 130 such conventions—has framed a longer constitution than its predecessor; and the constitutions themselves, having long since lost the simplicity of a statement of fundamental principles of government, have developed into a code.

This steady and complicated lengthening of State constitutions may be partly explained by the relative increase and complication of popular interests and rights which the fundamental law aims to develop, to guarantee, or to protect. There are other explanatory causes. (1) The jealousy felt by the people towards the executive in the time of the Revolution led to the introduction of many provisions limiting the power of the governor, many of which yet remain. (2) The transfer of power to the legislative department, and its swift assumption of other powers down to 1850, led to an increase in the number of legislative provisions of the constitutions. (3) Legislative assumption of power bred a revolution in popular sentiment, and the conventions called during the last quarter of a century have struggled to redress the possible evils of over-legislation, by the embodiment of an elaborate code of limitations on the legislative department. (4) The popular demand for the equalization of powers among three departments of government is shown in the attempt to define accurately the jurisdiction of each. A vast increase in industrial and other interests among the people has increased the burdens of the judiciary and compelled the creation of a somewhat complicated system of courts. (5) Popular distrust in popular government as administered by the "servants of the people" is manifested in recent conventions in their effort to control permanently the fluctuating forces of society, and to make a constitution which not only "should endure for ages to come," but should also anticipate the wants of generations yet unborn, and paternally relieve them of burdens not yet in existence. It has often been forgotten in constitutional conventions—and the conventions of Washington and Montana seem to have forgotten—that men and States change; that society is in a state of flux; that no constitution ever made in America has preserved its autonomy longer than one generation of men. The conventions have perhaps unconsciously confessed the law of change by providing for a means of future amendment, and the means of amendment has become simpler and will be more frequently tried with each succeeding decade.

The Washington and Montana constitutions embody in their bills of rights the provisions common to the constitutions of the other States, with some modifications or additions incident to geographical situation, economic condition, or interpretation of civil needs. In Montana a grand jury may be summoned at the discretion of the district judge, and is composed of seven persons, five of whom may find a true bill. In Washington the number of the grand jury is to be fixed by law, but it is to be called at the discretion of the county judge. The debates in the two conventions show that objection was made to the "inquisitorial power" of a grand jury. In each State the petit jury varies from the type of the traditional jury. Its number, "to be fixed by law" in Montana, can give a verdict by a two-thirds vote. The number is twelve in Washington, but nine can give a verdict. In either State by consent of parties in civil cases jury trial may be waived. The right to trial by jury is secured by all State constitutions, but, little by little, the constitutions have introduced provisions by which causes may be brought to trial without the intervention of a jury, before the court, or before an officer qualified to preside in the case. The uncertainties incident to the jury system are slowly relegating trial by jury into a choice of methods, or into a respectable place in judicial history. In so far as legal practice is suggested by these new constitutions it is simplified, and the debates show the efforts of the conventions to make as plain as possible the course of the administration of justice. The constitutions are in this respect in happy contrast with the earlier constitutions framed a century ago. The technicalities characteristic of the English legal and judicial systems of colonial times were continued in our State systems long after many of them had disappeared in England. The lawyers who controlled the Washington and Montana conventions divided their conservatism with the radicalism of their colleagues, in which they were practically lost to view.

The provision against bigamous or polygamous marriages in Washington points significantly to a social evil of the times.

Montana is said to contain above fifty million acres of land that may be made agricultural by irrigation, and the provision regulating the use of all water appropriated for sale, rental, or distribution, in ditches, drains, flumes, canals, and aqueducts, is of vast economic importance in the development of the State. It suggests a new future for that country, which was described, somewhat summarily, in our school geographies, twenty years ago, as "the great American Desert."

Each constitution provides for a legislature consisting of two houses—a Senate, whose members are elected for four years, and a House of Representatives, whose members are elected for two years, following the model of the newer constitutions of the eastern States. The debates on the legislature brought to life

a sentiment which has lain dormant for a century, save by a semi-revival in the Ohio convention of 1850, and in the Illinois convention of 1870, that the State legislature should consist of one house. Georgia, Pennsylvania, and New Hampshire abandoned the unicameral system after a short trial of it. The Washington and Montana conventions examined the sentiment anew: the distinction between the constituency of the Federal Senate and the Federal House of Representatives, it was claimed, is lost in the States, because the members to the two houses are chosen by constituencies differing from each other merely in the number of electors. A house and a senate representing apportionments differing only by the census thus become a source of unnecessary and extravagant expenditure. In finally determining the organization of the legislature the two States proceeded differently. In Montana each county has one senator and no more; in Washington are senatorial districts, which may contain one or more counties according to population. Each State provides for representative districts, to be determined by the legislature according to population. Thus Montana follows the Federal Constitution in the creation of its legislative department. In each State the legislative term is biennial and for sixty days, but extra sessions may be called by the governor. The short session is the first limitation put on the legislature; the second is the provision against the introduction of bills — money bills in Montana — ten days before the day of adjournment; but the bill may be introduced in Montana by unanimous consent. Montana follows the provision of the Federal Constitution in the matter of the origin of money bills; in Washington any bill may originate in either house. In Washington the offense of bribery is left to be defined and punished by subsequent legislation; in Montana the legislation is introduced at once into the constitution. By each constitution a member who has a personal interest in a pending bill must disclose that fact, and refrain from voting on the bill. Above eighty specific limitations on the legislature forbidding special legislation are contained in the Montana constitution, and above forty may be found in the constitution of Washington. Since 1830 there has been in each constitutional convention an increase in the number of subjects over which the State legislatures are forbidden to legislate save by general legislation. The objections to this limitation are summed in the proposition that special legislation has become general legislation, and that such general legislation has made a vast amount of over-legislation. It is still an unsettled problem in statecraft whether a special law limited to a locality is worse than a special law limited to the State. In both Montana and Washington there are eastern and western portions of the State differing remarkably in climate, productions, and interests. In a vast area like that of Washington it is doubtful whether the evils of general legislation are not greater than those of special legislation. A State of small area, or of a uniform economic condition, is best adapted to frame a fundamental law one provision of which might discourage "special legislation." The practical operation of this constitutional inhibition in Montana must produce a dexterity in legislation which even the legislatures of some eastern States might envy.

Both States provide for the quadrennial election of a governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, state treasurer, state auditor, attorney-general, and superintendent of public instruction; Washington adds a commissioner of public lands. The demand for elective officers was early manifest from the mass of petitions to the conventions. No change in the American constitutions more clearly marks the triumph of an ultimate democracy than the provisions in successive constitutions for elective rather than for appointive offices. This demand ignores the difference between executive and administrative duties, and tends to make an almost endless chain out of the ring of political party supremacy. That the whole body of State officials should be made elective discloses a lamentable popular distrust of "all those in authority." The Washington convention further displayed the democratic tendency of the day by providing that the legislature at its discretion may abolish the offices of lieutenant-governor, auditor, and commissioner of public lands. Another tendency of recent appearance in constitutional conventions, to establish a commission rather than to confide responsibility to a single official, is shown in the Montana provision for a Board of Pardons, a Board of State Prisons, a Board of Land Commissioners, a State Board of Education, and a Board of Examiners of Claims against the State, the latter similar to the Federal Court of Claims. The governor of Montana may exercise the pardoning power provided that "the action of the governor concerning the same be approved by the board" of pardons; a provision which practically makes the governor's pardon merely recommendatory. The governor of Washington may exercise that power "under regulations prescribed by law," which provision practically puts the whole matter in the control of the legislature, where all experience shows it does not belong. Popular distrust of the executive was shown in the Washington convention by the effort to strip him of the veto power and to disqualify him, while governor, to be

elected a United States senator. This anxiety to keep the governor within the State indicates a remarkable change in American politics. The Federal Government was more than a quarter of a century old before membership in the United States Senate was more desired than governorship of a State. Now it may be safely said that, with the possible exception of that of New York and of Pennsylvania, the gubernatorial office is popularly considered far less in dignity and importance than the United States senatorship. John Jay declined the tender of the Chief-Justiceship of the United States and accepted the governorship of New York. His preference for a State office characterizes the public sentiment towards the States and the United States a century ago. But the political aspirations of politicians and of statesmen in this country have slowly shifted in a hundred years from office at the State capital to office at the capital of the nation.

In both the Washington and the Montana constitution is embodied a provision found by dear experience in both State and national affairs to be of great economic importance, that the governor may veto any item in an appropriation bill — a provision which is intended to prevent corrupt legislation. The proposition to abolish the veto power was lost in each convention. In the executive department the general provisions follow closely the Constitution of the United States.

In each constitution is to be found the supreme influence of the judiciary system of California adopted there in 1879 — one supreme and three inferior orders of courts; justices elected for six years in the Supreme Court, and for four years in the County Court, called in Montana the District Court, and in Washington the Superior Court. The supreme court has appellate jurisdiction, and may issue original and remedial writs to complete the exercise of its appellate jurisdiction. Its writs run to any part of the State. The district courts (Montana) and the superior courts (Washington) have original jurisdiction in all cases at law and in equity. In Montana justices of the peace are elected for two years, and their jurisdiction cannot include cases in which more than three hundred dollars is involved. In Washington the original jurisdiction of the supreme court is limited to controversies in which the amount involved does not exceed the sum of two hundred dollars, unless the action involves the legality of a tax, impost, assessment, toll, municipal fine, or the validity of a statute. The California system tends to throw the burden of the administration of justice upon the courts immediately inferior to the supreme court. The conventions seemed to be satisfied with that system, although its opponents showed conclusively its tendency to force the supreme court of necessity to be badly behind its own docket. In order to expedite judicial business both constitutions make provision for judges *pro tempore*, who are members of the bar, sworn to try the cases before them, and who render judgment with the same authority as a judge. Trials before auditors, masters, or referees are known to the judicial systems of many of the States. The Montana and Washington judiciaries illustrate in their short terms of office, in their abolition of special forms of action, in their elective judges and maximum of court days, the democratic tendency which now dominates in the formation of the fundamental law of a State.

The elaborate details and statutory character of these constitutions in their attempt at exact definition of official jurisdictions, and specially in the development of the articles on education, public indebtedness, finance, corporations not municipal, and municipalities, indicate the prevailing distrust of the people of the present American State, not alone towards the legislatures, but also towards all in authority under the constitution. The Montana and Washington constitutions are examples of "corporation legislation." A corporation is defined in language identical in both constitutions. The provisions which read like a corporation code are merely limitations on legislation; strokes on the heads of trusts and railroads and telegraph companies intended to affect the State legislature. Provisions concerning the voting of stock, the creation of fictitious stock, the consolidation of corporations, the discrimination in passenger and freight rates, the responsibility of corporations to their employees, the inability of employees to sign off their claim to the benefits of such responsibility, the regulation of prices by the formation of trusts, and the rights of one corporation to make use of the franchises of another corporation, are a few subjects of the legislative provisions found in both constitutions. The fine distinctions between solicitation and bribery, and the repeated reference to a corrupt legislature, in sections which declare the restrictions against infidelity in office, are a confession that public confidence in public officials is practically lost.

A constitution cannot rise above its source; nor can it stay the day of reckoning when the people must stand face to face with their own folly. The nearer a State constitution approaches a code the less does it maintain the character of a fundamental law, and the more certain will be the call for a new convention and a new constitution. The exact boundary between the constitutional convention and a session of the legislature is rapidly disappearing, and the people seem to be at loss whether

to have a new constitution every three years or biennial sessions of the legislature of sixty days each. The legislative character of the constitutions framed since the war points to the existence of a most dangerous evil in popular government. These constitutions in their large distrust of the integrity of public servants illustrate the folly of the attempt to escape the responsibilities of a free, popular government. The centralizing tendency in American politics of recent years has brought State politics and civil affairs into popular disrepute. Anybody can be sent to the State legislature and almost anybody to Congress. The political lesson taught by the constitutions framed during the last twenty years is that the purity and vitality of our system of government must be maintained, if maintained at all, by the State legislatures; when they fail the people then the very axle of civil power is broken. The almost countless limitations on State legislation incorporated into recent State constitutions are a solemn confession of the decadence of the people themselves. The character of State legislation is the chronicle written by the people of the State. At present neither the emoluments nor the honor of the office attract into the State legislatures even the better class of men. Private enterprise brings far greater reward and honor. State politics in this country are notoriously corrupt, and the people, complaining, wonder how such evils can exist. The conventions of Washington and Montana have simply repeated the constitutions already in force in this country which most nearly approach a code.

The laborious and honest efforts of delegates in convention to frame the fundamental law for a new State are not to be lightly passed as a trifling incident in perennial politics. These constitutions are peculiarly in evidence in the case of The American People *versus* Themselves. Unconsciously have these two new States solemnly entered upon that wearisome and disappointing course which has been already run with error and regret by many of the older States. The northwestern States cannot avoid the evils of civil life by incorporating into their fundamental law the elaborate and repeated proofs of the distrust of the people towards those who shall be elected to conduct the State government. It is plain that these conventions lost the opportunity to remedy the acknowledged evils complained of by the people of some of the older States by making a simple organic law and putting power and responsibility in the hands of those to whom the control of civil affairs is to come. A constitution cannot make a State. Each election makes or unmakes the American commonwealth. One of our recent English critics has wisely written: "To the people we come sooner or later. It is upon their wisdom and self-restraint that the stability of the most cunningly devised scheme of government will in the last resort depend."

A cursory reading of the constitutions for the northwestern States might suggest to some the vision of an ideal system of State government duly anticipating and providing against those evils which long experience in the eastern States has repeatedly chronicled with shame in volumes of statutes and session laws; but upon a more mature reflection on these instruments, and an examination of the times in which we live, we are compelled to confess that the conventions in Washington and Montana framed a legislative code rather than a body of fundamental laws for the new States.

*Francis Newton Thorpe.*

## BLOMIDON.

THIS is that black rock bastion, based in surge,
Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,
Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,
Whose top austere withdraws into its mist.
This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,
Whose towering front inviolable frowns
O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm —
Whose fame thy song, O tender singer, crowns.
Yonder, across these reeling fields of foam,
Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.
What profit now to know if just the doom,
Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying lips,
The shadow of inextinguishable pain,
The poet's deathless music — these remain!

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

# FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

## VII.

### DE BURG'S FIRST MOVE.

"Find me a reasonable lover against his weight in gold."

"Upon my word, this day certainly has turned out both perverse and adverse."

"If a woman has any malicious mischief to do, in that case her memory is immortal in remembering it."

"To do good to the bad is a danger just as great as to do bad to the good."

HE day after this event Nathaniel made a visit to Sandys. It was now summer, but he remembered so well the early spring when Olivia Prideaux had come to him as the living breath and spirit of the time. No one notices the seasons like a lover. As they balance their flight on the swift wings of night and day he makes all their changes and events a sweet calendar of his hopes and fears. For him there is then a mystery in the air, filling it with a strange sensitiveness; the sunshine is something more than the light of common day; the linnet's sweet babbling, the humid flash of the trickling stream, the white butterfly's rhythmic measures, the stillness of the summer noon, the snow-clad hills of winter, every fair thing in the earth below, or the firmament above, is but a fresh spelling of the beloved one's name and excellences.

Nathaniel found Sandys open to the sunlight and perfume of the garden. Roger sat at his desk, but the desk was so close to the lifted window that the roses almost touched his face and hands, and the birds, twittering secrets in the ivy above them, might as well have been in the room. He was counting moneys and casting up expenses, doing the business with methodical thoroughness, yet not insensible to the sweeter and fairer things around him.

He lifted his eyes to the young man and they had a welcome in them. "I am glad to see thee, Nathaniel. Thy last visit was such as might have asked another ere this."

"I like not to talk over evil which is past. Let us not speak of the man who troubled you. He is gone."

"I know not; the great events of life are always surprises, Nathaniel."

"Surprises are what Mr. Baxter calls 'godsends,' and seeming good or seeming ill, they are still 'godsends,' and not to be mistrusted."

"True. All things are done well in the ordering of unerring wisdom; and God's ancient promise, 'As thy days so shall thy strength be,' fits every occasion, joyful or sorrowful. Yet I confess to thee that I have a strange necessity upon me in regard to my affairs. I have had warnings to set my house in order; yea, I have cause to believe that there is some great change coming. And this apprehension of duty has been on me for some time. But I leave all to God, and in this feeling I center my soul."

"Roger, will you give me Olivia for my wife? I love her with my whole heart."

"There is but one holdback in my mind; thou hast not yet joined the cause of truth, Nathaniel."

"I have not yet felt clear to do so, Roger, and without this assurance — "

"Stand still. No man can by searching find out God. Only be willing, and he will find out thee. Yet I think surely thou art not far from the kingdom; and in the matter of Olivia, speak to her. She shall lead us both."

Then with a heavy heart he dropped his head over his book and resumed his calculations. He could ask no better husband for his daughter, and personally Nathaniel was very pleasant to him; yet he sighed heavily, and the pang of renunciation was exceeding bitter. This is the way with all earthly desires granted — always the something lacking, always the something taken; and though Roger was well pleased that Olivia should be Nathaniel's wife, he could not contemplate without heartache the days which had been and which soon might be no more; the sweet, calm, loving days wherein he had been everything to his child — father, mother, lover, and friend. But he said nothing of his own loss, and Nathaniel stopped not to consider it.

"Where is Olivia?" he asked, with trembling eagerness, and the pathos of the father's voice and attitude was lost in the simple satisfaction of his reply:

"An hour ago she went into the garden."

It was an old-fashioned garden full of turning walks hedged high and close with privet and hazel bushes. Narrow beds bordered with box ran under the hedges, holding all the sweet fragile blossoms that love not the hot sunshine. In an angle of one turning there was an arbor cut in the thick green wall of privet, and there Nathaniel knew he would be most likely to find Olivia.

He had a rapid, decided step, and doubtless she heard him coming, yet she kept her eyes dropped upon the exquisitely small stitches she was sewing. She was dressed in white, but the sunshine sifting through the green roof of the arbor threw over the spotless lawn indescribable rays of palest green shot with gold, melting into each other, changing, passing away, like the tints of the sky at evening. A large, handsome cat slept at her feet, but it in no way detracted from the peace and freshness and sweetness of the living picture.

"'My love, my dove, my undefiled!'" This strain of the sacred canticle came into his heart and tasted sweet upon his lips. He said it over and over as he approached the girl, and perhaps in some mysterious way she felt the influence of the winged though voiceless words, for her face was covered with a rosy light, and her eyes were so full of her soul that the radiance from under the dropped lids left a glow upon her cheeks.

He had purposed to say many things in preparation of "the words." But when the heart is ready to speak it needs no introduction, and before he was aware he had said them. He took the work from her hands and clasped her hands in his own. He drew her close to his side, and told the heavenly story of a heart which has found the soul it loves. The low words, the embrace, the kiss that spoke where all words failed, went to Olivia's heart as the sunshine to the heart of a flower, or the sweet, soft rain to its root. In that hour Nathaniel revealed her to herself. He interpreted the unknown language of her wistful longings. He claimed her by some inexplicable but indisputable right for his own, and with shy, trembling happiness she acknowledged the claim. So for a little while these two blissful mortals found their lost Eden.

But it is in such hours that we all realize how impotent is the language of earth. Though moved to more than earthly rapture, they had nothing to say worthy of their emotion. Foolish as the babbling of babies is the talk of lovers, but it is a folly springing from a divine depth — a depth which no plummet of wisdom has sounded. The oft-repeated words, the words half spoken, the questions asked with a look, the questions answered with a kiss, the vague, glancing, broken language of lovers! Is it not as eloquent and as wise in its foolishness as that sweet baby prattle which between a mother and her child is wiser than all wise words? Never till the soul is free from fleshly bonds shall we tell the beloved how truly we love. Never on earth shall we speak perfectly the language of heaven. We can but stammer, and blunder, or ask from silence the pathetic interpretation of our mute souls. For the words we learned before we fell a little lower than the angels call to us in vain, our tongues are tied, and though we strive to syllable the memory, we find, alas, that there is no common speech for the body and the soul! Language fails when we need it most.

But whether in speech or in sweeter silence the afternoon sped on. The sun sunk lower and lower, and with slow steps the lovers began to tread the flowery lane. Nathaniel pulled some violets and put them into Olivia's girdle. It seemed to him a wonderful thing to do. A week ago he only dreamed of such delight. A little farther on they came to the open garden where the perfume of raspberries and the double velvet-roses mingled, and the warm, light wind brought them a caress of scent,— the soul of a red bergamot flower,— and the clove carnations filled the air with their enthralling odors. They forgot that they were mortal, since as yet no thought or care for the future came with anxious whisper between them.

Nathaniel had fully determined not to speak of John and Anastasia de Burg. In his heart there lay that singular superstition which at some time or other has influenced the most pious and logical minds, a feeling that it would be wise not to name the evil dreaded lest they might call it unto them. Yet in defiance of this resolution, in a moment, without intent, he broke it. A sudden chill and silence followed the ill-omened words, and his heart instantly reproached his tongue for them.

Everything changed in a moment. The hour of enchantment was over, and they were summoned back to common life by a shrill, weak voice calling at its highest pitch:

"Olivia! Olivia!"

The two words were full of anger, of terror, of some nameless dread, which the girl felt without understanding. She looked with fearful inquiry at Nathaniel, and, dropping his hand, hurried to the house by the nearest path.

It was Asa calling her, but his voice was so changed that she did not know it until she saw him standing in the open door. Without a word he went before the lovers into the parlor. Two strange men were there, and Roger Prideaux stood between them with irons on his wrists.

Olivia was at his side in a moment. She kissed his bound hands, and put her arms around his neck, and comforted him with that sweet love which, without saying 'What is the trouble?' thinks only of consoling it. It was Nathaniel who made the inquiry. With his hand on Roger's shoulder he asked:

"Under what warrant do you serve an honorable man so hardly?"

"High treason, Captain, and no less."

"Nathaniel, my son, neither make nor meddle in this business. I have a narrow path to pass through, but One goes with me able to deliver."

"My father, trust in him!"

"'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' Turn thee, dear child, to Romans, eighth chapter and twenty-eighth verse. There I found, not ten minutes ago, God's grand charter of help sufficient. I was reading it as the officers crossed my threshold, and the page shone with the glory of the promise."

Upon this scene the men not unkindly turned their backs, and Asa served them with a flagon of ale and some meat and bread.

"Nathaniel! Thou wilt care for Olivia?"

"With my life."

"My dear heart, I give thee to Nathaniel; for I go I know not where, nor for what time. Yet if it stand with God's will, I shall surely come back to this pleasant home; and if it stand not so — his will be done." He looked wistfully round the room and into the garden, and then bent his head and kissed the sweet, white face that lay upon his breast.

"Neighbors, I am ready. There is a long walk to Kendal, and delay at this hour can do no good."

There had been no outcry, no clamorous grief. The thing they had feared had happened to them, but they were prepared to receive it. Roger had not only set his house in order, he had also made Olivia conversant with all his affairs. So they said farewell with the noble calmness of pious souls; for piety is self-government in its highest form. Olivia pressed her white cheek against her father's, showing him eyes full of holy hope and trust. She touched his lips with lips wearing the calm smile of a soul trusting in the Omnipotent.

She went with him to the door, Nathaniel and Asa keeping, with a natural modesty, a little behind her; for the nearness of her grief gave her a sad preëminence. She stepped outside the threshold on to the wide flags which made a central path through the garden to the park. On each side banks of roses filled the senses with their color and scent. A laburnum tree dropped its golden racemes above her head, and the westering sun made the broad, tranquil atmosphere look as if it were filled with gold-dust.

She stood in it a slight, white-robed figure, tearless and speechless, but revealing in her face and attitude feelings inexpressible; unless it were possible to compass that vast, enigmatical language which comes in dreams. A calamitous constraint of circumstances, a strict necessity, was subduing her; but she resented sorrow, as youth must ever do. She knew that Anastasia was triumphing over her. If the blow had come from the blind prejudices of the civil power she could have borne it better. She felt it hard that her father should have to go to prison for the crimes of John de Burg and the wicked jealousy of his sister. Hardest of all was the thought that God had permitted Anastasia to cross the threshold of their happy home and bring misery and ruin with her. Quiet as Olivia seemed to be, a great storm tossed her innocent soul. She wanted to be alone, to weep, to cry out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken us?"

But she had that in her which rung well to the striker. Though every footstep on the flagged walk was like a blow on her heart, it was a blow that stirred her into keener life. She whispered obedience, and, with head inclined, inclined her heart.

Standing thus, she watched her father pass out of her sight. He walked like a man who had put the world away from him; who held it as indifferently as if it were a cast-off shoe. The irons on his wrists were unfelt, the road seemed to go upward to heaven. Holy men of all ages were on it with him. He saw with Stephen, he heard with Paul, he communed with God, and had such comfort and strength as this world knows nothing of. And at this hour Roger Prideaux, though small in stature, looked truly noble. The officers instinctively fell behind him a few steps. They declared afterward that his face shone and that they feared to be with him.

Presently the great trees hid all of them from sight. Then Olivia turned her eyes upon Nathaniel, eyes soft shining through a haze of unshed tears. He raised her hand and kissed it, leading her with tender, comforting words into the lonely parlor. For a few minutes she yielded to herself, to her human need of sympathy, to her woman's need of love and strength. But soon the primitive courage of her soul rose above its weakness. She withdrew from Nathaniel's embrace, she stood upright and looked around like one who is gathering force from every quarter.

"Asa!"

"I am here, Olivia."

"Thou must tell Gideon to saddle a fleet horse. He is to go to my aunt Hannah Met-

telane, who lives at Ambleside, and tell her that 'the time spoken of has come.'"

"Thou art sure thou art doing right?"

"It is the word of my father, Asa. As to thyself—"

"I am ready to do to the utmost."

"Then put up some changes of clothing for my father; thou knowest all he will want. Surely thou wilt stay close to him, Asa?" And she went to the old man, and took his hands in hers. Their eyes met, and he gave her an inviolable promise.

"He will miss thee at every turn. Be hands and feet to him. Be a friend to him, Asa. He hath been one to thee, and now there will be many against him."

"I will go to thy father. I will never leave him so long as he is in trouble. And take courage, Olivia. In a deluge, God's children never miss the ark."

"God give thee a good reward, Asa." Then she turned to her lover. "Nathaniel, I must go to D'Acre Hall at once. My father has a right to think that Edward D'Acre will prepare such bail as may be wanted, if it come to a question of bail. He left a letter on the subject, which I must deliver."

"I will take it for you, dear Olivia."

"Nay, my father will not have thee meddle in this matter. Also, I have a message which is to be given, or not given, in my own discretion."

"Until your aunt arrives, or so long as you desire it, I shall look for you to stay with my mother. If I take you to D'Acre to-night, you can rest there, and so come on to Kelderby to-morrow."

"Jane D'Acre is my friend. To get security is not a thing of 'ask and have.' I may be required at D'Acre for more than one day, and I think surely that Hannah Mettelane will come with all possible speed. Also, dear Nathaniel, thy mother might not desire my presence. I must be certified of her good-will ere I put so great a demand upon it."

"My beloved! Are you not as my wife? Is not my home your home?"

"In so far as thou canst give it. But thou must not trespass on the rights of thy father and mother, nor must thou lead me into so great a snare. Jane D'Acre is my friend; I will go to her." She spoke with a not unsuitable maidenly pride, feeling that it was Lady Kelder's place to give her first some unmistakable evidence of love and welcome.

Nathaniel was full of sorrowful and wounded perplexity. He knew well how unwelcome Olivia would be at Kelderby. If he took her there, a kind of civility would not indeed be denied her. The baron would be gravely courteous, and Olivia would doubtless soon win from him a warmer feeling. But Lady Kelder would be more unreasonable. She would probably retire into her own room and refuse to see Olivia, or, if more aggressively inclined, Nathaniel understood in how many ways women can wound women, smiling as they do it—saying cruel things that defy answer or reproof, insinuating wounds which the victim can only bear in silence and hide from every eye.

He walked restlessly about the room, miserably conscious of his inability to give the girl he so passionately loved the shelter and help he longed to give her. She passed in and out frequently, as she made with Asa the preparations necessary for her father's comfort and the security of the house. But Asa was both by nature and education deliberate in all his movements, and he considered the present circumstances demanded, not less, but more, than his usual careful attention. There were presses and cellars and awmeries to lock; servants to instruct; Olivia's special charges to provide for; so many little things to direct that it was after sunset before she was able to leave Sandys for D'Acre Hall.

She made no complaint about it. The pallor of her face, the sadness and subdued anger of her manner, alone told the story of her suffering. And Nathaniel showed how well he understood the girl he loved, by his sympathetic silence. She had entered the house of sorrow, and he did not walk at her side babbling and questioning and lamenting, but Olivia felt at every step how truly his love enfolded her.

The long twilight of the season soon became gray. All glory went from the horizon, all color from sea and land. Evening has strange sadnesses, melancholy tints and tones, pathetic intimations which the sensitive soul solemnly apprehends. The lonely road they traveled was void of all counteracting influences. It wound in and out among the boulders of the misty heath. The sea was at their right hand—a gray, heaving mass, uttering a mournful, sighing roar, and half hid by a veil of drifting vapor. Yet only a few hours before the world had been so full of light and color, of song and scent and warmth. Now to the silent lovers it was a lonely, sterile world, full of mystery and gloom and strange ominousness.

They arrived at D'Acre Hall just as the twilight became night. D'Acre stood on his door-steps taking his farewell look of the day he was going to shut out of his house. He was startled by the arrival of visitors at that hour, but when he recognized Nathaniel and Olivia a look of confirmed expectation crossed his face. It was as if he had said, "I was sure this would happen." He called his wife, and

in a few moments Nathaniel saw Olivia kindly received by her friend. She turned to him one moment before she entered the house, and he lifted his hat and bent his head in reply. It was the only assurance either of them needed. They loved, they trusted, they even dared, dark as the hour was, to hope.

Nathaniel did not alight. He had a long ride, and he was little inclined to talk to any one until he had consulted with his father. But it was necessary to explain Olivia's position, and he did this with as bare circumstance as possible. D'Acre, standing in the gloom with his hand upon the horse's neck, heard him with a troubled face.

"So much does not astonish me, Captain Kelder," he answered; "I pray God it go no further. For you must know that I was in Kendal yesterday, and I heard De Burg very loud and insolent on the matter."

"I doubt it not."

"Squire Garnet, and Thomas Musgrove, and Isaac Sandal were talking with me, and De Burg, coming up to us, cried: 'This is a foul business! Here am I, a gentleman of honor and descent, put under bonds and made but a lodger in mine own house, because I stand for what it would have been treason and death for my father not to have stood for; while that Quaker malignant called Prideaux is let live at his ease, though he be plotting in broad daylight against your Commonwealth'— and a deal more of the same sort of words, but mainly that Prideaux had been harboring Harald Sandys, who was Charles Stuart's emissary to the English Quakers; and hearing that, I went away, for truly I believe the matter to be so."

"Harald Sandys is dead."

"Nay then, I know not what to think. Surely Roger Prideaux came to me for a suit of clothing for Harald Sandys, and I deem him too true a man to lie to me. And herein I am myself uneasy in the matter. It is most likely I may be hardly dealt with if my kindness be construed into giving aid to a traitor."

"Is it needful to speak of it? Prideaux will never do so."

"Alas, I have already talked with one who, I fear, will be easily moved to repeat my words. For meeting Phillipson one day,—and I know not when I have met him before,—we fell into talk about Sandys, and the end of so old a family, and the pity of it; and further, Phillipson said he had been the dearest friend of the late lord, and loved him. And out of a good feeling I replied there was a certainty that one of the Sandys yet lived, and also that he was deep in Charles Stuart's counsel, and would be like, if changes ever came, to build still higher the house of Sandys. And one thing brought the other, as it ever does, and I fear that I have done wrong not only to myself but also to my friend. Surely, surely, the 'yea' and 'nay' of the Quakers is all of tongue traffic a man can manage with safety and without sin."

This confession greatly troubled Nathaniel, tossing his mind to and fro with indeterminate fugitive fears and suggestions as he galloped home. Indeed he was so thoroughly occupied with them that he failed to conceive the different temper of minds not as yet possessed by their demands, and the baron's and Lady Kelder's cold and constrained interest in his return seemed to him most unkind. If they had met him with eager questioning and exclamations he would hardly have wondered or inquired, but that his father should placidly resume his book, and his mother her spinning, as if Roger was not in prison, and Olivia not a fugitive from her home, was in his present concentrated mood a real wrong to him.

"There is great sorrow at Sandys," he said, with an air of injury.

The baron dropped his book, and Lady Kelder stayed her wheel.

"Roger Prideaux is taken to prison on a charge of treason against the Commonwealth. De Burg has informed the authorities that he was sheltering royalist emissaries — in fact, Harald Sandys."

"He is well served. The old Quaker must turn patron to gentlemen in his old days, and now he has to pay the price of tampering with gentlemen's business. Faith! I cannot afford to be sorry for him."

"But this is a business, Joan, which if possible we must afford to help. What is the first thing, Nathaniel?"

"Bail, if admissible."

"Bail! No more of that, I pray, Odinel."

"Indeed, I fear it is beyond me. Kelderby is fully pledged for De Burg, and over Swaffham I have no power. Where is the young girl?"

"I left her at D'Acre's, but she hath no right there — if my mother would but offer her — "

"She hath no right here."

"She hath the right of my promised wife."

"Nathaniel!"

Lady Kelder rose with the word, and passionately pushing her wheel aside she said:

"Dare you tell me that again?"

Mother and son looked steadily at each other; there was no flinching in either face.

"She hath the right of my promised wife."

"When you tie that knot, you may tie cobwebs. And, while I am mistress of Kelderby, Olivia Prideaux crosses not its threshold."

"I am sorry you cannot feel as I do in this matter, mother."

"Sorry! No, you are not sorry. You have

known my mind about the Quakers, male and female, long before you met this girl. You wanted her because you were bounden by every sacred duty not to want her. Faith! if 't were not Adam pulled the forbidden apple, 't was because his courage went not so far as his desires."

"Joan, my dear heart, fret not yourself beyond your guidance. Nathaniel hath done wrong—"

"He hath done a cruel wrong, the cruelest wrong a son can do to the mother who bore him."

"Mother, have I not the right to choose the woman I love for my wife?"

"Son, have I not a right to say what woman shall be my daughter? Have your father and I not a right to say with what family we will blend our own family? Who gave you permission to mingle Quaker blood, and trader's blood, with the strain kept noble and honorable through seven centuries? A boor, a lackey, may live unto himself, but you! You have no such cursed privilege, sir!"

"Indeed, I think the Prideaux may stand in all honor beyond the De Burgs."

"Nathaniel, my mother was a De Burg."

The baron spoke with unusual sternness, and then crossed the hearth and took his wife upon his arm. "I am afraid, Nathaniel, that your visits to Sandys have already done you much mischief."

"I am prepared to meet it. I shall suffer with Olivia."

"'*I!*' Do you see nothing beyond yourself, sir? Your suffering, your shame, can you bear them alone? No, your mother will have a double portion. And I think you might also respect your father's honor and not wound your father's heart. If you are mixed up with these Prideaux, I too shall be under suspicion. My friends will look coldly upon me. My enemies will shoot out the tongue and say slanderous things. I shall lose my eminence among the Independents. Indeed, there needs no more to all our undoing than such an alliance."

"I think I am doing right, father."

"Nothing can be right for yourself which is procured by wronging your father and mother."

"Roger Prideaux is innocent, and I think it will be proved so. If not, whatever is God's will he can bravely bear it."

"God's will! That is easy said, Nathaniel"; and Lady Kelder flushed with indignation as she spoke. "It is presumptuous to ascribe all that happens, however wicked it be, to God. God *permits* both the devil and men and women to do many things that he does not *will* them to do. There is a difference—yes, a great difference. God may permit you to make a selfish and cruel marriage in order to gratify yourself, but he does not will or wish you to do it."

"I love Olivia; she hath the promise of my hand—a promise I will not break. The future holds miracles; if I keep faith with my love, I doubt not but what truth and patience will conquer in the end."

"You are wonders, of course, both of you! Nothing has ever happened to your fathers that has happened to you. Nathaniel, you are a very ordinary young man, and Mistress Prideaux a very ordinary young woman. Let me tell you that the earth will not move off its axis, nor its inhabitants be turned upside down, to compass your marriage with—a Quakeress!"

This closed the argument for the night, but it was renewed next morning on a different basis; or rather Lady Kelder refused to see, or hear, or feel anything touching the subject. Her own mind was made up, and she was determined not to permit discussions which could only give her pain, without touching even the outermost edge of her convictions. She disliked Olivia, though she had seen her but twice; and what argument can conquer a soul's involuntary antipathy?

Olivia's serenity, her unassuming modesty of garb and manner, her peculiar form of speech, were all affectations to Lady Kelder. Besides which, she had an abhorrence of Quaker doctrines. Extreme Calvinism had molded her spiritual nature; its austerity and intolerance made the boundary lines of all her ideas. She had received from Mr. Duttred as well as from Nathaniel an account of the Fox meeting at Roger Prideaux's, and had felt scandalized at Olivia's interruption of a grave theological debate. These emotional young girls, who talked of an indwelling Christ, and of heavenly visions, inspired her with no other feeling but that of dislike. She was angry at such presumption. The revelation of heavenly things unto babes, instead of unto priests, was a doctrine she did not practically admit.

In the solitude of the midnight she had sat alone with her soul and conscientiously examined her motives. And she was sure that Nathaniel's marriage with Olivia would be a most unfortunate one for her son. A Quaker wife would separate him from all their old friends and associations. Unless Nathaniel became a Quaker, there would be a divided household in religious matters. If Nathaniel became a Quaker, the remedy would be worse than the disease. In that case he would also be practically shut out from all civil offices and from all social respect. His fine position, his ancient prestige, could be used only for the

spread of Quakerism. Spiritually and temporally, in her opinion, the alliance meant ruin to her son.

The baron shared her opinions, modified somewhat by a more comprehensive and masculine grasp of the subject. "If Quakerism is not of God," he said, "it will speedily pass away, and Nathaniel hath so much sense as to discover this." He reflected also that Olivia's peculiarities would probably be softened by the social and domestic demands of life at Kelderby, and that even if they were not, the estate of Sandys was a very fair set-off against religious opinions which in some respects his own experience justified. Still he was not inclined to encourage the marriage; he believed truly it would be neither happy nor prosperous.

After breakfast father and son took a walk, in order to talk more freely about the situation of the Prideaux and the extent of danger likely to touch Kelderby in consequence.

"I think it is but a woman's passion," said Nathaniel. "Anastasia has no continuance of purpose, either in good or in evil."

"Herein you judge foolishly, Nathaniel. Anastasia, by her first movement of revenge, has put the matter beyond her own control. And D'Acre's report shows that Stephen de Burg has lifted her cause. In some way or other, it is his intention to make this an occasion for a quarrel with me. Then — you can see what will follow."

"He and Anastasia will go to Charles Stuart, and you will have the forfeit to pay."

"Also, I myself may fall under suspicion with the Commonwealth. Judges who look beyond the day will argue that De Burg, being my cousin, and a man of such reputed honor, would not so wrong my kindness unless under some secret agreement of mutual interest; and the natural suspicion will be that it refers to the return of Charles Stuart. Nathaniel, I am in a very hard case. I pray you do not strengthen ill thoughts by a friendship and alliance with that Quaker, who is already doubted in his loyalty."

"We know, father, that the man was John de Burg, and not Harald Sandys."

"We do *not* know. Your apprehension is not confirmation to any mind but your own. Also, you must plainly perceive that Prideaux entertained the man believing him to be Harald Sandys, and, on his own confession, 'about the king's business.' Nor will it help him to say it was John de Burg, while it may make my cousin and Anastasia so much more our enemies."

"Still if asked, I must tell the truth."

"If your conscience demand so much — yes."

"As for my promise to Olivia —"

"It must be set aside. All promises depend upon the power to perform them."

"I have the power to perform this promise."

"Not without committing grave wrongs to your mother and me. A promise kept under such circumstances is worse than broken."

"I have an obligation to Olivia, and also to Olivia's father. I cannot break it."

"You have an obligation far older and more sacred to your mother and to your own father. Do not dare to break it, lest you lack God's blessing on all else."

"Is it not said that a man shall leave father and mother for his wife?"

"It is said they '*shall*' do so. But it is not said that they 'ought' to do it. It is also said that men 'shall' deny God, and persecute the saints, and commit all manner of sin. Your mother said truly last night that many things are permitted of God that are not of God's will. Let me tell you that a life of self-indulgent love will smart as death. There is always a way to reconcile duties, if men will patiently take counsel of God and put away the spirit of self-serving."

Nathaniel's answer was interrupted by the approach of an officer, with a summons for Nathaniel Kelder to appear before the Kendal magistrates on the following day, as a witness in the complaint of the Commonwealth against Roger Prideaux. And in further conversation with the man it was ascertained that Olivia Prideaux, Asa Bevin, John D'Acre, and Stephen de Burg with his daughter Anastasia had also been cited. He stated further, that the examination was likely to cause great excitement, and to be attended by many sympathizers on both sides.

The news, though expected, was startling. We think we have prepared ourselves for an event, but we never have. Its arrival is always a shock. Both men dreaded the camp of gowned conflict. Both men would far rather have buckled on their swords and gone to the battlefield for the Commonwealth than enter those treacherous lists.

"But the evil we have called unto us," said the baron, with a sigh, "we must face."

"Well, then, father, the good man stands under the eye of God, and therefore stands. Courage carries the day, and love won't fail us anywhere."

For Nathaniel had one of those souls born for adversity, which win from it the strength to nerve themselves for the loftiest endurance or endeavor —

E'en as the falcon when the wind is fair,
Close to the earth on lagging pinion goes;
But when against her beats the adverse air,
She breasts the gale, and rises as it blows.

VIII.

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

"He who deceives by an oath acknowledges that he fears his enemy, but despises God."

"Like to a sea-girt rock I stand,
Deep sunk in peace though storms rage by,
As calm as if on every hand
Were only Thou, O God, and I!"

WHEN Nathaniel awoke the next morning he had a moment's wonder as to where he was. For the brattle of sweet-tongued bells clashed and clanged in the sunny air with a joyful melody. He leaped up to the exultant octaves, his soul, independently of his will, setting them to the musical old chime —

O! te laudum millibus,
Laudo! Laudo! Laudo!
Tantis mirabilibus,
Plaudo! Plaudo! Plaudo!
Gloria sit gloria,
Domino in altis;
Cui testimonia,
Danter et præconia,
Cælicis a psaltis.

There is a kind of compulsion in such familiar rhymes, the mind perforce goes through them; and yet before the charmful words were half recalled Nathaniel had suffered a sudden depression. The old question, What is the matter? deadened the last lines, and they sung themselves mournfully out of his consciousness.

He had left Kelderby for Kendal on the previous day immediately after receiving the summons, and had spent the night in the Crown Inn of that town. With the recognition of this fact came the instantaneous memory of all the unhappy circumstances which had brought him to the unfamiliar room. And he was compelled to acknowledge that Roger's affairs were capable of being worked to much loss and sorrow. He had found him so strictly confined that it was impossible to get speech with him, and the general opinion was adverse to his case.

He was also troubled about Olivia's position, for on his way to Kendal he had called at D'Acre Hall, and found that D'Acre had retreated into the safest lines of popular approval. Olivia was constrained and unhappy. She felt the chilliness and anxiety of her entertainers, and she regretted having left the fortress of her home.

D'Acre being also summoned, it would have been in friendly accord with the circumstances to have detained Nathaniel until the morning, or else to have accompanied him to Kendal without further delay. But D'Acre did not wish to be associated with people suspicious in the public eye. The charge of Olivia annoyed him very much, and he thought it would be a wrong to his young wife to have her seen with the girl. He did not indeed say so, but Nathaniel had one of those souls which see our human nature behind the veils of Eleusis. He understood the sickness which would prevent Mistress D'Acre going to Kendal with her guest; he felt the frosty hospitality, the bareness of sympathy which wounded and repressed Olivia, and he was glad to hear her say:

"If God will, I shall go back to Sandys tomorrow."

"You will do right, Olivia. Sorrow should bide at home."

"I think so," answered D'Acre, who was nettled by Nathaniel's tone more than by his words. "If a man can salute his own special troubles, he does as well as flesh and blood can do."

"True, D'Acre, if flesh and blood were all."

There was such sadness in Nathaniel's voice that D'Acre did not word the quick answer he had ready. For we are complex creatures, and if it be true that when we would do good evil is present with us, it is equally true that often when we would do evil a good thought or a kind feeling restrains the evil.

Nathaniel dressed quickly, with a certain careful splendor, and he was still young enough to eat heartily, though Anxiety sat down at the table with him. The sky was without a cloud; the sunshine filled the streets; the bell-ringers kept up their happy riot of exultant melody; the shop-keepers stood with broad, beaming faces at their doors; the women were at the open windows. For it was pretty Mary Pierson's wedding day; and because human nature never wearies of its prime elementary feelings, the wedding peal found some echoes in nearly every heart.

Nathaniel walked slowly through the clean white streets: the wedding was over, but men and women still stood together talking about it. He went thoughtfully forward until he had passed the parish church, then turning he saw Parson Derby just leaving the rectory, and Stephen de Burg was with him.

The examination was appointed for eleven o'clock, and before that hour a great number of people were in the Town Hall. The wedding had broken into the day's work, and the trial of Master Prideaux was more attractive to them than their belated tasks.

When Nathaniel entered it, his first glance fell upon Olivia. She sat near the bench for the magistrates, a little apart, and quite alone. D'Acre had brought her thus far, and then found in his own affairs an excuse from further attendance. She was not sorry to bid him fare-

well, for a friend who has fallen below his profession is a contemptible creature, even to himself. As he turned from her the Hall bell began to ring, and she could not help feeling that it was a forlorn bell, tolling for one who had lost a great opportunity.

A few minutes after D'Acre's desertion Nathaniel saw her. She was dressed with extreme plainness in a black gown, though a kerchief of white lawn covered her throat and bosom, and a hood of white sarcenet lay across her bright hair. Its silken sheen and the clear purity of the lawn made around her head reflections of white light, quite distinct in the dusty atmosphere of the room, and in them her fair face looked as a white rose looks in the garden's golden sunshine.

Nathaniel went to her side and spoke to her in whispers, he scarce knew what words, only that they came straight from his heart, and were altogether made of love and pity. Men and women whom they heeded not looked at them with interest and sympathy. For if Nathaniel had stood up in the midst of them and said aloud, "I love this girl with all my soul," he could not have taken them into his confidence more completely. And it was pleasant to see the little groups affecting a kind disregard — turning from their points of observation, or finding in their own affairs a suddenly overwhelming interest.

In the few moments' grace thus afforded many things were hurriedly said. They talked as souls may talk who meet after cycles of separation, hastening their confidences because their parting may come before their sweetest thoughts are told. Holding her hand, watching with brimming eyes the tears upon her cheeks, feeling as if life held only that precious ten minutes, Nathaniel talked with Olivia.

Then there was the sound of laughter and of footsteps on the stone stairway, and the rush of that invisible force which always accompanies the entry of a number of human beings into a room. Parson Derby and Stephen de Burg came first. Anastasia was just behind them, Squire Chenage and Sir Edward le Tall walking at her side. Judah Parke and Elijah Waring, magistrates, followed. It was said that Elijah Waring favored the Quakers, and that his wife Jenifer had joined the Society. But Judah Parke was a Presbyterian of the strictest sort, and a Quaker was an abomination to him.

A sudden silence, slightly broken by whispers and shuffling feet, followed. Then the jailer entered with Roger Prideaux, who walked between two constables. He had to pass within a few feet of Olivia, and as he did so she obeyed the impulse of her heart and rose and kissed him — kissed his face, and then casting her eyes upon his still manacled hands, she stooped and kissed them also. The act was involuntary, it was finished before a word of dissent could be spoken, but as she sat down again an indescribable murmur of sympathy ran through the room.

It angered the parson, and he asked peremptorily that the examination of Roger Prideaux be immediately begun. The first witness called was Anastasia de Burg. She rose with that flurry which seemed inseparable from all her moods, in spite of the pride bred in her by her order and position. She readily took the proffered oath, though with some incoherence, for she was confused with the consciousness that Nathaniel's eyes were upon her.

Never had she been more bewitchingly beautiful. Never had she dressed herself with a more enhancing splendor. She wore a petticoat of lead-colored satin, with an overgown of lavender moire, trimmed with silver buttons and silver lace. A whisk of fine white point was her neck-dress, and above her flowing curls drooped a low beaver hat, heavy with white and lavender feathers. Long lavender gloves, embroidered with silver, covered her hands and arms; she carried a little Indian cane painted and gilt; and at her waist was a silver chain, holding half a dozen Italian cameo seals — the extravagant fad of the day.

Being interrogated as to her knowledge of Roger Prideaux's guest, she said:

"'T was on the 29th of May I was out driving, as is my custom, and passing Sandys Hall I bethought me of the many strange rumors I had heard of the new owners, and I determined to gratify my curiosity regarding all these. 'T was said also that Mistress Prideaux was a wonder of womanhood — of a very sober humor, infinitely discreet and virtuous, and I had a mind to see such a miracle of my sex. I found the door guarded — as treasures are said to be — by an old dragon, who refused me entrance with many excuses, all of which I denied with a determination that won my way; and so I came to the parlor, where I found Mistress Prideaux, and Captain Kelder, and a strange gentleman of a very brave countenance, whom Mistress Prideaux told me was Harald Sandys; 'fearing nothing,' as she said, 'from a person of my opinions.'"

"What said you?"

"I said the king's — I said Charles Stuart's friends were my friends; and so on with discourse of that kind, until I spoke of a ship lying off Barrow, said to be there for his Majes — for certain of the friends of Charles Stuart. And with that he immediately disappeared, and I saw him no more."

"What said Captain Kelder?"

"He spoke only of things in general; such

speech as gallants make to young women, and young women forget."

"What said Mistress Prideaux to this sudden departure?"

"Mistress Prideaux had just left the room for a cordial, and I, finding Captain Kelder's company not to my liking, took a hasty leave upon some excuse, and so to Madam Cecil's at Milnthorpe, where I related what had passed, and spent the night."

"Why did you not tell the proper officers at once?"

"In faith! I am not paid to protect the Commonwealth. I leave that to wiser heads. If 't was Harald Sandys, I wished him safe away — and no harm, I trust, in a woman's good wish. But all are not equally discreet. Some of Madam Cecil's maids heard of the affair, and so it passed around until my father demanded of me the right of the report. Further, the question is his, not mine."

"You are certain this stranger was Harald Sandys?"

"I have never seen Harald Sandys. I took him on the word of Mistress Prideaux — who is vouched for as beyond a lie."

"Would you know the man again?"

"On my word and honor, anywhere."

Olivia Prideaux was the next witness. Anastasia retired, and she stepped into her place. The contrast between the two women was sharp, that between their manners still more remarkable. Anastasia had been restless and self-conscious. Her fingers had toyed with her seals all the time. While speaking she had pushed a froward curl behind her ear, and shaken a fine handkerchief with strawberry buttons upon it, and opened her vinaigrette, and broken to pieces one of the red roses at her bosom.

Olivia was quite still. She was asked to take the oath. Her answer was low but distinct.

"I dare not."

"The law bids you do it," said Parson Derby.

"Christ forbids me. 'Swear not at all'— thou canst read for thyself."

"'T is an excuse," said Judah Parke. "These Quaker women love nothing better than the cry of martyrdom, and we may plainly perceive that this girl will rather go to prison than tell the truth against her father. My advice is that we take her on her word."

There was some discussion on this proposal, and meanwhile Olivia stood at perfect rest. Her hands, folded on the railing before her, made no movement; her interior sight, being towards Him who is invisible, gave to its mortal symbols a holy fixedness of purpose. Her face was as calm as the face of a happy sleeper. Her body, though she was standing, was full of repose. For the consciousness of God's presence was so real to her that she quieted herself in it, as a babe is quieted who feels the throb of its mother's breast and the clasp of its mother's arms.

"Mistress Prideaux," said Elijah Waring, "we will take your word, as an oath is a point of conscience with you."

"A foolish concession, Master Waring, and I will still say so. For if this scruple stand, it will be a cloak long enough to cover all the Jesuits that may come into England." And the priest frowned angrily.

"Still, Parson, we shall not reach the witness without it. For myself I will take Olivia Prideaux's word if she tell us plainly when and where she first saw this Harald Sandys."

"On the 20th day of Fifth Month; in the garden at Sandys."

"What said he?"

"That he was Harald Sandys, and that he had been upon the king's business to Penrith, and was like to fall into the hands of his enemies, and so lose his life."

"You think him to be the man he said?"

"At the first, truly so. He told us of his wound at Marston Moor, and of his escape to Charles Stuart, and I believed him."

"Do you favor Charles Stuart as ruler of this realm?"

"I favor him not."

"Does your father favor him so?"

"My father is a lover of the Commonwealth, and of the Protector."

"Why, then, did you succor an emissary of Charles Stuart?"

"I succored him not as Charles Stuart's friend."

"How, then?"

"As a perishing man. When he fell at my feet and said, 'Save my life,' I felt favored to do so. What wouldst thou have done?"

Waring looked troubled, but he answered brusquely: "I hope I should have done right. Did you hear him speak of the Quakers, and of Charles Stuart's pity for their sufferings?"

"He spoke not of Charles Stuart, nor yet of the people thou callest Quakers."

"Your father knew that he was Harald Sandys?"

"He believed him to be Harald Sandys."

"He knew him to be on some business for Charles Stuart?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, did he succor him if he is a lover of the Commonwealth?"

"Because he was miserable and in danger. Said God ever to a miserable man, 'Whose son art thou?' Or to a perishing man, 'Servest thou the king, or the Commonwealth?'"

There was a low murmur of assent through

the room, and Elijah Waring looked at his associate with anxious eyes. He saw him not, for he was steadily regarding the young girl who had asked such a searching question.

The priest broke the silence that followed. "You Quaker women are better at demanding than at answering; and, by my word, for one so wise you took the man on light evidence. He might have been a murderer, a pirate, or a thief, for aught you know. Show us by what signs you were satisfied that he was in reality Harald Sandys."

"I have been given to understand that he was *not* Harald Sandys."

"*Oh!*"

An "oh" that sprang involuntarily from many a lip and in all variety of tones. Parson Derby looked exceedingly gratified, and his "oh" was one of proud satisfaction, for he perceived that his penetration had touched an important point of evidence.

"When were you given to understand this?"

"After he had gone, suddenly, without any words of thanks or kindness."

"Who gave you to understand it?"

"Nathaniel Kelder."

There was a general ejaculation of surprise, and every eye that could command him was fixed upon Nathaniel. He bore the inquisition with an unmoved countenance, though his gaze was full of fire and the lines around his mouth were stern and steady. Anastasia looked at him for a moment — a rapid glance that was first entreaty, but was instantly turned to defiance by the calm severity of his face. Then she let her gaze drop upon her seals, and lifting one she began in a low voice to talk to Sir Edward le Tall about it.

"'T was brought out of the Indies, I do believe: an idol's head very like, and sure they took the devil himself for the pattern of it; but I am extremely fond of the oddity of the ugly thing." And all through this fantastic whispering she heard the question she was dreading to hear.

"If he was not Harald Sandys, who then was he? Were you given to understand so much?"

"He was John de Burg."

A low, sharp cry, like that of an animal caught in a trap, followed. It came from the lips of Anastasia, but it was not noticed in the more furious outburst of her father.

"You lie, woman!" he shouted passionately; and then turning to Nathaniel: "And you, sir, are a damnable liar! Digest the word at your leisure."

A few moments of uproar followed. Nathaniel sprang to his feet, but instantly sat down again, with his back to De Burg. The justices gave this and that order, and the constables struck the unoffending prisoner. But De Burg, having a method in his madness, speedily allowed his anger to give place to the law's demand, and at the request of the magistrates permitted the inquiry to proceed without further disturbance.

Olivia's cheeks had become whiter, her eyes darker, her bearing more dignified, but otherwise she had let the drift of passion pass her by as if she heard it not. When the examination was resumed she was in a mood of perfect composure.

"Do you believe it was John de Burg?"

"I do."

"Why do you believe it?"

"On the word of Nathaniel Kelder."

Olivia was then permitted to sit down. She had to face Anastasia as she walked to her place, and Anastasia did her best to make the few yards a fiery passage. But her spite and contempt and anger were utterly flung away. Olivia walked in her own atmosphere, and nothing evil entered it. She saw not her enemy, she heard not her scornful laugh, she felt not the hating glance of her evil eyes. For she was within the shadow of His wings, and he kept her in perfect peace.

Nathaniel Kelder was the next witness. His words were clear and strong and to the point. He spoke without fear, and without evident anger, yet his heart was hot within him.

"I went to Sandys on the 29th of last May. A man was sitting in the parlor with Mistress Prideaux, reading aloud 'The Elixir' of Mr. George Herbert. I was told that it was Harald Sandys; but I knew that it was John de Burg."

"Oh!" cried Stephen de Burg, "this is the perfectest lie! John de Burg reading the saintly George Herbert! As well tell us the devil was reading the Gospels."

"It was John de Burg," reiterated Nathaniel.

"How were you certified that it was John de Burg?"

"Nine days before I was told that John de Burg had been hid in his father's house for six weeks; and I was asked to shelter him and aid him further. I refused to do so. Evidence indisputable to my mind made me understand that Harald Sandys and John de Burg were the same man. As John de Burg I ordered him to leave Sandys on the instant, and to avoid arrest by me he leaped from a window and went at my word."

"'T is more and more beyond belief!" shouted the irate De Burg. "John is a world-wide villain, but yet too much De Burg to go on your order."

"I have nothing further to say."

"Asa Bevin!"

The old man rose at once and advanced with the air of one who not only has some-

thing to say but who is determined to say it. His small, prim figure, his thin, resolute face, his tall, stiff hat planted firmly on his head, were provocative of opposition.

Judah Parke felt the spirit of persecution stirring in his heart. It seemed to him like an agreeable sense of duty, and he bent forward and said sharply:

"Asa Bevin, remove your hat."

"Best Wisdom inclines me not to do so. When I pray to God I uncover my head, and I will not give to thee and sundry the honor I give to God."

"Jailer, take off his hat." [1]

The hat was instantly thrown to the floor. It fell at the feet of one who kicked it out of his way, and so touching another was kicked farther, and thus until it was beyond sight and reach. Asa looked after it with a queer wrinkling of his thin face. It made mirth also for the crowd, to whom a stray hat is ever a thing for kicks and jokes, and some quip of vulgar wit just hitting the time put even the magistrates in a guffaw of laughter.

Asa looked and listened with contemptuous anger, and when Judah Parke, recovering first, asked, "What say you to this merry uncovering of a Quaker?" Asa answered: "The fool's heart is full of laughter. But whenever did the saints of God live in laughing and mocking?"

"Give him the oath."

"Thou knowest I will take no oath. I will speak the truth without the great presumption of summoning the Almighty God to be witness for me. Neither at thy command will I break the command of One who is thy Lord and Master as well as mine."

"If you take not the oath then we must send you to jail; and as for the command of Christ, ask the parson, and he will tell you that it referred to profane speech, not to oaths for the sake of truth and justice."

It was Waring who spoke, for he pitied the man who was willfully electing himself to the martyrdom of the jails of those days. Asa looked at the parson, but without any design of asking information from him, for he immediately denied the reconciling statement.

"Thou art all wrong. Profane speech had been unlawful since the days of Moses. But not for any magistrate will I break either the law of Moses or the law of Christ. Thou canst send me to jail for my refusal, if thou willest to do so."

"I understand not the law of Moses and the law of Christ specially so," said Parson Derby, with an air of authority.

"Thou needest God to make thee understand God."

"I preach a true doctrine. 'T would be well if you would come and hear it."

"Many preachers hear not themselves. And as for instruction, God speaks to man without ringing of church bells."

"This fellow will dispute all day long. Take his word on the matter in question; the refusal to take oath is but a door to get out of testimony against his master."

"Asa Bevin, what know you of the man called Harald Sandys?"

"Olivia Prideaux brought him to me on the 29th day of Fifth Month — a dirty, wicked-looking vagabond as ever I saw; and 't is not railing, but straight truth to say so. 'T was a face with the mintage of Satan on it, and many things were made manifest to me concerning the man and his wicked deeds."

"By what name was he known?"

"Roger and Olivia Prideaux believed him to be Harald Sandys, until he was past putting to the question. I ever doubted it."

"Why?"

"Because the Sandys face is one that hath the thought of God and the fear of God behind it. This man had the countenance of one who is wicked both of nature and of will."

"What said Roger Prideaux to you of him?"

"He said that he was Harald Sandys. He told me the man had been to Penrith on the business of Charles Stuart, and had been closely pursued, and that for the sake of human kindness he would shelter him until the ship he waited for arrived."

"What thought you?"

"I thought that the Sandys were well all dead if this man stood in their likeness. But he was none of their kind."

"How did you discover that?"

"First, by my own wisdom taught of Best Wisdom. Second, 't was Anastasia de Burg discovered me so much of her affairs. She came to Sandys on the 29th of Fifth Month, and at her first calling staid not long. Yet she went away in a great passion with Nathaniel Kelder. 'T was my place to be on the watch, and I heard her threaten him with her own wrath and also with the wrath of the man he ordered from the house, and I heard her call that man John de Burg, and with his name make good her threat."

Then Stephen de Burg rose in a fury of passion. "Will your Worship," he cried, looking to Judah Parke, "restrain the lying speech of this

[1] At this date men wore their hats constantly both in the house and in church. They sat at meals in them. They listened to a play in them. The preacher went to the pulpit in his hat, the congregation doffed theirs only at the name of God. Hat lifting was a foreign fashion but recently brought to England. Sober men wore their hats. Wits and fops carried theirs in their hands most of the time.

pestilent rogue? John de Burg in a Quaker's house? Yes, when the devil drinks holy water. And I count it but scant kindness in my neighbors to suffer this reproach in my presence. For as the devil hates the Cross, so I hate John de Burg and all his deeds. And I will take oath that I have not seen his face these twenty years, nor wish to see it again all the days of my life. And I will take oath that it is an incredible thing he should be under my roof, even for one night. Call the witness of my eight servants and of my many guests."

"I perceive not," said Elijah Waring, "what it would advantage Roger Prideaux to put John de Burg in the place of Harald Sandys. The latter, though an offender against the law, is at least an offender with clean hands, having the plea of honorable conviction in his breaking of the law. John de Burg, with red hands, has broken not only the law of God, but the law of every nation on the face of the earth."

"On my soul! the advantage is plain enough. Harald Sandys, being cousin to the late lord, is heir-at-law of the estate bought by the Quaker Prideaux. John de Burg is outlawed of all estate. And 't is within my knowledge that Prideaux was borrowing money to give Harald Sandys. Who so blind as not to perceive that when the heir had been disposed of for a time the old rogue would sell Sandys and realize again the guineas he had spent upon its purchase? Oh! 't was a very Quaker-like plot, and I make no doubt your Worships see it."

"Think you 't was for money Harald Sandys visited Prideaux?"

"Never trust me if I see not the truth clear behind all pretenses. Charles Stuart wanting an emissary to the Quakers, mutinous under their deserved punishments, naturally sends Sandys, who knows well this corner of Westmoreland, the nesting-place of this devil's doctrine; and Sandys naturally applies himself to the Quaker, so conveniently placed both for his own rights and for those of the king—*that was*. And further, Edward D'Acre can testify that the guest of Roger Prideaux was truly Sandys. Also offer Prideaux and his man Asa Bevin the oath of allegiance, and see if they will take it; I vow they will not."

"There is no need of any further evidence," said Parson Derby. "The case against Prideaux is fully proved."

"It is most certain," added Parke. "Nevertheless he shall have every show of justice. He shall speak for himself. Let Roger Prideaux be sworn to his own words."

"I have not been given anything to say in this matter. My daughter has witnessed for me. She spoke the truth."

"Then," said Parke, "Roger Prideaux must be sent to Appleby jail for trial at the next general assize; and if Asa Bevin take not the oath of allegiance, he must also go upon that failure."

"I am an honest lover of the Commonwealth," answered Asa, "but I will not swear to it at thy command; for the words of Christ, as I have told thee already, are positive regarding oath-taking. 'Swear not at all,' and I will not make light of them to give thy words honor. Not I, indeed!"

"Then you send yourself to prison."

"Nay, but thou sendest me; because I will not sell my conscience for a mess of pottage."

Then the clerk began to write out the necessary papers of commitment, and the petty court rose; the magistrates and citizens forming into little groups eagerly full of the same subject—the plotting of the Quakers against the Commonwealth, and their obstinacy in their own opinions.

De Burg and his party drew together with a sense of triumph. Parson Derby wished only that "there were jails enough in England to send every Quaker to the devil through them," and a Calvinist preacher standing by certified the wish with a quotation from the devout and learned Richard Baxter, dooming all Quakers "without reserve to certain perdition." De Burg himself was sullenly angry. He hated his name and affairs in the mouth of "the villain crowd," and his heart was burning with wrath against Anastasia and the Kelders. He stood by the side of Sir Edward le Tall, saying nothing to him, but assuring his savagely offended inner man of reprisals hardly to be accomplished without some devilish help.

Le Tall, De Burg, and Parson Derby quickly left the room; Anastasia lingered a little behind. She had received one look from her father promissory of what was yet to come, and it roused in her a desire to pay some one in advance. Drawing up her gloves and setting all her bravery in order, she strolled past Asa Bevin. He was standing in charge of a constable waiting the written order for his commitment, and she regarded him with eyes of malicious triumph.

"Have I done what I promised to do?" she asked.

"The devil through thee hath done what he was permitted to do. His servants never want work, but he pays ill wages, Anastasia de Burg. Seek thee a better master."

In a moment Chenage struck him, and the old man fell to the floor. Olivia, whose face was on her father's breast, saw nothing of the circumstance, but as Anastasia turned she met the full gaze of Nathaniel Kelder. What shame for her there was in it! His eyes burned her somewhere beyond mortal touch. She dropped her own to escape the piercing glance that made

her blush and quiver with an intolerable chagrin; and though she held her head high, her laugh was uneasy, and her spirit cowered before him and was glad to escape his presence.

The upper part of the room was then almost empty, but there was a crush of delaying gossips around the entrance. Suddenly a man taller than any around him appeared, and they instantly parted right and left and made a path for him. He had a fair, large, radiant face, and a carriage full of authority. He went straight to Prideaux and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Friend Roger, I have just heard of thy trouble. How is it with thee in the storm?"

"It rages all around me, but not above me."

"The soul has two houses, Roger: one in the meadows, that is Love; one in the mountains, that is Faith. Flee now to the mountains; from thence cometh thy help. Olivia, my dear daughter, Jenifer Waring waits for thee. Shall I take thee to her?"

"I will take her," said Nathaniel.

"Thou art a good, brave man. I thought that of thee at the first. Wait for me outside. I have a special word for thee."

Then Olivia knew that the moment of parting had come. But she filled its little space with a whisper of vastest comfort. And so they said farewell like those who trust in God; the ring of faith in their voices, the smile of hope on their lips.

Many looked at the lovers as they walked through the room and down the steps together, Nathaniel very erect, yet holding Olivia's hand with a tender pride that silenced every unkind word. At the door they found Jenifer Waring waiting in her coach for Olivia, and she received her with a sober kindness that the most timid must have trusted.

"Olivia Prideaux will find shelter in my house so long as she wishes," she said to Nathaniel; and then she gathered her in her arms, and gave the word which separated the sorrowful lovers.

In the mean time Roger was rapidly giving Fox the points upon which his accusation hung, and Fox was listening with the air of a man who already knew them.

"These things I will care for, Roger," he answered. "In the will of God thou must go now as he makes way. It seems then that thou art wanted at Appleby jail. See thou kindlest a fire there and leave it burning. And verily I know that God keeps for his people in prison consolations such as he gives nowhere else. On the bare ground I have had sweet sleep, and in the midnight God's comforting presence has awakened me, and continued with me unto the morning watch. Thy enemies are his enemies. Verily, he will arise and scatter them. And of thy bitterest cup thou shalt say joyfully, 'My God is the portion of it.'"

"George, thy words are strong to lean upon. Say a few to Asa Bevin."

Asa was just rising from the floor, and still dazed and trembling with the shock of the blow.

"George, is it *thee?* I have been struck."

"Well, then, Asa, thy Lord Christ was also struck and buffeted. He knows all about the pain and the shame. Fear not."

"I fear nothing that man can do unto me. Not I!"

"There is a hard road before thee."

"I see his footsteps on it."

"And a steep road, shelving down even to the depths of the grave."

"I lean upon the Cross. A good staff! It will never fail me."

"Farewell, Asa! I have been given to see that we shall meet no more in this world."

"Well, then, George, it is a good farewell"; and stepping forward, and lifting up his hands, palms outward, he said, "Bear witness, that for all the mercies I have received I praise and magnify my God!"

The old man was at this moment beautiful. The shining of the Light within transfigured him; and, like Stephen of old, his face was like "the face of an angel." The spirit mastered the flesh, and George Fox saw not the outer but the inner man.

So Roger Prideaux and Asa Bevin went that day to Appleby jail, but the Lord went with them.

(To be continued.)

*Amelia E. Barr.*

# THE POEMS OF EMMA LAZARUS.

*. . . echoes that belong*
*To one in love with solitude and song.*

ECHOES thou didst thy noble verses name,
The legacy thou leav'st to time and fame.
Not so: O sated, modern mind, rejoice!
Here sound no echoes, but a living voice.

*Margaret Crosby.*

# LARAMIE JACK.

I.

ON a certain splendid afternoon, when not a single cloud showed itself in the expanse of blue sky, a train was passing, at the moderate pace befitting the severe grades, over the little narrow-gauge road, and literally climbing into the recesses of the Sierra Madre. It had glided merrily over the plains at the base of the mountains, threaded its way among the foothills, traversed some deep cañons, and clung to narrow shelves cut on the side of the rocky barrier. Then it had descended into a great "park," crossed it, and begun a new ascent. Some of the passengers in the "chair-car," to whom the journey was no novelty, were reading or dozing; others, taking it for the first time, gazed delightedly at the ever-changing scenes before their eyes. Then the sun sank behind the great range, the darkness came on apace, and pretty Lucy Avery turned from the window and looked at her father, who sat on the opposite side of the car in conversation with a fellow-traveler. This individual had fiery red hair and a cropped mustache; his costume consisted of a gray flannel shirt, somewhat the worse for wear, and trousers of dubious hue; and he was innocent of any ambition in the direction of white linen. Mr. Avery was a man of good sense and intelligence, whose vacations were few, and he had started on his Western trip with the avowed intention of making the most of his time in the study of the new phases of human nature which he was likely to encounter. As his eyes met his daughter's, he leaned towards her with a smile.

"My dear," said he, "I want to present a fellow-passenger, the mayor of Carbonate City — the place where our day's journey will end, and which I learn from him to be an important town, growing and pushing; 'booming,' to use the phrase of the country. He has given me much needed information."

The good mayor was a person of distinction in the city — late mining camp — where he lived, and it was with an honest pride as such, as also in accordance with his well-known admiration for the fair sex, that he had asked for the introduction which he now sought to acknowledge in a fitting manner. It is not strange, however, that when he saw Lucy looking straight into his face, with her big blue eyes, and the smile on her lips emphasizing the dimples, — and her father had left him in the lurch, and gone to draw out another type of character in the shape of a lately successful miner, — his courage failed him for a moment. The young girl, in her perfectly fitting, tailor-made traveling costume, with hat trimmed to match, her dainty gloves, and her little high-heeled boots, was a novel representative indeed of the class to which he affected an honest superiority — the denizens of the effete East; "tenderfeet," so to speak. For this moment, indeed, he even felt that he would gladly have exchanged his present position for the presidency of the city council on the celebrated occasion when the fight was most bitter over the location of the new irrigation ditch.

Very soon, however, the young girl — who was quite accustomed to, and doubtless enjoyed, such silence and embarrassed homage to her charms — put him at his ease with a few pleasant words. She had questions to ask which he was able to answer, and he was soon talking freely.

"Yes, Miss," said he, "your father let on that you and he had come all the way from the States to see your brother and his ranch. I allow I 've met him, for I know most of the young fellers down on the North Fork, but I disremember him just now."

"In his letters he has several times mentioned a friend called 'Jack,' a well-known frontiersman," said the girl. "I think they are much together."

"I allow that 's Laramie Jack!" eagerly cried the man. "Now I remember about your brother. I have heard Laramie speak of him. Why, Miss, he 's a friend worth havin', and don't you forget it. There ain't a whiter man than Laramie Jack from the Wind River Mountains down to Santa Fe. I would n't wonder if he 'd come on this train at the next station. I heard some of the boys say he was due at Carbonate City to-night."

"Indeed!" said the young girl, with interest.

"Yes, Miss; he 's been down to help a pard of his'n, a feller they call 'Comanche Charley.' You see Laramie he 's a chap that 's got a great big heart, and all the boys are fond of him, for there 's nothin' he won't do for a friend. Well, Comanche he had real hard luck. He had a ranch down on the San Rosario Flat, and bless me if the grasshoppers did n't eat up all his crops, and the Indians kill his wife and child when he was away; and you see this made him kind of loony-like for a while,

and Laramie he just put out and found him, and took care of him and stood by him until he come round and was more like himself again; and now he 's going to take him into the mountains for a huntin'-trip, to cheer him up, as you might say. I tell you what, Miss, when we get to Dead Man's Gulch — that 's the next station, you know, and I 've got to get out there — I 'll see if Laramie 's comin' in; and if he is, I 'll have time to introduce him to you. He 'll tell you all about your brother, dead sure."

"Lucy, my dear," interrupted her father, who had in the mean time found still a new type of character, "I wish to present to you a young Englishman, Mr. Belford Mordaunt, who is living on a ranch in this neighborhood and remembers meeting your brother Frank. Excuse me, Mr. Mayor, but may I trespass a little further on your valuable time before you reach your station? Thank you. Now, where do I understand you to say that my son is likely to be?"

"Well," said the mayor, "I just told the young lady that the man who 'd be sure to know all about him — being, you see, a real good friend of his'n — might come on the train at the next station, and that if he did I 'd introduce him to her. His name 's Laramie Jack."

"'Laramie Jack'?" repeated Mr. Avery. "Peculiar name; very characteristic of the frontier, I should say. A friend of my son's, too, eh? What sort of a man is he, Mr. Mayor?"

"Well, sir," said the mayor, "he 's as white a man as you ever see in all your life, as I was tellin' your daughter, and there ain't a better fellow in the mountains. And then" — in his enthusiasm he dropped more into dialect — "he 's tough too, you can bet your sweet life. Did n't you ever hear of what he did down in New Mexico last year? No, of course you did n't. How could you, when you was n't here? You see, he struck a feller that 'd had bad luck and was nigh on dead broke, and he done the square thing by him, and they come to be pards. This other feller was real quiet and good appearin', and the boys all liked him. Well, one night he was havin' a little game in the back room of a store up to Taos; and Balty Sykes — they called him Balty because he come from Baltimore; and some folks called him the 'Taos Terror' too, for he was on the shoot every time: Balty he come in. He let on that he wanted to join the game, and Laramie's pard he said no, they did n't want him. So Balty he did n't say one word, but he went in the feller's room and set down there in a rockin' chair that he 'd brought out from the States, and when the poor feller come in, Balty he drawed and shot him dead. Then he put out, down Santa Fe way. Well, some one heard the shot, an' he roused the camp, an' a party got their horses an' started after Balty. When they 'd been gone some time, Laramie he rode into the camp an' wanted to know what was up, an' they told him. He heard them all through, an' then he turned round — real quiet like — to a Greaser an' sung out to him to fetch a fresh horse; an' he rode off, never sayin' another word, except to ask which way the cuss had gone. It wa' n't long before he met the party comin' back, an' they told him they had n't no show to catch Balty, because he 'd got so much the start; an' Laramie he said that was all right, but he just allowed he 'd keep on an' try, an' he did. You see he went slowly over the high *mesas* an' ridges, but he just rode like —— over the low lands and in the valleys; an' after a while he comes up behind Balty, real quiet an' pleasant like.

"'How are you, Laramie?' says Balty.

"'How are you, Balty?' says Laramie.

"'I 'm sort of 'fraid,' says Balty, 'that I 've struck a streak of bad luck. I fired at a man down to Taos, an' I allow I hit him.'

"'What 's that?' says Laramie. 'Ain't we had a man for breakfast often enough in Taos?'

"You see he was just speakin' that way to put Balty off his guard, an' he rode right up alongside of him, just the same as if they were pards, an' all the time he was lookin' him over, an' he saw two ivory-handled six-shooters in his belt. Well, they rode along, an' Laramie he was talkin' real pleasant, an' all of a sudden, quick as a flash, he draws his gun an' puts it to Balty's head, an' says he, 'Drop your belt, or I 'll kill you!'

"'You don't mean it,' says Balty, startin'.

"'Drop your belt, an' be —— quick about it, or I 'll kill you,' yells Laramie; an' Balty he did n't wait no longer.

"'Have you a derringer hid about ye?' asks Laramie.

"'No,' says Balty.

"Well, Laramie he feels him over, an' says he, 'Turn round an' ride back to Taos, or I 'll shoot you, the way you shot my pard.'

"An' Balty he knowed the game was up, an' he did n't say another word, but just rode along as quiet as a lamb; an' as they passed the belt, with the two pistols in it, lyin' on the ground, Laramie he swings himself down an' picks them up; an' all the way back to Taos he never took his eyes off of Balty, an' kept his gun pointed at him. An' when he got back to the town, an' Balty was locked up, you bet the boys just rode Laramie round on their shoulders, an' they set up the drinks — champagne wine too, eight dollars a bottle!

"Yer see, Laramie he did n't let on how he got away with Balty, but Balty himself told the boys, when they was tryin' him. He said no one else could have done it."

"A very remarkable tale," said Mr. Avery. "Quite interesting, upon my word. I should like to see this extraordinary person."

"Well, you won't have long to wait for that," said the mayor, who had opened the window and looked out as the train slackened its pace, "for there he is on the platform, an' I 'll go out an' speak to him."

A few moments later he brought him in; a tall, powerful man, with dark hair and beard, deep-set eyes, and quiet and gentle of speech and in manner, but conveying the impression of great reserved force. Behind him, at some distance, came a thin, pale companion, with downcast eyes, and a noticeable expression of pain and weariness on his face. Both were dressed in the costume of the country — flannel shirts, with handkerchiefs loosely knotted round their necks, thick trousers and boots, and large sombreros.

"Mr. Avery," said the mayor, "I want to make you acquainted with my friend Laramie Jack. I have n't got more than a minute to do that in, because, you see, the conductor 's behind time, an' he can't stop. But I allow you will soon be friends, for he knows your boy down on the North Fork. Well, good-by, Mr. Avery; an' you too, Miss, an' hopin' I 'll see you at Carbonate City." He shook hands hastily with the party and left the train.

"I won't introduce my pard to you, Mr. Avery," said Jack, in his low, deep voice, "because you see he 's all broke up with his hard luck."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Mr. Avery; "I heard of that. Very distressing, indeed, upon my word. Let me present you to my daughter."

This presentation was made, and the conversation for some time was general; but before the train reached Carbonate City, Mr. Avery was talking with the young Englishman, and Miss Lucy, with her eyes fixed on Laramie Jack's face, was eagerly questioning him. Any one who knew him well would have seen that, despite the apparently imperturbable coolness of his manner, he was deeply interested; and well indeed might he have been so when thus brought, for the first time in his life, into friendly intercourse with a girl so richly endowed in heart and person. As a bustle among the passengers made it evident that the train was nearing its final stopping-place, he spoke, with just an additional shade of animation in his voice.

"I 'll tell you what it is, Miss," said he; "you an' your father had n't ought to stay in such an unrighteous place as Carbonate City one minute longer than you need. Now, what you want to do is to get a bit of supper while I have a team hitched up, an' then we 'll take you right out to Old Man Wilson's ranch, where the North Fork comes into the river. It is only twenty miles, an' a splendid moonlight night, an' when you get there you 'll have good beds an' good grub. An' then, to-morrow morning, my pard here an' I, we 'll light out an' find your brother, who, I allow, has been up for two weeks to a ranch farther on an' has n't got your letters, an' I 'll fetch him to you."

When this project was communicated to Mr. Avery, to whom the severest drawback in his journey had been the poor accommodations, he agreed to it at once. While he and his daughter were eating their supper, and after Comanche Charley had mounted his bronco and ridden out in the direction of a pass in the mountains, Laramie Jack had two fine "States" horses harnessed to a buckboard. In due time they started, and Lucy said to herself that she would never forget that twenty-mile drive through the great cañon in the Sierra Madre, with the moon lighting up one of its wooded sides, and this remarkable frontiersman conducting them on their journey.

As for him, when the young girl and her father were safely ensconced in comfortable rooms at Old Man Wilson's ranch, he stood outside in the bright moonlight, and his eyes turned more than once towards the building, and at last, as he walked away, he cast one glance behind him and said:

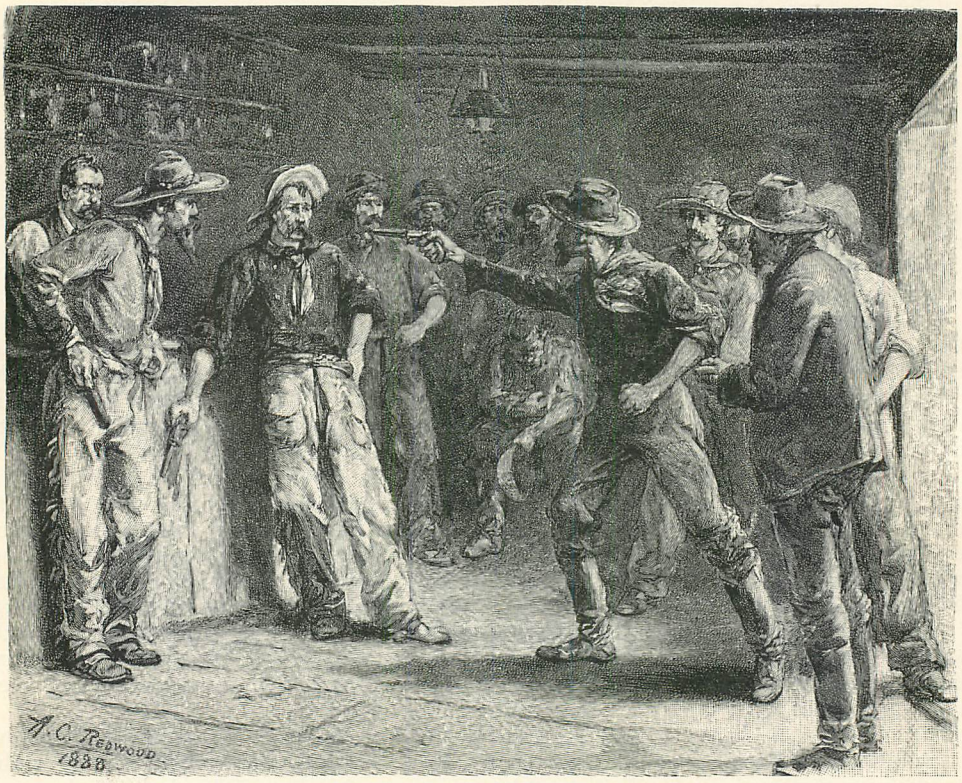
"I told her I would fetch him, an' I will."

II.

THE room was shabby and ill kept, and the bar ran across one end of it. Leaning against this bar, or sitting on benches ranged along the wall, were rude, rough, savage-looking men. Some were dull and heavy, others quarrelsome, all hopelessly bad and degraded, and most showing

> Concave faces, trampled in,
> As if with the iron hoof of sin.

Behind the bar a seedy ruffian, with an expression half languor and weariness and half contempt for his customers, served them slowly and carelessly. The door opened, and a young fellow entered; of handsome face and good figure, but showing the effects of dissipation, and intoxicated. A year or two before there had been no likelier or more promising young ranchman in the mountains than he; no better rider, no one more active in the "round-up." When he wrote home about the grand, free, health-giving ranch life, however, he did not




"PUT UP YOUR GUN!"

give the other side of the picture; did not tell of the long hours of loneliness, the gradual lowering of outward habits and mental tone, the low company and squalid accommodations, the bad food, all combining to drive him to that ever-ready but treacherous resource, whisky. A fine fellow, indeed, had Frank Avery been; but he was now in a bad way, and, unless a friendly hand were held out to him, likely to follow, and quickly, the downward path.

He walked with unsteady step to the bar and was about to call for a dram, when one of the loungers jostled him and uttered some insulting epithet, comprehensible even to his dulled faculties and impelling him to active resentment.

"Oh! thet 's your little game, is it, young feller?" cried the man. "Waal, you take notice thet I 've got the drop on yer, an' I 'm bound to hev a man for dinner to-day."

Suddenly the outer door opened and closed, and there was a heavy step on the floor. Another moment and Laramie Jack came quickly behind the speaker and gave him a fling which sent him reeling against the bar, only to find himself, when he regained his feet, facing the muzzle of a cocked six-shooter.

"Put up your gun!" said the new-comer, in a firm voice. "We 've had enough of your talk. Bound to have a man for dinner, eh? Well, you 'll have him somewhere else than here. Now, you get out of this mighty quick, an' don't let me see your face again, if you know what 's good for you."

The man slunk out of the room.

"Well," continued Jack, "have you deadbeats anything to say to me? No? All right." He put his hand on the young fellow's shoulder. "Come along with me," said he, and drew him away.

Later in the day, these two men sat facing each other on benches outside the door of a log cabin. At some distance was poor Comanche Charley, perfectly still, his head buried in his hands. The young man, evidently in distress of mind, listened without demur to the words of his stalwart companion.

"Now, Frank," the latter was saying, in his deep tones, "I ain't no saint, as you know mighty well, an' I ain't setting myself up to preach, or to be down on other folks when I 've got plenty to answer for myself; but I swear to you that when I see what rum 's doing out in these mountains, which, by good rights, is God's country, and would be but for the cusses that spoil it with their doings—I say when I see what rum 's doing here, blame

me if I don't have a mind to join the Salvation Army. You know I 've tried to do the square thing by you and keep you from the company of that devil's crew down on the Fork, but when I got on the train"—his voice took on its softest tone and his eyes grew tender—"an' saw that sweet little sister of yours, an' she looking at me with those big eyes, that might be an angel's, an' asking me about you, why, blame me if I did n't feel mighty bad, an' as if I had n't looked out for you worth a cent. Why, my boy, if I had a sister like that to care for me, an' she thinking I was all right, an' doing my duty like a man, an' living a good life, I 'd blow my brains out before she should be mistaken in me. Say, Frank, it ain't too late. She don't know nothing an' don't suspect nothing. You must brace up right now an' never again—" He stopped and listened, with his hand to his ear, and Comanche Charley stood up straight and did the same. There was a sound of galloping hoofs. It came nearer, and in a moment a man rode around the corner of the house—a cowboy, pale as death, the veins standing out on his forehead, and his left arm hanging helpless by his side. The horse, panting and covered with foam, stopped short, and Comanche Charley sprang to catch the rider as he reeled in his seat.

"What is it, Johnny?" he asked.

The poor fellow gasped out: "Indians broke loose—big crowd—coming down on Wilson's ranch—I saw them—tried to get away and give the alarm—they shot me—" His head dropped on his breast and he fainted dead away.

Laramie Jack stood with teeth clenched, while Comanche Charley seemed transformed; his eyes burned like coals, and he strove in vain to speak. Jack put his hand on his shoulder.

"There 's just one thing to do, old pard," said he. "Rouse the boys an' get out the horses, an' let some one take care of this poor chap. Then you collect as big a party as you can, all of the right sort. I 'll put out for the fort an' get the soldiers; an' you meet us where we strike the trail from there to the ranch. There 's not a minute to be lost. You know who 's down at Wilson's—you saw her."

Comanche Charley was drawing long, deep breaths; he said not a word, but made for the stable. Jack turned towards Frank with a look of hesitation. The young fellow ran to him and took both hands in his.

"Jack," said he, "take me with you. Great heavens! I *must* go. I know of what you are thinking; but, so help me God, I am a changed man from this moment, and, if we get through this, I will be one all the rest of my life. Jack, old man, let me go."

Jack looked at him for a moment in silence. "Well," said he at last, "I allow it 's sent to you to go, an' I can't say no. We 'll hurry with the horses." His face changed again, and he seemed almost frenzied.

"Get a couple of Winchesters an' six-shooters, in the house," said he, "an' I 'll help do the saddling." In a few moments' time they were off, just as Comanche Charley struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped in the other direction.

The animals were splendid, and one would have said that they knew how much depended upon them, for it was indeed to be a wild gallop.

Not a word passed between the two for a while. Laramie Jack led slightly, riding straight towards a tall branchless tree on the crest of the rise up which they were racing. In the clear and rarefied air this crest seemed very near, but in reality it was far away, and the horses had begun to breathe hard when they reached it; then they saw the descent on the other side, and, standing out against the side of a hill at the extremity of the plain lying beyond this rise, the white buildings of the fort. The horses had need to be surefooted not to bring their riders and themselves to grief as they sped down the rough trail; but it was not long before they reached the plain, and as they traversed it at a furious pace Jack turned to Frank and looked at an English hunting-crop which he had mechanically picked up when leaving the ranch.

"Lend me that," said he, and in an instant he had bound his white handkerchief to the end of it and was signaling the fort. Soon there was a response from the white flag held high in air.

"Lucky I learned that signal racket," said Jack, as, still at a furious pace, he made cuts in different directions with his extemporized flag.

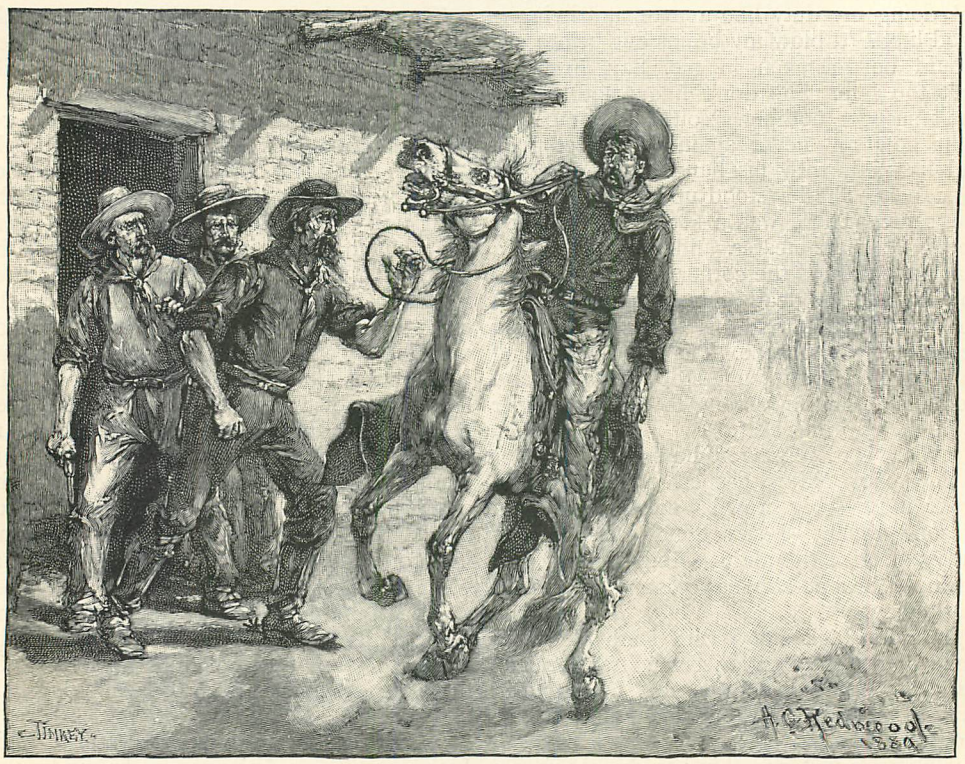
"That will save us nearly fifteen minutes," added he.

"Frank," he said, "God knows if I have done right in bringing you; an' if I have n't, I could n't ever look that little girl in the face." As he said the last words he almost groaned, as if in agony.

"I swear it shall be as I said," cried Frank.

On, still on, they rushed; nearer and nearer came the whitewashed buildings, with the starry flag flying over them. Suddenly they heard the report of a howitzer. Jack knew what that meant—the signal to the men herding the troop horses on the plain outside to stampede them to the fort; the intelligent

animals being trained always to run in that direction. Soon, speeding on, they saw the horses come bounding in over the buffalo-grass. Then signs of great activity were visible in the fort. Again, but a few moments, and they sprang from the panting steeds in front of the adjutant's office, on the piazza of which stood the major of the —th Cavalry, a handsome man with iron-gray hair and a scar on his cheek. His adjutant was by his side, ready for duty. All was bustle and stir — the sergeants directing the men who were busying themselves with their horses; the quarter-



"INDIANS."

master and the commissary, with their assistants, making ready the rations for transportation; the spare ammunition going on the pack-mules. All this, the moment the young man's foot touched the ground, he saw as in a dream, so keen was the excitement under which he was laboring. Thus far it had seemed as if they had lost no time; now he was seized with a frenzied haste to be off again. The commanding officer advanced with a bow.

"We made out your signals, gentlemen," said he, "and, as you see, we have not been idle. Now, where is the place?"

Laramie Jack explained hurriedly, but with great clearness, and all the time the seconds seemed minutes and the minutes hours.

"All right," replied the major in an instant. "Tell me the rest as we go along."

He turned to the adjutant, who gave the word to the trumpeter, and no music was ever sweeter than the clear notes, ringing out over the plains, of "Boots and saddles!"

Now ensued a scene of haste and seeming confusion, but with a wonderful method in it all. The saddles were on almost in the twinkling of an eye; then they could hear the men numbering off: "One, two, three, four — One, two, three, four," like the beats of a pendulum, and the battalion was in line. Some one found Jack and Frank fresh horses, and shifted saddles. Then rang out in quick succession the orders: "Prepare to mount" (every other man led his horse to the front) — "Mount — Right forward — Right by twos — March — Trot!" and in column, the major and the adjutant with Jack and Frank in front, the company officers in their places, and with jingling of spurs and rattling of accouterments, the force debouched upon the plain.

Frank did not keep his place by Jack's side, but left him to guide the column, and fell back to a humbler position. As he did so, one of the lieutenants of the second company nodded pleasantly to him, just as he would have done had they met on Broadway; and he remem-

bered that when the young man graduated at West Point he himself had been present. A fresh, red-cheeked lad was the officer in those pleasant bygone days; now his complexion was bronzed, his figure had filled out, and he looked every inch the soldier, albeit he was dressed in a flannel shirt, and trousers distinguishable from those of the men only by the extra breadth of the stripe, and wore a large felt hat. They rode together for some time, and Frank endeavored to gain some information from him as to their probable course of action.

"I had just a word with Jack before we started," said the lieutenant. "I made his acquaintance last year up at Fort Fetterman. He told me that the ranch lies on the farther side of an isolated hill and close under it. I suppose he has suggested to the major to make the approach screened by this hill, and thus unseen, and then divide and charge on Mr. Lo. Jack understands these things well, and if he would regularly turn scout he would have plenty of employment from the army. What surprises me is the excitement he has shown about this matter. It is very unlike him, and yet he can hardly have any personal interest in it."

They were making steady progress, but the intense desire to push on faster, faster, had again taken possession of Frank. When they had ridden about half an hour, he could not help asking his friend if they were not soon going to quicken their pace.

"Never fear," said he, with a smile. "Do you see that hill ahead?"

Sure enough, it stood out clearly, as if only a few hundred yards away; yet he had not even noticed it.

"When the major thinks he is near enough," the young officer added, "be assured that he will make the pace quite as fast as you will want it."

Jack had been riding close to the commanding officer, in eager colloquy with him, accented by gesticulations. Just at this moment he drew away. The major turned, the order was given, and in a second all were in a furious gallop. Never was Frank's blood so stirred before, or his nerves at so high a tension, but he seemed to be conscious of the very slightest details of the situation. There, straight ahead, stood the square hill, lifting itself in the sunlight, and towards it, at a mad pace, but in the strictest order and perfectly aligned, went the powerful column. With every bound of the splendid horse under him his excitement increased. All he had known, read, or heard of such scenes crowded into his brain, and to the rhythmical beat of the hoofs fragments of wild cavalry songs perfectly fitted themselves. As the pace grew even faster he found himself repeating, half aloud:

> A steed, a steed of matchless speed,
> A sword of metal keen;
> All else to noble hearts is dross,
> All else on earth is mean.
> And oh! the thundering press of knights,
> Which, as the war-cries swell,
> Might toll from heaven an angel bright,
> Or drag a fiend from hell!

A "thundering press of knights" it was indeed, although they wore no helmets and no coats of mail, and boasted not of noble rank or high descent; for not Godfrey of Bouillon himself, or Prince Rupert, ever rode straighter, or with stouter heart and more knightly purpose, than Companies C and K, —th U. S. Cavalry.

Suddenly Laramie Jack fell back to Frank's side. He was perfectly quiet, but he spoke with an air of repressed excitement, and his eyes fairly blazed. He touched Frank's arm and pointed away to the left, where they saw, in a cloud of dust, another party of horsemen bent in the same direction as themselves.

"There they are," said he, "the boys Comanche Charley has collected. Nothing the matter with him or with them, you bet. There is n't a man on the plains that knows Indians better than Comanche; and then his heart 's broke along of 'em, and he 's wild to have his revenge. Every one of the boys he has with him is a fighter, too, from a hundred miles back of 'way back. I know them, Frank; and now, —— me, if we don't give those hell-hounds the biggest thrashing they 've had in ten years."

Soon they were halted, and Comanche Charley's party was with them — the leader never taking his hungry eyes off the horizon ahead. This halt was made at the north side of the hill or detached mesa, which, it seemed, sheltered the ranch from the winds; and here a consultation was held. Then the order was given to form line, and soon the two companies were ranged side by side, with the officers in front; again a moment, and they were on the march, each taking one side of the hill, and Comanche Charley's party making a long détour, with the intention of coming in well to the rear of the Indians, who were understood to be mainly on the south side of the ranch. Frank went with the second company, and they had hardly gone a hundred yards before they heard firing. The captain took no notice of this, but kept his soldiers at the steady pace at which they had started out. As they proceeded this firing increased, and it was incessant when the captain beckoned to Jack, with whom, after he had halted the men, he rode cautiously ahead. Soon they returned, and Jack, coming to Frank, drew him to the flank of the company.

"Now you 'll see some fun," said he; and then, all of a sudden, his face flushed, and he seemed to fly into a sort of frenzy. He rode quickly behind the soldiers, saying, in low, concentrated tones: "Give 'em ——, boys! Remember our pards that they 've killed, and the women and little children. Give 'em ——, I say!" Then, growing calmer, he turned once more to Frank.

"My boy," said he earnestly, "you are going under fire. Are you all right?"

"All right," replied the young man.

"Well," said Jack, with a sigh, "shake hands, and God bless you!"

At a trot the company moved on. They cleared the hill, and there was the ranch, surrounded on three sides by a very large body of Indians. Its defenders were evidently hard pressed, but they were making a vigorous resistance, as could be seen by the flashes of the rifles fired from within the building. Frank had hardly time to glance at the scene, and just heard his friend the lieutenant say, as he looked at him with a smile, "Big thing," when the captain, drawing his revolver, turned in his saddle and in ringing tones gave the order to charge. In a second all the pent-up excitement of the men burst forth, and with the wild yell which invariably accompanies this movement they hurled themselves upon the foe.

Then ensued a scene confused beyond description, a turmoil of shots, cries, groans, and shrieks; a pandemonium never to be forgotten. Frank found himself in the thickest of it, and, striving to do his part, saw fierce hand-to-hand encounters; saw savage painted faces distorted with rage or pain; saw friend and foe go down together. Then through the smoky cloud he saw the charge of the other company; then the onset of Comanche Charley's men, with blazing revolvers and deep curses, their leader, like an avenging demon, apparently bearing a charmed life and taking deliberate aim before each deadly shot. All the time, too, he saw that Laramie Jack, fighting like a paladin, managed to keep near and watch over him even when, at last, the blood mounted to his brain and he caught the spirit of the fiercest, and, with a berserker rage, charged into the midst of the group of savages making the last stand. For, although it was a terrible contest of the soldiers and volunteers against that body of foemen, the finest braves of the tribe,— and, thanks to the accursed Indian policy of this country, furnished by the agents and traders of the Great Father with better arms than those of the troops,—it came to an end, and there was mourning in many a wigwam for that day's work. This last stand was made by a body of young warriors, at bay and asking and giving no quarter; and the major himself led the charge on them. It was successfully achieved; the road to the house was open, and Frank made a rush for it. Although, as he passed, he had seen Jack turn deadly pale, he knew not that he was wounded; he saw Comanche Charley at his friend's side, and the thought of meeting his sister had taken possession of him. In another moment she was clinging to him, while his father held one hand and "Old Man Wilson" the other, the latter saying excitedly:

"Pluckiest little gal I ever see. Why, blame me if she did n't load for us — *load* for us, do you hear?"

"Lucy," said Frank, "come and see the man to whom you owe your rescue."

She went with him. Laramie Jack lay on the ground, Comanche Charley supporting his head, and the military surgeon kneeling by him. The soldiers stood around, sad and silent, and the major passed his hand over his eyes as he turned away. They reached the spot just as Comanche Charley caught the look in the doctor's eyes, and with a heart-broken cry bent over his friend.

"No, no, it can't be! Not for him to be took and me to stay! Speak to me, old pard; for God's sake speak to me," he cried, as the tears rolled down his bronzed cheek.

Laramie Jack opened his eyes, but even the frenzied appeal of his grief-stricken friend failed to call his soul back from the borders of the silent land. When, however, Lucy dropped, sobbing, on her knees by him, something almost like a smile came to his face, and his lips moved to whisper:

"I — told you, Miss,— I 'd fetch him,— and — I 've done it."

And then, gently, as if, instead of a rough frontiersman, he had been a sad-eyed saint or a Christian martyr, Laramie Jack went out of life.

*A. A. Hayes.*

# LUCINA.

THINE are the buds within the woody spray
That reddens toward the spring and lengthening day;
Thine subtly, from the patient toiling root,
To draw sweet currents to the topmost shoot.—
Smite thou with solar shaft,
Rock on Æolian draft,
Buffet with down-poured floods,—
Feed strong thy tenderlings, the unblown buds!

Thine are the germs that when the year died down
Hid them below the year's despoilèd crown;
Thine to release to them the vital store
That garnered lies at the white frostless core.—
Dislodge the cumbering mold,
Shower them with Titan's gold
In sylvan glades, in meads;
They are thy little wards, the striving seeds.

And thine the yet unplumed, unsinging hope
Of singing ones that by a sun-warm slope,
Or hollow where the brake is first unfurled,
Hover, and brood the center of a world.—
Be their mute hope thy care,
Soon on the dew-fresh air
Faint hunger-cries be heard,—
Thou quickener of the nighted, shell-bound bird!

Thine, thine all life until the birth-hour fall,
And nascent being waken at thy call:
Then fleest thou, inconstant, having won
For each the world-embathing air and sun.
Not stayed by gift or vow,—
A soft half-memory thou,
A waning aureole
From the bright mist that wrapped the stranger soul!

Thou—is it thou that to the early year
Lendest a glory fugitive and dear,
A passion to its chill, dim-colored flowers,
A restless vigil to its murmuring hours?
O chary ministrant
Of dreams revisitant
When vernal winds arise
Breathing vague cheer from other earth and skies!

As the pent leaf and song-bird wait for thee
To dart the orient beam that sets them free,
We wait some tremulous forerunning glow,
Signal of life supremer than we know.—
In shining morn and spring,
To fields Elysian bring
And crown with being's whole,—
Thou daybreak of the worn night-traveling soul!

*Edith M. Thomas.*

# THE NATURE AND METHOD OF REVELATION.

## III.—THE DIFFERENTIATING OF CHRISTIANITY FROM JUDAISM.

OW the ties which at the outset held Christianity and Christian believers within the pale of the Jewish religion, with no thought of breaking away from its appointed ordinances and rites, came to be completely dissolved, forms a highly interesting chapter in early Christian history. The leading agent, the man specially chosen of Providence to introduce this new stage of development, was a converted Pharisee, Saul of Tarsus. A remarkable characteristic of the revolution — or evolution, if one prefers so to call it — is the circumstance that there neither lurked in it nor ensued from it any antipathy to the Old Testament religion. It involved no discarding of the ancient Scriptures in which the revelation to the Jews was recorded. Moses and the prophets continued to be reverenced as divinely commissioned teachers. The Old Testament continued to be the Bible of the Christian churches. Up to the time of the composition and collection of the Apostolic writings they had no other Bible. It was read in their Sunday assemblies. The God whom Christians worshiped was the God of the patriarchs, the same who "spake . . . unto the fathers by the prophets." The religion of the Gospel assumed no antagonistic relation to the religion of the Old Testament. Yet it came to pass that the Old Testament ritual was dropped. The title of the Jews to peculiar and exclusive privileges in the community of Christian believers was set aside. The demand that the Christian believer should come into the Church through the door of Judaism, by conforming to the rites ordained for heathen proselytes, was no longer made. Christianity was, and was perceived to be, one thing, and Judaism another; and soon there was a wide gulf between them. At the beginning we find the Disciples "continuing steadfastly with one accord in the temple," although they met, also, by themselves for social worship (Acts ii. 46, Revised Version). If they were, in a sense, to borrow a phrase now current, "church-goers," they were likewise "temple-goers." They were like other Jews; only they believed that the Messiah had come, and, although he had been rejected and crucified, they looked for his second appearing in power and splendor. The daily devotions, the solemn festivals, the smoking altars of the Jewish system, were as dear and sacred to them as they had ever been. The converts were to be baptized, but baptism did not supersede the necessity of circumcision for admission into the Judaic-Christian fraternity. But pass over a few decades of years and we discover that this conformity to the old system has vanished. Numerous Christian churches are planted in which the Mosaic ceremonies are not practiced. In process of time the revolution is complete. The synagogue is no more a place of resort for Christians. Their fellowship, such as it was, with disbelieving Jews, who formed the bulk of the Jewish people, is broken off. The rupture is absolute. The opposition is mutual. The Jews pursue the Christians with bitter maledictions. The Christians are of one mind in discerning that the old ritual with its burdensome yoke of ordinances is obsolete. They no longer tolerate the observances which at first they expected all of their number to practice.

This revolution was the consequence of no injunction of Jesus. He himself kept the law in its ceremonial as well as in its moral parts, notwithstanding that he protested against the over-rigid interpretations of the Pharisaic school. He distinguished between the laws themselves and the "traditions of the elders"—the glosses and additions which the doctors had affixed to the Old Testament legislation under the pretext of expounding it, or of applying it to unforeseen cases. He denounced the pernicious casuistry which brought in now an evasion of moral duties, and now an imposition of ceremonial performances which the spirit of the law did not exact. He taught that the value of institutions consisted in their usefulness. They were not an end in themselves, but a means for attaining a good beyond them. Rules were not framed for their own sake. Even the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. While Jesus encouraged no revolt against the ritual system, while he even enjoined conformity to it according to its proper meaning, and himself set an example of such conformity, the spirit of his teaching and the work done by him undermined it. They could not fail to lead to the discontinuance of the Jewish cultus. Eventually it would

be seen to have no longer a *raison d'être*. It would come to be felt to be as needless a burden as winter garments in the mild air of summer. The time must arrive when the Jewish system would be consciously outgrown. To keep it up would then be like the attempt of an adult to wear the clothes of a child. Jesus did not decree the subversion of the Jewish cultus, that ancient fabric which had sheltered religious faith in the days of its immaturity, when the community of God was waiting for a full disclosure of his purpose of mercy and of deliverance for the race. He did not by one sudden stroke demolish that system, but he put gunpowder under it. And yet this is not an apposite simile. We should rather say that he prepared the way for the gradual, intelligent abandonment of it. There might be temporary confusion and even occasional contests; but on the whole the change was to be in a true sense natural, like the melting of the winter snows and the coming out of the leaves and blossoms under the increasing warmth of the vernal sun. Jesus taught that religion is spiritual. He showed, as the prophets before him had proclaimed, how empty is a round of observances into which the heart does not enter, and which are not accompanied by righteousness of conduct. "Mercy is better than sacrifice." He said of one that he was not far from the kingdom of God because he discerned that the love of God and man "is more than all whole burnt-offerings and sacrifices." The illustrations in the Sermon on the Mount of that fulfillment of the law which he came to secure all relate to moral tempers and moral conduct. He taught the infinite worth of the soul, the impartial benevolence of God, and that love is the substance of the law. His teaching was void of sympathy with Judaic exclusiveness. That the institutions of the Gospel could not be identical with those of the old system, he taught when, in answer to the question why his disciples did not fast, he said that "new wine must not be put into old bottles." He said that not what goeth into the mouth defileth a man. This he declared, the Evangelist adds, "making all meats clean." He laid down the principle that defilement is from the heart alone, from bad feelings and motives — a principle which cut the ground from under the ritual as far as it related to meats and drinks. Jesus implied that he was conscious of an authority higher than that which prescribed the laws of the Old Testament, when he superseded the Mosaic precept concerning divorce (Matt. xix. 8, Mark x. 5); when he declared the Son of man to be "the Lord of the Sabbath" (Mark ii. 28, Luke vi. 5); when he affirmed that he and his disciples were not under an obligation to pay the tax to the temple (Matt. xvii. 24–27). "In this place," he said, "is one greater than the temple." The priests, it had been understood, were absolved from the strict observance of the sabbatical law. They might on any day offer their sacrifices; they might "profane the Sabbath" without guilt. The thought was not so remote that he who was greater than the temple might supersede the temple. To the woman of Samaria he said that worship was confined to no local sanctuary (John iv. 23, 24). There were predictions of a downfall of the temple, of the letting out of the vineyard to other husbandmen (Matt. xxiv. 2, Mark xiii. 2, Luke xxi. 6, John ii. 19, Matt. xxi. 41, Mark xii. 9). Then he made everything turn on the relation of men to himself. The test of character was belief or disbelief in him. The one condition and source of communion with God was personal communion with him whom God had sent. When this last truth should be fully apprehended, what space would be left for any other priesthood or sacrifice? At the Last Supper he so connected his death with the forgiveness of sins as virtually to dispense with the need of any other offering or intercession than his own. In fine, the large and spiritual view of the nature of religion which Christ presented, together with the sufficiency which he ascribed to his own work as a reconciler, made the cultus of the Hebrews, including the national rite of circumcision, superfluous. But how should the free and catholic spirit of the Gospel come to be recognized? How should the fetters of custom, and ingrained reverence, and national self-esteem — the claim on the part of the Jews to precedence and to some kind of perpetual sway in the concerns of religion — be broken? For so great a change time was required. In matters where feeling is strongly enlisted, where lifelong prejudices are to be overcome, where usages are closely linked, from long association, with devotional sentiment, there is often between the premises and the legitimate conclusion a long road to travel.

The purport of the Gospel in the particulars to which I have referred was discerned by the Apostle Paul at an early date, and it was more clearly and vividly perceived by him than by any other. Whether Paul had in his hands written accounts of the teaching of Jesus we are not informed. For what he says of the institution of the Lord's Supper (1 Cor. xi. 23 *seq.*) he had in some way the direct authority of the Lord. He refers it to a direct revelation; for so we must interpret his language. On the contrary, what he says of the appearances of Jesus to the other Apostles after his resurrection (1 Cor. xv. 1 *seq.*) he had ascertained from

them. We cannot be mistaken in supposing that Paul was acquainted with teachings of Christ which, in his judgment, contained an implicit warrant for that broad interpretation of the Gospel and of the privilege of the Gentiles under it which he adopted; such teaching of Jesus as we have cited above from the Evangelists. In his intercourse with the other Apostles — it is important to remember that Paul spent a fortnight with Peter — he had the best opportunity to rectify any mistake, if he had fallen into any mistake, in respect to this part of the Saviour's teaching.

It has been sometimes said that Paul himself professes not to be acquainted with the facts of the ministry of Jesus. This strange statement is founded on a misunderstanding of his meaning when he says that he did not receive the Gospel from men, but "through revelation of Jesus Christ" (Gal. i. 12). This direct relation to Christ, who revealed himself to him and called him to be an Apostle, does not preclude the obtaining of knowledge through secondary sources. That he did not care to learn what Christ had taught and done during his earthly life is something quite incredible in a man of his active intelligence and Christian feeling.

That Paul became the leader in the work of emancipating the Church from Judaism has been sometimes attributed to the liberalizing influence of culture and learning. He was that one of the Apostles, we are reminded, whose mind had been expanded by study, and whose intellect had been invigorated and widened by a scholastic training. But on this subject of the education of the Apostle to the Gentiles there are prevalent mistakes which require to be corrected. One of them is the ascription to him of a familiarity with Greek classical writers. This idea is based partly on certain utterances of his which correspond to sayings of Greek authors. There are three of these passages. The first is in the Apostle's speech at Athens: "As certain even of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring" (Acts xvii. 28). The quotation is found in Aratus, a poet who belonged to Soli, a place near Tarsus, and it occurs, also, in that noblest example of devotional poetry that has come down to us from a heathen source, the Hymn of Cleanthes. Both Aratus and Cleanthes belonged to the Stoic sect. The second passage of this kind is an Iambic verse: "Evil company doth corrupt good manners" (1 Cor. xv. 33). This has been referred to Euripides by many, including John Milton, who remarks that "Paul thought it no defilement to insert into holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian." But the passage is traced by scholars at present to the "Thais" of Menander. The third of the passages traceable to heathen sources is the unflattering description given of the Cretans (Titus i. 12): "Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons." The words form a hexameter and are from Epimenides, a Cretan poet, whom Plato styled a "divine man," and whom Paul does not scruple to call a "prophet" — recognizing in him, as regards this particular saying at least, a remarkable divination or foresight. But probably all these passages were proverbial sayings, and as such were caught up by the Apostle from the conversation of the day. According to the correct reading of the passage from Menander, Paul deviates from the metrical form; which indicates that, unless he did not know what the original was, he preferred to give it in the shape in which it passed current as a proverb. There is really nothing either in the style of Paul's writings, or in their contents, to show that he was versed in the Greek classical authors. As to his style, it is unlettered Greek. It is not likely that a man of his high intellectual qualities could have read an author like Plato without distinct traces of the fact being evident both in his language and in his thoughts. On a mind of an inferior order a feeble impression might have been left by the masters of Greek philosophy, poetry, and eloquence, but not on a mind like that of Paul, in case he had been conversant with them. He was born, to be sure, in a city where Greek was familiarly spoken — although the inscriptions discovered recently in that region do not indicate that the Greek in use there was of a choice character. Tarsus was a seat of Stoic philosophy. It must be remembered, however, that Paul was the son of a Pharisee, that he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and was no doubt brought up after the strict method of Pharisaic training. Such a father as he had would not have put pagan authors into his boy's hands. He had for his teacher at Jerusalem the rabbi Gamaliel. The advice which, according to Luke, was given by this noted rabbi to his fellow-members of the Sanhedrim reveals a certain moderation and sagacity. He dissuaded them from using force against the Apostles, for the reason that, if their cause was right it could not be put down, and the attempt to put it down would be impious; while, if their cause was wrong, it would come to nothing all the sooner for being let alone. His appeal to the instances of Theudas and Judas of Galilee, fanatics who raised a disturbance which lasted but a little while, would seem to indicate that he anticipated a like failure for the new enterprise which the Apostles were trying to promote. Whether Gamaliel was simply politic, or had some genuine tolerance in his temper,

may be a question. This we know very well, that his ardent pupil did not share in any sentiment of this kind. He was an approving spectator of the killing of Stephen. He plunged into the work of a heresy-hunter and inquisitor. He seized on the disciples of Jesus and shut them up in prison. He tried in the synagogues to force them to recant. He chased them from one place to another; for he was "exceedingly mad against them" (Acts xxvi. 11). It is certain, therefore, that Paul had not imbibed any lenient sentiment towards dissentients from the standards of orthodoxy; and it would be irrational to credit him with feelings of this kind towards the heathen. His education was rabbinical; and traces of its peculiar character crop out occasionally in his way of arguing and of illustrating truth, even after he had been lifted into the higher atmosphere of the apostolic calling.

Nevertheless, there exist in the writings of Paul striking coincidences with Stoic philosophic teaching. The correspondences between New Testament passages and Stoic maxims and precepts is a fact that calls for explanation. It is more marked in relation to Seneca, the Roman Stoic, the preceptor of Nero, than in regard to any other of the philosophers of the Porch. The similarity in his case extends to numerous sayings of Jesus as well as to other portions of the New Testament. The theory was broached by several of the ancient fathers that Seneca was a Christian convert. There appeared a forged correspondence between him and the Apostle Paul. From the time of Jerome, it was taken for granted that Seneca had been won over by the Apostle to the Christian faith. There is nothing to disprove the supposition that Seneca may have gathered up, perhaps from slaves of his household, fragments of the teaching of Christ and of Paul. Yet it has been observed that some of the most striking parallels are with the Epistle to the Hebrews, and this Epistle was written after Seneca's death. The whole basis of Seneca's philosophical view is utterly at variance with the Christian system. This circumstance is fatal to the hypothesis that he was connected with Paul, as the legend represented.

But how shall we account for the Stoic phraseology which is undeniably found in Paul's speeches and writings? The Stoic ideal of the sagè painted him as lacking nothing, as the possessor of all things, as alone free, as alone happy, as alone rich, as the true wise man, the true priest, the true king. In similar terms the Apostle delineates the Christian believer. We seem to be hearing echoes of Stoic sayings. The Stoic system was cosmopolitan in its character. The kinship of mankind, that the Stoic is a citizen of the world, a denizen of all lands, are frequent affirmations of Seneca, of Epictetus, and of the imperial philosopher, Marcus Aurelius. This universality of fellowship the Apostle affirms of the Christian believer. In it the boundaries of race and nationality are effaced. Such ideas in Paul are presented in an original, entirely different setting. There is a groundwork for them in Christ and his kingdom, which was wanting to the Stoic, with whom these lofty distinctions could have but little more than a negative import and value. However, the verbal resemblance remains. This is best accounted for by the intercourse into which the Apostle was brought with Stoics, both at Tarsus, where he dwelt for a considerable time after his conversion, and in other cities which he visited. At Athens, as we are told, he disputed with Stoics and Epicureans. These were the popular philosophical sects at that time. With the Epicurean tenets he could find few points of contact. But in the ethical ideas and maxims of the Stoics, although they rested on no basis of fundamental truth that was satisfactory, and although the Stoic ideal, for this reason, could not be realized, the Apostle discerned features which he, from his higher point of view, could appropriate. He could take them up and infuse into them both a significance and a worth which they had not before possessed. The relation of Paul to certain Stoic terms and phrases was somewhat like that of the Apostle John to the term Logos, or Word, and possibly to some other phrases in his writings. Terms in current use in the discussions of the day John could take up and transfigure, as it were, so that they became a fit vehicle for expressing the higher truth which was derived, not from any philosophical source, but from revelation and from the direct impression made by Jesus upon the susceptible spirit of his disciple.

The reason, certainly the main reason, for the exceptional liberality of Paul, or his complete emancipation from Judaic prejudice, is not to be found either in his learning, or in his marked perspicacity. His mind was no doubt disciplined and made capable, above most others, of looking into a question to its very core. He had no need of an acquaintance with Aristotle in order to grasp a doctrine in its logical relations, and to carry it out to the legitimate inferences. And he had a superiority in knowledge — not merely in that sort of knowledge which an eager scholar of the rabbis would of course acquire. He had a store of knowledge, constantly increasing, drawn from observation and from contact with adherents of differing schools of opinion in the places where he sojourned. But the secret of his catholicity, as we have

seen, is not to be found either in his talents or in his culture. To discover that secret we must turn to the history of his conversion. Great as the transformation was at that crisis, yet in important respects he was the same man after as before. If we look at him first on the day when he was on the road to Damascus, armed with credentials from the high priest, and then look at him again when he was on one of his great missionary journeys, we behold the same energy, the same aggressive, conquering force. He was a crusader from first to last. No revolution of motive and of moral temper could be greater. He had become humane, loving, willing to give up his life, and even his own salvation, for the sake of the Jewish countrymen who detested him as an apostate. And the end in view—how different! Then he was bent on exterminating the class whom now he regards with an almost motherly tenderness. Then it was to extirpate a faith which now he cherishes, and for which he is ready to be offered up! Nevertheless, the natural qualities of the man, the qualities that made him a leader and, when consecrated to the service of the Gospel, a Christian hero, were his in the first as well as the last of the eras into which his life was divided, and between which seemingly a great gulf was fixed. There is one other element of resemblance, or thread of continuity, of more consequence still. His ideal from the beginning to the end of his career was righteousness. To stand right before God, acquitted, with no accusation lying against him at the bar of the Judge and in the forum of conscience, was always to his mind the one inestimable good. He attached the same value to it after his conversion as before, the same before as after. As to what is involved in being righteous, and how righteousness can be attained, these were points on which there was a world-wide difference between the earlier and the later conception. But the aim in its generic character was unaltered.

In the attempt to explain the conversion of Paul in such a way as to eliminate the miraculous elements in the event, a naturalistic solution has been suggested. The persecutor, it is said, was probably haunted with misgivings in reference to the course that he was pursuing. He had heard of the moral excellence of Jesus; perhaps he had seen him. He had been touched by the forgiving, heavenly spirit of the dying Stephen. The meek demeanor of the harassed disciples was not without its influence. In short, there was a conflict arising in his mind; there was inward anxiety, amounting to self-reproach. Here, it is urged, was a state of feeling which might give rise to hallucination — to the imaginary vision of Jesus. The trouble with this theory is that not only is there no evidence that Paul felt any such disquiet respecting the rectitude of the errand on which he was bent, but there is decisive evidence that he did not. The phrase "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks" means nothing more nor less than that he was engaged in a futile enterprise. It has no reference to any feeling of compunction. He was like an animal kicking against the goad. That is to say, his undertaking against the Christian faith was a hopeless one. But he says: "I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth" (Acts xxvi. 9); "I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief" (1 Tim. i. 13). There was no insincerity, no inward halting, no doubt as to whether Jesus might not after all be the Messiah. There was no psychological state of the kind which would pave the way for an illusive vision of Jesus. In epistles the genuineness of which is beyond dispute, the Apostle attributes his conversion exclusively to the grace of God and an act of revelation (Gal. i. 12, 16). "While," writes Weiss, "he constantly accuses himself of persecuting the Church, as being the greatest sin of his life, he never intimates that he struggled long against better knowledge and conscience, in opposition to the testimony of the truth." He never ascribes the revolution in his convictions, which was accomplished at a single stroke, to proofs appealing to his understanding, but always to facts accepted in faith, "on the believing acceptance of which his peace of soul and his eternal salvation depend." Hence if it was a vision that produced the change, it was a real vision, and no product of illusion. It was a vision that convinced him not only that Christ continued to live, but that he had risen in bodily form; so that, if this was an error, "it was God himself, by causing this vision, who led him into the error." This perception of Christ, while he was on the way to Damascus, stands apart from other visions, of which he did not care to speak. On it he rested as the guaranty of his apostolic office (1 Cor. ix. 1). There was included in it not only his commission to be an Apostle, but more specifically, to be an Apostle to the heathen.

The sight of Jesus in the glorified state swept away the "stumbling-block" which was contained in the idea of a crucified Messiah, and served to demonstrate the fact of his resurrection. But into the conversion of Paul there entered something more than the giving up of disbelief in the divine mission of Jesus. That, in itself considered, might not have carried with it any great spiritual change. In the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans the veil is drawn aside, and we have

glimpses of the course of his inner life. Without doubt he speaks of his own personal experience, although he speaks as in this matter consciously the representative of human nature. He shows how the attempt to get inward peace by the method of law had collapsed. The seeking for righteousness on this path had brought him to utter despair, to a sense of helplessness. At the outset, as we may suppose,—in his younger days,—he was "alive." His natural feelings and desires were in full activity, with no painful consciousness of wrong. But "the law came." There came a time when the holy ideal of duty to God and man rose before him in the rigor of its perfection. Then he "died." His peace of mind was gone. The conflict between the desires on the one side and the restraints of law on the other produced a schism in the soul. A distressing battle raged within, in which the better nature was felt to be powerless, felt to be a slave panting for liberty, but struggling in vain to free itself. To what extent this feeling of condemnation and of bondage was experienced by him when he was on the way to Damascus —whether this consciousness of guilt and of weakness was not greatly intensified in the days that immediately followed — he does not tell us, and we have no means of knowing. But this moral conflict it was that prepared him to welcome the gospel of deliverance. There was a better way to attain to righteousness; namely, a free pardon from God, and a new life in the spirit, a heart-fellowship, a grateful feeling, a filial relation which made obedience easy. He learned by experience that a legal system had in it no life-giving power. It could only condemn. It could only make one aware of his need of help from some other quarter. When it had done this work it had fulfilled its office, and was superseded by those forces of spiritual aid and healing which are contained in the gospel of grace.

Now what must be the effect of this experience on Paul's view of the Old Testament legal system, including the ceremonial features? He could look on that system only as something preparatory and provisional. It was like the ancient pedagogue, whose business it was to lead boys to school and leave them there. Law and grace, the old dispensation and the new, appeared to him in the sharpest contrast. In his philosophy of religion, ceremonial prescriptions, as means of salvation, were "beggarly elements"; that is, rudiments which had had their day. The other Apostles, the original Disciples, had not passed through a like spiritual crisis. They had been led on, step by step, in the company of Jesus, into a full sympathy with him and trust in him as a Saviour. They knew that, believing in him, and following him with a loyal spirit, they were forgiven and saved. In common with Paul they held with one accord that reconciliation was through Christ, and that the humility of the publican in the parable was the temper of mind alone becoming a sinful man. The gradualness of their religious progress, the absence of a momentary, decisive turning-point, prevented them from seeing at once, and from seeing so distinctly, that relation of the new to the old, of gospel to law, which Paul's experience made as clear to him as sunlight. Their minds were open; they were ready to be guided by the Spirit, and they were thus guided; but, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, it was Paul who led the way.

What effect on his mind had these new perceptions, the outcome of a living experience? They could have no other effect than to level the barriers of race and nationality. Where were now the privileges on which the Jew plumed himself? Sin was a characteristic equally of Jew and Gentile. The same divine law which through Moses and the prophets had been revealed to the Jew had been written on the heart of the Gentile. Both rested under the same condemnation. It was not on the Gentiles exclusively, it was on "the world," that the burden of guilt rested. And what could circumcision, lustrations, the sacrifice of animals, do to deliver any from the double yoke of self-accusation and evil habit? There was only one means of deliverance, one remedy for heathen and Hebrew alike. It was the Christ and faith in him. Moreover, Paul had seen the Christ on a heavenly throne. His kingdom was evidently not a temporal one having its seat in the city of David. Even when he should come again, the kingdom was not to have this earthly character. The Apostle no more knew Christ "after the flesh," as belonging to one nation and leading here among them a human life. He says, "Our citizenship is in heaven" (Phil. iii. 20). There Christ is, and there, for this reason, is the center of our polity. There is the seat of authority in the commonwealth in which we are citizens. When the Lord comes, the "body of our humiliation"—the mortal body, borne down by persecution, privation, suffering—is to be assimilated to his glorified body, to that heavenly mode of being that belongs to him. Paul's conception of the kingdom is changed. His idea of it is wholly different from that of those who had not shaken off the associations of a political theocracy, with Jerusalem for its capital and with the temple on Mount Zion for the place of resort for all nations. When we consider the birth, and education, and earlier characteristics of this Pharisee, this inquisitor, thirsting for the blood of heretics, how astonishing is

the declaration, "There is no distinction between Jew and Greek" (Rom. x. 12)! Few more remarkable utterances ever fell from human lips. Yet the reason which is connected with it explains all: "For the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him." There was but one Lord, and there was not less mercy in his heart for the heathen than for the Hebrew. In a religion that is spiritual, where there is but one Lord, and salvation is a free gift from him, there "cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman: but Christ is all, and in all."

We pause for a moment to point out a profoundly interesting parallel between Paul's conception of the death of Christ as bringing Jew and Gentile together, and certain most instructive and pathetic words of Jesus. At the last Passover, we read in John's Gospel, certain "Greeks,"—who were not Jews, but heathen, probably proselytes of the gate,—who had come up to the festival to worship, came to Philip, one of the twelve, and expressed their wish to see Jesus (John xii. 20, *seq.*). Philip reported this to Andrew, and then both carried the request to the Master. It is one of those circumstantial accounts which in its manner, not to speak of its contents, shows the truthfulness of the Gospel narrative. When the two Disciples delivered their message, Jesus exclaimed: "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." The visit of the Greeks, heathen, proselytes of the gate, and their request, was a suggestion to Jesus that the time had come for him to die, and thus to open the door for the wide extension and growth of his kingdom beyond the limits of Judaism. That very idea of the significance of his death is intimated which is clearly brought out by the Apostle Paul.

THE first sign of a disposition to break through the wall that fenced off the Gentiles appears in the liberality of tone which was manifested by Stephen. It drew on him the charge of having threatened with destruction the whole Mosaic system of worship. His death dispersed the Church and sent abroad many to engage in missionary work. Philip, one of the deacons, preached with success in Samaria, and the Samaritan converts were recognized by the Apostles. The Samaritans, however, were among the circumcised. But the Ethiopian chamberlain, the eunuch, was only a proselyte of the gate, if he was even that. It required supernatural communications to Peter to induce him to receive the Roman centurion Cornelius, and others with him, as disciples, and to sit at the same table with them. But Peter, when he returned to Jerusalem, was taken to task for his proceeding. When he told his tale the accusers were quieted, and there was joy over this accession of Gentile believers. The illiberal spirit was quelled, but only for a time. It was not at Jerusalem, but at Antioch that the catholic interpretation of the Gospel first gained a foothold. There some of the dispersed disciples, Hellenists, or foreign Jewish converts, preached the new faith to the heathen. There in that great city, which was one of the three principal cities of the Roman Empire, Rome and Alexandria being the other two, the message of the Gospel met with a quick response in heathen souls that found in it satisfaction for their spiritual hunger. Barnabas, himself a foreign-born Jew, a native of Cyprus, was sent by the Jerusalem church to look after this new movement.

For a number of years after Paul's conversion he is almost lost to our knowledge. There was a sojourn in Arabia; and then, after the lapse of three years, a return to Damascus. From there he was soon obliged to flee. Then followed a visit to Jerusalem to see Peter, with whom he spent fourteen days. After this visit he went into "the regions of Syria and Cilicia." The churches in Judea had not met him, but had only heard that he who had been a violent enemy of their cause had now become a preacher of the faith which he had persecuted. Later, he is found at Tarsus, and thence he is brought by Barnabas, who needed his help, to Antioch. They "taught much people" there, and there the disciples were first called "Christians." There is a coincidence between the ceasing to be a Jewish sect and the acquisition of the new name by which believers in Jesus were thenceforward to be designated. Up to this time they had been called "Nazarenes," "Galileans," or "Ebionites." Paul and Barnabas, according to Luke, were sent upon the occasion of a famine in Judea with contributions to the Jewish Christians there; but as Paul makes no allusion to his being there on this errand, it is probable that by some accident he was hindered from accomplishing it.

So vigorous was the Antioch church that it sent missionaries into Asia Minor. On the return to Antioch of Paul and Barnabas from their missionary journey, they found the church in a ferment. Men from Judea had arrived and had raised a disturbance by warning the disciples that they must conform to the Jewish law and be circumcised, or give up the hope of salvation. There was discussion and debate between Paul and his companion on one side and the Judean visitors on the other.

Finally it was resolved that the two Antioch leaders should depart at the head of a deputation to confer with the Jerusalem church on this all-important subject of dispute. In that church there had been an addition of members from the Pharisaic sect who were opposed to conceding liberty to the Gentile converts in this controverted matter. The rapid growth of the Antioch church, the multiplying of heathen converts, might naturally awaken anxiety and give rise to misgivings among many who had given way under the peculiar circumstances in the case of Cornelius. It was not now a question about a few individuals. Here was an organized church, on the basis of absolute freedom from "the law," and engaged in a successful work of propagandism. What was to become of the distinctive privilege of the Jew? Was the new kingdom to abolish the old cultus? Was it to be composed largely, and perhaps predominantly, of uncircumcised heathen? The turn of events brought up afresh a question of vital moment. Paul, on his side, had a full sense of the importance of the crisis. He resolved to meet it in the frankest and most direct manner. He would go to Jerusalem and meet the Apostles and the church there, face to face. He went up, he tells us, by "revelation" — by divine sanction; but he went, as Luke states, with the sanction of the Antioch church and as their commissioner. Fourteen years had elapsed since his visit to Peter; seventeen years had passed since his conversion.

We are brought to the memorable occurrences of which we have accounts in the fifteenth chapter of Acts and the second chapter of Galatians. At Jerusalem the demand was made of Paul that Titus, a Greek convert who accompanied him, should be circumcised. Here was a practical test that would decide the point in dispute. This demand the Apostle met with a resolute denial. That there was a pressure upon him which it was not an easy thing to withstand is evident from his language. At that supreme moment he did not flinch. The intense agitation which the recollection of the crisis stirred within him is betrayed in his language. It causes him in referring to it, as Lightfoot remarks, to make shipwreck of grammar. We can well believe that his voice trembled as he dictated the passage to his amanuensis. Did the other Apostles join in this request, so repugnant to his views and feelings? We are not justified by anything that he says in inferring that they did. Yet it would appear that Paul was left to stand alone, with no outspoken sympathy from any quarter. It is not improbable that even the Apostles, at that moment, under the circumstances, recommended him to yield, and to make the required concession. But he felt that the principle was at stake. The very meaning of the Gospel, the breadth of its grace, the liberty of the Gentile, hung on a pivot. The Apostle took a stand like that which Luther took at Worms; but with a difference. But for Paul, there would have been no Luther; unless, indeed, it should have pleased God to raise up, in the room of Paul, another equally clear-sighted expositor of the truth and intrepid leader in the Church. There was another difference. There were numerous friends at Worms to sympathize with Luther's position. Paul was alone.

Paul and Barnabas took the precaution to have a private conference with the leading persons in the Jerusalem church before they should meet its members as a body. Paul laid before the select company the substance of his preaching, the Gospel as he understood it, in order that his career as a missionary might not be interfered with by a division among the Apostles themselves, and an opposition to him, the fruit of misconception. The other Apostles were told not only what Paul and Barnabas had preached, but also the result of their preaching — how that among the heathen Paul had been as successful as Peter had been among the Jews. No further persuasion was needful. Peter, James, and John had nothing to add to Paul's teaching by way of correction or amendment. On the contrary, they extended to the Antioch leaders the right hand of fellowship, with the understanding that their work was to be among the heathen, while their own work should continue to be among the circumcised. There was a cordial fellowship, as was implied in the engagement of Paul to collect alms from the Gentile converts for the poor disciples of the mother church. The danger of a rupture was now over. It was settled that the heathen were not to be driven to become Jews in order to be Christians. But it remained for the apostle of liberty to meet the Jerusalem church as a body. Our knowledge of this public gathering we owe to Luke. At the meeting the recruits from the Pharisaic sect renewed their demand. Peter opposed it in a characteristic address wherein he referred to what had occurred in relation to Cornelius. James spoke the final word, quoting, as he naturally would, passages from the prophets. He gave his voice in behalf of catholicity, but recommended that the heathen converts should be enjoined to abstain from certain practices which were especially obnoxious to men of Jewish birth, who had been trained to observe the laws of Moses and were to continue to do so. These articles of peace clashed with no principle which Paul valued. They included nothing that could fairly be called a modification of his teaching. They probably put in a definite form what was already a custom of the Gentile converts. They

are based on the injunctions, imposed alike on Israelites and strangers among them, which are set forth in the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Leviticus, and included the usages which were practiced by proselytes of the gate. The agreement of the Jerusalem conference, therefore, was not a compromise or concession to Jewish prejudices. It served to keep the peace among the disciples in Syria and Cilicia, to whom it was addressed. At a later day, when Gentile churches were independently established and in remoter places, the Apostle does not feel himself bound to refer to this pastoral letter of the Jerusalem conference. In writing to the Corinthians he considers the question of "meat offered to idols" on its own merits; just as he calls for gifts of money for the Jerusalem Christians without referring to the stipulation that he should make a collection for their benefit. Yet he teaches nothing at variance with the essential purport of the instructions given to the Gentile converts. We may be sure that James would have been content with nothing less than these "necessary things," and that Paul would not have consented to go farther in the path of concession. To the fact of their harmony and satisfaction with one another Paul himself testifies. That he did not go to the extreme attributed to him by Baur and his fellow-critics is clear enough from his express recognition of the "gospel of the circumcision" as having been committed to Peter, and of the divine blessing which had been accorded to Peter in his work (Gal. ii. 8).

Ecclesiastical settlements were not then more certain to be final than in later times. It was understood on all hands that the Gentiles were to be left unmolested. But it was expected that Jewish Christians, whoever they were, would continue to conform to the old observances. To this Paul felt no objection. What he refused to do was to impose an obligation of this sort on the heathen; he would not allow it a place among the terms of salvation. If in the consultation of the Apostles at Jerusalem his own work had been approved by Peter, he in turn had approved Peter's work as the Apostle of "the circumcision." It was enough for him that the legal observances were not made the foundation of the disciples' hope in Christ. As regards outward things, he was no revolutionist. He let the Jewish national usages remain as they were. He willingly conformed to them himself. Not needlessly to offend Jews, he caused Timothy, whose mother was a Jew, to be circumcised. But still there were points which the Jerusalem conference left undetermined. So the controversy was reopened at Antioch in relation to one of these unsettled points. The Jewish and heathen converts there mingled together freely and sat down at a common table. Peter, as well as Paul and Barnabas, had no scruples of conscience respecting this kind of free intercourse. But at length certain persons came from James. We are sure that they were persons of influence; for when they objected to this liberality on the part of Jewish Christians, not only Barnabas, but even Peter, deferred to them, and "drew back and separated" themselves. The rest of the Jewish Christians followed them. Here there was suddenly drawn a new line of division between the two classes of Christians. Once more Paul had to stand by himself. He sharply and publicly rebuked Peter for timidity and unfaithfulness to principle. He, a Jew, had been living as a Gentile himself, and now he was trying, so far as his example went, to bring the Gentiles to live as if they were Jews. The authors of this trouble came from James. It is not safe to conclude that they came expressly on this errand. Yet it may be that the liberal course taken by Peter was the occasion of their mission. It is, on the whole, probable that their view of the subject was one in which James participated. He had given to Paul and Barnabas, in all sincerity, the right hand of fellowship. It does not follow that he expected the old restrictions as to eating with the Gentiles, and their social relations in general, to be swept away. It is likely that he did not interpret the Jerusalem arrangement in so broad a way as Paul construed it. A church made up, as at Antioch, of Gentiles and Jews together, presented a case which in the conference had not been definitely considered. The tradition about James as it was given by Hegesippus, the Jewish Christian historian, in the middle of the second century, represents him as an ascetic, observing the Nazarite rule, strict in all his ways, frequently resorting alone to the temple, "praying for the forgiveness of the people until his knees grew hard and thin." We see him, on the occasion of Paul's last visit to Jerusalem, receiving the Apostle to the Gentiles with fraternal cordiality, to be sure; yet advising him to make a further manifestation of his respect for the ritual by taking on himself a vow, which involved the shaving of the head. The motive of James's counsel is thus explained in his own language: "That . . . all may know . . . that thou thyself also walkest orderly, and keepest the law" (Acts xxi. 24). The occurrence shows how strenuous James was for the keeping up of the Mosaic ceremonies by the Jewish Christians, and how anxious he was that Paul should do something to efface a prevailing impression that he had tried to induce Jews to discard them.

The spirit of James is clearly disclosed in the Epistle which bears his name. It was in-

cluded in the ancient Syriac canon, and as it was addressed to Jewish Christians outside of Palestine, it was not improbably intended to be read primarily by Syrian disciples. The law, in the spiritual import given to it by Jesus, is prominent in the writer's esteem. We observe in the Epistle not a few echoes of the teaching of Christ. The practical tone, averse to all theory and theologic disputation, is obvious. Its doctrine is not contradictory to that of Paul, but moves in a different line. As Jesus had taught, it is said that men are to be judged by their works. There is a verbal contrast with sayings of Paul; for example, in the definite assertion that Abraham was justified by works. Whether or not we are to conclude that the author had in mind a current use and misuse of Pauline phraseology, depends on the date to which James's Epistle is to be assigned. Some would place it too early to admit of any reference to Pauline theology. There is much in the peculiarities of the Epistle — as in the application of the name "synagogue" to the meeting-place of Christians — to favor the supposition of a very early date. Could it be shown that it was written by James at a later point of time, the opinion that it refers to Pauline language would be more probable.

What was the immediate outcome of the renewed controversy at Antioch, the Apostle in his letter to the Galatians does not inform us. Taken up with his theme — salvation by faith alone — he drops the consideration of personal matters. About seven years after the Apostolic conference at Jerusalem and the subsequent rebuke of Peter, we find Paul writing an epistle to the Christians at Rome. During this interval he had been pursued with animosity by the Judaizing faction, of whose malignity he repeatedly complains. Nowhere does he imply that the other Apostles are in sympathy with these enemies of himself and of the Gospel. On the contrary, his references to the other Apostles imply the opposite. Yet the reports which the Judaizers set afloat concerning him, to which a reference has just been made, might easily excite a certain degree of alarm and uneasiness even among the Apostolic leaders who had extended to him the right hand of fellowship. We must bear in mind that the disturbance at Antioch had followed. Whether the separation of Paul from Barnabas, the immediate occasion of which had reference to Mark, had any connection with that incident, we are not informed. At all events, when Paul writes to the Romans, he is looking forward to another visit to Jerusalem, not without some anxiety about the reception that will be accorded to him. He asks for the prayers of the Roman brethren not only that he may be delivered from the hostility of the unbelieving Jews in that city, but also that his "ministration" might be acceptable to the "saints" there. There was some apprehension in his mind lest the collection which he had been making for the poor in the Jerusalem church might be unwelcome (Rom. xv. 31), gathered as it was from churches composed of heathen converts, and while the accusation of being hostile to the observance of the Mosaic rites by anybody was circulated against him. His kind and fraternal reception by James and his associates dispelled this apprehension. The mob of Jews that assailed him, notwithstanding the precautions taken to appease their wrath, showed the hatred which had been accumulating against him in the course of the missionary campaigns in which he had spent the later eventful years.

The Apostle now passed into the custody of Roman officers. At the end of about two years he was conveyed to Rome. After the lapse of another equal interval, he appears to have been set free for a time. Once more a captive, it was in the closing part of Nero's reign, the period of the tyrant's unbridled cruelty, and in the year 66 or 67, that he fell under the sword of the executioner. If the name of James is not an interpolation in a passage of Josephus, James perished in the interval between the death of the procurator Festus and the arrival of his successor, or in the year 62. As to the main fact that James was stoned to death, the traditions agree. It is evident that the animosity of the Jews even against the most conservative — if the term may be allowed — of the followers of Jesus was growing fierce. The lines between the adherents of orthodox Judaism and the believers in the Nazarene were more and more sharply drawn. At length, in the year 66, the great insurrection against Rome burst out. In the blaze of the popular fanaticism there was no safety for Christians within the walls of Jerusalem. The church there was broken up. When the epoch of the mortal struggle of Judaism with Roman power was fast approaching, the Jewish Christians must necessarily find that the middle position which, in a certain sense, they had held, was no longer tenable. There were circumstances which might tempt them to give up their faith in Jesus, and to find their comfort exclusively in the old system in which they had been bred and whose ceremonies they still observed. They had hoped for the conversion of their countrymen, but that hope grew more and more faint. They had hoped for the reappearance of the ascended Messiah, but where was the promise of his coming? Patriotic instincts might naturally awake to a new life, and sympathy with the national enthusiasm impelling to a revolt against

foreign domination, might find a lodgment even in Christian hearts. There stands in the canon an Epistle to the Hebrews, concerning the authorship of which opinion has been divided from ancient times. At the present day there are few scholars who attribute it to Paul. Some, with Luther, ascribe it to Apollos; others to Luke, or to Barnabas. Whoever the writer was, it is certain that it was addressed to Jewish Christians. The purpose of the author, moreover, is clear. He sees a danger and he is striving to ward it off. He seeks to deter Jewish believers from lapsing from their faith and returning to Judaism. He is anxious to show them that they have in the Gospel a treasure infinitely more precious than anything offered them in the old ritual, and that the ordinances and ceremonies of the ancient Covenant are but types of blessed and enduring realities brought to them through Christ. To go back to the old sacrificial system is to give up the substance for the shadow.

If there was a retrograde movement, a reactionary tendency in some minds at this critical era, when the fate of the Jewish state and the Jewish religion hung in the balance, the same circumstances would engender in another class an opposite feeling. They would cling to the Christian faith with redoubled ardor and firmness. The tie that still held them to the old ceremonies would be loosened. The rejection of the Messiah by the Jewish people, and the persistent rejection of him, with the attendant fact of the astonishing spread of the new faith among the Gentiles, must have tended to open the eyes of many to a more just and liberal interpretation of the purpose of God. A fatal blow was dealt at Jewish Christianity by Divine Providence — the same Providence which had been the teacher from the beginning, removing, step by step, prejudice and misconception. No doubt there were those with whom the legions of Titus were more effective than persuasion and argument. The "logic of events" could not be disputed. Many Jewish Christians must have seen in the ruins of the Temple a sign of the passing away of the ancient system of worship. When the Jewish rites were wholly forbidden in Jerusalem, and it was converted by Hadrian into a heathen city (A. D. 135), the lesson was taught afresh with an irresistible emphasis.

It was probably about the time of the beginning of the Jewish war, and after the death of the Apostle Paul, that there was a migration of a number of Jewish Christians to Asia Minor. Among them were the two Apostles Andrew and Philip, and among them also was the Apostle John. John took up his abode at Ephesus. Traditions of his life and teaching and traces of his influence remained in all that region. There, in his serene old age, he wrote his Gospel and Epistles. From one of his pupils, the martyr Polycarp, Irenæus in his youth heard personal reminiscences of the Beloved Disciple. It is the same Apostle who, long before, had given to the Apostle to the Gentiles "the right hand of fellowship." After all these years, after the providential occurrences which had swept away the hope of the conversion of the Jews as a body, it would be strange indeed if no further advance had been made in catholicity of perception. The sayings of Jesus, which indicate the spiritual and universal nature of the Gospel, are present in John's recollection. He remembered that Jesus had said that the worship of the Father was not to be confined to Mount Gerizim or to Jerusalem. Christianity was now set free from Judaism, and in the second century Judaic Christianity survived only in sects beyond the borders of the Church.

To revert for a moment to the causes which brought on this result, the historical events to which reference has been made have an important place. The subjugation of the Jews by Hadrian and the exclusion of their worship from the Holy City were of especial consequence. An essential condition on which the result depended was the multiplying of churches made up of Gentile converts. The rapid spread of the Gospel in the Gentile world and the comparative fewness of its Jewish adherents excited surprise even in the lifetime of Paul. It was to him a mysterious fact, a fact that called for explanation. It had a great influence in molding the institutions of the Gospel. But underlying all these agencies was the leavening influence of the teaching of Jesus. The catholic elements of that teaching produced their legitimate effect. They were the warrant for the doctrine of the Apostle Paul. It was Jesus and the teaching of Jesus that liberated Christianity from the entanglements of Judaism.

*George P. Fisher.*

## TO YOUTH.

TOUCH love with prayer.
It is a holy thing;
No dove with snowier wing
Fanned Eden air.

To mortal care
Heaven's whitest angel, Truth,
Intrusted it. O Youth,
Touch love with prayer!

*Orelia Key Bell.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

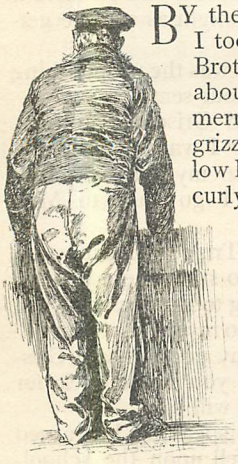
# THE "MERRY CHANTER."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc.

## XIV.

### WHAT GRISCOM BROTHERS GOT OUT OF A PUMPKIN PIE.



BY the bright light of the fire I took a good look at Griscom Brothers. He appeared to be about fifty years old, with a merry countenance, small eyes, grizzly side-whiskers, and below his white paper cap a little curly grizzly hair. It was plain that he liked to talk, and that he was well satisfied with his present position.

"Now," said he, looking from side to side, "I know who you all are. You are the people from the schooner out here in the bay; and as I 've told you who I am, we may call ourselves acquainted, and I 'll go on and tell about the ghost business without asking any questions of you; at least not now.

"I 've often noticed," said he, giving himself a little twist in his chair, "that when a man sits down, fair and square, to tell a story, it happens time and again that the story don't step up to the mark as lively as it ought to; and when it does show itself, it is n't as much of a story as it was expected to be. I should n't wonder if my story should be that way; but I 'll take it by the nape of the neck and bring it right in, and let you folks see all there is of it.

"It was about twelve year ago, when my brother died and my family got to be only me, that I found I did n't get sleep enough. You see that being a baker I am obliged to go to my work very early in the morning, mostly about three o'clock, and that if I don't get a good sleep in the first part of the night, it will tell on me. You know that sort of thing will tell on people. Now the room I slept in after my family became so small was Mrs. Springer's second floor back, and every Tuesday night the Dorcas Society used to meet there, and them women kept up such a chattering from before dark to nobody knows how late at night, that I might as well try to make good bread of brick clay as to sleep; meaning no offense, of course,"—turning from one to the other of the ladies,—"if either of you belongs to a Dorcas Society."

"Which I do not," said Doris; "and if I did I would n't mind."

"Now, you see," continued Griscom Brothers, "when a man loses his night's sleep on one night in the week, he is very like to get into the habit of losing it; that 's what I did, and could n't stand it. At that time this house was empty, the law having not decided who it belonged to, and it came into my head that it would be a good thing to come over here and sleep. There would be no Dorcas Society here, or anything else to disturb me. So here I came, finding it easy to get in at one of these kitchen windows; and I fixed up a bed in an upper room, and there I could sleep like a toad in a hole. Of course I did n't want to hurt Mrs. Springer's feelings, and I never said nothing to her about my not sleeping in the house. I went upstairs every night at my reg'lar bedtime and I rumpled up the bed and went away, Mrs. Springer not knowing whether I left the house at three o'clock in the morning or nine o'clock at night. You see I 'm very spry at getting about without people seeing me; and to this day Mrs. Springer does n't know that for the last twelve years I have n't slept in her house except on some very stormy nights."

"Paid for your room straight along, I guess," remarked the butcher.

"Yes, sir! As I did n't pay nothing here it was all right I should pay there. Well, after I had kept up this thing for two years, you and your sisters," turning to Dolor Tripp, "came here to live, and then you may be sure I had a hard nut to crack. I had become so accustomed to this big, quiet house that I did n't believe I could sleep under any other roof, and so I said to myself, 'I 'll stay here, and these people sha'n't know it any more than Mrs. Springer does.' There 's a loft over this kitchen which you can't get into except by that trap-door and a ladder, and so before you came here I put the ladder up into the loft, and put a bolt on the other side of the trap-door, which kept me private. I knew you would n't want to use the loft, and I thought I might as well have it as not."

"And you 've been sleeping there for ten years!" exclaimed Dolor.

"That 's about the time," said Griscom Brothers. "I put everything into that room to make myself comfortable,— not your things, but my things,— and I got in and out through a little window in the roof. There are some strips nailed on for a grapevine, and these I used for a ladder. I can go up and down in the darkest night just like stairs. I can get into the house just the same as I used to, because the lock on the back door of the main house is one I put there myself, years ago, and of course I 've got a key to it. Not long after you came I got to going over the house again, principally to see if the doors and windows were all shut and fastened. You was a little girl then, and you had a way of going out of doors after your sisters had gone to bed. You never thought of shutting up when you came back. When you got to be a big girl, and even a young woman, you did the same thing. So I kept on taking care of things."

"It strikes me," said Lord Crabstairs, who had been listening very attentively to the baker's story, "that you had rather an odd way of getting a night's sleep. Rambling through a house and playing ghost is n't the way to refresh a man, I take it."

"Now, you see," said Griscom Brothers, "the p'int of it is this. When I was at Mrs. Springer's I could n't sleep if I wanted to, but in this house I could go to my little room and sleep whenever I felt like it; that makes all the difference in the world."

"Yes," said the butcher; "being able to do a thing is often just as much good to a person as doing it."

"Now tell me another thing," said Lord Crabstairs. "What did you mean by that pumpkin tart?"

"Tart!" exclaimed the baker.

"That 's all right," said the butcher. "We tossed up, and tart it is."

Griscom Brothers did not seem to understand, but he went on to explain.

"That was an ordered punkin pie. It is n't the season for that sort of thing, and nobody but me has got any punkins kept over. But old Mrs. Gormish ordered the pie for her grandchild's christening, but when they sent for Mr. Black he could n't come, and they had to have Mr. Startling, and he 's a dyspeptic, and so the old lady sent word to me she did n't want no pie, and it was left on my hands. I always like to have something to eat before I start out in the early morning, so I brought this with me, for there is n't no call for them. When you people came into the kitchen I was fast asleep, but I jumped up quick enough and hurried down to see what was the matter. I was at the window seeing and listening to pretty nearly all you did and said; and when I heard you talking about being so hungry I thought of giving you that pie, and I locked the door to keep you in the kitchen until I thought I had done my duty by you."

"You did it well," said Doris, "for that was a good pie."

"I dare say," said Lord Crabstairs, "that in this country bakers don't sell meat."

"No," said Griscom Brothers; "as a rule they don't."

"Well, then," said his lordship, "as we are pretty well dried and warmed, and as there is nothing more to eat, we might as well be getting back to the ship."

We all agreed that this was the proper thing to do, and we rose from our seats.

"Before you go," said Griscom Brothers, addressing Dolor Tripp, "I want to settle one thing. Do you object to my staying on in that little loft, or must I go back to Mrs. Springer?"

"I think," said Dolor Tripp, "that it would be much better for you to stay where you are for the present. I am going to Boston, and when I come back I will speak to my sisters about it."

"Then I 'll pack up my goods," said Griscom Brothers, "the day you come back, for I know what your sisters will say."

As the baker finished speaking he turned suddenly, and his eyes fell upon the schoolmaster, who until this moment had been keeping well in the background. For an instant the two gazed steadily at each other, then Griscom Brothers exclaimed, almost screamed:

"Johnny!"

The schoolmaster, with his long arms extended, rushed upon the other, and in a moment they were folded in a close embrace.

The pie-ghost was the schoolmaster's father.

For a few moments nothing was said, and we gazed in amazement upon the embracing couple. Then the butcher beckoned us a little apart and said in a low voice:

"That young man ran away from home more than twelve years ago. I did n't know him, for all that happened before I came to these parts, but I have often heard the story. I should n't wonder if he has been as much afraid of meeting his dad as of running afoul of Mrs. Bodship."

Griscom Brothers now stepped forward, holding his son by the hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "who could have thought it, that old Mrs. Gormish's punkin pie should have given me back my son! For if it had n't been that she threw the pie on my hands I should n't have brought it here, and if it had n't been here I should n't have tried to give it to you, and if I had n't

done that you never would have ketched me, and if you had n't ketched me I should n't have known that my Johnny was with you."

"It strikes me," said Lord Crabstairs, "that you ought to thank the clergyman who ate his meals so fast that he gave himself dyspepsia. If he had been able to eat pumpkin tart you would n't have found your son."

"Tart!" ejaculated the baker.

"Tart it is," said the butcher; "tossed up all square. And now I think it is time for us to be moving."

"Johnny," said Griscom Brothers, "won't you stay with me to-night? My bed is wide enough for two."

But the schoolmaster hesitated, and finally said he thought it would be better for him to go back to the ship, for he had certain work to do in the morning.

We should have exclaimed against any ship work taking this new-found son from his father, but it was quite plain that the schoolmaster did not wish to stay. Perhaps he thought that if he walked across the country in broad daylight and without the protection of our company Mrs. Bodship might pounce upon him in spite of his disguise.

"Very well," said his father. "Perhaps it 's better for you to go; for if you staid here we should talk all night, and neither of us get any sleep."

The schoolmaster now took his butcher's gown from the crane, where in the course of its frequent shiftings it had received a number of broad black stripes, and put it on.

"I suppose there are reasons for your wearing that," said his father, "but I won't ask them now. If you don't sail too early in the morning, I 'm coming to see you on board the ship."

"We shall be delighted to have you visit us," cried Doris; "and the ship shall not sail until you arrive."

Preceded by Griscom Brothers, who carried the candle, we now left the kitchen. When we reached the long hallway our leader stopped, and, addressing Dolor Tripp, said that before she went away he would like to show her the picture that her sister was painting of her.

We all declared that we should like to see that picture, and the baker led us into the dining-room.

"You need n't be afraid," he said, as we walked after him, "of waking up Alwilda and Lizeth; I never knew two women sleep like they do. I believe their eyelids shut with a snap at nine o'clock, and open with a click at six in the morning."

The dining-room was large and high, with plain, smooth walls entirely unadorned except by a row of pictures painted on the smooth plaster, at about the eye-line, and intended to extend all around the room. The line on three of the walls was nearly completed. These pictures had all been painted by Alwilda, and the style of them proved that she had been to a great extent her own teacher. The subjects were various, and some of them quite astonishing. We did not examine the whole gallery, but proceeded to the latest picture, which was yet unfinished.

This painting, about a yard square, represented Dolor Tripp lying drowned by the seashore — this being the fate which her sister expected would befall her while voyaging to Boston. The wretched plight of the recumbent corpse made us shudder, and the subject of the sketch covered her face with her hands.

"It is outrageous! it is shameful!" cried Doris. "Such a thing ought not to be allowed to exist!"

"Which it should n't," said Lord Crabstairs, "if I had a pail of whitewash."

"And a brush," added the butcher.

"I have that," said Doris, who had been looking about her, and had perceived the artist's materials near by.

Doris was an amateur artist, and, moreover, was quick to think and act. With a palette, a few colors, and some brushes, she stood before the picture, Griscom Brothers holding the candle. The pallid features of the drowned maiden soon began to glow with rosy health; her eyes were closed, but it was plain she slept; the sands and shallow water about her changed into soft, green grass, and the tall, slimy weeds which had thrown themselves about her form were now green, wavy stems with somewhat too brilliant blossoms. Even the rocks were covered with soft moss, and the whole scene changed so rapidly under Doris's brush that we were filled with an admiration we did not hesitate to express.

"I am glad you like it," said Doris. "I am sure there 's nothing soaked or dead about Dolor Tripp now."

"When Alwilda Tripp sees that," said Griscom Brothers, "she 'll think there 's been a miracle."

"Which there has been," remarked the butcher; "an out-and-out square miracle."

"I don't know what she 'll think," said Dolor Tripp, "but I know what I think"; and she kissed Doris.

I think we all would have been delighted to be in that room when Alwilda came down in the morning, but we spoke no more upon the subject, and quickly left the house.

"I 'll lock the door and make everything all right," said Griscom Brothers, "and soon after breakfast I shall be down at the shore ready to be took on board."

The schoolmaster picked up his tall silk hat, which still rested on the top of the sandpiper's cage, and put it on; then he took up the cage, looked in at the bird, and was ready to go.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Griscom Brothers, "you look like a holiday butcher that 's been half broiled. If you are going to slaughter that bird, don't do it until I come in the morning."

We now took leave of the baker and left the yard by the opening in the fence, after which the loose palings were restored to their proper position by the butcher. Though the moon was bright, we had some difficulty in finding our way on account of the fog which was coming in from the sea; but the butcher was now our guide, and without serious mishap or much detention we reached the shore, where we had left our boat. But when we had embarked we found the fog on the bay so thick that we could not see a boat's length in any direction. The schooner, however, was not far from shore, and we thought we could easily reach her; but in this opinion we were mistaken. We rowed and rowed, and still did not reach the ship. How we could have taken a wrong direction none of us could imagine, but we turned the boat and rowed and rowed again.

"Can it be possible," cried Doris, "that our ship has sailed away?"

"Absolutely impossible," said the butcher, with much fervency.

We now rowed about, this way and that, for at least half an hour, and I think we all began to be afraid that perhaps we had drifted out to sea. Suddenly the butcher laid down his oars and requested us all to be quiet; then standing up in the boat he flapped his elbows two or three times and gave forth a loud cock-a-doodle-do! There was an instant's silence, and then not far away from the stern of the boat there came an answering cock-a-doodle-do!

We all knew that this came from the cock in the rigging of the *Merry Chanter*.

In five minutes we were on board.

"Past midnight," said Captain Cyrus, whose watch it was.

## XV.

### WE ARE LOYAL TO THE "MERRY CHANTER."

EARLY the next morning the fog cleared away, and soon after breakfast we heard a hail from the shore.

"It 's father," cried the schoolmaster, who was engaged in giving the usual morning attentions to the sandpiper.

And, sure enough, looking shoreward, we saw Griscom Brothers waving something white in his hand as if it were a flag of truce.

Captain Cyrus went after him in the boat, and very soon the good baker was on board.

Bidding us all a cheery good-morning, he handed the white article to the butcher.

"Here is your gown," he said, "which you left on the grass last night; and it 's a very good thing you did so. If you want to know why, I 'll tell you."

We all wanted to know why, and he told us.

"You see," said he, "we always serve the Tripp family with bread on Saturday morning, and this morning I thought I would deliver it myself. I found Lizeth Tripp at the chicken yard, and she was looking as if she had had a bad night.

"'Did you sleep well?' I asked, feeling a little nervous, I must say, fearing she had heard something in the night.

"'Oh, I slept well enough,' said she, 'but I've seen sights this morning.' 'What sights?' says I. 'Just listen,' says she. 'When I opened the window early this morning the first thing that I saw was something white lying flat on the grass, with its long arms stretched out, as if it was dead. It made me jump, I tell you, for at first I thought it was a spirit, but it was so flat and thin that I next thought it was only the skin of a spirit.' 'Which I did n't know they shed them,' says I. 'Nor I neither,' says she. 'But I tell you it frightened me, and I jumped back from that window and went downstairs; and something seemed to move me to go into the dining-room and look at the picture Alwilda was painting, and when I saw it I was struck worse than ever. I tumbled back into a chair, and for ever so long I could n't move for staring. By good luck Alwilda did n't come into the room, being busy with breakfast. And now I have just come out to ask the hired man to take a pitchfork and carry off that skin or whatever it is, but he has gone away, and I 'm mighty glad to see you. I wish you 'd come into the dining-room and look at the picture.' So, as innocent as a lamb, I followed her into the dining-room, and looked at the picture which you, madam, touched up last night. I must say that, seeing it in the daylight, the young woman in the grass looked as if she had died of a raging fever in the middle of a lot of red-hot flowers. 'What 's the matter with it?' says I, as innocent as if I had n't seen the thing done. 'It 's been changed,' says she. 'It was a picture of a soaked corpse, and now it 's a sleeping beauty; and if the spirit of Dolor Tripp did n't change it, I 'd like to know what spirit did. If she was really lost at sea that 's just the way she 'd come back to comfort us.' 'Now look here,' says I, 'I don't believe in spirits anyway, and if there was any, they could n't paint.'

"Having been a ghost myself," he said, look-

ing round the company with a smile, "I ought to know what they can do.

"'Now then,' says I to Lizeth Tripp, 'it 's my opinion that your sister Alwilda began to feel bad about this picture, and so she altered it herself. Now if I was you I 'd rub out the whole thing — that is, if it can be rubbed out.' 'I can clean it all off the wall,' says she; 'for I 've often seen Alwilda do that thing when she did n't like a picture and wanted to paint it over again.' And with that she went and got a steel thing like a hoe, and scraped every scrap of that picture off the smooth wall. 'There should n't be no such picture in the house,' says she, 'whether it 's of a drowned sister, or of one asleep on the broad of her back in the middle of a field; and as fast as Alwilda paints them I 'll scrape 'em out.'

"Now it seems to me," said Griscom Brothers, "that I got us all out of that scrape pretty well."

"That 's your way of looking at it," said Lord Crabstairs; "but it strikes me that that Lizeth Tripp is going to get herself into a lot of scrapes if she keeps on scraping out her sister's pictures."

"Well," continued the baker, "there was n't nothing left to clear up but that white thing on the grass, and when I looked at it I told Lizeth it was nothing but a butcher's gown, that most likely had blown over there in the storm. I did n't know it was yours until I picked it up and saw your name on it. So I said I 'd take it away with me; and I left as quick as I could, for I did n't want to have to clear up anything more."

We all agreed that Griscom Brothers had done his part well, and he now retired to the bow of the ship to hold converse with his son.

Dolor Tripp was very anxious that this conversation should be speedily terminated, so that we might sail away. She feared that if there should be a quarrel between Alwilda and Lizeth on account of the one scraping out the pictures of the other, it might become necessary for her to go home and act as peacemaker; but if she were actually on her way to Boston, this of course would not be possible.

Captain Timon, however, assured her there was no hurry, and that Griscom Brothers would have time to talk with his son as long as he liked.

In half an hour the baker left us.

"I don't suppose you 'll sail on Sunday," he said; "and if you don't get off to-day, I 'll come on board again to-morrow."

"We shall never sail on Sunday," said the butcher, speaking very positively indeed.

I looked at the butcher, and he looked at me, and we both looked at Captain Timon, who looked out over the sea.

We did not sail on Sunday, and on Monday evening Doris took me aside for what she called a serious conversation.

"It seems to me," she said, "that as owners of this ship we are not doing our duty by our passengers. The butcher came on board and paid his passage to Boston; we are not taking him to Boston. Lord Crabstairs came on board to go to Boston; he paid his passage, and we are not taking him there. The schoolmaster came on board to go somewhere, and we are not taking him anywhere. It is true he paid for no passage; but we promised to take him to Boston, and we are not taking him. Dolor Tripp is worse off than the others, because she is really afraid that if we do not soon start something will make it necessary for her to go home. As for ourselves, we have taken our chances, and must be content; and as to the four captains, they also have taken their chances. They undertook to sail the *Merry Chanter* to Boston, and if they are delayed on the voyage it is no more our affair than it is theirs. But when people pay money for their passage it is a different matter."

I had been fishing that day with Lord Crabstairs, and had had very good luck. I expected to go out again the next day, and I said to Doris that for the present I thought we were all very well off as we were.

"I am very well satisfied to wait," said Doris, "for it is very pleasant here and our living is certainly cheap; but that has nothing to do with our duty towards our passengers."

"What can we do for them?" I asked.

"We can do one of two things," answered Doris. "We can pay them back their passage money, or send them to Boston by rail."

"Either one of those things would be pretty hard on us," I said, "especially after having boarded and lodged them all this time."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Doris. "Justice is justice, and we should not take their money and keep them waiting and waiting here for an exceptional high tide."

I reflected a few moments. "It would be well," I said, "to find out what they think about it. Let us call a meeting of the ship's company."

"Good!" cried Doris; "and you must preside. You are the proper person to take the chair."

After supper the meeting was called, and the whole population of the ship, including Griscom Brothers,— who had come on board for an evening visit,— attended.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I,— and the moment I had uttered these words I knew that I had made a mistake. I should have said "shipmates," or something of that sort, but I went on,— "my wife and I have concluded that

we are not doing our duty by you. We do not know exactly when we shall be able to sail, and we have thought that it might be better to send you to Boston by the railroad."

At this a little murmur seemed to run through the company, and Doris interrupted me.

"My husband does not mean," she said, "that we have decided to send you to Boston by rail. What we desire is, to give you an opportunity of expressing your feelings in regard to the situation. You have paid your money, and you are entitled to a passage on this ship to Boston; but if you think you would rather not wait any longer, we will consult together and see what it will be best to do. It may be that you would like to go to Boston by rail."

At this another murmur, louder than the first, was heard from the company, and the butcher rose to his feet.

"Is a motion in order?" he asked.

"Yes," said Doris.

I felt that I was presiding over this meeting in rather an odd way, but the oddity did not seem to strike any one else, and the butcher put his motion.

"I move that we stick to the ship," said he.

Lord Crabstairs leaned towards Dolor Tripp. "What do you think about it?" he asked.

"If I do not go to Boston in this ship," she answered, "I shall not go at all."

"Second the motion," called out Lord Crabstairs.

"Before the motion is put," said Doris, "we ought to hear what the captains have to say about it."

The four captains stood in a row on the starboard side of the deck. Being older and more accustomed to speak, Captain Timon answered for his fellow-mariners.

"Well," said he, "each of us put some money into this venture, and of course we don't want to lose it. If we don't get to Boston our money is lost. If that money is lost, we want to be able to say that it was n't lost because we gave up the v'yage too soon, but we want to be able to say it was lost because a gale of wind and a high tide did n't come into Shankashank Bay together. Of course that gale and that tide may never come in together, but we 're in favor of givin' them a leetle longer chance. A good many things in this world would do a sight better than they do do if they had a leetle longer chance. So we four are in favor of stickin' to the ship."

He looked at his companions, and each one gave an affirmative nod.

The question was put, and it was unanimously resolved to stick to the ship.

"Three cheers!" cried Doris. And the ship's company gave three hearty cheers.

During the meeting Griscom Brothers had neither voted nor spoken, but he cheered with the others.

"Not being an owner, a passenger, or a captain," said he, "of course this is n't my business, but I 'm mighty glad to see you 're going to stand by the ship. It is n't everybody that 's got a ship to stand by. That 's what I said to my Johnny. 'Stand by the ship. If you 're going to Boston, go. When you come back, I 'll take you into the baking business, or you can keep on with your schoolmastering; but whatever you do, you must stick to it.' That 's what I said to my Johnny. And now I say to the rest of you, if you don't sail to-morrow morning I 'll drop in and see you in the afternoon."

"It 's my opinion," said the butcher to us when Griscom Brothers had gone on shore, "that the schoolmaster would rather go to baking than go to sea, but he 's afraid to show himself on land till his father has settled matters with Mrs. Bodship. If any man can do it Griscom Brothers can do it, and he 's promised to try."

## XVI.

### DOLOR TRIPP SETS SAIL.

THE very next day a gale came into the bay with a flood tide; but although the wind was strong enough to stir up a very fine storm, it did not blow enough water into the bay to float the *Merry Chanter*.

Our four captains were all ready to take advantage of the first indication that our ship was free to ride the waves; but no such indication came.

"I 'm afraid she 's voted to stick to the sand bar," said the butcher, when the tide began to ebb.

With this exception, none of us showed any signs of giving up hope. There would be another high tide in twelve hours, and the gale might increase in violence.

But although the storm did not move our ship, it greatly delighted some of our company. The bow of the vessel pointed out towards the sea, and for nearly the whole day one or the other of the ladies stood there enjoying the storm. When Doris occupied this post I was with her, and when Dolor Tripp was there the butcher stood on one side of her and Lord Crabstairs on the other.

They could have had no better opportunity of thoroughly enjoying the storm. The waves rolled in, sometimes dashing up to the very feet of the figure of the Merry Chanter, and sometimes throwing the spray over his head and into our faces. The wind whistled through the cordage and blew the cock from the rigging. Fortunately he alighted upon the deck, where he had not set foot since he had been brought

to the ship, and he ran screaming and flapping to the coops where the other fowls were sheltered.

It seemed to me that Doris and Dolor Tripp could not get enough of this turmoil of the elements.

"To see it all and be in it," said Doris, when we had gone down to the cabin for a brief rest; "to feel the storm and not to be afraid of it; to look upon the rolling, tossing waves and yet feel the deck as immovable as a floor beneath our feet; to fancy we hear the Merry Chanter shouting his sea-songs into the very teeth of the storm — it is grand! it is glorious! and it is perfectly safe!"

For my part I very soon got enough of the turmoil of the elements, and I fancy that the butcher and Lord Crabstairs were satisfied as easily as I was; but although I frequently entreated Doris to shorten the time of her observations at the bow, I do not believe that the supporters of Dolor Tripp gave the least sign that they did not like the sea wind almost to take away their breath, or the sea water to dash into their faces and drench their clothes. The young woman was enveloped in a waterproof cloak and hood; and although the butcher possessed a garment of this kind, he would not put it on, because by so doing he would have confessed himself less able to endure bad weather than Lord Crabstairs, who had forgotten to provide a mackintosh for the voyage.

Once I proposed to Doris to allow the schoolmaster to have the pleasure of gazing at the storm with her, but she indignantly repudiated the proposition.

"Look at those two men," she said; "do they flinch from the side of the woman they love?"

And of course after that I had nothing more to say about a substitute.

The storm did not increase in violence, but gradually subsided, and the next day was pleasant and clear. Doris occupied herself with her little chicks. The schoolmaster opened the cage of the sandpiper, which had become quite tame, and allowed the bird to take a constitutional upon the deck. The cock flew back to his old position in the rigging and crowed aloud his satisfaction at again feeling himself above us all. Everything seemed to be going on in the same quiet and pleasant methods to which we had become accustomed before the gale had tantalized us with a half hope of Boston.

But in fact everything was not going on quietly and pleasantly. Lord Crabstairs and the butcher were unquiet and unpleasant; that is, to each other. By the advice of Captain Timon they had established a system in regard to Dolor Tripp. After breakfast one of them would take the first watch, and at the end of an hour would relinquish his position by her side to the other. When the second watch of an hour had ended, each of the men would give the lady an hour to herself, thus allowing her to be undisturbed until noon; after dinner each man went on watch for an hour, and then Dolor Tripp had two hours to herself. After supper there were no watches, because Captain Timon declared that as long as he commanded the ship he would see no woman overworked.

But this apparently amicable arrangement did not serve its purpose. It gave each man a fair chance, but each man wanted more. They had become of little social advantage to us, for the one who happened to be off duty was inclined to be silent and was continually looking at his watch.

As for Dolor Tripp herself, Doris and I could see no reason to suppose that she liked one man better than the other. With Crabstairs she was lively and beaming, and apparently delighted that it was his watch. With the butcher she was lively and beaming, and delighted that he was on duty.

"What 's wanted on this ship," said Captain Timon to us, "is one man less, or one woman more. If each of them fellers had a gal it 'd be all right, but one gal is n't enough for two of 'em."

"What would you do about it?" asked Doris, who was beginning to be disturbed at the turn things had taken.

"I 'd chuck one of them overboard," said the captain, "and let him swim ashore."

"Which one would you chuck?" I asked.

"The Englishman," said the captain. "If I 've got to haul down any flag, I 'd haul down the Union Jack before the Stars and Stripes."

"That would n't be fair," said Doris. "One has just as much right as the other."

"I suppose that 's so," said Captain Timon, with a grin; "and as we can't chuck the young woman overboard, I guess we 'll have to let the matter settle itself."

"It seems to me," said I, when the captain had left us, "that a marriage with a British peer would be of much more advantage than a marriage with a butcher."

"I don't agree with you," said Doris. "Lord Crabstairs has repudiated his peerage, and the butcher has repudiated his butcherage; they now stand on equal ground. Before Lord Crabstairs was overtaken and crushed by his title he was quite as free and independent a man as the butcher is, and now that he has escaped from his peerage he is again just as good as the butcher. He has told us he has a small income not derived from his father's family, and the butcher has saved money, so in every way they are even, and Dolor Tripp ought to be allowed to take her choice between them."

"The trouble will be," said I, "to induce her to make a choice. I think she likes to have two men courting her, and the affair will probably end in a fight on the *Merry Chanter*."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Doris. "Neither of those men would so far forget himself as to fight on my ship."

"Your ship!" I said.

"Oh, I meant to say ours," she answered.

The next day the butcher took the first watch with Dolor Tripp. At eight o'clock precisely he offered her his arm, and invited her to walk the deck with him. I noticed that his face wore a serious expression, and that he was extremely deferential and polite to his companion, guiding her carefully around the wet places on deck, which were still damp from the morning's swabbing, and apparently paying the strictest attention to what she might be saying, as if he was anxious not to lose a word of her sweet speech.

In the mean time Lord Crabstairs appeared to be in a very unquiet mood. He was restless and excited, and finally filled his pockets with corn and ran up into the rigging, where he fed the cock, who for some time had been crowing for his breakfast. The moment that the butcher's watch had come to an end Lord Crabstairs scuttled down the rope ladder so fast that we were afraid he would slip and break his neck. In an instant he was at the side of Dolor Tripp, and, giving her his arm, rapidly conducted her to the bow of the ship, this portion of the deck being now untenanted. The butcher walked slowly towards us as we sat in our customary seats at the stern.

"You are going to lose a passenger," he said.

"Which one?" we cried.

"That depends on circumstances," said the butcher. "You see I made up my mind last night that things could n't go on as they were going on, and so right after breakfast I proposed to him that we should toss up and decide which should put the question to her. You see we 'd agreed that neither of us should do that without giving the other notice. He was ready quick as lightning, and we tossed. He called 'heads,' and heads it was twice. And he 's got her."

"But she may not accept him," cried Doris.

"Oh, she 'll take him; there 's no doubt about that," said the butcher, looking solemnly down at the deck. "If he proposes first she 'll take him, and if I had proposed first she would have taken me. Neither of us had any doubt on that point."

Fifteen minutes later no one on board could have had any doubt on that point, for Lord Crabstairs and Dolor Tripp walked towards us, the one with a downcast, blushing face, and the other with the most beaming, joy-lighted countenance I ever saw.

"You see," said Lord Crabstairs, "we have just stepped aft to announce our engagement. We did n't think it exactly the square thing in a small party like this to keep dark about it even for a short time."

"As if you could do it!" cried Doris. And then we congratulated the happy couple, the butcher shaking hands with each of them with a degree of earnest solemnity not common on such occasions.

Lord Crabstairs and his lady-love now went below to acquaint the schoolmaster and the four captains with what had occurred.

"And now," said Doris to the butcher, "what were you going to say about our losing a passenger?"

"Well," said he, "if they stay on board I go, but if they go ashore I 'll stay here. I don't want to go back on my word about sticking to the ship, but circumstances often give a new twist to things."

"Indeed they do," said Doris, speaking in a very sympathetic tone and offering her hand to the butcher.

"I 'm mighty glad of it," said Captain Cyrus to us a little while afterwards. "I don't know when I 've heard anythin' that 's pleased me better. For the life of me I could n't see how they were goin' to get out of that fix without its endin' in a row. It was only yesterday, madam, that I thought that if you was only disengaged it would be all right, for then there would be two young women, one for each of them; but you was settled for, and there was only one young woman for the two men. But now it 's all straightened out and we can have peace on board."

I wish here to record the fact that from that moment I never made a voluntary observation to Captain Cyrus Bodship.

## XVII.

### HOW LIZETH AND ALWILDA TOOK IT.

WHEN Griscom Brothers came on board that afternoon and heard the news he was delighted.

"I thought it would come to that," he said. "Title is bound to get ahead of meat. And what do the happy lovers intend to do? Will they remain on board and go to Boston?"

"No," said Doris; "they leave us this afternoon. Dolor Tripp is in her cabin packing her trunk. She will go home to her sisters, and Lord Crabstairs will lodge in the village, where he can go and see her every day. They are to be married as soon as possible."

"I am mighty glad," said Griscom Brothers, "that Dolor Tripp is going home; she 's needed there. Ever since Lizeth scraped out Alwilda's

picture them two sisters have n't spoke. That sort of thing has happened before. As much as six weeks or two months has passed without either of them speaking a word to each other, and at such times Dolor has to be a sort of go-between to tell one what the other wants. They 've had a pretty tough pull of it this time without her."

"What do they do," I asked; "make signs to each other?"

"No," said the baker. "When one of them has to ask something of the other, she goes out to the hired man and tells him to go into the house and speak to her sister. But his boots are so dirty that they never do this unless they are positively obliged to. Lizeth told me that yesterday she was nearly starving for butter because she could n't make up her mind to tell that man to ask Alwilda where she had put the milk-house key."

Dolor Tripp now came on deck ready to go ashore, and in a few moments Lord Crabstairs appeared, glowing with ruddy joy, and loaded with a huge valise, a bundle of rugs, a hat-box, and a collection of umbrellas and canes.

Their intention was to go together and acquaint the sisters of Dolor Tripp with what had happened, and ask their blessing. Doris thought it was the proper thing for her to go with Dolor, and as it promised to be an interesting occasion I thought it the proper thing to go with Doris. Griscom Brothers said that on his way to the village he could stop at the Tripp house just as well as not, and that he would do it; whereupon the schoolmaster remarked that as the party would be so large he would not be afraid to go with them himself. At first the butcher seemed inclined to stay on board, but after taking me aside and remarking that if he did not go with us it might look as if he were showing bad feeling in the matter, he joined the party.

Only the four captains remained on the *Merry Chanter*. These faithful mariners must be at their posts in case the exceptional wind and the exceptional tide came into the bay together.

Our boat had to make two trips before we were all landed, and then we walked to the house. Griscom Brothers and the schoolmaster carried the huge valise, in order that Lord Crabstairs could give one arm to his lady-love; and the butcher, to his honor be it said, relieved his late rival of the hat-box and the package of umbrellas and canes. Dolor Tripp said she could send the hired man for her baggage.

We found Lizeth in the poultry-yard.

"Lizeth," said Dolor Tripp, blushing a little, "this is Lord Crabstairs."

"Lord which?" exclaimed Lizeth.

"Crabstairs," replied her sister; "and we are going to be married."

Lizeth looked at them in astonishment. "You two!" she exclaimed.

"Only the two of us," said Dolor. "And I want you to like him, Lizeth; you ought to like your brother-in-law."

"Do you mean to say," said Lizeth, speaking slowly, "that this man is a sure-enough foreign lord?"

"Yes," said her sister; "he 's an out-and-out peer of the British realm."

Lizeth looked as if she were going to whistle, but she did not.

"It is a fair and square thing for me to say," remarked Lord Crabstairs, "that I am a lord against my will, and my title brings me no property except two centuries of debts."

"But you really are an English nobleman?" asked Lizeth.

"Yes," said Lord Crabstairs, "I am."

Lizeth now looked steadfastly at her sister and at the sturdy Englishman by her side. Then she looked at the rest of us, and then spoke.

"I don't believe in monarchies," she said, "nor in kings, nor in crowns and scepters, nor in aristocracies, nor in peers and realms. I am a plain, free-born, independent republican, and look down upon empires and thrones. My ancestors did not come over in the *Mayflower*, but I am quite sure that they came in a plain wooden ship, and did n't put on any airs. As I said before, I 've nothing to do with peers and peeresses, nor kings and queens. I am a free-born American, and a free-born American I shall die, but if he really is a lord I suppose he can have you." Dolor Tripp hung upon her sister's neck and kissed her, and then we all went to make the announcement to Alwilda.

We found the elder sister in the dining-room painting a picture upon the wall. She was at work upon a small blue house, surrounded by flowers and shrubberies of the brightest and gayest colors. Birds with brilliant plumage were flying through the air; there was a sunset glow in the sky; and a young woman with a red shawl and a yellow petticoat was playing a harp in the foreground.

Dolor Tripp was so struck by this work of art that she was obliged to satisfy her curiosity about it before stating the object of her visit.

"What in the world is that, Alwilda?" she exclaimed.

"That," said the artist, stepping back from the wall, but taking no notice of the presence of our party, "is a home in the midst of all sorts of things that are joyful to look at or to listen to or to smell; but in spite of all that the person that lives in the house is blue, and everything in it is blue, and the very house itself is blue."

"Do you live in that house?" asked her sister.

"At present I do," was the answer.

"Well, I am come to make your house a livelier color," said Dolor Tripp. "Alwilda, this is Lord Crabstairs."

The tall woman turned the front of her black-and-white sunbonnet upon his lordship. "What does he want," she said; "some more chickens?"

"No," said Dolor Tripp; "he wants me."

Alwilda looked steadfastly at the couple, now holding each other by the hand.

"A lord?" she said.

"Yes," said her sister; "really and truly an English lord."

"You are quite sure," asked Alwilda, "that he is n't a German count?"

"Of course not," replied her sister, hotly.

"Or a Spanish duke?" asked Alwilda.

"Ridiculous!" said Dolor. "How could he be?"

"Or a Highland chief, or an African king?" asked the other.

And at this we all laughed.

"Well," said Alwilda, "they are just as likely to say they are one of these things as another, and I don't suppose it makes much difference which it is. But if you two are really going to be married there is one thing I want to ask you. When you set up housekeeping, do you intend to have one single bedstead, and no more, in your spare room?"

"What in the world do you mean by that?" cried her sister.

"I mean," said the other, "that I want to know, when I come to see you, if I 'm to have the spare room all to myself, or if there 's to be somebody else there at the same time with me. If she 's to be there," motioning out of doors, "at the same time that I am, then I don't want to go, and I don't want to have anything to do with your marrying, or your housekeeping. But if I 'm to have the room to myself, then I suppose there 's nothing more to be said."

"You shall have it," cried Lord Crabstairs. "I shall have a bedstead built, in which there shall not be room for two fishing-rods."

"Then, Alwilda," cried Dolor Tripp, "you approve of our marriage?"

"It 's better than drowning," said her sister. "And taking it all in all," she continued, after a little reflection, "I 'm rather glad you wanted to marry a foreigner. Americans are too uppish; but when you get hold of a man that is accustomed to being downtrodden, it 's easy to keep him so."

At this Lord Crabstairs roared with laughter till the ceiling echoed, and we all joined in.

Alwilda did not smile, but looked from one to the other, and when the laughter had ceased she asked Griscom Brothers how much she owed him for bread. The merry baker declared he did not carry his account with him, and then Lord Crabstairs stepped forward and spoke.

"I wish you to understand, madam," he said to Alwilda, "that your sister is not marrying a rich lord. My income is a very small one, and I shall be obliged to go into some work or other to support myself and my wife."

"Oh, money does n't matter," said Alwilda, turning towards her picture. "Dolor has money."

"I 'd like to know where," exclaimed her youngest sister.

"In the bank," said Alwilda; "gathering interest."

"And you never told me!" cried Dolor Tripp, excitedly.

"Why should I?" answered Alwilda. "What call had you for money? When you should come of age you were to have it, or when you should marry you were to have it. Now you and your African king will have it."

The statement that Dolor Tripp was possessed of a fortune, though probably a small one, created a profound sensation among us, and our congratulations were warm and sincere. We were about to depart when Doris addressed Alwilda.

"I would like very much to know," she said, "whether or not you now intend to alter the color of the house in your picture?"

"Well," said Alwilda, meditatively, "I think I shall paint the roof red, but I shall wait to see how things turn out before I change the color of the rest of the house."

"I tell you what it is," said Griscom Brothers, when we were outside, and he and Lord Crabstairs were starting for the village, "there will soon be an end to them two sisters keeping mum to each other. There 's nothing on earth could keep them from talking about Dolor's getting married."

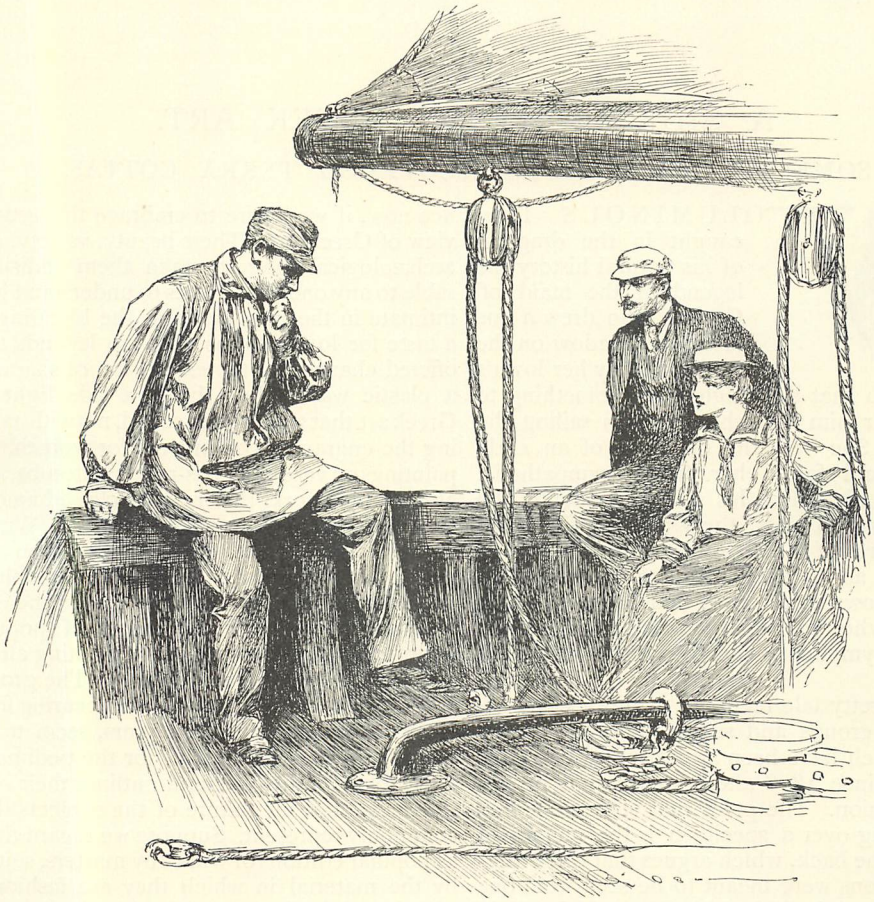
It was late in the evening when we reached the *Merry Chanter*, and our supper was much less lively than when Dolor Tripp and Lord Crabstairs were with us.

"I had begun to feel satisfied to wait here," said Doris, when we had gone on deck; "but now I am sure I shall feel lonely, and I think we must ask the captains to do their very best to leave the bay and start for Boston, even if the tide and wind do not exactly suit."

"Yes," said I; "we 'll talk to them in the morning."

"What do you think about it?" she said to the butcher.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know that it 's my place to give advice."



"I DON'T KNOW THAT IT 'S MY PLACE TO GIVE ADVICE."

"You 're too modest," said Doris.

Shortly after this the butcher took the opportunity to speak to me privately.

"If I were to marry that young woman who 's left us," said he, "and she was on board this ship, and worrying and hankering to start for Boston, it strikes me I would tell her all about the sand bank and the barnacles and the seventy cart-loads of paving stones in the hold."

I looked at him severely. "But you are not married to her," I said; "and not being married, you do not know what a married person should say to the person to whom he is married."

To this the butcher made no reply.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

*Frank R. Stockton.*

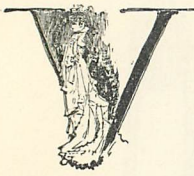
## OLD AGE'S SHIP AND CRAFTY DEATH'S.

FROM east and west across the horizon's edge,
Two mighty masterful vessels, sailers, steal upon us:
But we 'll make race a-time upon the seas — a battle-contest yet! bear lively there!
(Our joys of strife and derring-do to the last!)
Put on the old ship all her power to-day!
Crowd extra top-gallants and royal studding-sails!
Out challenge and defiance — flags and flaunting pennants added,
As we take to the open — take to the deepest, freest waters.

*Walt Whitman.*

# A SIDE LIGHT ON GREEK ART.

## SOME OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TERRA COTTAS.



VOLUMINOUS Pliny caught in the drag-net of his natural history the legend of the maid of Corinth who drew a line along the shadow on the wall made by her lover's profile, so that she might have something to remember him by when he was sailing the Ægean. She was the daughter of an early potter, and found her father sympathetic. Availing himself of his skill in modeling the decorations of pots, the kind man fashioned the features of the absent lover on the outline in relief, and placed the clay in his kiln to bake. Down to the time that Mummius took Corinth whosoever doubted the story was taken to the Nympheum and shown the terra cotta itself.

The pretty tale recurs to memory while examining groups and single figurines of terra cotta which have been appearing in Paris one by one since 1878 after a somewhat mysterious fashion. The point that strikes one first on turning over a specimen is the unfinished state of the back, which argues that these fragile creations were meant to be seen from one side only. A hole that is commonly found in the roughly finished rear suggests that they were hung against a wall on a peg, like many pieces of Japanese earthenware. The portrait modeled by Dibutades for his daughter offers a sufficiently appropriate beginning for the art. It savors of home and happy loves, while the terra cottas that are now coming into favor belong to the same department.

They are often cracked, and sometimes the mending has hurt them further, because attempts have been made to conceal the breaks. They are also, when untampered with, covered with the finely powdered remains of a suit of paint, so that we may place them with those gaudy figurines that are sold in Europe to-day at country fairs. They were meant to stand on shelf or in niche, if not to be suspended on a peg; sometimes they are arranged for both. In fine we have in them examples of the objects that Greeks of all ages saw about them in their small houses, placed in their shrines, gave to one another as presents, and offered to the ashes of their loved ones in the tomb.

Humble as the purposes of these statuettes may have been, they occupy a very serious office now, if we desire to embrace the general view of Greek art. Their beauty, variety, and archæological interest make them indispensable to any one who wishes to understand how intimate in the populace was the blending of a taste for lovely forms with the legends that offered chances for the expression of shapes in a plastic way. They throw a side light on Greek art that was much needed, notwithstanding the engravings on mirrors for women, the paintings on vases, the bas-reliefs of tombs, and all the other works that may be classed among the minor productions of Greek artists. Within the twelvemonth a pediment has been unearthed at Athens which offers an example of what we may consider the first step in the evolution of these charming pieces of popular sculpture. It is decorated with painting alone, and that without human figures. The groups in terra cotta, which have been appearing from Greece during the last ten years, seem to attach themselves to statuary for the pediments of temples by their general outline, their one-sidedness, and the nature of the subjects they commonly represent. Suppose we regard them as popular editions of works by masters, suited, by the material in which they are fashioned and the methods used to fashion them, to the slender purses of the people.

Southern Italy and Sicily yielded terra cottas that did somewhat to hint the existence in other parts of the Greek world of a popular decorative art taking rank below the restful creations of the old masters. But at Tanagra figures of baked clay have been found which were plainly the embellishment of the two triangular spaces over the two entrances to a small temple, representing Pluto and Theseus seizing each his bride. They were cast in a mold, not modeled on a core, and resembled the figurines in having the backs rude. Some were in comparatively low relief; but others, like the horses of Theseus and Pluto, were boldly projected from the centers of the pediments. The male and female figures appear to have been fastened by their flat backs to the wall, and are so arrangeable that the largest hold the middle and the stooping or smaller figures occupy the narrowing angles. In them we have the connecting link between the painted decoration of pediments and the sculptures in marble occupying the same place in the highest state of Greek art.

ÆSCULAPIUS AND HYGEIA WITH A DYING WOMAN.

The terra cottas shown in illustration belong to the Tanagran connecting link. They deal oftenest with stories of gods who were not, strictly speaking, the aristocratic deities of Olympus. The most popular of all is Pan, who does not visit Olympus at all, but dwells on the quadrilateral of hills that encircles Arcadia; also in a cave in the rock of the Acropolis at Athens, and on certain mountains of Thessaly. Pan has every attribute of a god of the under-folk whose idol, clad in hides and smeared with the blood of sacrifice, gave the design which the Greeks refined into a hairy-legged satyr with the pipes. Bacchus is hardly less the object of this popular form of art. He too is a god who springs from the lower stratum of the people, and has traits hard to reconcile with Aryans. In truth he is another form of Pan, and the latter is associated for good reasons with the infant Bacchus. But there are other subjects for these ancient image-makers — scenes from the Odyssey in which

NYMPH WITH WINE-JAR AND GARLAND.

Odysseus wears a close-fitting sailor's cap and jersey. Or it is a genre scene without relation to mythology or legend, such as a Greek lady and gentleman fondling a foal. Many of the groups plainly refer to death. Again we come upon a plastic pun, a representation in clay of the adage *amor vincit omnia*—"all things" being of course *pan* in Greek, and identical in letters with Pan the god.

In this most exquisite group a youthful cupid with wide wings that fill the background leans down and helps to his feet a shaggy Pan; with his left he seizes the left wrist of the god and is in the act of lifting him from his disgraceful position. Wings, fine floating cloak, beard and goatish legs of Pan are modeled in the rude clay with a truth, a breadth, an absence of worry over unimportant points which are indeed great art. Yet the composition itself is still greater. It is enough to make modern sculptors pale with envy to see the Asiatic Greek, or that sculptor of the Peloponnesus from whose creation this exquisite idea has been adapted, strike negligently and with a laugh, as if he were hardly conscious of its purport, the heart of a given subject.

Whence come these lovely creations? No one who knows will tell. It is fairly certain

that the dealers in Athens import some of them from Smyrna and others from Bœotia, but exactly whence is a secret which everybody concerned has the utmost interest in preserving. Nor is it likely that anything short of a quarrel among the finders will indicate the spot until the treasure-trove is entirely rifled. Those who have been in the Levant need not be told that the ordinary impulse of men to keep for themselves a good speculation is quadrupled in lands where arbitrary power is lodged in the hands of subordinate officials. Greece watches carefully the exports and seizes all antiquities at the Piræus. In Asia Minor, even, the old system of getting a firman and taking what the excavator may is no longer possible. The objects are the property of the Sultan, and are supposed to revert to the museum at Constantinople.

Whatever may be the land from which we get the statuettes, it is from internal evidence certain that they are Greek. To the archæologists who say that they are fabricated by clever forgers, it may be retorted, that if a forger exists who can do such work, nothing could stop his triumphant progress through the world as the greatest genius in sculpture who lives.

Lucian lived several centuries later than the date which may be safely fitted to these groups, but the gay incredulity that marks his writings, the wit of his best pieces, the liveliness and sparkle of his mind, suit wonderfully statuettes of this kind. His birthplace, Samosata, is far over on the upper reaches of the Euphrates; but though a Syrian he was more like an Asiatic Greek. He gives humorous account of the hopes built upon him by his father because as a school-boy he modeled cows, horses, and men in wax; but when he was placed to learn the trade with his uncle, a statuary, he earned by his frivolity such a beating that he went home in tears. It appears that not only his uncles but his maternal grandfather followed this very respectable trade. It would be interesting to know whether the heads and arms of the terra cottas were first modeled in wax and then a model made from which any number could be taken, or whether each was modeled directly in the clay for fixing on the molded body.

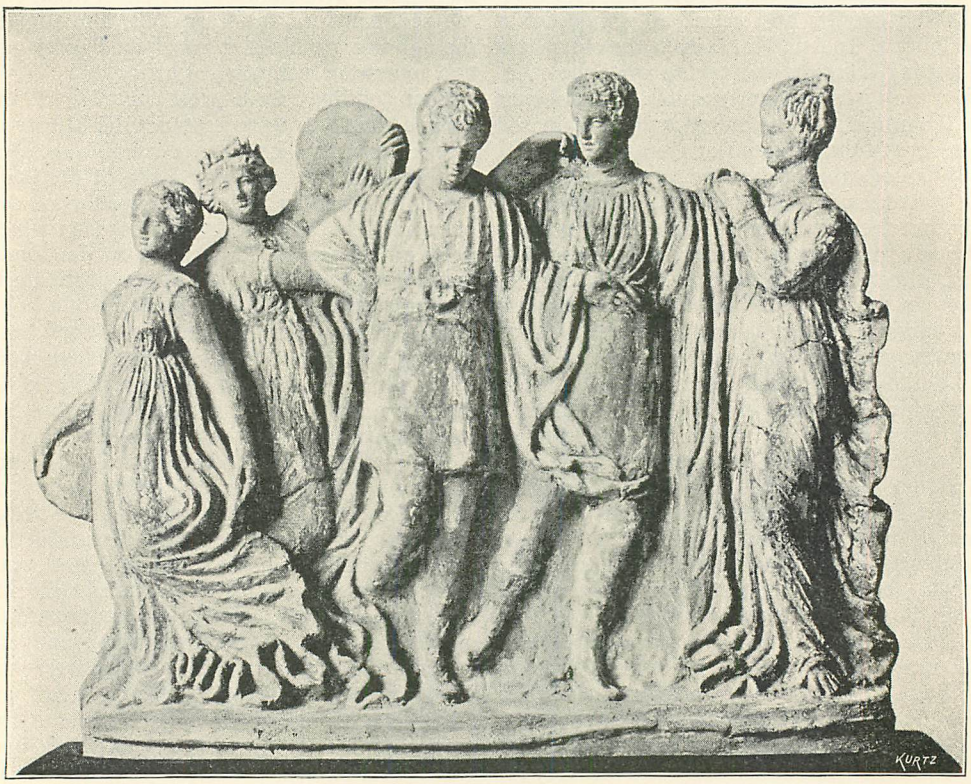
What Æsculapius, the god of healing, can be under the touch of statuaries in an age of skepticism is seen from the group here given. Perhaps this group was sold in that famous sanctuary at Pergamus to which Caligula made pilgrimage in search of health. The pyramidal outline is here. The central figure is naturally the object of interest, but being from the circumstances of her state unable to stand, the back of her couch is carried up in a central pilaster, terminating in a finial above the heads of the assistants. The finial seems to repeat a conventional gravestone. Æsculapius stands before the dying girl and clutching his beard in the agony of thought; not indeed with a violent unGreek movement, but calmly. He leans on the high back of the couch with his left hand and puts his left foot backwards in front of the right. The attendant Hygeia has given up hope and bends her head forward at the angle human beings naturally assume when they weep, so that the tears will not flood the cheeks but fall direct. The central post recalls the stiff deity of superhuman size who stands in the exact middle of the pediments in classic periods, and divides the fighting, running, or couchant figures into two somewhat symmetrical halves.

Such outlines in a great number of the groups enable us to reconstruct the history of Greek art in its effort to give suitable clothing to the hard, bare, angular space of the pediment. The smaller terra cottas appear to have been fixed in the gables of sarcophagi which imitated the temple form; also on the tombs themselves, which in Asia Minor particularly are prone to assume the appearance of a small temple partly emerging from the rock, and have gables of a large size. But there were other places for those which were destined for the decoration of tombs; namely, within the sarcophagus itself, as well as on shelves and in niches of the tomb. To this quantity of terra cottas of different size and great variety of subject, in which we may suppose the religious genre predominated, add the statuettes which adorned the home of the deceased, and, being beloved by him, were placed near his corpse or his ashes. Hence the great quantity of figurines with no special attribute signifying either a divinity or a trade. They were the *bibelots* of the deceased, a man's minor art collections, a woman's favorite bric-à-brac, the artistic puppets of a young girl, the dolls of a child. Hence the countless pretty ladies in *himation* and walking cloak with their heads coquettishly hid, or a spruce hat high above well-combed, natty hair. In the house, suspended on wooden pegs or ranged on shelves that corresponded to our mantels, these were the familiars of the family without attaining to the dignity of household gods or portraits of ancestors—neither icons nor the images of Lares and Penates.

The figures in the two pediments of the Parthenon are to be thought of as the outcome of the custom rather than the pattern from which this custom derived. Yet the statuettes seem much later in date than the grand statues of the Parthenon. Doubtless works of the highest style, made during the great epochs and now utterly gone, live again in such humble forms, because the clay-bakers imitated or adapted them freely for common use.

Yet it must be remembered that long before the Parthenon was decorated the fashion of filling pediments of temple and tomb with statuary of some sort and some degree of excellence was in existence; not, of course, with pieces as exquisite as the terra cottas: these had the benefit of their example.

If we consider, then, the cheapness of these wares and the multitude of uses to which they could be put, we may be able to understand why great masses of them are found in one grave or in one tomb or thrown together into an urn, and also why they are usually discovered fractured, sometimes into bits. Always fragile, they must have been often broken by chance or malice when affixed to the exterior of tombs, and hardly less often when the tomb was entered for good or evil purpose by friend or thief. Hence those who had the cemetery in charge would be constantly collecting broken statuettes and throwing them into an empty tomb or pit or urn. The heads, being usually solid, and made originally separate from the body or groups, became easily detached and yet were least fragile; they are found in countless numbers. The group statuettes are thinnest where the clay was thinnest when pushed into the mold; namely, between the figures. It is there and across projecting arms that most breaks are found. The predominance of the shallow triangle as the outline of the place where many of the groups were to stand — namely, the different pediments of tomb and sarcophagus — may account for the continuance in a large number of groups of a more or less pyramidal outline, which has already been traced ultimately to the temple pediment. Working with this common destination of his group in view, the modeler of puppets who rose to the level needed to fashion the finer sort would naturally slope the figures somewhat from the center towards the sides.




BEGINNING THE BACCHIC DANCE.

In estimating the age of terra cottas, taken from what part of Greece or Asia Minor cannot be discovered, one is thrown back on the internal evidence of style. But that is a weak reed, too, for among the people a style may persist for ages after the great artists cease to practice it. The nymph kneeling beside a two-handled wine-jar, with a garland in the right hand and ivy-leaves in her hair, suggests an age when nobler ideals existed among the artists of Greece than later, when Philip of Macedon changed the situation at home completely and Alexander the Great widened the borders of Greece to India. Yet taking them all in all they seem to belong to the age after Alexander the Great.

THE BOYHOOD OF BACCHUS.

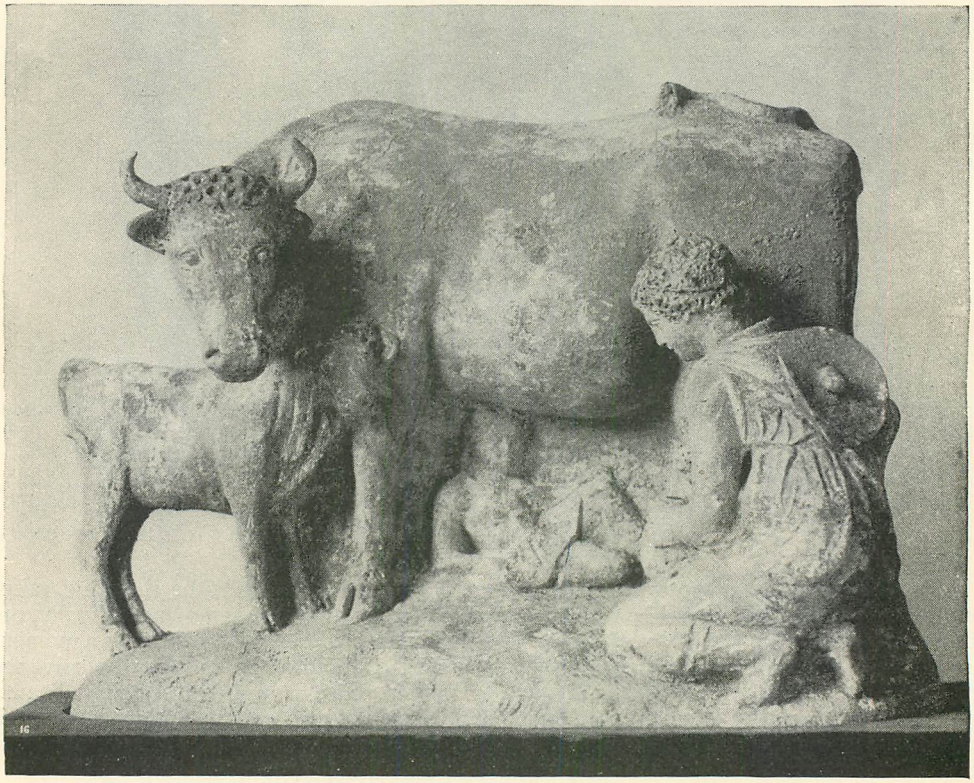
From the art side, however, it is a minor consideration where, when, and by whom such things were fashioned, though useful beyond measure to those who seek by the aid of history and ethnology to explain the fine arts and thus show the way for humanity to reach again the plane of the Greeks. The great world of artists and lovers of art is far more interested in the intrinsic loveliness of the articles. Take, for instance, such a group as this, of five young people beginning to dance. The artist has not merely indicated draperies with charming ease, or disposed of the limbs with grace, or kept a reminiscence of the pyramidal outline of the whole; he has given each head a character and gesture of its own absolutely in keeping with the action of the figure. For each figure is at a different point of movement. The young girl on the left has begun the slow dance, perhaps to Bacchus, perhaps to Apollo. She has thumped her tambourine and lowered it, while from the swing of her skirt we see that she is dancing in earnest with lowered hands. The maiden next to her, crowned, to make her head vary from the others, has also begun, but her movement is not yet great, as she holds up her tambourine and keeps the time. The smiling youth has begun too, and with a gesture of the left hand seems to say archly, "Behold, I am off!" The serious young fellow next him turns to catch the time and raises his right foot—he too is moving. Finally, the smiling girl on the extreme right waits a moment before she falls into step and the whole five are in motion. The wave of dance, a slow, beautiful, seemly dance, which undulates through this little cheap statuette, is one of the most exquisite things in ancient art.

Movement less subtle, but a composition beyond praise, is the group of one animal and three human figures, an ivy-crowned Bacchante with shallow goblet and wine-jug raised high in air, walking in a teasing way before a she-goat on which a child Bacchus balances himself. The youthful god has a large two-handled wine-jar on the back of his shaggy steed and laughs to see the eagerness of the beast when tempted with wine by the nymph. The rear is brought up by a satyr with human extremities, heavy beard, and flat, broad features. The period chosen is the bringing up of Dionysus by the nymphs of Nysa, a place in the classic land whence these terra cottas are said to hail. The pyramidal shape is not present, as if it were the square lower end of a sarcophagus, or a square niche in house or tomb for which the group was intended. The grace of Dionysus, the turn of the nymph's head and body, the swing of her draperies, the eager, natural appearance of the goat as she lifts her

muzzle and opens her lips in a bleat, are points which no one will fail to admire. The satyr carries in his left hand some object, possibly a symbol of nature-worship; with his right he steadies his young charge on the goat.

Shelley's translation of the hymn to Mercury is the proper commentary to the fifth statuette, which, like three others, belongs to MM. Rollin of the kneeling figure makes one think of Mercury rather than Apollo. But why should he be kneeling in the attitude of one who peers under the cow at the child hidden away in the shadow?

The cow and calf in this group, the lion in another, the bull carrying off Europa in a third, make one change opinion regarding the power



APOLLO DISCOVERING IN THE BABY MERCURY THE STEALER OF HIS COWS.

et Feuardent of Paris. Apollo, having charge of the famous kine of Admetus, has tracked them to Mount Cyllene in Arcadia, and to his amazement discovered that they were stolen by his baby half-brother, the infant son of Maia. In order to bring in the cows the sculptor has made Mercury hide himself among them, instead of in the cradle, as the hymn has it. Apollo gazes astounded at the spectacle of a thief less than a year old, and demands his herds. Hermes answers:

> An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
> And I am but a little new-born thing,
> Who yet at least can think of nothing wrong.

In this group it is open to argument whether the title should not be "Mercury bringing the baby Bacchus to Ino to save him from the wrath of Juno." Certainly the hat slung over the back of the Greeks to treat animals in sculpture. They are worthy to rank with Antoine Louis Barye's statuettes of animals in the present century. That wide chasm between the greatest sculpture the world has ever known and rude reliefs for tombs has now been partly filled. We can see by these groups, and the charming little single figures from tombs near Tanagra and Bœotia and Tarsus in Asia Minor, that there was a reason for such wonderful sculpture as Greece showed. Sculpture of great beauty existed in the homes of the people and surrounded them in their graves.

These terra cottas are object lessons in art which we cannot afford to be without. Whether by purchase from dealers, or by the way of excavations conducted through the American School at Athens, they should be acquired for the art students of the United States.

*Charles de Kay.*

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.[1]

## THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS—THE END OF REBELLION—LINCOLN'S FAME.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

HEN Jefferson Davis and the remnant of the Confederate Cabinet, with the most important and portable portion of their department archives, left Richmond on the night of April 2, in consequence of Lee's retreat, they proceeded to Danville, southwest of Richmond, arriving there the following morning. In a conference between Davis and Lee, in which the probability of abandoning Richmond was discussed, they had agreed upon this point at which to endeavor to unite the armies of Lee and Johnston, first to attack and beat Sherman and then return and defeat Grant. We have related how Grant, so far from permitting Lee to execute the proposed junction, did not even allow him to reach Danville. Lee had been pressed so hard that he had not found opportunity to inform Davis where he was going, and this absence of news probably served to give Davis an intimation that their preconcerted plans were not likely to reach fulfillment. Nevertheless, the rebel President made a show of confidence; rooms were obtained, and, he says, the "different departments resumed their routine labors," though it may be doubted whether in these labors they earned the compensation which the Confederate States promised them.

Two days after his arrival at Danville, Jefferson Davis added one more to his many rhetorical efforts to "fire the Southern heart." On the 5th he issued a proclamation, in which, after reciting the late disasters in as hopeful a strain as possible, he broke again into his never-failing grandiloquence:

> We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it and we are free.
>
> Animated by that confidence in your spirit and fortitude which never yet failed me, I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia—noble State, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history; whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war; whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come—that Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory.
>
> If, by the stress of numbers, we shall be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits or those of any other border State, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free.[2]

In his book, written many years after, Davis is frank enough to admit that this language in the light of subsequent events may fairly be said to have been oversanguine. He probably very soon reached this conviction, for almost before the ink was dry on his proclamation, a son of Governor Wise, escaping through the Federal lines on a swift horse, brought him information of the surrender of Lee's army to Grant. Rumor also reaching him that the Federal cavalry was pushing southward west of Danville, the Confederate Government again hastily packed its archives into a railroad train and moved to Greensboro', North Carolina. Its reception at this place was cold and foreboding. The headquarters of the Government remained on the train at the depot. Only Jefferson Davis and Secretary Trenholm, who was ill, were provided with lodgings. From this point Davis sent a despatch to General Johnston, soliciting a conference, either at Greensboro' or at the general's headquarters; and in response to this request Johnston came without delay to Greensboro', arriving there on the morning of April 12. Within an hour or two both Generals Johnston and Beauregard were summoned to meet the Confederate President in a council of war,

2 Davis, proclamation; "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 677.

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there being also present the members of the rebel Cabinet, namely: Benjamin, Secretary of State; Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, and Reagan, Postmaster-General. The meeting was held in a room some twelve by sixteen feet in size, on the second floor of a small dwelling, and contained a bed, a few chairs, and a table with writing-materials.[1]

The infatuation under which Davis had plunged his section into rebellion against the Government, pitting the South with its disparity of numbers[2] and resources against the North, still beset him in the hour of her collapse and the agony of her surrender. He had figured out how the united armies of Lee and Johnston could successively demolish Sherman and Grant, but he could not grasp the logic of common sense that by the same rule the united armies of Grant and Sherman would make short work of the army of Johnston alone whenever they could reach it. The spirit of obstinate confidence with which he entered upon the interview may be best inferred from the description of it written by the two principal actors themselves. Davis says:

> I did not think we should despair. We still had effective armies in the field, and a vast extent of rich and productive territory both east and west of the Mississippi, whose citizens had evinced no disposition to surrender. Ample supplies had been collected in the railroad depots, and much still remained to be placed at our disposal when needed by the army in North Carolina. . . . My motive, therefore, in holding an interview with the senior generals of the army in North Carolina was not to learn their opinion as to what might be done by negotiation with the United States Government, but to derive from them information in regard to the army under their command, and what it was feasible and advisable to do as a military problem.[3]

Johnston's statement shows still more distinctly how impossible it was for Davis to lay aside the airs of dictator:

> We had supposed we were to be questioned concerning the military resources of our department, in connection with the question of continuing or terminating the war. But the President's object seemed to be to give, not to obtain, information; for, addressing the party, he said that in two or three weeks he would have a large army in the field by bringing back into the ranks those who had abandoned them in less desperate circumstances, and by calling out the enrolled men whom the conscript bureau with its forces had been unable to bring into the army. . . . Neither opinions nor information was asked, and the conference terminated.[4]

Pollard, the Southern historian, is probably not far wrong in saying that this

> was an interview of inevitable embarrassment and pain. The two generals [Johnston and Beauregard] were those who had experienced most of the prejudice and injustice of the President; he had always felt aversion for them, and it would have been an almost impossible excess of Christian magnanimity if they had not returned something of resentment and coldness to the man who, they believed, had arrogantly domineered over them and more than once sought their ruin.[5]

Now when Davis, without even the preface of asking their opinions, bade these two men resuscitate his military and political power and transform him from a fugitive to a commander-in-chief, it is not to be wondered at that the interview terminated without result.

Matters were thus left in an awkward situation for all parties: the rebel chief had no promise of confidence or support; the generals no authority to negotiate or surrender; the Cabinet no excuse to intervene by advice or protest to either party. This condition was, however, opportunely relieved by the arrival during the afternoon of the Secretary of War, Breckinridge, who was the first to bring them the official and undoubted intelligence of the surrender of Lee with his whole army, of which they had hitherto been informed only by rumor, and which they had of course hoped to the last moment might prove unfounded. The fresh news naturally opened up another discussion and review of the emergency between the various individuals, and seems at length to have brought them to a frank avowal of their real feelings to each other in private. Johnston and Beauregard, holding military counsel together, "agreed in the opinion that the Southern Confederacy was overthrown."[6] This opinion Johnston also repeated to Breckinridge and Mallory, both of whom, it would seem, entertained the same view. The absence of anything like full confidence and cordial intimacy between Davis and his advisers is shown by the fact that these two members of his Cabinet were unwilling to tell their chief the truth which both recognized, and urged upon General Johnston the duty of making the unwelcome suggestion "that negotiations to end the war should be commenced." Breckinridge promised to bring about an opportunity; and it was evidently upon his suggestion that Davis called together a second conference of his Cabinet and his generals.[7] There is a conflict of statement as to when it

1 Frank H. Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 623.

2 "Dividing their free population between the two sections, and the odds were six and a half millions against twenty and a half millions." [Ibid., p. 573.]

3 Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., pp. 679, 680.

4 Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," pp. 396, 397.

5 Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Confederacy," p. 514.

6 Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," p. 397.

7 Ibid., p. 398.

took place. Both Davis and Mallory in their accounts group together all the incidents as if they occurred at a single meeting, which Mallory places on the evening of the 12th, while Johnston's account mentions the two separate meetings, the first on the morning of the 12th, and the second on the morning of the 13th; there being, however, substantial agreement between all as to the points discussed.

Of this occasion, so full of historical interest, we fortunately have the records of two of the participants. General Johnston writes:

> Being desired by the President to do it, we compared the military forces of the two parties to the war. Ours, an army of about 20,000 infantry and artillery, and 5000 mounted troops; those of the United States, three armies that could be combined against ours, which was insignificant compared with either Grant's of 180,000 men, Sherman's of 110,000 at least, and Canby's of 60,000 — odds of 17 or 18 to 1, which in a few weeks could be more than doubled. I represented that under such circumstances it would be the greatest of human crimes for us to attempt to continue the war; for, having neither money nor credit, nor arms but those in the hands of our soldiers, nor ammunition but that in their cartridge-boxes, nor shops for repairing arms or fixing ammunition, the effect of our keeping the field would be, not to harm the enemy, but to complete the devastation of our country and ruin of its people. I therefore urged that the President should exercise at once the only function of government still in his possession, and open negotiations for peace. The members of the Cabinet present were then desired by the President to express their opinions on the important question. General Breckinridge, Mr. Mallory, and Mr. Reagan thought that the war was decided against us, and that it was absolutely necessary to make peace. Mr. Benjamin expressed the contrary opinion. The latter made a speech for war much like that of Sempronius in Addison's play.[1]

Secretary Mallory's account is even more full of realistic vividness. He represents Davis, after introducing the dreaded topic by several irrelevant subjects of conversation, and coming finally to "the situation of the country," as saying:

> "Of course we all feel the magnitude of the moment. Our late disasters are terrible, but I do not think we should regard them as fatal. I think we can whip the enemy yet, if our people will turn out. We must look at matters calmly, however, and see what is left for us to do. Whatever can be done must be done at once. We have not a day to lose." A pause ensued, General Johnston not seeming to deem himself expected to speak, when the President said, "We should like to hear your views, General Johnston." Upon this the general, without preface or introduction,— his words translating the expression which his face had worn since he entered the room,— said, in his terse, concise, demonstrative way, as if seeking to condense thoughts that were crowding for utterance: "My views are, sir, that our people are tired of the war, feel themselves whipped, and will not fight. Our country is overrun, its military resources greatly diminished, while the enemy's military power and resources were never greater, and may be increased to any desired extent. We cannot place another large army in the field; and cut off as we are from foreign intercourse, I do not see how we could maintain it in fighting condition if we had it. My men are daily deserting in large numbers, and are taking my artillery teams to aid their escape to their homes. Since Lee's defeat they regard the war as at an end. If I march out of North Carolina, her people will leave my ranks. It will be the same as I proceed south through South Carolina and Georgia, and I shall expect to retain no man beyond the by-road or cow-path that leads to his house. My small force is melting away like snow before the sun, and I am hopeless of recruiting it. We may perhaps obtain terms which we ought to accept." The tone and manner, almost spiteful, in which the general jerked out these brief, decisive sentences, pausing at every paragraph, left no doubt as to his own convictions. When he ceased speaking, whatever was thought of his statements — and their importance was fully understood — they elicited neither comment nor inquiry. The President, who during their delivery had sat with his eyes fixed upon a scrap of paper which he was folding and refolding abstractedly, and who had listened without a change of position or expression, broke the silence by saying, in a low, even tone, "What do you say, General Beauregard?" "I concur in all General Johnston has said," he replied. Another silence, more eloquent of the full appreciation of the condition of the country than words could have been, succeeded, during which the President's manner was unchanged.[2]

Davis's optimism had taken an obstinate form, and even after these irrefutable arguments and stern decisions he remained unconvinced. He writes that he "never expected a Confederate army to surrender while it was able either to fight or to retreat";[3] but sustained only by the sophomoric eloquence of Mr. Benjamin, he had no alternative. He inquired of Johnston how terms were to be obtained; to which the latter answered, by negotiation between military commanders, proposing that he should be allowed to open such negotiations with Sherman. To this Davis consented, and upon Johnston's suggestion Secretary Mallory took up a pen and at Davis's dictation wrote down the letter to Sherman[4] which we have quoted elsewhere, and the results of which have been related. The council of war over, General Johnston returned to his army to begin negotiations with Sherman. On the following day, April 14, Davis and his party, without waiting to

1 Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," pp. 398, 399.
2 Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," pp. 623–625.
3 Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," p. 682.
4 Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 625.

hear the result, left Greensboro' to continue their journey southward.[1]

The dignity and resources of the Confederate Government were rapidly shrinking; railroad travel had ceased on account of burned bridges, and it could no longer even maintain the state enjoyed in its car at Greensboro'. We are not informed what became of the archives; its personnel — President, Cabinet, and sundry staff officers — scraped together a lot of miscellaneous transportation, composed of riding horses, ambulances, and other vehicles, which, over roads rendered almost impassable by mud, made their progress to the last degree vexatious and toilsome. The country was so full of fugitives that horse-stealing seems to have become for the time an admitted custom and privilege. We have the statement of Davis's private secretary that eight or ten young Mississippians, one of them an officer, who volunteered to become the rebel President's bodyguard, equipped themselves by "pressing" the horses of neighboring farmers, rendering necessary a premature and somewhat sudden departure in advance of the official party.[2] Obtaining shelter by night when they could, and camping at other times, the distinguished fugitives made their way to Charlotte, North Carolina, where they arrived on the 18th of April. Since the Confederate Government had considerable establishments at Charlotte, orders were despatched to the quartermaster to prepare accommodations; and this request was reasonably satisfied for all the members of the party except its chief. The quartermaster met them near the town and

explained that, though quarters could be furnished for the rest of us, he had as yet been able to find only one person willing to receive Mr. Davis, saying the people generally were afraid that whoever entertained him would have his house burned by the enemy; that, indeed, it was understood threats to that effect had been made everywhere by Stoneman's cavalry. There seemed to be nothing to do but to go to the one domicile offered. It was on the main street of the town, and was occupied by Mr. Bates, a man said to be of Northern birth, a bachelor of convivial habits, the local agent of the Southern Express Company, apparently living alone with his negro servants, and keeping a sort of "open house," where a broad, well-equipped sideboard was the most conspicuous feature of the situation — not at all a seemly place for Mr. Davis.[3]

Mr. Davis was perforce obliged to accept this entertainment; and whether he failed to realize the significance of such treatment or whether he was moved by his suppressed indignation to a defiant self-assertion, when a detachment of rebel cavalry passing along the street saluted him with cheers and called him out for a speech, after the usual compliments to soldiers, he "expressed his own determination not to despair of the Confederacy, but to remain with the last organized band upholding the flag."[4] And this feeling he again emphasized during his stay in Charlotte by a remark to his private secretary, "I *cannot* feel like a beaten man."

The stay at Charlotte was prolonged, evidently to wait for news from Johnston's army. No information came till April 23, when Breckinridge, Secretary of War, arrived, bringing the memorandum agreement made by Sherman and Johnston on the 18th.[5] The memorandum seems to have been discussed at a Cabinet meeting held on the morning of the 24th, and Mr. Davis yielded to the advice they all gave him to accept and ratify the agreement. He wrote a letter to that effect,[6] but almost immediately received further information, which Sherman communicated to Johnston, that the Washington authorities had rejected the terms and agreement, and directed Sherman to continue his military operations, and that Sherman had given notice to terminate the armistice. This change, coupled with the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, which the party had received on their arrival in Charlotte, stimulated the hopes of the rebel President, and he sent back instructions to Johnston to disband his infantry and retreat southward with so much of his cavalry and light artillery as he could bring away. Against the daily evidence of his own observation and the steady current of advice from his followers, he was still dreaming of some romantic or miraculous renewal of his chances and fortunes. And in his book, written fifteen years afterward, he makes no attempt to conceal his displeasure that General Johnston refused to obey his desperate and futile orders.

The armistice expired on the 26th, and the fugitive Confederate Government once more took up its southward flight. At starting, the party still made show of holding together. There were the President, most of the members of the Cabinet, several staff officers, and fragments of six cavalry brigades, counting about two thousand, which had escaped in small parties from Johnston's surrender. This was enough to form a respectable escort. There was still talk of the expedition turning westward and making its way across the Mississippi to join Kirby Smith and Magruder. But the

1 Burton N. Harrison in THE CENTURY, November, 1883, pp. 134, 137.
2 Ibid., p. 133.
3 Ibid., p. 136.
4 Ibid.
5 "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. XII., pp. 100, 102.
6 Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 688.

meager accounts plainly indicate that Davis's advisers fed his hope for politeness' sake, or to furnish the only pastime with which it was possible to relieve the tedium of their journey; for as they proceeded the expedition melted away as if by enchantment. Davis directed his course towards Abbeville, South Carolina. Mr. Mallory records that though they had met no enemy,

> At Abbeville the fragments of disorganized cavalry commands, which had thus far performed, in some respects, an escort's duty, were found to be reduced to a handful of men, anxious only to reach their homes as early as practicable, and whose services could not further be relied on. . . . Almost every cross-road witnessed the separation of comrades in arms, who had long shared the perils and privations of a terrific struggle, now seeking their several homes to resume their duties as peaceful citizens.[1]

The members of the Cabinet, except Reagan, also soon dropped off on various pretexts. Benjamin decided to pursue another route, Breckinridge remained behind with the cavalry at the crossing of the Savannah River and never caught up. At Washington, Georgia, a little farther on, Mallory halted "to attend to the needs of his family." Davis waited a whole day at Washington, and finding that neither troops nor leaders appeared, the actual situation seems at last to have dawned upon him. "I spoke to Captain Campbell of Kentucky, commanding my escort," he writes, "explained to him the condition of affairs, and telling him that his company was not strong enough to fight, and too large to pass without observation, asked him to inquire if there were ten men who would volunteer to go with me without question wherever I should choose."[2] With these, two officers, three members of his personal staff, and Postmaster-General Reagan, he pushed ahead, still nursing his project of crossing the Mississippi River.

Davis's private secretary had been sent ahead to join Mrs. Davis and her family party at Abbeville, South Carolina, and they continued their journey, in advance, with a comfortable wagon train. After passing Washington, in Georgia, rumors of pursuit by Federal cavalry increased, and a more ominous rumor gained circulation that a gang of disbanded Confederates was preparing to plunder the train under the idea that it carried a portion of the official treasure. Apprehension of this latter danger induced the Confederate President to hurry forward and overtake his family, and during three days he traveled in their company. It seems to have been a dismal journey; the roads were bad, heavy storms were prevailing, signs of danger and prospects of capture were continually increasing, and they were sometimes compelled to start at midnight and push on through driving rain to make good their concealed flight.

They halted about five o'clock in the afternoon of May 9, to camp and rest in the pine woods by a small stream in the neighborhood of Irwinville, Irwin County, near the middle of southern Georgia. Here the situation was discussed, and it became clear that any hope of reaching the trans-Mississippi country was visionary. The determination was finally arrived at to proceed to the east coast of Florida, and by means of a small sailing vessel, stated to be in readiness, endeavor to gain the Texas coast by sea. It was also agreed that Davis should at once leave his family and push ahead with a few companions. Davis explains that he and his special party did not start ahead at nightfall, as had been arranged, because a rumor reached him that the expected marauding party would probably attack the camp that night, and that he delayed his departure for the protection of the women and children, still intending, however, to start during the night. With this view, his own and other horses remained saddled and ready. But the camp was undisturbed, and fatigue seems to have held its inmates in deep slumber until dawn of May 10, when by a complete surprise a troop of Federal cavalry suddenly captured the whole party and camp. There is naturally some variance in the accounts of the incident, but the differences are in the shades of coloring rather than in the essential facts.

Two expeditions had been sent from Macon by General James H. Wilson in pursuit of Jefferson Davis and his party — the one to scour the left, the other the right bank of the Ocmulgee River; one, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Harnden, commanding the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, starting on the 6th, and the other, under Lieutenant-Colonel B. D. Pritchard, commanding the 4th Michigan Cavalry, starting on the 7th of May. Following different routes, these two officers met at the village of Abbeville, Georgia, in the afternoon of May 9, where they compared notes and decided to continue the pursuit by different roads. As the chase grew hot, smaller detachments from each party spurred on, learned the location of the slumbering camp, and posted themselves in readiness to attack it at daylight, but remained unconscious of each other's proximity.

The fugitives' camp was in the dense pine woods a mile and a half north of Irwinville. Pritchard had reached this village after midnight, obtained information about the camp, and procured a negro boy to guide him to it.

1 Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 630.

2 Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 695.

Approaching to within half a mile, he halted, both to wait for daylight and to send his lieutenant, Purinton, with twenty-five dismounted men to gain the rear of the camp, but cautioning him that a part of Harnden's command would in all probability approach from that direction, and that he must avoid a conflict with them. (See also pages 586 and 595.)

At daybreak [writes Captain Lawton of Pritchard's force] the order was passed in a whisper to make ready to enter the camp. The men were alive to the work. Mounting their horses, the column moved at a walk until the tents came in sight, and then, at the word, dashed in. The camp was found pitched on both sides of the road. On the left hand, as we entered, were wagons, horses, tents, and men; on the right were two wall-tents, fronting from the road. All was quiet in the camp. We encountered no guards; if there were any out, they must have been asleep.[1]

Just at this instant, however, firing was heard back of the camp, where Purinton had been sent. This created instant confusion, and Pritchard with most of his force rushed forward through the camp to resist a supposed Confederate attack. It turned out that, despite the precautions taken, the detachment of Pritchard's men under Purinton (the 4th Michigan) had met a detachment of Harnden's men (the 1st Wisconsin), and in the darkness they had mistaken and fired on each other, causing two deaths and wounding a number.

The rush of the cavalry and the firing of course aroused the sleepers, and as they emerged from their tents there was a moment of confusion during which only one or two Federal soldiers remained in the camp. One of these had secured Davis's horse,[2] which had stood saddled since the previous evening, and which a colored servant had just brought to his tent. Of what ensued, we give Mr. Davis's own account:

I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was, therefore, impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my "raglan," a waterproof light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders advanced towards him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and recognizing that the opportunity had been lost I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed to a fire beyond the tent.[3]

Colonel Pritchard relates in his official report:

Upon returning to camp I was accosted by Davis from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command, and upon my answering him that I was, and asking him whom I was to call him, he replied that I might call him what or whoever I

1 G. W. Lawton in "The Atlantic," September, 1865, p. 344.

2 Ibid.

3 Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," pp. 701, 702.

It is but just to give the following narrative of Captain G. W. Lawton of the 4th Michigan Cavalry. It was printed in "The Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1865, and the reader may profitably compare it with Jefferson Davis's own narrative which is quoted in the text.

"Andrew Bee, a private of Company L, went to the entrance of Davis's tent, and was met by Mrs. Davis, 'bareheaded and barefoot,' as he describes her, who, putting her hand on his arm, said:

"'Please don't go in there till my daughter gets herself dressed.'

"Andrew thereupon drew back, and in a few minutes a young lady (Miss Howell) and another person, bent over as with age, wearing a lady's 'waterproof,' gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over the head, and carrying a tin pail, appear, and ask to go to 'the run' for water. Mrs. Davis also appears, and says:

"'For God's sake, let my old mother go to get some water!'

"No objections being made, they passed out. But sharp eyes were upon the singular-looking 'old mother.' Suddenly, Corporal Munger of Company C, and others, at the same instant, discovered that the 'old mother' was wearing very heavy boots for an aged female, and the corporal exclaimed:

"'That is not a woman! Don't you see the boots?' and spurring his horse forward and cocking his carbine, compelled the withdrawal of the shawl, and disclosed Jeff. Davis.

"As if stung by this discovery of his unmanliness, Jeff. struck an attitude, and cried out:

"'Is there a man among you? If there is, let me see him!'

"'Yes,' said the corporal, 'I am one; and if you stir, I will blow your brains out!'

"'I know my fate,' said Davis, 'and might as well die here.'

"But his wife threw her arms around his neck, and kept herself between him and the threatening corporal.

"No harm, however, was done him, and he was generally kindly spoken to: he was only stripped of his female attire.

"As a man, he was dressed in a complete suit of gray, a light felt hat, and high cavalry boots, with a gray beard of about six weeks' growth covering his face.

pleased. When I replied to him that I would call him Davis, and after a moment's hesitation he said that was his name, he suddenly drew himself up in true royal dignity and exclaimed, "I suppose that you consider it bravery to charge a train of defenseless women and children, but it is theft, it is vandalism!"[1]

That the correctness of the report may not be questioned, we add the corroborating statement of Postmaster-General Reagan, the sole member of the rebel Cabinet remaining with the party:

Colonel Pritchard did not come up for some time after Mr. Davis was made a prisoner. When he rode up there was a crowd, chiefly of Federal soldiers, around Mr. Davis. He was standing, and dressed in the suit he habitually wore. He turned towards Colonel Pritchard and asked, "Who commands these troops?" Colonel Pritchard replied, without hesitation, that he did. Mr. Davis said to him, "You command a set of thieves and robbers. They rob women and children." Colonel Pritchard then said, "Mr. Davis, you should remember that you are a prisoner." And Mr. Davis replied: "I am fully conscious of that. It would be bad enough to be the prisoner of soldiers and gentlemen. I am still lawful game, and would rather be dead than be your prisoner."[2]

Colonel Pritchard's official report gives the following list of the persons who fell into his hands:

I ascertained that we had captured Jefferson Davis and family (a wife and four children); John H. Reagan, his Postmaster-General; Colonels Harrison and Lubbock, A. D. C. to Davis; Burton N. Harrison, his private secretary; Major Maurin and Captain Moody, Lieutenant Hathaway; Jeff. D. Howell, midshipman in the rebel navy, and twelve private soldiers; Miss Maggie Howell, sister of Mrs. Davis; two waiting maids, one white and one black, and several other servants. We also captured five wagons, three ambulances, about fifteen horses, and from twenty-five to thirty mules. The train was mostly loaded with commissary stores and private baggage of the party.

The details of the return march are unnecessary; there is no allegation that the prisoners were ill treated. They arrived at Macon on May 13, both captors and prisoners having on the way first learned of the offer of a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for Davis's apprehension on the charge of having been an accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln. In due time Davis was imprisoned in Fort Monroe. These pages do not afford room to narrate his captivity of about two years, his arraignment at Richmond before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Virginia for the crime of treason, and his liberation on bail, Horace Greeley having volunteered to become his principal bondsman.

On the 3d of December, 1868, a motion was made to quash the indictment on the ground that the penalties and disabilities denounced against and inflicted on him for his alleged offense, by the third section of the fourteenth article of the Constitution of the United States, were a bar to any proceedings upon such indictment. The court, consisting of Chief-Justice Chase and Judge Underwood, considered the motion, and two days later announced that they disagreed in opinion, and certified the question to the Supreme Court of the United States. Though not announced, it was understood that the Chief-Justice held the affirmative and Judge Underwood the negative on the question. Three weeks from that day President Johnson bestowed upon Mr. Davis and those who had been his followers a liberal and fraternal Christmas gift. On the 25th of December, 1868, he issued a proclamation supplementing the various prior proclamations of amnesty, which declared "unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who directly or indirectly participated in the late insurrection or rebellion, a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights, privileges, and immunities under the Constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof." The Government of course took no further action in the suit; and at a subsequent term of the Circuit Court the indictment was dismissed on motion of Mr. Davis's counsel. The ex-President of the Confederate States was thus relieved from all penalties for his rebellion except the disability to hold office imposed by the third section of the XIVth Amendment, which Congress has hitherto refused to remove.

### THE END OF REBELLION.

In the early years of the war, after every considerable success of the national arms, the newspapers were in the habit of announcing that "the back of the rebellion was broken." But at last the time came when the phrase was true; after Appomattox, the rebellion fell to pieces all at once. Lee surrendered less than

"He said he thought our Government was too magnanimous to hunt women and children that way.

"When Colonel Pritchard told him that he would do the best he could for his comfort, he answered:

"'I ask no favors of you.'

"To which surly reply the colonel courteously responded by assuring him of kind treatment.

"Arrangements were forthwith made to return to Macon. . . .

"The members of Davis's staff submitted with a better grace than he to the capture and march, and were generally quite communicative."

1 Pritchard to Stanton, May 25, 1865.

2 J. H. Reagan in "Annals of the War," p. 155.

one-sixth of the Confederates in arms on the 9th of April; the armies that still remained to them, though inconsiderable when compared with the mighty host under the national colors, were yet infinitely larger than any Washington had commanded, and were capable of strenuous resistance and of incalculable mischief. Leading minds on both sides thought the war might be indefinitely prolonged. We have seen that Jefferson Davis, after Richmond fell, issued his swelling manifesto, saying the Confederates had "now entered upon a new phase of the struggle," and that he would "never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy." General Sherman, so late as the 25th of April, said, "I now apprehend that the rebel armies will disperse; and instead of dealing with six or seven States, we will have to deal with numberless bands of desperadoes." Neither side comprehended fully the intense weariness of war that had taken possession of the South; and peace came more swiftly and completely than any one had ever dared to hope.

The march of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea and his northward progress through the Carolinas had predisposed the great interior region to make an end of strife, a tendency which was greatly promoted by Wilson's energetic and masterly raid. The rough usage received by Taylor and by Forrest at his hands, and the blow their dignity suffered in the capture of their fugitive President, made their surrender more practicable. An officer of Taylor's staff came to Canby's headquarters on the 19th of April to make arrangements for the surrender of all the Confederate forces east of the Mississippi not already paroled by Sherman and by Wilson — embracing some 42,000 men. On the 4th of May the terms were agreed upon and signed at the village of Citronelle in Alabama. General Taylor gives a picturesque incident of his meeting with General Canby. The Union officers invited the Confederates to a luncheon, and while the latter were enjoying a menu to which they had long been unaccustomed, the military band in attendance began playing "Hail, Columbia." Canby — with a courtesy, Taylor says, equal to anything recorded by Froissart — excused himself, and walked to the door; the music ceased for a moment, and then the air of "Dixie" was heard. The Confederates, not to be left in arrears of good-breeding, then demanded the national air, and the flag of the reunited country was toasted by both sides. The terms agreed upon were those accorded by Grant to Lee with slight changes of detail, the United States Government furnishing transportation and subsistence on the way home to the men lately engaged in the effort to destroy it. The Confederates willingly testify to the cordial generosity with which they were treated. "Public property," says General Taylor, "was turned over and receipted for, and this as orderly and quickly as in time of peace between officers of the same service." At the same time and place the Confederate Commodore Farrand surrendered to Admiral Thatcher all the naval forces of the Confederacy in the neighborhood of Mobile — a dozen vessels and some hundreds of officers.

General Kirby Smith commanded all the insurgent forces west of the Mississippi. On him the desperate hopes of Mr. Davis and his flying Cabinet were fixed, after the successive surrenders of Lee and Johnston had left them no prospect in the east. They imagined they could move westward, gathering up stragglers as they fled, and, crossing the river, could join Smith's forces, and "form an army, which in that portion of the country, abounding in supplies and deficient in rivers and railroads, could have continued the war. . . ." "To this hope," adds Mr. Davis, "I persistently clung." Smith, on the 21st of April, called upon his soldiers to continue the fight.

> You possess the means of long resisting invasion. You have hopes of succor from abroad. . . . The great resources of this department, its vast extent, the numbers, the discipline, and the efficiency of the army, will secure to our country terms that a proud people can with honor accept, and may, under the providence of God, be the means of checking the triumph of our enemy and securing the final success of our cause.

The attitude of Smith seemed so threatening that Sheridan was sent from Washington to bring him to reason. But he did not long hold his position of solitary defiance. One more useless skirmish took place near Brazos, and then Smith followed the example of Taylor, and surrendered his entire force, some 18,000, to General Canby on the 26th of May. The same generous terms were accorded him that had been given to Taylor — the Government fed his troops and carried them to their homes.

Meanwhile, General Wilson had been paroling many thousands of prisoners, who wandered in straggling parties within the limits of his command. One hundred and seventy-five thousand men in all were surrendered by the different Confederate commanders, and there were, in addition to these, about ninety-nine thousand prisoners in national custody during the year; one-third of these were exchanged and two-thirds released. This was done as rapidly as possible, by successive orders of the War Department, beginning on the 9th of May and continuing through the summer.

The first object of the Government was to stop the waste of war. Recruiting ceased im-

mediately after Lee's surrender; the purchase of arms and supplies was curtailed, and measures were taken to reduce as promptly as possible the vast military establishment. It had grown during the last few months to portentous dimensions. The impression that a great and final victory was near at hand, the stimulus of the national hope, the prospect of a brief and prosperous campaign, had brought the army up to the magnificent complement of a million men.[1] The reduction of this vast armament, the retrenchment of the enormous expenses incident to it, were immediately undertaken with a method and despatch which were the result of four years' thorough and practical training, and which would have been impossible under any other circumstances. Every chief of bureau was ordered on the 28th of April to proceed at once to the reduction of expenses in his department to a peace footing, and this before Taylor or Smith had surrendered and while Jefferson Davis was still at large. The transportation department gave up the railroads of the South to their owners, mainly in better condition than that in which they had been received. They began without delay to sell the immense accumulation of draught animals; eight million dollars were realized from that source within the year. The other departments also disposed of their surplus stores. The stupendous difference which the close of the war at once caused in the finances of the country may be seen in the fact that the appropriations for the army in the fiscal year succeeding the war were $33,814,461 as against $516,240,131 for the preceding year. The army of a million men was brought down, with incredible ease and celerity, to one of twenty-five thousand.

Before the great army melted away into the greater body of the Republic the soldiers enjoyed one final triumph, a march through the capital, undisturbed by death or danger, under the eyes of their highest commanders, military and civilian, and the representatives of the people whose nationality they had saved. The Army of the Potomac and the army of Sherman — such corps of them as were stationed within reach, waiting their discharge — were ordered to pass in review before General Grant and President Johnson, in front of the Executive Mansion, on the 23d and 24th of May. Those who witnessed this solemn yet joyous pageant will never forget it, and will pray that their children may never witness anything like it. For two whole days this formidable host, eight times the number of the entire peace establishment, marched the long stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue, starting from the shadow of the dome of the Capitol, and filling that wide thoroughfare to Georgetown with their serried mass, moving with the easy, yet rapid pace of veterans in cadence step. On a platform in front of the White House stood the President and all the first officers of the state, the judges of the highest court, the most eminent generals and admirals of the army and the navy. The weather, on both days, was the finest a Washington May could afford; the trees of Lafayette Square were leafing out in their strong and delicate verdure.

The Army of the Potomac, which for four years had been the living bulwark of the capital, was rightly given the precedence. Meade himself rode at the head of his column, then came the cavalry headed by Merritt — for Sheridan had already started for his new command in the Southwest. Custer, commanding the Third Division, had an opportunity of displaying his splendid horsemanship, as his charger, excited beyond control by the pomp and martial music, bolted near the Treasury, and dashed with the speed of the wind past the reviewing stand, but was soon mastered by the young general, who was greeted with stormy applause as he rode gravely by the second time, covered with garlands of flowers, the gifts of friends on the pavement. The same graceful guerdon was given all the leading commanders; even subalterns and hundreds of private soldiers marched decked with these fragrant offerings. The three infantry corps, the Ninth, under Parke, the Fifth, under Griffin,— though Warren was on the stand, hailed with tumultuous cheers by his soldiers,— and the Second, under Humphreys, moved swiftly forward. Wright, with the Sixth, was too far away to join in the day's parade.[2] The memory of hundreds of hard-fought battles, of saddening defeats and glorious victories, of the dead and maimed comrades who had fallen forever out of the thinned ranks, was present to every one who saw the veteran divisions marching by under the charge of generals who had served with them in every vicissitude of battle and siege — trained officers like Crook and Ayres, and young and brilliant soldiers who had risen like rockets from among the volunteers, such as Barlow and Miles. Every brigade had its days of immortal prowess to boast, every tattered guidon had its history.

On the 24th Sherman's army marched in review. The general rode in person at the head of his troops, and was received by the dense multitude that thronged the avenue with a tumult of rapturous plaudits, which might have assured him of the peculiar place he was

[1] May 1, 1865, the aggregate was 1,000,516. [Johnson, Message, Dec. 4, 1865. Appendix, "Globe," p. 4.]

[2] His corps was reviewed on the 7th of June.

to hold thereafter in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. His horse and he were loaded with flowers; and his principal commanders were not neglected. Howard had just been appointed chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, and therefore Logan commanded the right wing of the Army of the Tennessee, the place he had hoped for, and, his friends insist, deserved, when McPherson fell; Hazen had succeeded to the Fifteenth Corps, and Frank Blair, a chivalrous and martial figure, rode at the head of the Seventeenth. Slocum led the left wing, — the Army of Georgia,— consisting of the Twentieth Corps under Mower, and the Fourteenth under J. C. Davis. The armies of Meade and Sherman were not exclusively from the East and West respectively; for Sherman had the contingent which Hooker and Howard had brought to Chattanooga from the East; and there were regiments from as far west as Wisconsin and Minnesota in the Army of the Potomac. But Sherman's troops were to all intents and purposes Western men, and they were scanned with keen and hospitable interest by the vast crowd of spectators, who were mainly from the East. There was little to choose between the two armies: a trifle more of neatness and discipline, perhaps, among the veterans of Meade; a slight preponderance in physique and in swinging vigor of march among the Westerners; but the trivial differences were lost in the immense and evident likeness, as of brothers in one family. There was a touch of the grotesque in the march of Sherman's legions which was absent from the well-ordered corps of Meade. A small squad of bummers followed each brigade, in their characteristic garb and accessories; small donkeys loaded with queer spoils; goats and game-cocks, regimental pets, sitting gravely on the backs of mules; and pickaninnies, the adopted children of companies, showed their black faces between the ranks, their eyes and teeth gleaming with delight.

As a mere spectacle, this march of the mightiest host the continent had ever seen gathered together was grand and imposing, but it was not as a spectacle alone that it affected the beholder most deeply. It was not a mere holiday parade; it was an army of citizens on their way home after a long and terrible war. Their clothes were worn with toilsome marches and pierced with bullets; their banners had been torn with shot and shell and lashed in the winds of a thousand battles; the very drums and fifes that played the ruffles as each battalion passed the President had called out the troops to numberless night alarms, had sounded the onset at Vicksburg and Antietam, had inspired the wasted valor of Kenesaw and Fredericksburg, had throbbed with the electric pulse of victory at Chattanooga and Five Forks. The whole country claimed these heroes as a part of themselves, an infinite gratification forever to the national self-love; and the thoughtful diplomatists who looked on the scene from the reviewing stand could not help seeing that there was a conservative force in an intelligent democracy which the world had never before known.

With all the shouting and the laughter and the joy of this unprecedented ceremony there was one sad and dominant thought which could not be driven from the minds of those who saw it — that of the men who were absent, and who had, nevertheless, richly earned the right to be there. The soldiers, in their shrunken companies, were conscious of the ever-present memories of the brave comrades who had fallen by the way; and in the whole army there was the passionate and unavailing regret that their wise, gentle, and powerful friend, Abraham Lincoln, was gone forever from the house by the avenue, where their loyal votes, supporting their loyal bayonets, had contributed so much to place him.

The world has had many lessons to learn from this great war: the naval fight in Hampton Roads opened a new era in maritime warfare; the marches of Sherman disturbed all previous axioms of logistics; the system of instantaneous intrenchments, adopted by the soldiers of both sides in the latter part of the war, changed the whole character of modern field tactics. But the greatest of all the lessons afforded to humanity by the Titanic struggle in which the American Republic saved its life is the manner in which its armies were levied, and, when the occasion for their employment was over, were dismissed. Though there were periods when recruiting was slow and expensive, yet there were others, when some crying necessity for troops was apparent, that showed almost incredible speed and efficiency in the supply of men. Mr. Stanton, in his report for 1865, says:

> After the disaster on the Peninsula, in 1862, over 80,000 troops were enlisted, organized, armed, equipped, and sent to the field in less than a month. Sixty thousand troops have repeatedly gone to the field within four weeks; and 90,000 infantry were once sent to the armies from the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin within twenty days.

This certainly shows a wealth of resources nothing less than imperial, and a power of commanding the physical and moral forces of the nation which has rarely been paralleled. Even more important, by way of instruction and example, was the lesson given the nations by the quick and noiseless dispersion of the enormous host when the war was done. The best friends of the Republic in Europe feared for it in this crisis, and those who disbelieved in

the conservative power of democracy were loud in their prophecies of the trouble which would arise on the attempt to disband the army. A million men, with arms in their hands, flushed with intoxicating victory, led by officers schooled in battle, loved and trusted—were they not ready for any adventure? Was it reasonable to believe that they would consent to disband and go to work again at the bidding of a few men in black coats at Washington? Especially after Lincoln was dead, could the tailor from Tennessee direct these myriads of warriors to lay down their arms and melt away into the everyday life of citizens? In America there was no anxiety on this score among the friends of the Union. Without giving the subject a thought they knew there was no danger. The war had been made to execute the laws and to save the national existence, and when those objects were attained there was no thought among the soldiers, from the general to the humblest file-closer, but to wait for the expected orders from the civil authorities for their disbandment.

The orders came as a mere matter of course, and were executed with a thoroughness and rapidity which then seemed also a matter of course, but which will appear more and more wonderful to succeeding generations. The muster-out began on the 29th of April, before Lincoln was borne to his grave, before Davis was caught, before the rebels of the Trans-Mississippi had ceased uttering their boasts of eternal defiance. First the new recruits, next the veterans whose terms were nearly expired, next those expensive corps the cavalry and artillery, and so on in regular order. Sherman's laurel-crowned army was the first to complete its muster-out, and the heroic Army of the Potomac was not far behind it. These veterans of hundreds of battlefields were soon found mingled in all the pursuits of civic activity. By the 7th of August 641,000 troops had become citizens; by the middle of November over 800,000 had been mustered out—without a fancy in any mind that there was anything else to do.

The Navy Department had not waited for the return of peace to begin the reduction of expenses. As soon as Fort Fisher fell the retrenchment began, and before Grant started on his last campaign considerable progress had been made in that direction. The 1st of May the squadrons were reduced one-half, and in July but thirty steamers comprised the entire blockading squadron on the Atlantic and the Gulf. The Potomac and Mississippi flotillas were wholly discontinued in another month. When Mr. Welles made his annual report in December he could say: "There were in the several blockading squadrons in January last, exclusive of other duty, 471 vessels and 2445 guns. There are now but 29 vessels remaining on the coast, carrying 210 guns, exclusive of howitzers." Superfluous vessels were sold by hundreds and the money covered into the Treasury; thousands of the officers and sailors who had patriotically left the merchant service to fight under the national flag went back to the pursuits of peace.

For the purposes of pacification and the reëstablishment of the national authority the country was divided into five grand divisions—that of the Atlantic, commanded by Meade; the Mississippi, by Sherman; the Gulf, by Sheridan; the Tennessee, by Thomas; and the Pacific, by Halleck. These again were subdivided into nineteen departments, and we print here the names of the generals commanding them for the last time, as a roll of the men who survived the war, most favored by fortune and their own merits: Hooker, Hancock, Augur, Ord, Stoneman, Palmer (J. M.), Pope, Terry, Schofield, Sickles, Steedman, Foster (J. G.), Wood (T. J.), Wood (C. R.), Canby, Wright, Reynolds, Steele, McDowell. The success or failure of these soldiers in administering the trusts confided to them, their relations to the people among whom they were stationed, and to the President who succeeded to the vacant chair of Lincoln, form no part of the story we have attempted to tell.

On the 13th of June the President proclaimed the insurrection at an end in the State of Tennessee; it was not until the second day of April, 1866, that he proclaimed a state of peace as existing in the rest of the United States, and then he excepted the State of Texas; on the 20th of August, in the same year, he made his final proclamation, announcing the reëstablishment of the national authority in Texas, and thereupon he concluded, "I do further proclaim that the said insurrection is at an end, and that peace, order, tranquillity, and civil authority now exist in and throughout the whole of the United States of America."

## LINCOLN'S FAME.

THE death of Lincoln awoke all over the world a quick and deep emotion of grief and admiration. If he had died in the days of doubt and gloom which preceded his reëlection, he would have been sincerely mourned and praised by the friends of the Union, but its enemies would have curtly dismissed him as one of the necessary and misguided victims of sectional hate. They would have used his death to justify their malevolent forebodings, to point the moral of new lectures on the instability of democracies. But as he had fallen in the moment of a stupendous victory, the halo

of a radiant success enveloped his memory and dazzled the eyes even of his most hostile critics. That portion of the press of England and the Continent which had persistently vilified him now joined in the universal chorus of elegiac praise.[1] Cabinets and courts which had been cold or unfriendly sent their messages of condolence. The French government, spurred on by their Liberal opponents, took prompt measures to express their admiration for his character and their horror at his taking-off. In the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies the imperialists and the republicans vied with each other in utterances of grief and of praise; the Emperor and the Empress sent their personal condolences to Mrs. Lincoln. In England there was perhaps a trifle of self-consciousness at the bottom of the official expressions of sympathy. The Foreign Office searched the records for precedents, finding nothing which suited the occasion since the assassination of Henry IV. The sterling English character could not, so gracefully as the courtiers of Napoleon III., bend to praise one who had been treated almost as an enemy for so long. When Sir George Grey opened his dignified and pathetic speech in the House of Commons, by saying that a majority of the people of England sympathized with the North, he was greeted with loud protestations and denials on the part of those who favored the Confederacy. But his references to Lincoln's virtues were cordially received, and when he said that the Queen had written to Mrs. Lincoln with her own hand, "as a widow to a widow," the House broke out in loud cheering. Mr. Disraeli spoke on behalf of the Conservatives with his usual dexterity and with a touch of factitious feeling.

There is [he said] in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, something so homely and innocent, that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind.

In the House of Lords the matter was treated with characteristic reticence. The speech of Lord Russell was full of that rugged truthfulness, that unbending integrity of spirit, which appeared at the time to disguise his real friendliness to America, and which was only the natural expression of a mind extraordinarily upright, and English to the verge of caricature. Lord Derby followed him in a speech of curious elegance, the object of which was rather to launch a polished shaft against his opponents than to show honor to the dead President; and the address proposed by the Government was voted. While these reserved and careful public proceedings were going on, the heart of England was expressing its sympathy with the kindred beyond sea by its thousand organs of utterance in the press, the resolutions of municipal bodies, the pulpit, and the platform.

In Germany the same manifestations were seen of official expressions of sympathy from royalty and its ministers, and of heartfelt affection and grief from the people and their representatives. Otto von Bismarck, then at the beginning of his illustrious career, gave utterance to the courteous regrets of the King of Prussia; the eloquent deputy, William Loewe, from his place in the House, made a brief and touching speech.

The man [he said] who accomplished such great deeds from the simple desire conscientiously to perform his duty, the man who never wished to be more nor less than the most faithful servant of his people, will find his own glorious place in the pages of history. In the deepest reverence I bow my head before this modest greatness, and I think it is especially agreeable to the spirit of our own nation, with its deep inner life and admiration of self-sacrificing devotion and effort after the ideal, to pay the tribute of veneration to such greatness, exalted as it is by simplicity and modesty.

Two hundred and fifty members of the Chamber signed an address to the American minister in Berlin, full of the cordial sympathy and admiration felt, not only for the dead President, but for the national cause, by the people of Germany.

You are aware [they said] that Germany has looked with pride and joy on the thousands of her sons who in this struggle have placed themselves so resolutely on the side of law and right. You have seen with what pleasure the victories of the Union have been hailed, and how confident the faith in the final triumph of the great cause and the restoration of the Union in all its greatness has ever been, even in the midst of calamity.

Workingmen's clubs, artisans' unions, sent numberless addresses, not merely expressive of sympathy, but conveying singularly just appreciations of the character and career of Lincoln. His death seemed to have marked a step in the education of the people everywhere.

[1] One of the finest poems on the occasion of his death was that in which the London "Punch" made its manly recantation of the slanders with which it had pursued him for four years:

Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

In fact it was among the common people of the entire civilized world that the most genuine and spontaneous manifestations of sorrow and appreciation were produced, and to this fact we attribute the sudden and solid foundation of Lincoln's fame. It requires years, perhaps centuries, to build the structure of a reputation which rests upon the opinion of those distinguished for learning or intelligence; the progress of opinion from the few to the many is slow and painful. But in the case of Lincoln the many imposed their opinion all at once; he was canonized, as he lay on his bier, by the irresistible decree of countless millions. The greater part of the aristocracy of England thought little of him, but the burst of grief from the English people silenced in an instant every discordant voice. It would have been as imprudent to speak slightingly of him in London as it was in New York. Especially among the Dissenters was honor and reverence shown to his name. The humbler people instinctively felt that their order had lost its wisest champion.

Not only among those of Saxon blood was this outburst of emotion seen. In France a national manifestation took place which the government disliked, but did not think it wise to suppress. The students of Paris marched in a body to the American Legation to express their sympathy. A two-cent subscription was started to strike a massive gold medal; the money was soon raised, but the committee was forced to have the work done in Switzerland. A committee of French Liberals brought the medal to the American minister, to be sent to Mrs. Lincoln. "Tell her," said Eugène Pelletan, "the heart of France is in that little box." The inscription had a double sense; while honoring the dead Republican, it struck at the Empire. "Lincoln — the Honest Man; abolished slavery, reëstablished the Union: Saved the Republic, without veiling the statue of Liberty." Everywhere on the Continent the same swift apotheosis of the people's hero was seen. An Austrian deputy said to the writer, "Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy." Almost before the earth closed over him he began to be the subject of fable. The Freemasons of Europe generally regard him as one of them — his portrait in Masonic garb is often displayed; yet he was not one of that brotherhood. The Spiritualists claim him as their most illustrious adept, but he was not a Spiritualist; and there is hardly a sect in the Western world, from the Calvinist to the atheist, but affects to believe he was of their opinion.

A collection of the expressions of sympathy and condolence which came to Washington from foreign governments, associations, and public bodies of all sorts was made by the State Department, and afterwards published by order of Congress. It forms a large quarto of a thousand pages, and embraces the utterances of grief and regret from every country under the sun, in almost every language spoken by man.

But admired and venerated as he was in Europe, he was best understood and appreciated at home. It is not to be denied that in his case, as in that of all heroic personages who occupy a great place in history, a certain element of legend mingles with his righteous fame. He was a man, in fact, especially liable to legend. We have been told by farmers in central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died. He was gentle and merciful, and therefore he seems in a certain class of annals to have passed all his time in soothing misfortune and pardoning crime. He had more than his share of the shrewd native humor, and therefore the loose jest books of two centuries have been ransacked for anecdotes to be attributed to him. He was a great and powerful lover of mankind, especially of those not favored by fortune. One night he had a dream, which he repeated the next morning to the writer of these lines, which quaintly illustrates his unpretending and kindly democracy. He was in some great assembly; the people made a lane to let him pass. "He is a common-looking fellow," some one said. Lincoln in his dream turned to his critic and replied, in his Quaker phrase, "Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people: that is why he made so many of them." He that abases himself shall be exalted. Because Lincoln kept himself in such constant sympathy with the common people, whom he respected too highly to flatter or mislead, he was rewarded by a reverence and a love hardly ever given to a human being. Among the humble working people of the South whom he had made free this veneration and affection easily passed into the supernatural. At a religious meeting among the negroes of the Sea Islands a young man expressed the wish that he might see Lincoln. A gray-headed negro rebuked the rash aspiration: "No man see Linkum. Linkum walk as Jesus walk — no man see Linkum."[1] But leaving aside these fables, which are a natural enough expression of a popular awe and love, it seems to us no calmer nor more just estimate of Lincoln's relation to his time has ever been made — nor perhaps ever will be — than that uttered by one of the wisest and most Amer-

[1] Mr. Hay had this story from Captain E. W. Hooper immediately after it happened. It has been told with many variations.

ican of thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a few days after the assassination. We cannot forbear quoting a few words of this remarkable discourse, which shows how Lincoln seemed to the greatest of his contemporaries.

> A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones fortune." . . . His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. . . . He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event. . . . It cannot be said that there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. . . . Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was no place for holiday magistrate, nor fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years — four years of battle-days — his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time; the true representative of this continent — father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him, even at the moment of his death, as one of its greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. The writers of each nation compare him with their first popular hero. The French find points of resemblance in him to Henry IV.; the Dutch liken him to William of Orange; the cruel stroke of murder and treason by which all three perished in the height of their power naturally suggests the comparison, which is strangely justified in both cases, though the two princes were so widely different in character. Lincoln had the wit, the bonhomie, the keen, practical insight into affairs of the Béarnais; and the tyrannous moral sense, the wide comprehension, the heroic patience of the Dutch patriot, whose motto might have served equally well for the American President — *Sævis tranquillus in undis*. European historians speak of him in words reserved for the most illustrious names. Merle d'Aubigné says, "The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals." Henri Martin predicts nothing less than a universal apotheosis: "This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people, and of modern democracy itself."

1 "Battles and Leaders," Vol. II., p. 405.
2 H. W. Grady.

In this country, where millions still live who were his contemporaries, and thousands who knew him personally, where the envies and jealousies which dog the footsteps of success still linger in the hearts of a few, where journals still exist that loaded his name for four years with daily calumny, and writers of memoirs vainly try to make themselves important by belittling him, his fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills. The faint discords are not heard in the wide chorus that hails him second to none and equaled by Washington alone. The eulogies of him form a special literature. Preachers, poets, soldiers, and statesmen employ the same phrases of unconditional love and reverence. Men speaking with the authority of fame use unqualified superlatives. Lowell, in an immortal ode, calls him "New birth of our new soil, the first American." General Sherman says, "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other." He is spoken of, with scarcely less of enthusiasm, by the more generous and liberal spirits among those who revolted against his election and were vanquished by his power. General Longstreet[1] calls him "the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period." An eminent Southern orator,[2] referring to our mixed Northern and Southern ancestry, says:

> From the union of those colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic — Abraham Lincoln.

It is not difficult to perceive the basis of this sudden and world-wide fame, nor rash to predict its indefinite duration. There are two classes of men whose names are more enduring than any monument — the great writers, and the men of great achievement; the founders of states, the conquerors. Lincoln has the singular fortune to belong to both these categories; upon these broad and stable foundations his renown is securely built. Nothing would have more amazed him while he lived than to hear himself called a man of letters; but this age has produced few greater writers. We are only recording here the judgment of his peers. Emerson ranks him with Æsop and Pilpay in his lighter moods, and says:

> The weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions, what unerring common sense, what foresight, and on great occasions what lofty, and

more than national, what human tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg[1] will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion.[2]

His style extorted the high praise of French Academicians; Montalembert[3] commended it as a model for the imitation of princes. Many of his phrases form part of the common speech of mankind. It is true that in his writings the range of subjects is not great; he is concerned chiefly with the political problems of the time, and the moral considerations involved in them. But the range of treatment is remarkably wide; it runs from the wit, the gay humor, the florid eloquence of his stump speeches to the marvelous sententiousness and brevity of the letter to Greeley and the address at Gettysburg, and the sustained and lofty grandeur of the Second Inaugural.

The more his writings are studied in connection with the important transactions of his age the higher will his reputation stand in the opinion of the lettered class. But the men of study and research are never numerous; and it is principally as a man of action that the world at large will regard him. It is the story of his objective life that will forever touch and hold the heart of mankind. His birthright was privation and ignorance — not peculiar to his family, but the universal environment of his place and time; he burst through those enchaining conditions by the force of native genius and will; vice had no temptation for him; his course was as naturally upward as the skylark's; he won, against all conceivable obstacles, a high place in an exacting profession and an honorable position in public and private life; he became the foremost representative of a party founded on an uprising of the national conscience against a secular wrong, and thus came to the awful responsibilities of power in a time of terror and gloom. He met them with incomparable strength and virtue. Caring for nothing but the public good, free from envy or jealous fears, he surrounded himself with the leading men of his party, his most formidable rivals in public esteem, and through four years of stupendous difficulties he was head and shoulders above them all in the vital qualities of wisdom, foresight, knowledge of men, and thorough comprehension of measures. Personally opposed, as the radicals claim, by more than half of his own party in Congress, and bitterly denounced and maligned by his open adversaries, he yet bore himself with such extraordinary discretion and skill, that he obtained for the Government all the legislation it required, and so impressed himself upon the national mind that without personal effort or solicitation he became the only possible candidate of his party for reëlection, and was chosen by an almost unanimous vote of the Electoral Colleges. His qualities would have rendered his administration illustrious even in time of peace; but when we consider that in addition to the ordinary work of the executive office he was forced to assume the duties of commander-in-chief of the national forces engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious. After times will wonder, not at the few and unim-

[1] The text of the address, as slightly revised by President Lincoln, is as follows, and is taken from the autographic copy made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore in 1864:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." — EDITOR.

[2] It has sometimes been said that this speech was not appreciated at the time of its delivery; we therefore add the testimony of another high authority to that of Emerson. On the day after the dedication Edward Everett wrote to the President: "Permit me . . . to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion, in two hours, as you did in two minutes." Mr. Lincoln replied: "Your kind note of to-day is received. In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that in your judgment the little I did say was not entirely a failure. Of course I knew that Mr. Everett would not fail; and yet while the whole discourse was eminently satisfactory, and will be of great value, there were passages in it which transcended my expectations. The point made against the theory of the General Government being only an agency, whose principals are the States, was new to me, and, as I think, is one of the best arguments for the national supremacy. The tribute to our noble women for their angel ministering to the suffering soldiers surpasses in its way, as do the subjects of it, whatever has gone before." [Unpublished MS.]

[3] "La Victoire du Nord," p. 133.

portant mistakes he may have committed, but at the intuitive knowledge of his business that he displayed. We would not presume to express a personal opinion in this matter. We use the testimony only of the most authoritative names. General W. T. Sherman has repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he has read Mr. Lincoln's correspondence with his generals, and his opinion of the remarkable correctness of his military views. General W. F. Smith says:

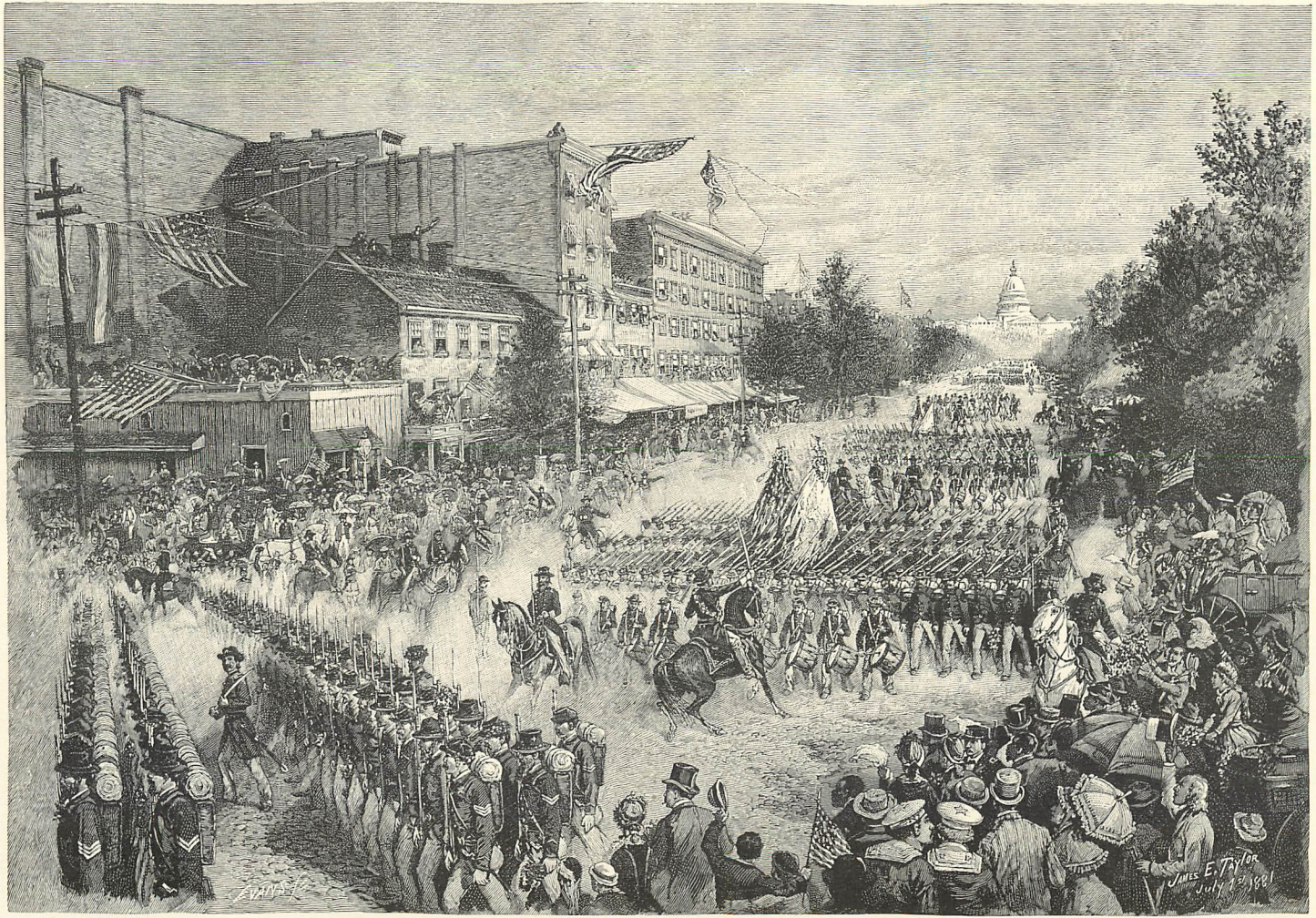
> I have long held to the opinion that at the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of his generals in his comprehension of the effect of strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusions.[1]

General J. H. Wilson holds the same opinion; and Colonel Robert N. Scott, in whose lamented death the army lost one of its most vigorous and best-trained intellects, frequently called Mr. Lincoln "the ablest strategist of the war."

To these qualifications of high literary excellence, and easy practical mastery of affairs of transcendent importance, we must add, as an explanation of his immediate and world-wide fame, his possession of certain moral qualities rarely combined, in such high degree, in one individual. His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Children instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglass says he was the only man of distinction he ever met who never reminded him by word or manner of his color; he was as just and generous to the rich and well born as to the poor and humble — a thing rare among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil: though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognized their existence and counted with them. He said one day, with a flash of cynical wisdom worthy of La Rochefoucauld, that honest statesmanship was the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist for others upon the high standards he set up for himself. At a time before the word was invented he was the first of opportunists. With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better. To a hope which saw the Delectable Mountains of absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in his own time would give to all men the things convenient to them, he added a charity which embraced in its deep bosom all the good and the bad, all the virtues and the infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest.

A character like this is among the precious heirlooms of the Republic; and by a special good fortune every part of the country has an equal claim and pride in it. Lincoln's blood came from the veins of New England emigrants, of Middle State Quakers, of Virginia planters, of Kentucky pioneers; he himself was one of the men who grew up with the earliest growth of the Great West. Every jewel of his mind or his conduct sheds radiance on each portion of the nation. The marvelous symmetry and balance of his intellect and character may have owed something to this varied environment of his race, and they may fitly typify the variety and solidity of the Republic. It may not be unreasonable to hope that his name and his renown may be forever a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so impartial, and served — in life and in death — with such entire devotion.

[1] "Lincoln Memorial Album," p. 555.




PAINTED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE GRAND REVIEW OF UNION TROOPS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## I.—THE LIFE MASK

AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM IN WASHINGTON.

AH, countless wonders, brought from every zone,
Not all your wealth could turn the heart away
From that one semblance of our common clay,
The brow whereon the precious life long flown,
Leaving a homely glory all its own,
Seems still to linger, with a mournful play
Of light and shadow! — His, who held a sway
And power of magic to himself unknown,
Through what is granted but God's chosen few,
Earth's crownless, yet anointed kings,— a soul
Divinely simple and sublimely true
In that unconscious greatness that shall bless
This petty world while stars their courses roll,
Whose finest flower is *self-forgetfulness*.

*Stuart Sterne.*

## II.—THE CENOTAPH.[1]

AND so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
In all the years since that wild Spring of pain?
'T is false,— he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,— he is not there!

*James T. McKay.*

# HOW SAL CAME THROUGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO RUNAWAYS," ETC.

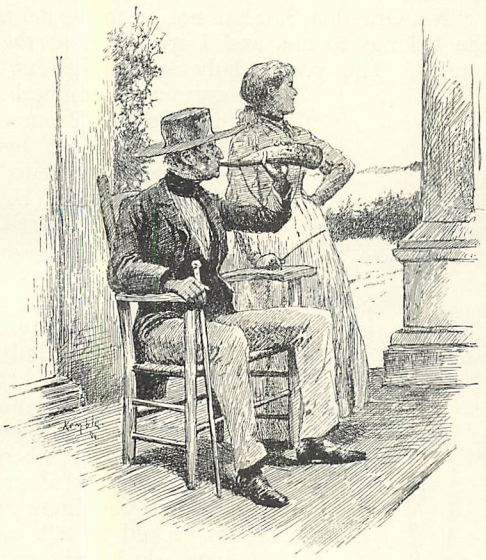
THE summer sun balanced itself so evenly over Holly Bluff plantation that the broad white dwelling cast no shadow. But there was shade for all that, great stretches of it where, between the road that curved around the house and the fields now wreathed in tranquil cotton bloom, the pines had been left to check the western winds; and along the edge of the ravine too, where stood the cabins, were cool Rembrandt shadows, into which the open doorways looked out pleasantly, the colors of sundry and varied garments strung along the lines that linked the spreading oaks lending cheerfulness to the scene.

And there was a deep, cool shade in the broad back porch overlooking the blooming field, whose thousand acres ran off under the

[1] On April 14, 1887, the twenty-second anniversary of Lincoln's assassination, press despatches from Springfield reported his final burial in the monumental tomb.

tremulous heat to the varied green of the creek bottom, beyond which the bold ridge with its one hue rose abruptly and checked the vision.

Perhaps it was this fine restful background a mile away, boldly defying the swamp on the right but extending like a miniature mountain range in lessening knobs on the left, that made the back porch old Colonel Tom Broome's favorite spot; perhaps the fact that it overlooked



ON THE PORCH.

the whole plantation and the broad back yard had more to do with it. Anyway he had sat there for forty or fifty years, when he had time to sit, and there his black hair had grown thin and gray, his dark smooth face wrinkled, and his erect form somewhat bent. And here he sat this day nodding in the noon, his pipe fallen to the floor, his glasses slipping from his nose. The erect and defiant rooster came up the steps deliberately, surveyed him with scorn, and began to pick about him with a great show of discovery, calling to his more cautious family, which waited silently at the foot of the steps. The colonel's heavy walking-stick slipped from his side and fell to the floor; the scornful rooster sprang ten feet into the air from the porch, and as he came down excitedly related to the startled family his hairbreadth escape from an imminent deadly trap set for him. Awakened by the disturbance, the old gentleman straightened up in his chair and would probably have soon drifted again into the familiar currents that lead down to repose, but at that moment a young girl stood beside him.

"Grandpa," she said, "here 's your julep." She bore a large goblet, from which and from the ruby lake it held rose a little forest of mint. "I know it is cool, for I drew the water from the north side of the well myself." Her blue eyes smiled upon him as she stood waiting.

The colonel gave her smile for smile as he took the glass. His own eyes were blue, and they softened the fine, stern face wonderfully. He lifted the julep gallantly with mock formality, saying, "Your health, young lady!" As he sipped and drank, the girl laughed softly and recovered his pipe, which she proceeded to fill again, he watching her the while. Her dress was a simple one of some soft white material, with a bit of blue ribbon at the throat, and a bit to hold her sunny hair back from her face. The experience of the moment was an everyday one with them; the girl knew that presently he would blow the dinner horn, smoke his pipe, go in to dinner, return to the chair, smoke and nod again, and finally make his way to the cool East India lounge in the hall, where she would sit fanning him while she read or dreamed the fair sweet dreams of girlhood. This was the midday programme.

To-day she saved him the exertion of rising, by standing on tiptoe, and fishing the carved horn off its hook with the long stem of his pipe. He fixed his eyes upon the far ridge, fitted the mouthpiece to his thin lips, breathed into the instrument, and the mellow call leaped forth across the brooding field. As it soared above them, "Too-oo-oo-oot-oot-oot-oot-oo-oo-oo-oot-oot-oot-oo-oot," the distant negroes let fall their hoe handles, and the plow mules halted abruptly in their tracks. The great ridge gave back mellow echoes, and down the creek bottom into the far swamp a merry hundred fading calls hurried out of hearing. And as silence swallowed them all, July, the aged hound, came out from under the kitchen and stood for a moment gazing thoughtfully with his dim wistful eyes into his master's face, then turned again to seek the cool earth bed. So had he come for years; so would he continue to come as long as his stiffening limbs could bear him, stirred by faint memories and fainter hopes.

As the girl tossed the horn back to its peg the colonel said:

"Now, sweetheart, what 's that about your drawing water?"

She smiled into his face again.

"I said I drew it from the north side of the well. You know there is always a lizard that stays on that side and keeps it cool there."

"So I have heard," he replied with gravity. "Let me see those hands." She held out one tiny palm reddened by its exercise with the rope, and he took it in both of his, examining it closely.

"Why did n't you make Sal draw it? You must n't spoil this little hand with such work."

"Well, Grandpa, Sal is out of humor these days, and it is more trouble to make her do anything than to do it for her. I don't think she is quite well," she added quickly, seeing the slight frown upon her grandfather's brow. At that moment a short, thick-set girl came from the kitchen and started for the house. She had a round black face, the thick African lips, an enormous foot, and walked with a peculiar vim that suggested plenty of muscle. Black as was her face naturally, it was darkened by a sullen look that overhung it. The colonel stopped her.

"What 's the matter with you here of late, Sal?" he asked gravely. "You leave others to do your work. What are you moping about?"

"THE DISTANT NEGROES LET FALL THEIR HOE HANDLES."

The girl stood silent, picking at her apron. Her young mistress interposed quickly, her womanly instinct half divining the cause.

"Has Alec left you, Sal?"

"Alec been conjured," said Sal, after a long pause.

"By whom?"

All the pent-up wrath came rushing out.

"Dat yeller huzzy, M'ria. She done move ole Miss ter gi' 'er dat frock she promus' me, an' she conjured Alec tell he gone plum crazy 'bout her. Hit 's church dis Sunday an' church dat Sunday, an' dance, an' carry on f'om one day's en' ter 'nother. Ef ever I git my han's on 'er, she goin' ter know who she foolin' wid—"

"Hush!" the colonel spoke sharply.

"Ole Massa, you doan' know dat nigger. She de 'ceivines' huzzy on de place—lie, an' steal—"

"Hush, I tell you! This stuff must end right here. You go now and attend to your work. If I hear anything more of it, I 'll send you to the field."

"No, Grandpa, Sal shall not go to the field. She belongs to me, and I want her at the house." The young lady spoke with energy and emphasis, and Colonel Broome settled back in his chair and proceeded to light his pipe. He was a slave himself sometimes.

"Now, Sal, you come to my room; I want to talk to you." The little lady marched in, and her air was that of an empress. "Sal," she said sternly, when they were alone, "don't you know it is wicked to talk as you do? Suppose you were to die today with all that hate in your heart, where do you reckon you would go? Straight down to the—the—devil; straight down like—like a bucket falling in the well." Her voice sank into an awful whisper.

"But, Missy, dat nigger—"

"Hush your mouth! Don't you 'but' me! I say you would go straight down to him, where you ought to go! Are n't you ashame—d of yourself, are n't you ashame—d! What am I to do with you, I 'd like to know? I have read you the Bible, and taught you how to pray, and you get worse and worse every year. Get down on your poor, sinful knees, and ask the Lord to forgive you before he strikes you dead!" Sal dropped down on her knees, and put her face in her hands while her mistress remained standing, lining out the petition to the throne of grace.

"O Lord, look down on me, a miserable

sinner! — I am *desperately* wicked! — I am full of hate! — I lie! — I steal! —"

"No, I doan' steal, Missy!"

"Yes, you do; you stole my ribbon! Say it: 'I steal! — I ain't fit to be with decent people! — I ought to be hoeing in the field! — And have forty lashes! O Lord, forgive me — as I forgive my enemies! As I forgive M'ria!'"

"Can't do dat, Missy!"

"Yes, you can; you *shall*. Say it: 'As I forgive even M'ria!'"

"Can't do hit, Missy, can't do hit; not tell I git my han's on 'er wunst."

"But you shall!—'As I forgive even M'ria!'"

"Lah, Missy, look at de dirt on yo' new frock!"

"Sal, are you going to mind me, or must *I* have you sent back to the field?"

"As I fo'give even M'ria," said Sal, meekly.

"And, O Lord, make me a good girl! — For Christ's sake! — Amen!" Sal's conclusion was positively cheerful, and she rose with alacrity.

"Now, Sal," said Missy, gently, her eyes resting pleadingly on the other's face, "I want you to promise me that you will go to prayer-meeting Sunday night and try to get religion; won't you, Sal — for me?" It was an old subject between them. "If you will, I tell you what I 'll do: I 'll get you a better dress than M'ria's; I will."

"Sho 'nough, Missy?"

"Sure enough. If you genuinely get religion. I know it is n't exactly right to hire people to do that; but if you get it, it does n't make much difference at last. O Sal, I do so want you to be good! Go to prayer-meeting Sunday night and ask the Lord to help you, won't you, Sal? — just for my sake this time?"

The two girls were about the same age, and foster sisters. The earnestness in Missy's voice made Sal serious at last.

"I will, Missy," she said. "I goin' ter do my bes', an' ef you hear me er-singin' when I come erlong back by heah, hit 's all right. Goin' ter git me er red frock, Missy?"

The dinner bell rang and the girl darted off with a face full of smiles; or rather with a face full of a smile, for Sal's smile involved everything in its neighborhood when given full play.

II.

THE road that wound around the pines and into the woodland a quarter of a mile away, where stood the little log plantation church, lay with the tranquil shadows printed darkly upon it by the full moon as Sal plodded along on the following Sunday night. The way was otherwise deserted, for she was the latest comer. As she neared the meeting-house the opening hymn sprang out as if to meet her, and she paused a moment to listen, for Alec's rich voice was leading, with the whole congregation swinging into the chorus:

When I wen' down en de valley ter pray,
Studyin' 'bout dat good ole way,
(*Chorus:* Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.)
Ole Satan was deir fer ter hender me,
Layin' up unner de apple tree:
Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.
He rustle de weeds as I come erlong,
So I lif' my soul en er holy song:
Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.
He come right out by de side of de road,
An' 'e says, "Mister man, I 'll tote yo' load":
Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.
Says I, "No use fer ter temp' we men,
De sinner got er better frien'":
Who shell wear de starry crown?
Good Lord, show me de way.
Er shinin' ange-ul lit right down
An' 'e promus' me dat starry crown —
Oh, I 'm goin' ter wear dat starry crown:
Good Lord, show me de way; Good Lord,
Good Lord, show me de way!

As the refrain died out Sal entered the church and took a seat near the door. Many heads were turned — it takes so little to interest a church audience — and some few worshipers near at hand giggled, for the poor little romance in the girl's life was known, as all such things on a plantation invariably are. Aunt Tempy whispered to Aunt Chloe that Sal was after M'ria "like er houn' dog on er rabbit track"; and Aunt Chloe ducked her head down in her lap and shook all over with the violence of her appreciation. But fortunately at that moment Preacher Adkins stood up in the pulpit and said:

"Brer Manuel, will you lead us in de praar?"

There was a sudden commotion on all sides, and the congregation settled down upon its knees, and lifting his face an aged negro began:

"O Lord, look down upon us dis night, an' doan' turn yo' face erway f'om us, fur we come er-'seechin' de throne o' grace."

"Look, King!" responded the stentorian voice of Unc' Clay from his corner. "Amen!" exclaimed many voices fervently, while Unc' Peter under the pulpit uttered his low plaintive "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo" like the tremulous call of a basso-profundo owl in the swamp.

"Lord, let yo' footsteps come over de mount'ins inter de valley, wher' yo' chillun es er-waitin' an' er-watchin' an' er-callin' fur yer, en de day-time an' en de night-time, ye'r en an' ye'r out!"

"Come down, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Ef hit warn't fur you hit 'u'd be er sorry time down heah; hit 's bad ernough anyhow, but hit 'u'd be er heap worse. O Lord! de load 'u'd be hebbier, de sun 'u'd be hotter, de mule 'u'd git bofe legs ober de trace at de en' uv e'ry row, de plow 'u'd fine more stumps, an' our poor sufferin' souls 'u'd be jerked heah an' deir f'om de risin' up uv de sun ter de settin' down uv de same!"

"Yes, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Lord, you know what es en our hearts, you see all de sin down en um; nobody c'n fool *you*, an' you es got yo' pow'ful eye on de sinner de very time he t'inks 'e es hid out bes'. Dey c'n fool ole Massa, dey c'n fool de ober-seer, an' dey wives an' dey husban's, but dey can' fool you. When you tarks dey shakes an' come sneakin' out. But, Lord, hit 's er poor, sorry crowd atter all, an' hit ain't wuff yo' time ter projec' wid 'em. Let yo' mussy fall down an' cover 'em all — de las' one uv 'em; an' let 'em feel hit heah ter-night."

"Do it, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Lord, we don't know how long we got ter stay heah. Some got ter go soon, an' all got ter go atter erwhile. Las' ye'r dug more graves out yonner en de plum orchud dan de ye'r 'fo' lef' deir, an' dis one dug some too. Deir 'll be more deir 'fo' Christmus come. Last week Unc' Siah went; de week 'fo' Aunt Charlotte put two little baby-girls out deir —"

"Mercy, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Charlotte's voice in a low chant broke into the prayer and continued to the end in counterpoint. Presently Unc' Manuel's glided into rhythm also, and the whole assembly rocked back and forth, keeping time with their bodies:[1]

We *all* gotter go! An' I *reck'n* hit 'll be ole *Manuel* nex'; fur-somehow-my-legs-ain'-what-dey-*onct*-was; an'-w'en-I-git-down-hit's-mighty-*hard*-ter-git-up — mighty-*hard*-ter-git-up; fur-de-mis'ry-en-de-*ole-man's*-back; de-ole-man 's-*wearin'*-out; but-es-trust-es-*en*-*de*-Lord; an'-'e-ain'-nev'r-cail-but-de-Lord-come; mebbe-nex'-time-'e-won't-come-but-*sen'*-es-chariot.—

Send hit, King! Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo —

An'-es-snow-white-*robe*-too; sen'-es-snow-white-*robe*-too; an'-de-ole-man-go-'*long-an'-fine-es*-master. Oh,-hit 'll-be-er-*great*-day-an'-I-wish-hit-'u'd-*come-erlong; an'-I-wish-hit-'u'd-come*-erlong. All-'long-de-road-dey-*dropped*-down; mammy-an'-daddy-*dropped*-down; sissers-an'-brudders-*dropped*-down; frien's-an'-chillun-*dropped*-down; an'-lef'-me-heah-to-*wark*-erlone; all-by-myse'f-ter-*wark*-erlone — ter-*wark*-erlone. But-hit 'll-be-er-great-day-w'en-he-call-'em-all-up-*ter-tell-ole-Manuel-howdy; yes-hit*-will. Lord, doan'-let-none-be-missin'-w'en-de-horn-blows-fur-de-*niggers-ter-git-up-fur-de-las'*-time; none-missin'-f'om-de-*lowes'-ter-de*-highes'; let-em-*all*-git-deir —

Grant hit, King! Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo. Amen! Amen! Amen!

*(All:)* Let-'em-git-deir!

"An'," concluded Unc' Manuel, resuming his usual voice, "thine be de kingdom, an' de glory, f'r ever an' dever, amen." To which all responded heartily.

Preacher Adkins's black face rose up from behind the pulpit and shone out over his enormous cotton collar; but before he could give direction to the services a woman began singing, and the whole congregation joined her, their voices in sweet harmony, leaping out through the dreamy night. One grand soprano and one grand contralto lead all the rest, rising, falling, curving, and sinking to rise again in the moonlit silence. When the sun went down two mated swallows were cruising in the amber haze above the silent field, controlled by a perfect sympathy that linked them together under a single impulse. It was as though these had vanished into voices, and the ear followed their flight when the eye gave them up to shadows:

When I git up ter heaven
My work 'll all be done —
I 'm goin' ter wark 'ith Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I 'm er-goin' up home,
I 'm er-goin' up home,
I 'm er-goin' up home,
Ter er-die no mo'.

I 've foun' de load too heavy,
Too heavy ter tote erlone,
I 'll lay hit down ter Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I 'm er-goin' up home, etc.

Sinner, de way ter glory
Es de road wher' Jesus run;
Hit 'll carry yer home ter Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I 'm er-goin' up home, etc.

O brudder, doan' git werry,
Yo' work es almos' done;
Meet me at de feet er Mary
An' her darlin' Son.
I 'm er-goin' up home, etc.

"Sis' Charlut," said preacher Adkins, as the last tones died away, "will you lead us en de praar?" As the congregation sank to its knees again the slow, plaintive voice of the woman was heard:

"Our Father who art in heaven, I doan' ask yer ter lay as heavy er load on nobody's heart as yer laid on mine. Las' ye'r daddy an'

[1] To imitate this negro, select one tone and keep it monotonously except on the italicized words, which are pitched two notes higher.

mammy; dis ye'r my chillun—all gone, all gone!"—the voice rose in a sudden wail that echoed out in the pines and thrilled the rude hearts about her,—"all gone; laid 'em en de cole groun' an' I 'm lef' ter cry over dem—to cry! to cry!"

"Help her, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"An' I have cried! But, O my God! I doan' cry 'ginst *you*—oh, no, not 'ginst *you;* fur I know hit 's all right, hit 's all right. But I have cried tell de piller was wet, tell de cott'n row was wet, tell de bread en my han's was wet, an' I 'm er-cryin' now,"—her wail was almost a shriek,—"I 'm er-cryin' yit—"

"Heah 'er, King!—" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

There was a moment or two of sobbing and mingling of women's voices calling to one another, and then Charlotte's altered, and in a clear, suppliant chant was lifted again; and as she sang, the voices of the other women in a wordless chant ran over hers, making a wild, sweet melody in the church. "O my dear Saviour, come down ter-night—an' let yo' sof' han'—fine us en de dark—let us see yo' face er-shinin'—let us see yo' blue eyes smilin'—let us heah yo' voice er-callin'—let us heah yo' sof' step comin'—en de lonely night. De sinner knows yo' step,—de sinner knows yo' smile,—de sinner knows yo' voice,—de sinner knows yo' touch;—deir ain' but one friend;—deir ain' but one Saviour; he 's ernough fur me; he 's ernough fur anybody;—he 's ernough fur ev'body;—Lord, we are waitin', look at us! Look at us!—Look at us!—"

"Look, King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Er-kneelin' an' er-waitin'—er-watchin' an' er-prayin'; an' heah us!—an' heah us, dear Lord! an' bless us, fur we sho'ly need hit."

Charlotte's voice had become hoarsened to a whisper and incoherent; finally a general "Amen" was uttered for her.

Up to this time in the prayer-meeting Sal had remained crouching with her face pressed in her hands. The eyes of several were still upon her, and there was considerable whispering among those nearest. Tempy said something to Chloe, but it did not produce a laugh this time. She went over silently to where Sal crouched, and kneeling there talked to her. She tried to pull the girl's hands from her face, but she held them tightly, and as the older woman whispered words of comfort Sal began to cry and moan. Some one had started another hymn: by that subtle influence which connects an audience the struggle in the mind of the young girl was known, and it gave direction to the services. It was Tempy who lifted her tremulous voice and led the way:

"MEN AND WOMEN STRUGGLED IN EVERY DIRECTION."

Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Wonner where Mary an' Marthy es gone,
Po' sinner 's foun' er home at las',
Po' sinner 's foun' er home en de new bright worl',
Po' sinner 's foun' er home at las'.

Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Wonner where Mather an' Mark es gone,
Po' sinner 's foun' er home at las', etc.

Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Wonner where Luke an' John es gone,
Po' sinner 's foun' er home at las', etc.

O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
O sister, es yer goin' ter follow too?
Po' sinner fin' er home at las', etc.

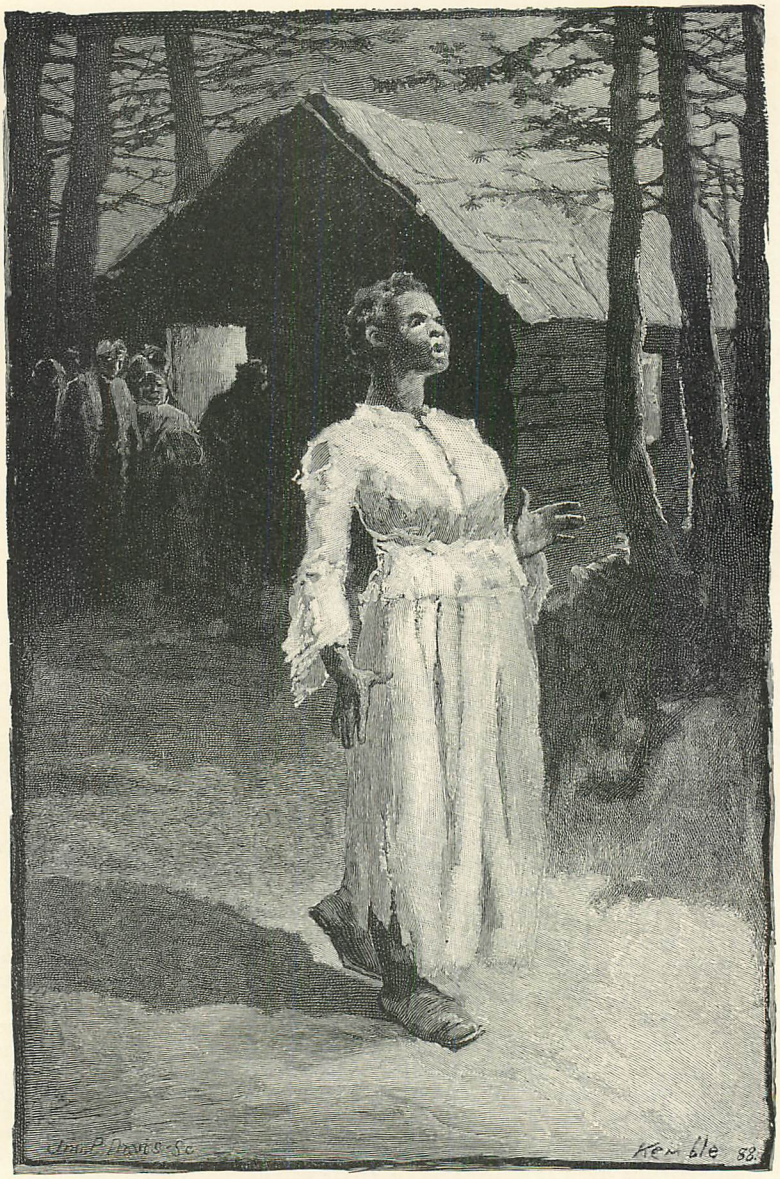
Several women were kneeling by the side of Sal, and all the congregation sank to their knees as Sal's mother in great excitement began to shout:

"Bless de name er de Lord! Bless de name er de Lord! My chile es comin' through."

"Bless de King!" Clay's voice rose like a clarion's.

"Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo!" There was a triumphant agony in the response that came from Peter.

"Amen!" was shouted by half a hundred lips.



"SHE PASSED ON AMONG THE PINES."

"Er-comin' through! Hit 's been er long time."

"Yes, sister!"

"Hit 's been er long time! — but hit 's come at las'; his han' done foun' 'er sinful heart, an' hit 's er-leadin' de way."

"Bless the King!" "Oom-oo-oo-oo-oo." "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"My chile es er-comin' through, she 's er-comin' erlong de way!" The woman was swaying back and forth and clapping her hands. Her excitement was communicating itself to those around and her speech was growing thick and incomprehensible when suddenly she fell over, her voice died out, and her limbs stiffened. Two men lifted and carried her out gently, the congregation chanting and scrambling up again. As the little group passed Sal, she sprang to her feet and rushed to the front. She turned first to one and then to another, waving her hands and shouting in the cadence of a quickstep:

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!
Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!
Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!

Each took her hand, gravely shook it, and released it; and as she moved around, the feet

of all beat time, as though the whole congregation was marching, while through it all ran the wild monotone, "Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!" Occasionally a woman would shout a response and throw her arms around the girl's neck. Presently some began singing again, and all joined in the refrain until the church fairly thundered:

Sister Mary weep, Sister Marthy moan,
Who 's on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who 's on de Lord's side?
O mo'ners, you on de Lord's side?
O mo'ners, you on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who 's on de Lord's side?

And through the weird melody in singular cadence rose the wild cry of the marching girl:

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!
O sister, lay yo' burden down,
Who 's on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who 's on de Lord's side? etc.

Sal had made considerable progress on her circuit and was beginning to add a queer little shuffle to her march, popping her long, broad foot upon the resonant plank, when she came face to face with M'ria sitting in all the glory of the Ole Miss frock by the side of Alec. M'ria touched her escort in the side with her elbow and said aloud, grinning:

"Look at Bigfoot Sal!"

It was a fatal remark. Sal was fairly frenzied with excitement, and M'ria drew the whole current. Her rival sprang on her with the fury of a tigress, and in a few moments the Ole Miss frock was reduced to shreds. Sal lifted her light enemy into the air and brought her down to the floor with terrific force, M'ria giving expression to her pain and fear in frightful screams. As Sal tore and bit, the clockwork of her religious fervor ran on: "Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!" she muttered. The congregation had been fired to a white heat by the conversion of the girl, and were just drifting into the ecstatic church dance when the sudden conflict began. M'ria's brother sprang over the benches intervening, and catching Sal by the hair began to cuff her vigorously. The next instant Alec, whose love for his dusky fiancée had only slumbered, jumped on his back like a catamount.

Plantation life is like village life; there are always two sides, and blood is thicker than water. In the excitement of the onset good intentions were mistaken for declarations of war, and when war developed it involved the whole community. Men and women struggled in every direction. Some took flying leaps out of the windows, and some, crawling over the heads of those who packed the doorway, dropped down safely outside, perhaps only to become involved at last, for many old debts are settled in such émeutes.

Gradually the crowd escaped to the exterior of the church and groups were formed on all sides. Fights were still in progress. Presently blows were suspended, and excited discussion took their place. Just at this moment, when a reaction was setting in, and friends were pinning remnants of clothing over the almost nude forms of Tempy and Chloe, while the two loudly abused each other, out of the doorway came Sal. Her head was high in the air, her feet were keeping time to the monotone she was still somewhat exhaustedly shouting:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

The crowd gave way, and looking neither to the right nor the left, marching with measured tread, putting in every now and then her queer little shuffle, and slapping the roadway with her long foot, she passed on among the pines, her cotton dress appearing and disappearing at intervals until the distance and shadows swallowed her up. Silence for a moment fell upon the crowd, then a burst of laughter followed: the excitement had taken a more cheerful turn.

On went the girl, and faintly sounded the marching cadence:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

Then it died away in the distance, and the crowd found itself interested in two wrecks that crept out of the church and appealed to their sympathies. One was M'ria; the other, Peter.

Slowly, still arguing, the gathering dissolved. But as the scattering groups faded away through the patches of moonlight and shadow, and the night hushed discord, from away up the road where it winds around the house and Missy's darkened bedroom at the corner, there came floating back the words of Sal's triumphant hymn:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

*H. S. Edwards.*

## SMILES AND TEARS.

YOU meant to wound me? Then forgive,
O friend, that when the blow fell, I
Turned my face from you to the wall
To smile, instead of die.

You meant to gladden me? Dear friend,
Whose praise like jewels I have kept,
Forgive me, that for very joy
I bent my happy head and wept.

*A. W. R.*

# PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

## I.—BY THE COMMANDER OF THE UNION CAVALRY.

AFTER the last council of the Confederacy at Abbeville, South Carolina, the practical conclusion of which was that the war was ended, it was made evident that no such force as still remained with Jefferson Davis could get through the country occupied by my troops. The cavalry corps under my command had been distributed throughout Georgia, a large detachment had been sent to Florida, strong parties were now watching every ferry and crossing and patrolling every road, and every officer and man of that splendid force was keenly on the lookout for the fugitives, but up to this time without any exact information of Davis's movements. On the 23d of April I learned that he and his party had been at Charlotte, North Carolina, only three or four days before, and that he was on his way to the South with a wagon-train and an escort of cavalry, but there my information ended for the time. [See also page 561.]

On the 28th, Upton left Macon by rail, accompanied by a part of his division, with orders to leave a detachment under Colonel B. B. Eggleston, 1st Ohio, at Atlanta, and to take another on to Augusta, while Winslow, with the rest of the division, was left to march directly to Atlanta. Before starting, General Alexander, commanding the Second Brigade, at his own suggestion and request was authorized to detach an officer and twenty picked men to be disguised as rebel soldiers, to march northeastward into and through the Carolinas if necessary, for the purpose of obtaining definite information of Davis's movements. This party was placed under the command of Lieutenant Joseph A. O. Yeoman, of the 1st Ohio Cavalry, a brave and enterprising young officer, at that time serving on the staff of Alexander as acting assistant inspector-general of brigade. He was tall, slender, and of a somewhat swarthy complexion, which, with hair that for lack of a barber's services had grown long enough to brush back of his ears, and a Confederate major's brand-new uniform, gave him such a close resemblance to his erring but gallant countrymen of the South that his most intimate friend would not have suspected him of being a Yankee. His men were quite as successfully fitted out in captured clothing, and after receiving instructions at my own headquarters to report frequently by courier, he gaily set off on what afterwards proved to be a most successful expedition. Verbal orders were also given to the other division and brigade commanders to send out similar parties, and they did so without delay.

Yeoman and his followers marched rapidly towards the upper crossings of the Savannah River, entered South Carolina, and by diligent but cautious inquiry and much hard riding found and joined the party they were looking for, without attracting unusual attention to themselves. The country was full of disbanded Confederate soldiers, all more or less demoralized and going home. Discipline was at an end, and every man of them was looking out for himself. This condition of affairs facilitated the operations of Yeoman, and encouraged him to believe that he might find an opportunity to seize and carry off the rebel chief; but the vigilance and devotion of the escort rendered it impossible to put this daring plan into effect, though it did not prevent his sending couriers into the nearest Federal picket post to report the movements of the party he was with. The information thus obtained was promptly transmitted to Generals Alexander and Upton, and by them to me. At Washington, Georgia, there was much confusion, growing out of the further disbanding which was rendered necessary by the proximity of our forces, and Yeoman lost sight of Davis for about twenty-four hours, during which he divided his party into three or four squads, and sought again to obtain definite information of the Confederate chieftain's movements and plans. Persevering in his efforts, he learned enough to convince him that Davis had relinquished all hope of getting through the country to the westward, and would most probably try to reach the South Atlantic or Gulf Coast and escape by sea. This, it will be remembered, was the plan which Pollard, the historian of the Lost Cause, says was deliberately adopted, many weeks before Lee's catastrophe. Relying upon his information, Yeoman sent in couriers to make it known, and as soon as it reached him Alexander repeated it to me by the telegraph, which was now completely in our possession. The air was full of rumors, and everybody had a theory to advance as to the probable movements of the party we were

so anxious to apprehend; but after careful consideration of all the reports and the few absolute facts which had reached me I had already come to the conclusion that Davis would be forced to flee, probably alone and in disguise, towards the Florida coast, and reported to Thomas that I had no doubt we should catch him if he undertook to pass through the country attended by an escort and a wagon-train.

On the afternoon of May 6, immediately after receiving the intelligence from Yeoman, I sent for General Croxton, commanding the First (McCook's) Division, and directed him to select his best regiment in his division, and send it forthwith, under its best officer, eastward by the little town of Jeffersonville to Dublin on the Oconee River, with orders to march with the greatest possible speed, scouting the country well to the northward of his route, leaving detachments at all important cross-roads and keeping a sharp lookout for all rebel parties, whether large or small, that might be passing through that region. It was hoped by these means that the route pursued by Davis might be intersected and his movements discovered, in which event the commanding officer was instructed to follow wherever it might lead, until the fugitive should be overtaken and captured. General Croxton selected the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Harnden, an officer of age, experience, and unconquerable resolution, who reported to me after his regiment was on the march, and whom I notified that Davis was known to have an escort variously estimated at from ten to fifty men, all fully armed, and determined to die "in the last ditch," if need be, in his defense. The sturdy old colonel understood fully what he might encounter and what was expected of him, and assured me as he galloped away that he would give a satisfactory account of himself and command if he should have the good fortune to find the party he was sent after. He had selected 150 of his best men and stoutest horses, and, marching all night, he reached Dublin the next evening at seven o'clock, having left an officer and thirty men at Jeffersonville with orders to send out scouts in all directions. During his march he had kept scouting parties well out on both sides of his column in hopes of finding the trail of the party for whom he was searching, but nothing of importance occurred till after he had bivouacked for the night.

Meanwhile the conviction was growing in my mind that Davis would certainly try to pass through eastern Georgia into Florida, and accordingly the next day — May 7 — I sent for Colonel Minty, commanding the Second (Long's) Division, and directed him also to select his best regiment and order it to follow the southern bank of the Ocmulgee River, watching all the crossings, and seizing all the boats between Hawkinsville and the mouth of the Ohoopee River. Minty selected the 4th Michigan Cavalry, his own regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin D. Pritchard, an officer of rare ability and enterprise. He received the same information and instructions that had been given to Harnden in regard to the strength and character of the escort which was supposed to be with Davis, and was directed to find and follow the party to the Gulf of Mexico if necessary and bring it in if possible. Pritchard, leaving behind his weaker horses, set out immediately with the rest of his regiment, and proceeded rapidly in the direction indicated.

The excitement had now grown to white heat, and every officer and man in the force was on the alert. Upton had telegraphed me from Augusta as early as the 6th, suggesting that I should offer a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the capture of Davis, urging in support of his advice that the Secretary of War would approve my action, and that it would induce even the rebels to assist in making the capture. I did not care, however, to commit the Government in that way, and decided, instead, to offer a reward to be paid from the treasure which the fleeing chieftain was thought by General Halleck, and perhaps others, to have with him. This was done, and printed copies of the offer were scattered throughout the State as soon as possible.

At this time the cavalry corps, consisting of about fifteen thousand horsemen, was holding all the important points along a line extending from Kingston to Tallahassee, with one brigade and many smaller detachments moving in all directions to the front and rear, and the sequel showed that I was fully justified in believing that Davis and his party could not possibly escape unless they left the roads and took to the woods as individual fugitives.

On his arrival at Dublin, Harnden made careful inquiry, but the white inhabitants of the place expressed complete ignorance and indifference in regard to the movements of all parties and detachments such as might accompany the rebel leaders, though they were unusually profuse in offers of hospitality to himself and his command. This being a trait of Southern character that the bronzed old cavalryman had never before seen exhibited to any marked extent, his suspicions were at once aroused, and, declining all attentions, he went into bivouac at the edge of the village, resolved to sleep with one eye open if he slept at all. He had

$100,000

REWARD!

IN GOLD.

Hea[illegible]quarters Cav. Corp.,
Military Div[illegible]ion Mississippi,
Macon, Ga., May 6, 1865.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars Reward in Gold, will be paid to any person or persons who wil[illegible] apprehend and deliver JEFFERSON DAVIS to any of the Military authorities of the United States.

Several millions of specie, reported to be with him, will become the property of the captors.

J. H. WILSON

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A TORN POSTER FOUND IN GEORGIA AFTER THE WAR BY MR. REAU CAMPBELL.

already observed unusual commotion among the colored people, and after sending out scouts and posting his pickets he composed himself for the night.

About eleven o'clock, after complete stillness had settled upon the bivouac, a negro man came stealthily to the colonel's tent and told him with bated breath that he had assisted the ferryman that day in bringing Mrs. Davis and family from the east to the west side of the river; that the party was composed of men, women, and children, about twenty in all; that they had three ambulances and five wagons, and after crossing had gone south on the river road. He was sure that it was Mrs. Davis and family, because he had heard one of the ladies addressed as "Mrs. Davis," and an elderly gentleman, with a defective eye, riding a fine bay horse, spoken to as "Mr. Davis" or as "President Davis." The colored man had evidently made close observation of all that took place. He reported that "Mrs. Davis" and some of the party had not crossed at Dublin, but had gone to a ferry several miles farther down the river, and after crossing there had ridden up to the town, and rejoining the party in the outskirts they had all gone south together "on the river road." Colonel Harnden, after a rigid cross-examination of his voluntary informant, and receiving from another negro a confirmatory statement, went down to the river and called up the white ferryman, whom he again questioned closely, but from whom he failed to elicit any additional facts. Indeed he got

nothing whatever from him, except the conviction that, for a white man, the ferryman was an unusually ignorant and reticent person.

Returning, however, to his camp and reflecting upon the story of the colored man, he concluded that it was too probable and circumstantial to be disregarded. He therefore detailed Lieutenant Theron W. Lane with sixty men to scout from Dublin as a center, in all directions, and especially towards the sea-coast, while he resolved to start at two o'clock with the remainder of his regiment, not exceeding in all seventy-five men and officers, in pursuit of the party about which he had gathered such circumstantial details. With horses well fed and groomed, and his troopers refreshed by a short sleep and by the bountiful supplies of a region which had entirely escaped the ravages of the foragers, he took to the saddle at two o'clock, the darkest hour of the night, determined to overtake the fugitives, wherever they might go. As nearly as he could make out, they had sixteen or seventeen hours the start of him; but as they were encumbered with ambulances and wagons, he felt that the chances were largely in his favor. He had some difficulty at first in finding the right road, which, like all the rest in that region, was at best an obscure path through the forest; but five miles out he obtained information from a woman of the country which convinced him that he was moving in the right direction, and that Davis in person had gone by the day before. This was on the morning of May 8. The colonel at once sent a courier across country with a despatch for General Croxton, informing the latter of his discovery and his general plan of operations, and then pushed on rapidly in pursuit. It is worthy of note, however, that the courier lost his way and was captured, dismounted, and robbed, and did not reach Macon till after the news of Davis's capture had been received. The route by which the latter was traveling led nearly due south through an almost unsettled and trackless but level and sandy region of pine forests, made still more difficult by creeks and swamps crossing and frequently obliterating the road for miles. It began to rain about noon, and this speedily washed out the wagon-tracks and left the pursuers in doubt as to the trail which they were following. After a while they impressed an unwilling "cracker," as the inhabitants of that region are called, and forcing him to act as guide, they pushed forward till they felt sure they were again on the right road. Allowing him to return home, they continued the march till they came to the swamps of Alligator Creek, where the trail disappeared under the water, and they were once more forced to draw rein till another "cracker" could be found to guide them through the swamp and forest to the path which seemed so illusive, and upon which the trail of the fugitives was so faintly marked. Notwithstanding the delays, Colonel Harnden and his troopers bivouacked that night forty miles south of Dublin. Having no tents, they lay on the ground, and as it rained heavily during the night, they were again drenched to the skin. As a consequence it was more comfortable for the men in the saddle than in their dreary camp, and so with much impatience they mounted and resumed their march at the early hour of three o'clock the next morning.

The route, as before, lay due south, across creeks and swamps and through an almost uninhabited forest, but by noon it brought them to Brown's ferry, where they crossed to the south side of the Ocmulgee. The river was found to be too deep for fording, and its banks so steep and treacherous that the prudent colonel, anxious as he was to get forward, would not permit his command to swim it. Accordingly a rickety old scow, on which the fugitives had crossed only a few hours before, was brought into requisition; but it was overloaded, and under the burden of the first detachment it sprung a leak, which threatened to disable it entirely, and in fact came so near doing so that it was found necessary to limit the loads afterward to four or five men and horses. There were no means at hand for making repairs, and the crossing was thereby prolonged nearly two hours beyond what otherwise would have been necessary. The time was not altogether lost, however, for it afforded Colonel Harnden an opportunity to gather from the ferryman and his assistants such particulars of the party he was pursuing as to remove all doubt, if any existed, in regard to its identity and strength, and also in regard to the route it had taken after crossing the river.

At Abbeville, a hamlet of three families, about a mile and a half below the ferry, he found some corn, and halted to feed his jaded horses. At 3 P. M., just as he was renewing his march, he met the advance guard of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard commanding, coming down the river road from Hawkinsville. After comparing instructions with that officer, and telling him about the party he was pursuing, he rejoined his own command and continued his march by the road from Abbeville to Irwinville until again compelled by darkness and the consequent difficulty of following the trail to go into camp. This he did about nine o'clock at night, after he had got within two or three miles of where he supposed the fugitives had also been compelled to halt. Here he unsaddled, and after posting pickets and enjoining the most perfect

silence, he sent his horses out to graze for a while before allowing his men to rest. Declaring his purpose to renew the pursuit before dawn the next morning, in the hope of falling upon the camp of the rebel party before it had resumed its march, he threw himself upon the ground and slept soundly for a few hours.

It will be remembered that Colonel Pritchard, who belonged to the Second Division, had left Macon about dark on the evening of May 7, and that his attention had been particularly directed to the crossings of the Ocmulgee between Hawkinsville and Jacksonville, for the purpose of watching the ferries and intercepting Davis and such other important Confederate leaders as might be trying to escape through that region. He had practically the same orders that had been given to Harnden, except that his preliminary line of march was to be southeastward along the southern bank of the Ocmulgee, while Harnden's was to be due east to the Oconee and beyond. Exactly what words passed between these two officers when they met have never been fully reported or agreed upon, but as they were veterans of most excellent character, it is fair to assume that each gave the other all the information he had, after which they parted, Harnden to rejoin his command on the Irwinville road, and Pritchard to continue on the route above indicated. [See page 594.] The latter had not gone far, however, before he met a negro man who gave him such additional information as convinced him absolutely that the party which Harnden was pursuing was the one they were both looking for, and that it was his duty to join in the pursuit. Accordingly he selected seven officers and 128 of his best-mounted men, and after leaving the rest of the regiment under Captain John C. Hathaway, with orders to carry out his original instructions, he set out at a brisk trot. It was now four o'clock, and the route chosen by him led southeasterly along the river nearly twelve miles to the neighborhood of Wilcox's mill, where it turned sharply to the southwest in the direction of Irwinville, some eighteen miles from the river. Night soon overtook the hardy cavalrymen, but they pressed on through the overshadowing forest and reached Irwinville between one and two o'clock in the morning. Although this is the county seat of Irwin County, it is an insignificant village, which till that hour had escaped all the alarms of the war; but the presence of so large a body of cavalry soon became known, and caused great excitement among both whites and blacks. Fearing that the alarm would extend to the neighborhood unless promptly allayed, the colonel represented his command as the rear-guard of Davis's escort, and after restoring order thereby had the satisfaction of learning that the party he was searching for had encamped that night at the creek, about a mile and a half north of the village, on the Abbeville road. Feeling confident that the fugitives were now within his grasp, he marched noiselessly, under the guidance of a negro from the village, to within half a mile of the camp, where he detached Lieutenant Alfred B. Purinton and twenty-five men, with orders to dismount and work their way quietly through the woods to a point on the road north of the camp. He hoped by this means to interpose between Davis and his escort, and to cut off all chance of escape. In case of alarm or discovery, he directed the lieutenant to turn at once towards the camp from wherever he might be, while the principal force, under his own immediate command, would be held in readiness to charge the camp along the main road.

These dispositions were carried into effect without the slightest noise or disorder, and everything was in readiness to close in upon the sleeping chieftain and his attendants; but unfortunately Colonel Pritchard had failed to apprise Colonel Harnden of his plan of operations, and the latter, entirely unconscious of what had occurred since he left Abbeville at three o'clock the previous afternoon, had called his men without the blare of bugles from their slumber, and after a hasty breakfast of coffee and hard bread had taken the road to gather in the party which he had been pursuing with such untiring industry for two days and nights. He had thrown out an advance guard of six men, and directed Sergeant George G. Hussey, in charge, to answer no challenges, but to wheel about as noiselessly as possible and rejoin the main body as soon as he encountered any force on the road. With this disposition made, the colonel and his troopers had covered but little more than two miles when the sergeant was challenged by an unknown party only a short distance ahead of them. There was as yet no show of dawn, and the shadows of the pines, which here constitute the entire forest growth, rendered it impossible to see twenty feet ahead. The sergeant alleges that he replied "All right; friends!" and wheeling about promptly rejoined the column in the rear, but as he did so he was followed by a rattling carbine fire, which of course brought the colonel at once to the front. Without the slightest delay the latter detached a part of his force to move rapidly through the woods upon the flank and rear of the party they had encountered, and ordering the rest of his men to dismount and "fight on foot," he charged straight down the road, regardless of what he might encounter. A sharp fight ensued, but it was soon discovered that the men in front were Purinton's detach-

ment of the 4th Michigan Cavalry instead of the enemy. In this untoward affair one officer of the 4th Michigan was wounded and two men killed, while three of the 1st Wisconsin were severely, and several slightly, wounded. It has always been a source of regret to those concerned that this skirmish took place, and yet it is difficult to see how, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it could have been avoided. Colonel Pritchard reports explicitly that he had sent a courier to warn Colonel Harnden and had cautioned Lieutenant Purinton to keep a sharp lookout, but withal Harnden remained entirely unconscious that the Michigan men had got around him, and pressed on under the supposition that the force in front could be no other than Davis's escort.

Meanwhile, Colonel Pritchard with his main body, preceded by Captain Charles T. Hudson and twelve men, charged through the somewhat straggling camp just as the first signs of dawn began to show themselves. He at once threw a cordon of mounted troopers completely around the space covered by it, and had sent some dismounted men to the tents and wagons for the purpose of securing such prisoners as they might contain, when the woods resounded with sharp firing beyond the creek in the direction of Abbeville, but apparently close at hand. The camp was now completely aroused, and much commotion followed, but the colonel did not tarry to take account of his captures. Hurriedly consigning that task to his adjutant, he gathered all the men that could be spared, and rode at once towards the scene of conflict, arriving there just in time to receive the volley which brought the unfortunate affair to an end.

During the skirmish and the absence of Colonel Pritchard, which must have lasted ten or fifteen minutes, the adjutant, Lieutenant J. G. Dickinson, having taken every precaution for securing the entire camp and its occupants, had gathered up a few stragglers and sent them to the front, and was about to go in the same direction himself, when his attention was called by one of his men to "three persons dressed in female attire," who had apparently just left the large tent near by and were moving towards the thick woods. He started at once towards them and called out loudly and imperatively, "Halt!" but not hearing him, or not caring to obey, they continued to move off. The command was repeated in louder tones, and this brought several troopers under Corporal Munger from the outer cordon, and as they confronted the party of three with carbines "advanced" and a threatening air, the latter halted, and in the confusion which followed it became evident that one of them was Mr. Davis in disguise, and that he was accompanied by Mrs. Davis and her sister, Miss Howell.

Shortly afterwards, and before the party had reëntered the tent, Colonel Pritchard accompanied by Colonel Harnden returned from the front, and rode up to the group which had now become the center of interest. Davis, who had not yet recovered his equanimity, although he had been permitted to throw off his disguise, recognized them as officers of rank, turned fiercely upon them, and asked which of them was in command. It will be remembered that these officers were lieutenant-colonels from different States, belonging to different brigades and divisions, and had probably never met till the day before; hence it is not strange that they had not compared dates of commissions, nor that they were somewhat disconcerted by the question of their imperious prisoner.

Noting their hesitation, the latter upbraided them sharply, charged them with incompetency and unchivalric conduct, and finally declared that they could not have caught him but for his desire to protect his "women and children." Whereupon Colonel Pritchard, who was a man of self-possession and dignity, said: "I am Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard, commanding the 4th Michigan Cavalry, and this is Lieutenant-Colonel Harnden, of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry. We don't know who holds the oldest commission; but that is not important, for between us we shall doubtless be able to take care of you and your party." This ended the conversation, and after a hurried breakfast the captors began their return march to Macon.

Mr. Davis and his family were carried in the ambulances, followed by the wagons containing their baggage and supplies. It should be remembered that the troops had drawn no regular Government rations since leaving the Tennessee River, and were therefore compelled to subsist by foraging. The country being but sparsely settled and poorly cultivated, all kinds of provisions were scarce, and consequently the men had now begun to suffer for food. Discovering that the captured train contained more food than could possibly be consumed by the prisoners, Colonel Pritchard on the way north decided to distribute the surplus to his men, but before doing so politely requested Mr. Davis to direct his cook to set apart enough to last for the few hours which would bring them to Macon. Much to his surprise and annoyance, Mr. Davis declined, strenuously protesting that the supplies were private property and should not be disposed of as the colonel had proposed. A sharp conversation ensued, during which Mr. Davis lost his temper, declared that he never expected to be

compelled to submit to such indignities, and that if he could have got possession of his arms at the time of his capture he would not have been taken prisoner. Colonel Pritchard asked quite naturally, "How could you have prevented it, Mr. Davis?" "Why, sir," replied the now thoroughly angered chieftain, "I could have fought you, or I could have eluded you."

Replying to this somewhat boastful speech, the colonel said impressively, and, in his own words, "perhaps a little acrimoniously," "As for fighting us, we came prepared for that: it would have saved us some trouble and doubtless you a good deal; but as for 'eluding us,' I don't think your garments were on that occasion particularly well adapted for locomotion or for the use of firearms." To this Mrs. Davis retorted sharply, saying, "I want you to understand distinctly that Mr. Davis assumed that disguise at my instance."[1]

It is proper to say that Mr. Davis denies the accuracy of this story, and Mr. Reagan, who was captured with the party, but was not present at the interview just described, also denies it; but I see no reason whatever for doubting the statement of Colonel Pritchard. He is a cool, self-possessed, and honorable gentleman, and quite incapable of giving currency to any other than a truthful statement of what actually took place.

Upon mustering the prisoners immediately after the capture, it was found that in addition to Mr. Davis and Mr. Reagan the national troopers had taken Colonel Burton N. Harrison, private secretary; Colonels Johnston and Lubbock, aides-de-camp; four inferior officers and thirteen private soldiers; besides Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, two waiting-maids, four children, and several colored servants. Only one member of the party, and that a private soldier, succeeded in avoiding capture.

The circumstances of this capture, which summarily and forever put an end to all plans for the further continuance of the war, have been described with more or less particularity in the official reports, and in sketches based upon them or upon the less formal statements of those who participated therein. It is needless to add that I was not personally present, and therefore that in all I have said or written about it I have been compelled to depend in a large degree upon the observations and testimony of others. Both officers and men present have declared that Jefferson Davis when arrested was endeavoring to escape disguised as a woman, and they so reported to me. In the belief that this was true, and that under the peculiar circumstances of the case the fact was an important one, I mentioned in the telegraphic reports which I sent at once to the Secretary of War and to my immediate military superiors, that he had been caught "in his wife's clothes," but I gave no details, and specified no particular articles of clothing. The reports were immediately flashed to all parts of the country by the telegraph, and the newspapers and illustrated journals supplied all the details from the imagination of their writers and artists. No official, so far as I know, ever asserted that the Confederate chieftain was caught in crinoline or petticoats, and yet his friends and admirers everywhere hastened to deny that allegation, and some of them have gone so far as to say that he was not disguised at all, and that the whole story was a "disgusting tissue of falsehood." It will not be forgotten that the country was at that time hung in black and plunged into the deepest sorrow for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that so long as the Confederate chiefs were at large, breathing the spirit of war and threatening to carry it on with fire and sword more fiercely than ever, there was no certain assurance of peace. But when the news came that Jefferson Davis had not died in "the last ditch," but had been caught in the act of stealing away in the encumbering clothing of his wife, it was evident to the most infantile mind that the war was ended completely and forever. The articles of his disguise were afterward procured from Mrs. Davis by Colonel Pritchard, acting under the orders of the War Department, and were delivered by him to General Townsend, the Adjutant-General of the army,[2] for safe-keeping. Mrs. Davis and her son selected or verified them at the time, and there can be no reasonable doubt as to their identity. In the charge into the camp the advance guard passed well through, while the main body swung round and enveloped it entirely. Lieutenant Dickinson, the adjutant of Colonel Pritchard's regiment, says in the Detroit "Tribune":

> In this movement I met in front of a small fly tent Colonel Harrison, Davis's private secretary, as I afterwards learned. I stopped and made inquiry as to their force in camp, and while he was replying I heard some one calling me. I turned and saw private Andrew Bee of L Company, who, pointing to three persons dressed in female apparel, at some distance and moving away, called out to me, "Adjutant, there goes a man dressed in woman's clothes." I started at once after them, calling out "Halt!" repeatedly and reaching them just as several troopers in charge of Corporal Munger dashed up, bringing their carbines ready for use. The fugitives halted. Mrs. Davis threw her arms around her husband's shoulders, and [with] the lady close to him formed a

[1] For other interesting details of the capture of Davis, see the article prepared by Colonel Pritchard and published in the "Allegan Journal," March 30, 1878.

[2] In an interview printed Dec. 7, 1889, General Townsend confirms this statement.—EDITOR.

shield which was respected. I noticed several Confederate officers near; one, a tall fellow, was apparently very much excited.

Davis had on a black dress, and though it did not fit fairly at the neck, it covered his form to the boots. The boots betrayed his disguise. A black shawl covered his head and shoulders. His identity was confirmed by the removal of the shawl from his face. I promptly directed him to retire to his quarters, and ordered Corporal Munger to place the men with him and keep careful guard.[1]

This statement, made by an officer of rank and intelligence, is conclusive, and it is confirmed by the statements of Corporal George Munger and privates James F. Bullard and Andrew Bee. The latter says that Mrs. Davis remained in the tent with the children, and that the three women who started for the brook were Mr. Davis, Miss Howell, and a white servant-girl, "Mr. Davis stooping over as a very old woman would, so that his head was not on a level with Miss Howell's, but was lower." He adds: "Mr. Davis had on a black morning-gown, belted at the waist, a shawl over his head and shoulders, and a black cloth under the shawl covering his forehead. They had got about six or eight rods from the tent when I, who had been watching them all the time, saw that the old woman had on boots. I at once said to Dickinson: 'See, that is Jeff himself! That is no woman! That is old Jeff Davis!' and started on the run after them. As I got up to them I exclaimed: 'Halt! —— you, you can't get any farther this time!' Mrs. Davis at that moment came running out of the tent, and when she reached Mr. Davis she put her arms around his neck and said, 'Guard, do not kill him!' At the same instant Corporal Munger of Company C, mounted, came from another direction and headed Davis. . . . The only portion of the face of Mr. Davis which could be seen when he was disguised were the eyes and nose, he covering the mustache, mouth, and beard with the shawl held close with one hand."

Private William P. Stedman [see page 595] of Company B, 4th Michigan Cavalry, confirms the statement of the others in regard to the disguise and the effort of Davis to escape as an old woman going to the run after water; but if further proof is still required as to the substantial accuracy of the story, it is furnished by Captain Charles T. Hudson, in a letter of July 24, 1875, to the "Detroit Tribune," from which I make the following extract:

> I was not the first to see our distinguished captive, nor did I see him in his disguise at all. Several claim that honor, and I have no doubt all speak the truth. On our way back to Macon, however, Mrs. Davis told me, and I will use her own words: "I put my waterproof cloak and shawl on Mr. Davis, upon the impulse of the moment, not knowing or having time to think what else to do, in hopes that he might make his escape in that disguise, and I only did what any true woman might have done under similar circumstances." . . . If fuller proof is wanting let me add that upon our arrival at Fort Monroe, with our prisoners, acting under orders of the Secretary of War, I was sent on board of the *Clyde*, then lying in Hampton Roads, to get the shawl (the waterproof having been obtained the day previous by Colonel Pritchard) worn by Davis at the time of his capture. Upon making known my business to Mrs. Davis, she and Mrs. Clement C. Clay, particularly the latter, flew into a towering rage, and Mrs. Clay, stamping her foot on the deck of the vessel, advised Mrs. Davis "to shed her blood before submitting to further outrage." After telling Mrs. Davis my orders were imperative and that she had better submit gracefully to my demands, she became somewhat pacified, and said *she* "had no other wrappings to protect *her* from the inclemency of the weather." I then told her I would go ashore and buy her a shawl, which I did, paying six dollars for it. Upon presenting it to her, she held it up, and with scorn and contempt turned to Mrs. Clay and exclaimed, "A common nigger's shawl!" She then handed me two shawls very similar in appearance and told me to take my choice, adding that she did dress Mr. Davis in her attire and would not deny it, at the same time expressing great surprise that the Secretary of War should want her clothing to exhibit, as if she had not already been sufficiently humiliated.[2]

Mr. Reagan, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Pollard, and even Mr. Davis's colored servant Jones, have with more or less ill temper and earnestness denied the story of the disguise; but each has admitted enough of what has been alleged by the captors to prove its substantial accuracy, and in the face of the positive and overwhelming testimony of the eye-witnesses and participants it would be conclusive if it were not absolutely confirmed by Davis's own story, as published in the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," pp. 701, 702. [See page 566.]

As for myself, I did not see Mr. Davis till he had arrived at my headquarters at Macon on the afternoon of May 13. When the cavalcade reached the city the streets were thronged by crowds of rebel citizens, but not one kindly greeting was extended to their fallen chieftain or his party. Of course he and they were closely guarded, but no one was prohibited from expressing his personal feelings or offering a friendly salutation. The party was assigned to rooms in the hotel which I was occupying, and my own servants gave the tired and hungry travelers the best dinner that they could

[1] See "Annals of the War, Written by Leading Participants," etc., p. 580 *et seq.*

[2] For the full text of the letters and statements quoted from in this article, and also for a careful and judicious summary of the proofs in regard to the disguise, made by Colonel Robert Burns, 4th Michigan Cavalry, see "Annals of the War," pp. 580–586 inclusive.

possibly provide, and otherwise treated them with every courtesy and attention.

After dinner I had an interview with Mr. Davis, lasting more than an hour. He looked bronzed, but hardy and vigorous, and had entirely recovered his customary equanimity and distinguished bearing. As we were both graduates of the Military Academy, and he had been Secretary of War at the time I was appointed, and had visited West Point while I was a cadet, the conversation naturally enough turned upon common recollections. He asked about his old friends the professors, and discussed them and their peculiarities with easy good-humor and kindly discrimination, after which I led him to the discussion of the graduates who had become leading generals in the two armies. He spoke in the highest terms of Lee, declaring him to be the ablest, most aggressive, and most courageous, and in short the most worthy and best beloved of all his lieutenants. He spoke slightingly of Johnston, and charged him with timidity and insubordination. He ridiculed the pedantry of Beauregard, and deprecated the gallant rashness of Hood. On the other hand he expressed his surprise at the astonishing skill and persistency of Grant, and his admiration for the brilliancy of Sherman and the solid qualities of Thomas. His comments and criticisms were clothed in excellent language, and were delivered with grace, while his manners were stately and dignified without being frigid or repellent. During the conversation he referred to Mr. Lincoln and his untimely death, speaking of him and his service in Congress in terms of respect and kindness, if not of high admiration. He seemed particularly sorry that a man of so much sensibility and kindliness had been succeeded in the presidency by Andrew Johnson, whom it was evident he did not like, and whom he feared would be governed in his relations with the Southern people by a vindictive and unforgiving temper. He remarked in regard to the reward offered by the latter for his arrest, and which he heard of for the first time on the road from Irwinville to Macon, that, while he was surprised and pained at the charge which had been made against him, of complicity in the assassination of the President, he had no serious apprehension of trouble therefrom. In this connection he said, "I do not doubt, General, the Government of the United States will bring a much more serious charge against me than that, and one which will give me much greater trouble to disprove"—doubtless alluding to that of treason.

During our interview he sent for his little son and introduced him to me. His conduct throughout was natural and eminently self-possessed, and did not reveal the slightest uneasiness or apprehension. It created in me the impression that, although he was a prisoner of war, he still felt that he would become an important factor in the reconstruction of the Union. After learning from me that he was to be sent at once via Atlanta and Augusta to Savannah, and thence by sea to such point North as the Secretary of War might designate, he said: "I suppose, as a matter of course, that Colonel Pritchard is to be my custodian hereafter as heretofore; and I desire to express my satisfaction at this, for it is my duty to say that Colonel Pritchard has treated me with marked courtesy and consideration. I have no fault to find with him, and beg you will tell him so. I should do so myself but for the fact that it might look like a prisoner's effort to make fair weather with his captors." He spoke particularly of the dignity and self-possession of Colonel Pritchard, and did not conceal a regret that he had not been so fortunate in his own conduct at the time of his capture.

*James Harrison Wilson.*

## II.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

AT Abbeville, South Carolina, we of the 4th Michigan Cavalry met Colonel Harnden of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, who said a detachment of his regiment had crossed the Ocmulgee and had gone south, and that the party that crossed the river the night before was Jefferson Davis and some refugees from Richmond. He said that he had been following them for two days, and he claimed the first right to the road, which was consented to by Colonel Pritchard of the 4th Michigan, who besides offered to lend Colonel Harnden a part of his regiment. The latter refused the offer and proceeded south towards Irwinville, Georgia, on Davis's trail. Soon afterward Pritchard learned that there was another road to Irwinville, but it was considerably farther than the road Davis had taken, and nearly twenty-four hours had elapsed since Davis had crossed the river. But Colonel Pritchard concluded to take this road with 120 of his best-mounted men and seven officers, leaving the rest to picket and scout the country around, according to former orders. Captain Charles T. Hudson was given charge of the advance guard, of which I was one. About four o'clock P. M. we took the river road to Wilcox's mill, about twelve miles distant. There we halted

and fed our horses. Then we took an old trail for Irwinville, through an unbroken pine forest, reaching there about two o'clock in the morning of the 10th. It was a bright moonlight night. We soon learned by examining the roads that the Davis party had not passed, and that they must be north of us if they had not taken some other road. The command halted at Irwinville, and orders were given for all to keep by their horses, but two of our men strayed away in search of something to eat. They found a meat-house, and in trying to get into it they disturbed the family in the dwelling-house adjoining it, when a woman put her head out of a window and ordered the men away, saying, "I know where you belong; and if you don't go away I will go to your camp in the morning and report you, for I know that your party does not allow such work." The boys took in the situation at once, and replied that they had lost their way, and wanted to know if there was any one in the house that would show them the way to camp. The woman said there was a colored man in the house that would show them the way. When the man came out the boys took him to Colonel Pritchard and informed him of what they had learned. After asking the man a few questions the colonel dismounted the command, except those that had been in the advance guard under Captain Hudson. The dismounted men, with the colored man for a guide, were sent to establish a line of pickets around the Davis camp. The advance guard was held back on the road until it began to show daylight in the east; then we were to advance on the camp. We marched right into the camp, without disturbing any one, until Captain Hudson said, "Go for them!" Then we gave a yell, and the men went for everything they could find. The camp was situated on a slight elevation of ground in a pine forest, but the timber did not stand very thick where the camp was. There was a creek, with considerable thick brush along it, running round the north and east sides of the camp, about twenty or twenty-five rods away. There were two wall tents and a shelter tent on the east side of the road, and the horses and wagons and ambulances were on the west side of the road, and the men of the camp were seen lying in the wagons and under the trees, for the surprise was so sudden that they had not got out of their beds. There was one tent larger than the rest, and I thought that if Davis were in the camp he would be in this tent, so I stopped my horse near the southwest corner of the tent and waited to see what would come out of it. The tent door was on the east side of the tent, and I could not see it, but a man could not get more than three or four feet from it without my seeing him. As I sat there some of our men went to the tent door, but were met by a woman who would ask them to keep out, saying that there were undressed ladies within. I heard this same voice several times, and it proved to be Mrs. Davis who was speaking. About this time firing was heard on the north side of the camp. Captain Hudson ordered the men out to where the firing was, except a few men to watch the camp. Soon after the firing began, this woman in the tent asked some one without if he would let her servants pass out after some water. Consent was given, when out came a tall person with a lady's waterproof overdress on and a small brown shawl on the head, a tin pail on the right arm, and a colored woman leaning on the left arm. This tall person was stooping over as if to appear shorter; I at once concluded that it must be Davis in disguise.

They started off east towards the creek, where the brush was very thick. As they were going they had to pass several soldiers who were straggling round the camp. I sat still on my horse, expecting that some of the soldiers would halt them as they passed by; but such was not the case, for they passed all of the soldiers without being noticed. Then I galloped my horse round the north side of the tent and, passing to their left, halted them. Just at this time there came riding up to us two of our soldiers. They made a few remarks to the tall person. He turned his face a little towards me and I saw his gray mustache. We told him his disguise would not succeed. Then Davis and the colored woman started back towards the tents. I rode by the side of Davis, and the two soldiers (Corporal Munger of Company C, and Daniel Edwards of Company L) rode away in another direction. As Davis had got about half way back to the tent, we were met by some of our men, who had just discovered that Jefferson Davis had tried to escape in disguise. A man by the name of Andrew Bee, a Swede, who was cook for Colonel Pritchard, came up on the run, and grabbed both hands into the front of the dress that Davis had on, jerked it open, and said to him, "Come out of this, you old devil!" Davis at this attack straightened up and showed anger. At the same time he put his hand to his back under the dress. I thought he was after a revolver, and covered him with my carbine, and cocked it. As I did so Mrs. Davis, who stood at the tent door, cried out to me not to shoot. She came running to her husband and threw herself on him in front of the gun. She said that he was not armed, for she had caused him to leave his arms in the tent before he came out. Then Davis threw the dress and shawl to the ground and started for the tent. When we reached there,

and as the soldiers were looking at Davis, Colonel Pritchard came up. I reported my prisoner to him. He asked me if I were sure it was Davis. I asked him if he had not seen Davis's picture often enough to know him at sight. Colonel Pritchard then asked Davis what his name was, and Davis answered, "You may call me what you please." Pritchard then said, "I will call you Jefferson Davis." Davis said it was immaterial to him what he was called. Colonel Pritchard then asked what the firing was for out north of the camp, but no one could tell him. He then ordered the men that were around the camp out to where the firing was, and rode there himself. As he left he said to me, "Keep a close watch of Davis." Davis then turned to me and asked if I would allow him to go across the road, where there was a fire burning. I went there with him; he sat down on a log near the fire. As we were there by the fire, a soldier by the name of Linch came up with a fine bay horse and spoke to Davis, and said, "Jeffie, here is your horse; you won't need him any more; won't you give him to me?" Davis did not answer him, but Colonel Lubbock, one of Davis's staff, was very angry towards Linch, and declared that he would die before he would see his President insulted. Linch with an oath said to Lubbock, "What is he President of?"

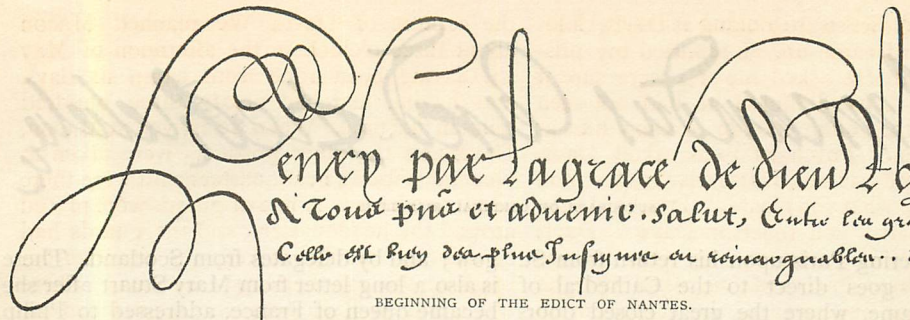
The firing, an accidental encounter between men of our regiment and the 1st Wisconsin [see page 590], soon stopped; the men came into camp and all had a good look at the rebel chief. The men of the 1st Wisconsin came into camp and saw Davis, but were not pleased to think that we had stolen a march on them. Our men had got their breakfast, and after a while the adjutant came round taking an inventory of the captures. I asked to be relieved from guard, so that I could get my breakfast before we marched. He then detailed a guard for Davis, myself being one of them. About eight o'clock in the morning the command started back for Macon with our prisoners by the direct road to Abbeville. That night we camped at Abbeville, and the rest of our regiment joined us there. We buried our dead at Abbeville on the morning of the 11th, and then took up our march again. The afternoon of the 12th we met our brigade, which had been sent out to assist us. It was drawn up in line on one side of the road. As we passed the band began to play "Old John Brown," and the boys sang "We 'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree." Davis was riding in an ambulance at the time and pulled down the curtains. When we met our brigade we learned for the first time that there was a reward for the capture of Davis. We reached Macon about three o'clock in the afternoon of May 13, having been gone from camp six days, and having marched nearly three hundred miles in that time. When we arrived at Macon, Davis and the other prisoners were taken to General Wilson's headquarters, and were there about two hours. A line of guards were placed around the headquarters, and the guards had considerable trouble to keep the citizens from breaking through their line to see Davis. There was a lady, well dressed, who approached me crying and was determined to pass me and see her President. I was compelled to use force to keep her back. At Macon there was a detail made from our regiment to guard Davis to Fort Monroe.

I think that I was the only person in our command who saw the whole affair at the capture of Davis; some saw one part and some another.

In THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1883, there was an article by Colonel Harrison, Mr. Davis's private secretary, giving a description of the capture. So far as my knowledge goes, Mr. Harrison errs in some of his statements. He says that at the first surprise of the camp Colonel Pritchard rode up to him and asked what the firing meant north of the camp. It was Captain Hudson, whom he took for Pritchard. He says he talked with the mounted soldier near the Davis tent and persuaded him to ride away, which is a mistake. He also says that the soldiers used violent and abusive language to Mrs. Davis. There was no violent language used in my hearing, except by Andrew Bee to Mr. Davis, when he tore open the waterproof, and I was where I could have heard if any had been used. Mr. Harrison tells Colonel Thoburn's story of how he left the Davis camp in the night and ran into the 4th Michigan Cavalry near Irwinville and was fired upon by them, and that he returned the fire and got away from them. There was no firing near Irwinville that night, nor was there any noise made that could have been heard twenty rods away. Mr. Harrison also tells how Colonel Pritchard and his adjutant had a dispute about a horse that he (Harrison) had been riding. This statement is a mistake. A private by the name of Linch got the horse; at Macon Linch and one of his officers quarreled about the possession of the horse, and one Sunday morning Linch shot the horse. Linch is the same man that got Mrs. Davis's valise containing her valuables, said to amount to several thousand dollars. He hid it near Macon, and went there and got it after he was discharged from the army.

*Wm. P. Stedman,*
*Co. B, 4th Michigan Cavalry.*

OWASSO, MICH.



BEGINNING OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

## A CORNER OF OLD PARIS.

FEW sightseers in the French capital, or even people living there, have made their way to one of its most interesting buildings, which contains documents, paintings, and relics more interesting still, —the Musée des Archives.

Nowhere else can so many authentic documents relating to the Revolution be obtained. The Musée was formerly the Hôtel Soubise, belonging in succession to the noble families De Guise and De Rohan, and built upon the site of the Hôtel de Clisson, owned by the Constable of that name. It was in 1809 that the building was selected as the receptacle for the valuable collection of state papers, which to-day repays so well a careful investigation.

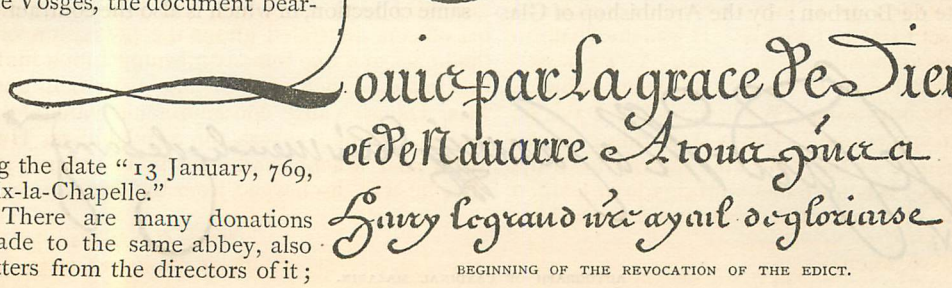
After letters signed by the Clotaires, Dagoberts, and Clovises of very early days we come to the time of the Carlovingians, and find the curious signature of the Emperor Charlemagne, which is attached to a deed giving to the Abbey of St. Denis a small monastery situated in the forest of the Vosges, the document bearing the date "13 January, 769, Aix-la-Chapelle."

There are many donations made to the same abbey, also letters from the directors of it; and there are signatures of numerous monarchs, with curious sobriquets, such as le Débonnaire, le Chauve, le Bègue, le Gros, and le Simple.

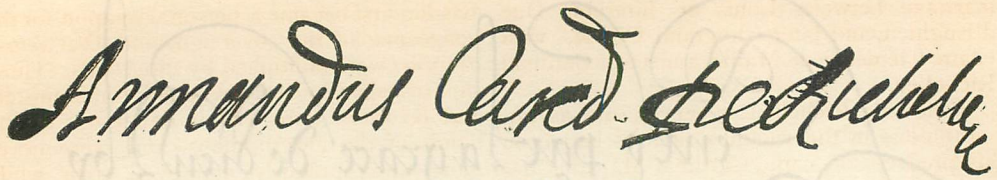
The Capets follow, and countless bishops, each signature less clearly legible than the preceding; King Philip II., who went on the crusade in which Richard Cœur de Lion entirely eclipsed him; and Simon de Montfort; with many other names made familiar by history. And there before us lies the last will and testament of Louis IX., written upon a small parchment from which hangs a large seal in yellow wax fastened with silken cords. The date of this paper is 1270.

The House of Valois contributes many documents of interest; among others, in the register of the council of the Parliament of Paris, occurs an historic note relative to the trial and death of Jeanne d'Arc. The recorder of the court has roughly sketched with his pen on the margin of the page the maid herself, or rather his idea of her. She holds the sword with which she hoped to do such great things, and the banner in which she had such implicit faith, marked with the letters I. H. S. The description is given of her cruel death by burning at the city of Rouen, and heretic, apostate, idolater, liar, blasphemer of God, are only a few of the terms we find applied to her.

As a signature to a religious document, the one attached to the promise of John II., son of Philip of Valois, is assuredly the most amazing. The day



BEGINNING OF THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT.



AUTOGRAPH OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

of his entering Paris upon his return from St. Denis he goes direct to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the great closed doors open before him. Not, however, until he has sworn to maintain the rights and privileges of the church, is he permitted to cross its threshold.

A more reverential signature is that of Charles V., king of France, to the certificate of the gift of a portion of the true cross, which he delivers to his brother Jean, Duc de Berry, telling him that with his own hands he has cut this tiny fragment from the precious relic preserved in the Sainte-Chapelle du Palais. The king further urges his brother to keep the sacred gift, or to give it away, according as he may find it best for the glorification of the Catholic faith.

Not far from the paper upon which is drawn this presentation of the true cross is the treaty establishing the Jews in France, and also the first criminal register of the Châtelet prison in Paris.

From Philippe de Commines, historian and statesman in the time of Louis XII., there is a long letter, and a despatch from the French ambassadors of Francis I. to that king, relative to the marriage of Marguerite d'Angoulême with Henry VIII. of England, should he be able to break his marriage with Catherine of Aragon; Cardinal Wolsey's hesitation about the matter rendering necessary fresh orders from the French court. The treaty of the Field of the Cloth of Gold is a large parchment, illuminated, and having heavy seals attached.

A far more legible signature is that of the Queen of Scots, Mary Stuart, whose marriage contract with the dauphin of France is attested by King Henry II.; by his wife Catherine de Médicis, who spells her name "Caterine"; by Francis and Mary themselves; by Antoinette de Bourbon; by the Archbishop of Glasgow; and by delegates from Scotland. There is also a long letter from Mary Stuart after she became queen of France, addressed to Philip of Spain.

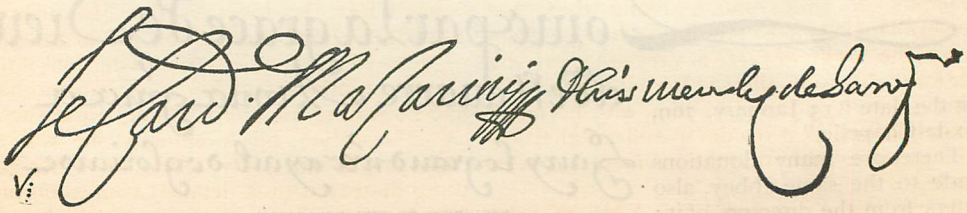
The signature of Prince de Condé, chief of the Huguenots, who escaped death under Francis II. only because the king himself died, and who was later traitorously killed at Jarnac, is attached to an acknowledgment of the payment of his pension from the king. There are many miscellaneous papers concerning the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and numerous letters about it, among them one from Catherine de Médicis to the Spanish king.

The larger part of an autograph letter from Henri de Bourbon, King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France, treats of the reassembling of the Huguenot army. The signature to this is bold and clear.

In this the celebrated Edict of Nantes collection are also the momentous words written eighty-seven years later by Louis XIV. revoking the edict, and suppressing the privileges granted in it. Madame de Maintenon and the Jesuit Père La Chaise, it will be remembered, were principally responsible for this revocation.

During the reign of Louis XIII. the all-powerful Cardinal Richelieu had ruled king and kingdom with a rule of iron. The Bastille was tenanted by the Prince of Condé, by marshals of France, and by numberless men of lesser rank. In the Musée des Archives are several autographic letters from Richelieu, the above autograph being the signature of a letter addressed to the Sorbonne, of which his Eminence was *proviseur*. There are signatures and signatures, but in the history of nations few have carried more weight than this.

Marie de Médicis and Anne of Austria have left several letters which are to be found in this same collection, in which is also the contract of

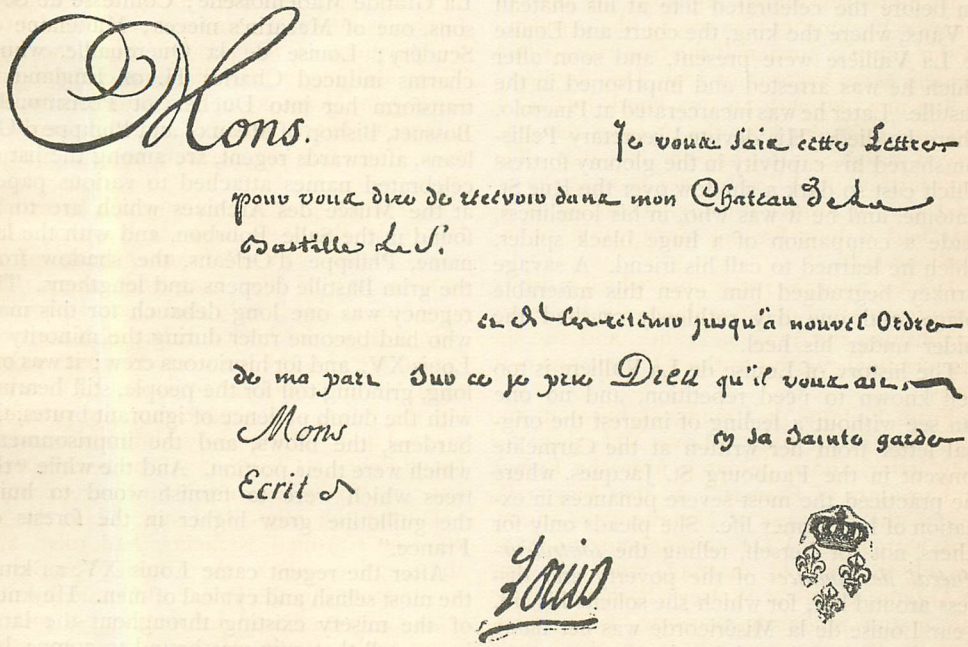


AUTOGRAPH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

marriage between Louis de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, and later "le grand Condé," with Claire Clémence de Maillé, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu.

Following Richelieu in power, and as unscrupulous in the wielding of it as had been his predecessor, came Cardinal Mazarin, and with him his dangerously beautiful niece. The facsimile given of Mazarin's signature is the one which he appended to the important treaty of the Pyrenees which gave to France, in 1659, Artois, Roussillon, and other towns, while it brought as a bride to Louis XIV. the long-suffering Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain. Added to the signature of the cardinal is that of Don Luis Mendez de Haro.

Bastille first became a personal weapon for the vengeance of the sovereign, and that *lettres de cachet* were multiplied by thousands. These slips of paper, so easily obtained from ministers and favorites, were terribly dangerous in the hands of the unscrupulous, and were never more unscrupulously employed than while Louis sat upon the throne of France. Even Richelieu, during his term of power in the preceding reign, had masked his high-handed measures, giving for them ostensible reasons of state, but later this precaution went unheeded. Under Louis XV. the mania for poisoning had become so fashionable that high-born women, priests, nobles, and Italian professionals in the art were alike accused and *embastillé*.




LETTRE DE CACHET.

One of Mazarin's nieces, the fascinating Hortense de Mancini, who ambitiously counted upon becoming queen of France in the place of Maria Theresa, and who instead was married out of hand by her uncle the cardinal to Armand Charles de La Porte, left her husband, and ended her days in England, sometimes passing her time in London, sometimes in Chelsea, but always surrounded by a circle of men of letters and *beaux esprits*, among whom was the brilliant Saint-Évremond. In the collection of the Archives there is a receipt signed by her for the pension allowed her by Louis XIV. This receipt is indorsed by him, with his name scratched out, as it occurs in still another letter; this indicating that the payment has been made.

It was in the reign of Louis XIV. that the Louis more than once gave warnings in time to his particular friends, as for example the Comtesse de Soissons and the Duchesse de Foix, thus saving them a compulsory residence in his château of the Bastille, but comparatively few fared so well. Two prisoners were sometimes placed in the same cell, and in this way the Italian exile was enabled to convey the knowledge of his diabolical art to one M. Sainte-Croix, the lover of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who profited by his instructions to the extent of quietly removing her father and two brothers, for whom she seems to have had no further use. For a long time she escaped suspicion, but eventually she was accused and found guilty, all doubt of her guilt being destroyed by a detailed confession of it found among her own papers, which with

feminine perversity and recklessness she had carefully kept. She was beheaded and burned, and the *procès-verbal* of her trial is to-day to be seen in the Musée des Archives.

Other papers, the discovery of which is said to have caused consternation in every female breast in Paris, were those in the possession of Nicholas Fouquet, the ambitious minister of finance, who committed the fatal mistake of trying to outrival his master. Not only was he more magnificently extravagant than Louis XIV. himself, but he dared to raise his hopes to Louise de La Vallière, whom the king himself delighted to honor. This was his ruin. The signature of Fouquet is that appended to a letter from him to Cardinal Mazarin, and written before the celebrated fête at his château of Vaux, where the king, the court, and Louise de La Vallière were present, and soon after which he was arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille. Later he was incarcerated at Pinerolo, where he died. His devoted secretary Pellisson shared his captivity in the gloomy fortress which cast so dark a shadow over the Rue St. Antoine, and he it was who, in his loneliness, made a companion of a huge black spider, which he learned to call his friend. A savage turnkey begrudged him even this miserable solace, and one day ruthlessly crushed the spider under his heel.

The history of Louise de La Vallière is too well known to need repetition, and no one can see without a feeling of interest the original letter from her written at the Carmelite convent in the Faubourg St. Jacques, where she practiced the most severe penances in expiation of her former life. She pleads only for others, not for herself, telling the *contrôleur-général des finances* of the poverty and distress around her, for which she solicits his aid. Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde was her name "in religion," and explains the signature.

Not far from the Musée des Archives, and also situated in the corner of Old Paris called the Marais, which Victor Hugo has made immortal in his "Les Misérables," stands the house inhabited by Mme. de Sévigné for many years. It is now the Musée Carnavelet, and contains numberless souvenirs of the Revolution, notably a collection of china plates, bearing various dates, designs, and inscriptions applicable to the Reign of Terror. These inscriptions vary in length, and their orthography is sometimes peculiar, but the sentiment expressed in them never changes:

"Vivre libres ou mourir. 1790."

"Vive la République, vive les bons sans-culottes Français."

This is the burden of them all. On one plate is a verse of the famous revolutionary song "La Carmagnole," to which men, women, and children danced in blood-drunken frenzy, shrieking death as they sang, while the tumbrils carried their victims to the place of slaughter. This is the verse which one may read to-day from the Carmagnole:

Madam' Veto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris,
Mais le coup a manqué,
Grâce à nos canonniers!
Dansons la carmagnole,
Vive le son, Vive le son!
Dansons la carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon!

St. Vincent de Paul, Racine, Boileau, and Fénelon; the Duc de Lauzun, husband of La Grande Mademoiselle; Comtesse de Soissons, one of Mazarin's nieces; Madelaine de Scudéry; Louise de la Quérouaille, whose charms induced Charles II. of England to transform her into Duchess of Portsmouth; Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; and Philippe d'Orléans, afterwards regent, are among the list of celebrated names attached to various papers at the Musée des Archives which are to be found in the Salle Bourbon, and with the last name, Philippe d'Orléans, the shadow from the grim Bastille deepens and lengthens. The regency was one long debauch for this man, who had become ruler during the minority of Louis XV., and for his riotous crew; it was one long, grinding toil for the people, still bearing, with the dumb patience of ignorant brutes, the burdens, the blows, and the imprisonments which were their portion. And the while "the trees which were to furnish wood to build the guillotine grew higher in the forests of France."

After the regent came Louis XV. as king, the most selfish and cynical of men. He knew of the misery existing throughout the land, knew well that ruin was bound to come; but he shrewdly calculated that the fair surface which covered the actual rottenness of things would last out his time.

It was during the reign of Louis XV. that the power of the Bastille reached that dangerous height which is apt to precede a fall, and during the same reign that Henri Masers de Latude accomplished his famous escape from the fortress prison. He had come to Paris, this inexperienced young provincial, burning with enthusiasm for the beautiful Mme. de Pompadour, whose name was on every lip, but just how that name was spoken by some among the people he did not know until he strolled one morning under the chestnut trees in the Tuileries Gardens, and overheard a conversation not meant for his ears.

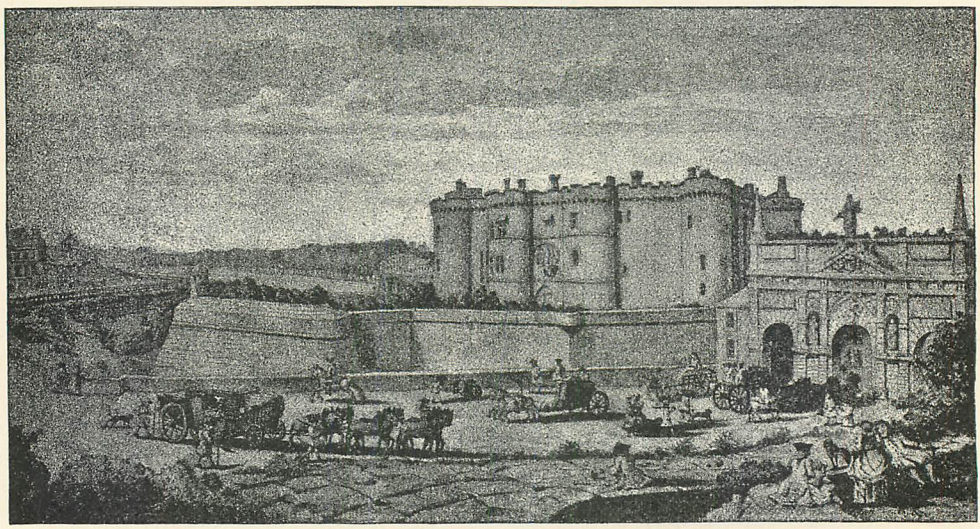
"Curse the woman! She has ruined the king, and is fast ruining France."

THE OATH IN THE TENNIS-COURT. (FROM A PAINTING BY A. COUDER.)

"Voltaire has rightly named her *grisette royale*, an avaricious *courtisane* who sells places, appoints to offices, revises the army list, and collects high interest on all!"

"Was not Gabrielle d'Estrées poisoned for far less than this in Henry IV.'s time? Is there no poison left, no hand cunning enough to disguise a deadly potion as a love philter, which will rid France and a suffering people of an infamous woman who rules us all?"

This is what the young man heard under the chestnut trees, and it made him thoughtful. He determined to see the Pompadour, save her, and make his own fortune at one and the same time. He forgot the tragic ending of so many others who had hoped to do the same.



THE BASTILLE, 1788. (FROM A PRINT.)

Putting a harmless white powder into an envelope, he addressed it to the marquise at the château of Versailles, where he quickly followed it in person, and demanded to see the lady on a matter of life and death. He described the design to poison her, claimed no reward for his zeal, and only begged to be permitted to see her from time to time. The favorite was outwardly grateful but inwardly suspicious; she was not accustomed to absolute disinterestedness. Asking Latude to write his name, which he gladly did, she dismissed him with a smile, and kept the paper. In course of time the powder arrived, and proved to be harmless; the two handwritings were the same; the favorite's suspicions were confirmed, and Latude was doomed. He had dreamed of the fêtes to be given at Marly in the month of May, but when May came he and his dreams were behind the bolts and bars of the Bastille. Later he was transferred to Vincennes, whence he escaped, but still infatuated with the Pompadour, he weakly gave himself up to her mercy. This confidence she rewarded by promptly placing him for the second time in the prison with the eight strong towers. Even from this formidable place, from the highest cell in one of the towers, the desperate man made good his escape, accompanied by his fellow-captive D'Alègre. He succeeded in getting as far as Holland, but there he was captured and brought back for the third time to the Bastille, where he remained until after the death of Mme. de Pompadour.

In 1789 Latude found himself in Paris, and claimed from the National Assembly his ladder, manufactured from clothing sent to him in prison, and the other instruments with which he had effected his escape. Prisoners of the Bastille were heroes in 1789, and they seldom asked in vain. All his prison property was restored to Henri Masers de Latude, and kept by him as relics.

There is a letter from the Pompadour in the collection at the Archives, but no facsimile of her signature is given. Although Louis XV. had allowed her to reign over him for fifteen years, and was at least supposed to care for her, he only remarked coldly and cynically, as the rain fell heavily at the moment of her death, "La Pompadour a un mauvais temps pour son grand voyage."

The shadow had been slowly but surely lengthening. It no longer fell only upon Paris, but passed out at the Porte St. Antoine far across the country, where gaunt, weary men and women were hungry for bread, and tired of the haughty nobles who treated them less well than they did their dogs. Coaches, driven

madly, tore through the streets of the wretched little villages, their occupants careless whether or no children fell crushed beneath the horses' feet, intent only upon quickly reaching their lordly châteaux. Famine had come to join hands with oppression; the very ground seemed cursed, and a wail of despair rang through the land.

Then came the troubled reign of Louis XVI. Here was a young king, good, but fatally weak; a gay court reckless of all but pleasure; and a beautiful Austrian queen destined to be the supreme martyr of history. But the wail never penetrated to them in the palace of the Tuileries, or the gardens of Versailles where the little dauphin gathered fresh flowers for his royal mother every morning in the sunshine. The Bastille still frowned down upon St. Antoine, and the mysterious affair of the queen's necklace sent many to inhabit it. The Cardinal de Rohan spent ten months there before he was exiled, and among the papers at the Archives is a letter from him to the king, giving up his decoration of the Order of the Saint Esprit. Marie Nicole le Gay d'Oliva, whose resemblance to the queen enabled her to personate Marie Antoinette in the famous scene of the Trianon garden, the Comtesse de Lamotte and her husband, together with others of lesser note, were all *embastillé* on account of complicity in the affair of the necklace.

MARIE ANTOINETTE. (AFTER THE PICTURE BY I. F. WARTELL.)

Louis XVI. accomplished many reforms during his reign. He revised the penal code, abolished torture and feudal servitude, and assured the civil rights to Protestants. The original documents of all these acts are to be found at the Musée. He generously came to the aid of America when she determined to establish her independence, and rendered valuable assistance to the cause of liberty, but was weak beyond words when his own people claimed liberty as their right and turned it into license.

The three orders of the States General held their last *séance royale* at Versailles, on May 5, 1789, after which the first two orders, the nobles and the clergy, retired; the third order, the deputies of the people, determined to work on alone. Louis XVI. refusing at first to recognize them, they could obtain no hall for their meeting until the 20th of June, when they determined to assemble in a tennis-court at Versailles. At this meeting all the deputies, with the exception of one, took a solemn oath to consecrate themselves to the interests of their country, in the following words: "Nous jurons de ne jamais nous séparer de l'Assemblée nationale, et de nous réunir partout où les circonstances l'exigeront, jusqu'à ce que la constitution du royaume soit établie et affermie sur des fondements solides."

This oath is always referred to as *Le serment du jeu de paume*, and the scene in the tennis-court has been immortalized by David and others.

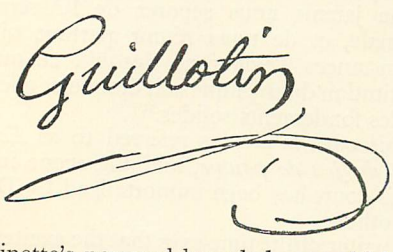
A writer of the time says that the excitement inside the great hall was equalled only by the fury of the elements outside, where a terrific storm raged. Thunder echoed the frantic vows of patriotism made by the deputies, while vivid lightning illuminated passions blinding as itself. The original *Serment du jeu de paume*, with its long list of signatures, is to be seen at the Musée, and it is to be noted that Robespierre then signs himself De Robespierre; whereas later the aristocratic "de" is dropped.

The days went on, and Louis XVI. continued to make entries of his personal expenses in the famous "livre rouge." *Payé à la reine*, followed by sums of different amounts,

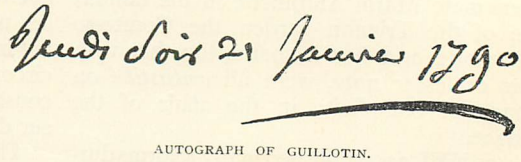
THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

is a frequent entry, and the beautiful Austrian, born and brought up in the belief of the divine right of kings and queens, spent the money right royally. How could she know of that gaunt and hungry crowd clamoring for bread, when only smiles and sunshine and obsequious flattery were around her—had always been around her? No poor mother with a wailing child, no case of distress, ever came under Marie Antoinette's personal knowledge to which she did not give personal relief. And very carefully she taught her own children to be pitiful and kind to those less fortunate than themselves. The dauphin's baby hand more than once gave his beloved flowers to envious little ones outside the gilded gates of Versailles; the boy running afterwards to his mother, whom he adored, for a word of approval. How could she know of the darkening shadow which had been growing and deepening through the centuries?

Louis XVI. also wrote daily, with fine delicate characters, in the second "livre rouge," his personal diary. It creates a strange sensation to hold these books in one's own hand; to take up the small loose pages and read the words which by the light of after years have become so pathetic.



AUTOGRAPH OF ROBESPIERRE.



AUTOGRAPH OF GUILLOTIN.

*Mois de Juillet, 1789:*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Samedy . . . | 4. | Chasse des chevreuil au Butard. Pris un et tué vingt-neuf pièces. |
| Dimanche . . | 5. | Vêpres et salut. |
| Lundy . . . | 6. | Rien. |
| Mardy . . . . | 7. | Chasse du cerf à Pont-Royal. Prix deux. |
| Mercredy . . | 8. | Rien. |
| Jeudy . . . . | 9. | Rien. Députations des États. |
| Vendredy . . | 10. | Rien. Réponse à la députation des États. |
| Samedy . . . | 11. | Rien. Départ de M. Necker. |
| Dimanche . . | 12. | Vêpres et salut. Départ de MM. de Montmorin, Saint-Priest, et de la Luzerne. |

On that Sunday, the 12th of July, while the king prayed, Camille Desmoulins, a young and vehement revolutionist, a friend of the people, mounted on a chair in front of the Café de Foi

in the Palais Royal, and harangued a crowd of malcontents and democrats. "It is necessary for us to select a distinctive badge by which we shall know each other," he cried. "What color will you choose? Shall it be green, the color of hope, or the blue of Cincinnatus, the color of American liberty and the democracy?"

"Give us green!" they shouted back—"green, the color of hope!"

Some hand furnished bits of green ribbon, but far too few to supply the crowd, and a hundred arms reached up to the trees above, tearing down branches and leaves, until all were furnished with the color of hope.

The king's journal continues:

*Juillet, 1789.*

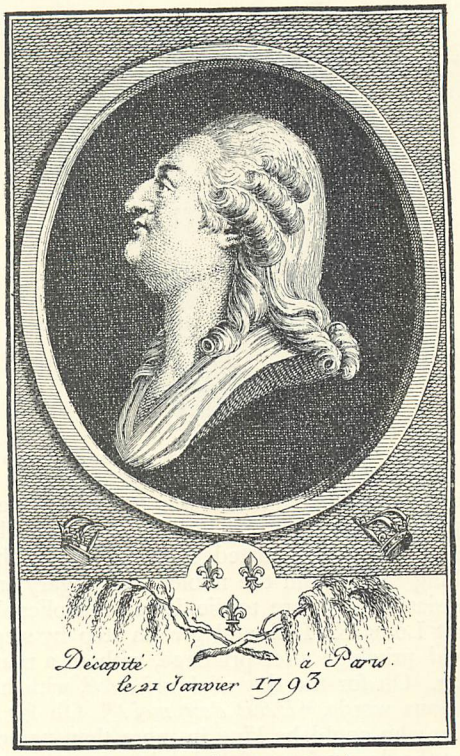
Lundy . . . . . 13. Rien.
Mardy . . . . . 14. Rien.

And while he writes a great hoarse cry sounds far off—"*À la Bastille!*" At any price Paris had determined to become free; and so long as the dark shadow of the monument of despotism stretched across the city freedom seemed unreal. The question has often been asked, Why was the hatred of the people expended upon the Bastille, which had been essentially the prison of the great? The answer lies, I think, in these words: "La Bastille, c'était la prérogative royale; celui-là renversée, ce qui restait en France de pouvoir absolu s'écroula." The people felt this by intuition. It was not merely a prison and a citadel, this great mass of stone with bolts and bars and grated cells: it represented a principle. Once leveled to the ground, a great moral force would be withdrawn from the crown.

Tavernier was the first prisoner released; but liberty came too late—he was mad. Two others were found in a cell of one of the towers, and four men in other parts of the building—seven in all. The mysterious man with the iron mask, the supposed brother of Louis XIV., had disappeared; Cagliostro the "Sorcerer" had gone to London, whence he had written that he would return to France when the Bastille had become a public promenade. All the secrets which those walls could have told none will ever know.

On the 16th of the same month an order was issued by the deputies of the people for the immediate demolition of the Bastille, which order, together with many other papers relative to the great state prison, can be seen to-day at the Musée des Archives. The outline of the building still remains clearly marked on the stones of the wide Place de la Bastille, where the column to Liberty stands.

The narrow street of St. Antoine has disappeared, with its quaint shops and their quainter names—"Patisserie de la Pomponnette," "Au bon Diable," "Au fichu de Marie Antoinette," and many others. And the swinging lamps are gone which hung from ropes fastened across the street from side to side; and the women knitting, "counting the stitches as later they would count heads falling on the Place de la Révolution." No shadow darkens the Place from the tall slender column which has taken the place of the prison with the towers.




LOUIS XVI. (FROM A PRINT.)

A perfect model of the Bastille, made from one of the stones of the building, stands in one of the great rooms of the old Hôtel Soubise. Around it hang twenty-seven of the prison keys: another of these keys was sent by Lafayette as a present to Washington, and now hangs in the hall at Mount Vernon.

The capture of the Bastille was only the beginning of the end for the principal characters of the French Revolution. The *via dolorosa* which was to be trodden by so many innocent feet and which led at last to the guillotine had not yet been entered upon; *la guillotine* had not yet been invented; the gamins of Paris could not yet chaff one another about "Fin de la soupe," "La dernière Bouchée," or "La Mère au Ciel," all of which names they gave to Dr. Guillotin's life-destroying invention, about which he writes a letter that is in the Archives collection.

Not the least of Marie Antoinette's trials must have been her husband—a good, kind,

THE DAUPHIN.
(FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. EDWARD VERY.)

amiable gentleman, who was never intended by nature for a king. To her, the proud daughter of the lion-hearted Maria Theresa, the "king" for whom the nobles of Hungary enthusiastically swore to die, it was inexplicable that Louis XVI. should give in step by step, yield privilege after privilege, without a murmur. Oh for the day of *le roi soleil*, with his famous words, "*L'état c'est moi!*" Oh for a king who could be king in more than name! But the descendant of St. Louis wrote tranquil entries in the journal in that delicate handwriting of his, filling at the same time the collection now at the Archives with documents which laid low one by one the bulwarks of his throne. Then came October, and the frightful days of the 5th and 6th at Versailles, when Lafayette found himself powerless to control the people, and the fishwomen of Paris went to the royal château to insult the *Autrichienne*, and in triumph escorted the weak king and his hapless queen and frightened children back to the capital.

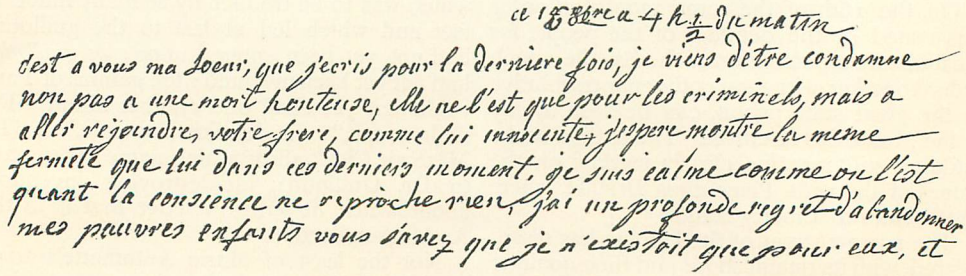
A paper at the Archives tells us that the formidable *dames de la halle* were so pleased with themselves after this exhibition of patriotism, that they sent an address to the National Assembly, which that august body answered by an invitation to assist at one of its sittings, proving by their response that they had a wholesome fear of the political zeal of the *poissardes*.

There is a letter at the Musée addressed to Louis XVI. by Roederer, a deputy to the Assembly, suggesting that he forget the occurrences of June 20 and unite his interests with those of the people in view of a foreign war, which the king consented to do. It seemed as if there was scarcely any concession which he was not willing to make. But the shadow had fallen too deeply on St. Antoine in earlier days to be forgotten, and the faubourg marched with cannon upon the Tuileries; the place was no longer safe, and the royal family took refuge in the building where the National Assembly held its sittings. A marble slab in the Rue de Rivoli of to-day marks the spot. Three hot August days were spent in a stifling *loge* at the back of the hall, and while the decree was pronounced suspending Louis XVI. as king, the poor little dauphin, too young to understand the significance of what was occurring, mourned the loss of his pet dog Moufflet, killed in the general massacre at the Tuileries.

Soon followed the decree transferring the unhappy family to the Temple, where for a while they were allowed to be together. They were still together when the massacres in the prisons took place, where the young and beautiful Princesse de Lamballe was murdered. It needed the imagination of fiends to devise the details of this victim's death, and no pen could calmly write them. After cutting off the head, the body was left to foul desecration, and forcing a wigmaker to wash the bloodstains from the poor dead face, and brush and curl and perfume the soft, fair hair, the people placed their trophy on a pike and paraded it through the streets of Paris.

"Suppose the Lamballe says good-morning to Antoinette?" cried a voice in the crowd; and the brutal proposition was hailed with delight.

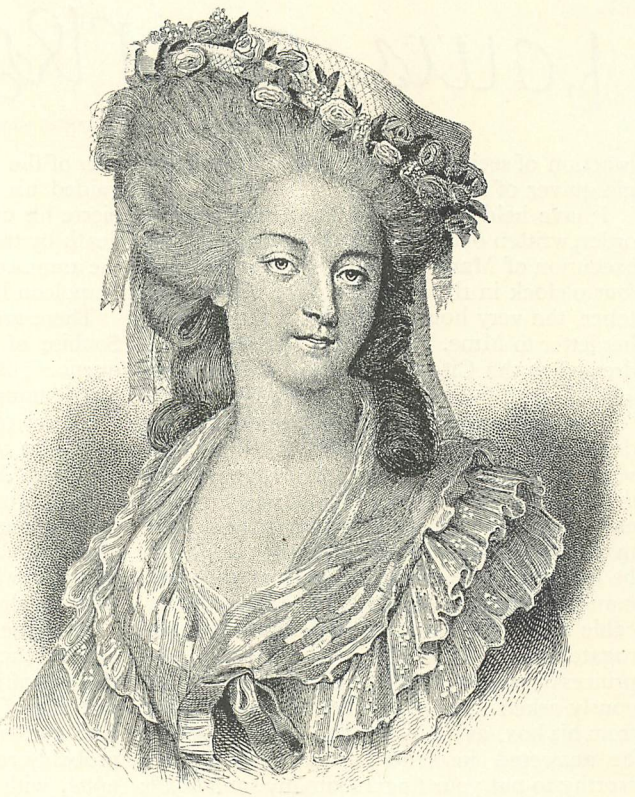
The royal family were assembled in the queen's bedroom at the Temple when suddenly they heard a tumultuous shouting in the garden below, the queen's name being loudly



THE LAST LETTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

called. One of the soldiers left to guard the prisoners, knowing what ghastly thing it was which was to be held up at the window, and touched with pity, rushed in to save them from the shock; but he was too late. He found Marie Antoinette fainting in the arms of Mme. Elizabeth, the frightened children clinging to her, and the king standing spellbound by the horror of the sight which was before him.

Louis XVI. being removed to a separate apartment of the Temple, even the sad comfort of suffering together was taken away. Royalty had for some time been abolished; the Republic, one and inseparable, had been proclaimed; the National Assembly had become the National Convention, and *Liberté*, *Égalité*, *Fraternité*, the nation's watchword. Liberty for all but Louis Capet and his family. In December of 1792 we find a letter from M. de Malesherbes to the president of the Convention, offering to defend Louis XVI., if the people will allow him a defender at his trial; and soon after this his defense was presented to the Convention by M. de Sèze, assisted by De Malesherbes and De Tronchet, and signed by all. The tomb of M. de Sèze, in the great cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, bears the inscription, *Défenseur du Roi.*



MME. DE LAMBALLE. (FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY FURNE.)

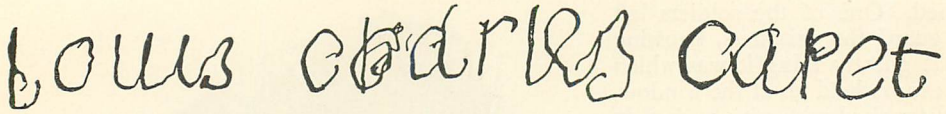
On January 20, 1793, the executioner Sanson writes for directions for conducting Louis to the place of execution, and on the following day, at twenty-two minutes past ten in the morning, the king steps upon the fatal scaffold as the Abbé Edgeworth exclaims, "Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel!"

The celebrated *acte d'accusation* was read to Marie Antoinette by Fouquier-Tinville at her so-called trial on October 14, 1793, and the queen of France, we are told, answered all the charges with heroic serenity. But when the infamous Hébert brought the frightful calumnies prepared in the Temple and signed by the terrified, half-intoxicated child, who had been forced to drink, and by his sister, who did not understand the meaning of the words, Marie Antoinette preserved a dull silence. When questioned as to what she had to answer to the charge, she still did not speak, a fact to which one of the jury drew the president's attention. Then it was that the tortured woman gave the memorable reply which thrilled all who heard it: "If I have not answered, it is because nature refuses to answer such a charge made to a mother. I appeal to all mothers who may hear me."

This appeal actually penetrated the blood-soaked brains of those around her, and so struck the imagination of Robespierre that when the details of the trial were brought to him as he sat at a café in the Palais Royal, he shivered the plate before him as he exclaimed, "*Sacré imbécile d'Hébert!*" understanding too well that this latest insult to the queen had passed the bounds of prudence and must inevitably arouse sympathy for her. The widow of Capet had at this time been removed from the Temple to the Conciergerie, where in her narrow prison cell two guards watched her day and night. The end was drawing very near.

At half-past four in the morning of the day that she was to die, Marie Antoinette wrote the letter found on the preceding page to Mme. Elizabeth, who was still in the Temple. The signature cannot be seen.

She mounted the guillotine, the hundred and fiftieth victim of the Revolution, her crime being the fact that she was the daughter of an empress, the wife and mother of a king. And right royally she died; they had not the sat-



AUTOGRAPH OF LOUIS CHARLES CAPET.

isfaction of seeing a moment's weakness, a single quiver of fear.

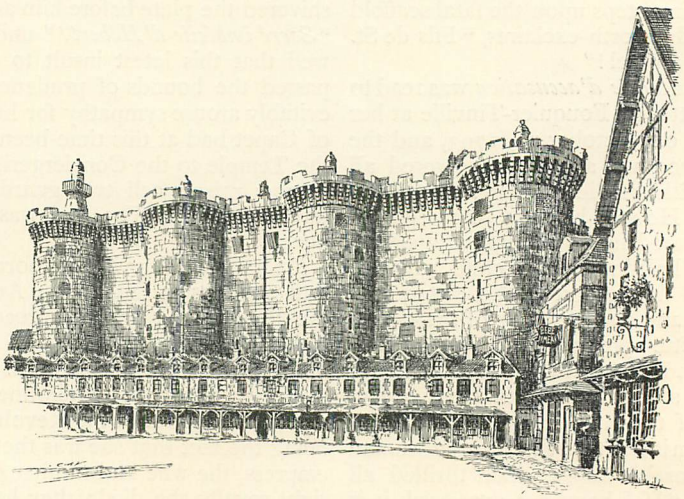
I have held in my hand the actual original order, written over a hundred years ago, for the execution of Marie Antoinette, dated half-past four o'clock in the morning of the 16th of October, the very hour at which the queen wrote her letter to Mme. Elizabeth. The order is addressed to the Citoyen Henriot, "Commandant-Général de la force armée Parisienne."

The signature of David the painter, become deputy of the city of Paris to the National Convention, is found attached to the judgment condemning the Girondists to death; as it is to an endless number of revolutionary papers. The man seemed to revel in infamy. As court painter he had received many favors from the royal family, yet he persecuted them with an implacable hatred. When sent with others to interrogate Mme. Elizabeth in the Temple, that princess welcomed him as a friend, and courteously asked him to give her a pinch of snuff from his box, as she had a bad cold. "Learn," he answered insolently, "that you are not worthy to put your fingers into my snuff-box"; and placing a little of the tobacco in his hand he familiarly offered it to the sister of his king. She quietly turned her back upon him. From a window in the Rue St. Honoré David made a pen and ink sketch of the unhappy Marie Antoinette as the terrible procession passed which escorted her to her death, and a chronicler of the times says that in drawing it "hate guided his hand." But for the fall of Robespierre his own turn would have come to taste death by the guillotine, but he was included in the amnesty of the fourth *brumaire*, and under Napoleon became painter to the government.

There are letters and signatures at the Hôtel Soubise of Mirabeau, that "monster of eloquence"; of Buonaparte before he had changed his signature to Napoleon; of Camille Desmoulins; of Carnot, ancestor of the present President of the French Republic; of Mme. du Barry, Alexander Beauharnais, Cardinal de Rohan, Thomas Paine, Madame de Staël, and many others too numerous to mention. There is also the treaty between France and the United States, of which James Monroe and Livingston were the signers on the part of the Americans.

Eyes tired of reading puzzling handwritings can rest themselves by looking at the beautiful pictures of Boucher, and examining the curious painting of the "Ship of Salvation"; and he who goes once to the Musée des Archives will probably return for a second visit to the old hôtel, with its open court inclosed by high stone walls, and its fine façade, wide staircase, and noble rooms; but well worth seeing as all these are, it is the marvelously interesting collection of papers, yellow with time and weighty with the import of the words written upon them, which will draw him back once and again to this delightful corner of Old Paris.

*Elizabeth Balch.*



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE ON THE AVENUE SUFFREN.

# "THE REALM OF CONGO."

*—Paradise Lost.*

## I.—MY TRIP TO THE CONGO.

BY THE COMMISSIONER OF THE UNITED STATES.

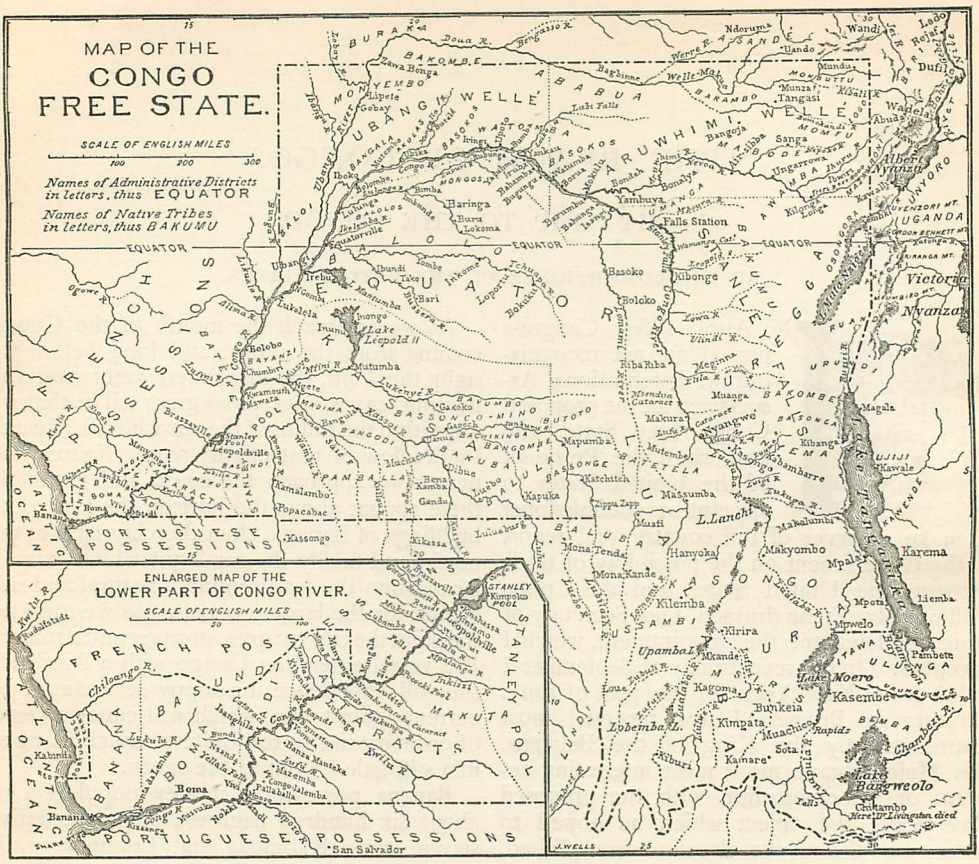
IN April, 1884, Congress passed an act recognizing the International Association for the proposed Congo Free State, and authorized the President of the United States to appoint a commissioner to make a survey of the country, and report to the Government on the possibility of trade between the United States and the Congo Valley. Mr. Frelinghuysen, then Secretary of State, tendered me the appointment, which I accepted. On the seventh day of September I sailed from New York for my post of duty. Arriving in Brussels I was received most courteously by the King of the Belgians. His Majesty gave me a most interesting account of his connection with the proposed Free State, the object which he hoped to attain, and the results already accomplished, demonstrating clearly that his work was one of philanthropy, and one which in the end he hoped and expected would yield good results in a commercial point of view, not only to Belgium, but to the whole commercial world.

After some telegraphic correspondence with my own Government, I was directed to delay my departure for the Congo and go to Berlin, for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Kasson, the American plenipotentiary, who had been designated to represent the United States in the Berlin conference, which conference had been summoned to settle once and for all the intricate questions which were almost daily arising between France, Portugal, and Belgium as to the boundary of the proposed Free State.

When the conference had got well under way I found that I was losing a great deal of time, and after communicating with the Secretary of State I received authority to leave Europe and go on my mission. I started from Berlin in November, went down through Spain and Portugal, and sailed from Lisbon, touching at Madeira and the Canary Islands; thence to the coast of Upper Guinea at Bissagos; from there I went to Prince's Island and St. Thomas, and thence to the Congo.

As we approach the mouth of the Congo coming from the north, and long before we sight the land, the discolored water and the floating leaves, sticks, and grass tell us that we are within the radius of the sea which is affected by the flow of that mighty river. Nearer and nearer we approach the coast, and gradually there appear above the horizon the low white buildings of Banana, then the clay cliffs to the north, and finally the sand spit which extends far out into the sea, forming a natural and safe harbor for the largest vessels. As we rounded the point the current grew stronger and stronger. If a vessel enters the Congo with a flood tide she will experience a choppy sea, caused by current against tide, which will cause a vessel of ordinary size to roll quite as much as when in a stiff gale far out in the ocean.

Banana possesses a motley population of about six hundred negroes; some are native slaves, some Kabindas and Loangos, while not a few are from the Krumanos of Sierra Leone and lower Liberia. The white population at the time of my visit consisted of about thirty Europeans, the managers and employees of the different trading companies whose factories are located at this point. The approach to Banana is really very beautiful and picturesque; washed on one side by the sea, and on the other by the dark waters of the Congo, which flows with merciless rapidity as if eager to escape from the barren and desolate country through which it has made its way from the placid Stanley Pool several hundred miles inland, and lashing itself into fury and foam over the many cataracts. The long row of buildings belonging to the Dutch trading company, the many small vessels moored within the harbor, and the workmen busy in the preparation of native products for shipment, gave evidence of the prosperity of the place; while in the background and on the low marshy border of the river the mango forest and the dense impenetrable jungle, the rank undergrowth matted together with vines and creepers, afforded fine effects of light and shade. Why this place should be called Banana I cannot conceive; certainly not from the fruit, for a banana tree was never known here until cultivated by the




traders. For more than two hundred years Banana has been in the possession of the Dutch traders, having been first occupied in 1670 by the Dutch East India Company as a supply station for their vessels to and from the East; and although the Dutch East India Company has passed out of existence, this station still remains the principal one in the hands of the Dutch African traders. There is now in possession of the Dutch Company a letter descriptive of Banana and the lower Congo, written more than two hundred years ago, and which if reproduced to-day would show little or no progress in this long lapse of time; so it is fair to infer that had it been as rich as is now claimed, the country certainly must have progressed with those of other lands in like latitudes. Banana has grown to its present importance by reason of its good harbor, which is the only one on the entire coast.

The Congo River is navigable for the largest ocean steamer to Boma, a distance of seventy miles from the sea.[1] Approaching Vivi and the falls of Yellala the current is very rapid, rocks are numerous, and dangerous whirlpools are constantly forming and changing position, tossing a steamer about as though in a heavy sea, thus rendering it unsafe for any except powerful steamers of light draught. Particularly is this so in the rainy season, when the river becomes swollen, rising often from ten to twenty feet in as many hours. At Vivi the river is about one mile wide, but as one approaches the sea it ranges from two to five miles in width, reaching a depth in places of two hundred fathoms. Below Boma the banks or shores on each side are covered with dense forests of hard wood.

Boma has long been known as the principal slave-trading station on the lower Congo River, and in years gone by hundreds of thousands of slaves have been corralled at this point for sale and shipment to foreign countries. Happily this traffic has now ceased to exist so far as export to the outside world is concerned, but the trade in slaves is still largely carried on among the people of the country.

Dr. Ralph Leslie, the chief surgeon attached to the staff of the Governor-General, was my only white companion, but he did not continue long with me.

1 The largest steamers now go to Matadi, situated just below the first rapids, 120 miles from the sea.—EDITOR.

Before starting up the country I was supplied with a quantity of goods, principally red cotton handkerchiefs, which were used as money along the first stage of my travel, about a hundred miles. Then I came to the country where blue glass beads are used; then came the white beads, and next came brass rods, which are used for making bracelets and anklets, the latter often weighing thirty or forty pounds, and being worn only by women. My caravan was made up of eighty negroes, each one carrying upon his head a load of cloth, provisions, medicines, luggage, tents, or cooking-utensils, the average weight of each load being seventy pounds.

Everything being in readiness, we were ferried over the river, landing at Mpozo, a station just at the foot of the Yellala cataract. I sent my caravan off early in the morning, that they could take all the time they wanted to reach the village of Pallaballa. We arrived at Pallaballa, a village of about four or five thousand people, about sundown. It was the first Congo village of any importance which I had seen.

When we came into Pallaballa we learned that the king — who was absent at the time — had instructed his son not to allow any white men to stop in the place before his return. He had gone to pay tribute to the king of San Salvador, from whom he had received a letter. I saw the letter, which was written in Portuguese, undoubtedly by a Jesuit priest. The king's son said we could not stop in the village. I was annoyed to think that I could not stay in the place overnight, so I called my interpreter, and told him to say to the king's son that I would be glad if he would allow me to stay there; and if he did so, without molesting me, I would give him a handsome present in the morning. He said no, I could not stop there; we would have to go on. But we were very tired, there was no water outside of the village, and we decided to stay whether or no. In most of the villages near the river where whites have appeared, the kings, as a rule, set apart a little hut which they give to traders who happen to come into the village, allow them to sleep at night in the hut, and then take something in the way of presents from them in the morning. I informed the king's son that if they allowed us to stop I would give them presents in the morning, but if they made us trouble we would burn their village. We were permitted to "turn in" without molestation, but about one or two o'clock in the morning the chief of Pallaballa himself put in an appearance. He had made the trip from San Salvador, some seventy-five miles or more, in three or four days; but he had been drinking with kings on the way, and was very drunk. He wanted to drive us out of the place. But he was very easy to handle; a little trade gin soon put him to sleep, and we were not molested. In the morning we got ready to start, when Pallaballa and all his ministers put in an appearance and wanted their presents. I gave Pallaballa some handkerchief stuff, a red cotton umbrella, a bottle of gin, and a string of beads. Then I gave all his ministers a drink of gin, and they were very happy.

The chief began to tell me what a good friend he was to the white people, and he wanted to show me a treaty which he had made with Stanley when he passed through the country the last time. He went into his old hut and brought out the king's box. He had it tied round and round with strips from the bark of the palm tree. The old fellow opened the box and handed me the treaty — as he supposed. I found it to be a letter written in the Portuguese language, purporting to come from the king of San Salvador. This letter went on to compliment Pallaballa, and wish him every success in the world, and suggested to him that he should keep the white men out of his country; and after advising him what to do, it wished him well, and hoped he would not forget to send three or four bottles of gin. I said: "Old man, you have made a mistake. This is not the Stanley treaty; this is from Salvador." The old fellow was very much excited, and grabbed the document away from me. He then handed me another document, which was a treaty that he had signed with Stanley a long time ago, and bore date of Stanley's last passage through the country. After I had satisfied myself that the old man was friendly to us, I asked him to tell me why he was opposed to the white men stopping in his town overnight. He said: "I will tell you. We have not had any rain up here for a long time." And he went on to tell me that the palm tree would not yield *malafu*,— a fermented drink,— the ground nuts were not growing, and they were afraid of a famine, and he knew that the white men down the river at the camp had kept the rain back, and he believed that if he punished the white men as they came along the rain would come.

I went on to a town called Congolalemba, where the first water beyond Pallaballa was to be found, and to which village I had sent my cooks with all the paraphernalia for preparing breakfast. When I arrived at Congolalemba, as is the custom of the country, I had to send into the village to get permission from the chief to stop there overnight. As a rule, when I could not get a permit, I would camp outside; but wherever there was a village in which we knew there was water, we would stop. At the same time it was prefer-

able to keep away from villages, because the Houssamen whom I had were very much feared by the people, as they were great thieves, and invariably got us into trouble at every town we went to. When I came to Congolalemba, however, the king, who was a very pleasant fellow, seemed to receive me very cordially, and asked for a palaver, or council. The king and his ministers took seats on the ground. He said I was welcome to stay in his place. But while we were talking I noticed a great activity among his men, and I told my interpreter to go to some of the people and find out what was the matter. He came back and told me they were going down to fight Pallaballa. Before going to war in those countries they give notice that they will attack the next day. They never make an attack unawares. They were going to march that night and attack Pallaballa the next morning. I asked the king why he was going to fight Pallaballa, and he said the sap had run dry in the palm trees, and the ground nuts would not grow, and Pallaballa had kept the rain back.

Congolalemba began his march on Pallaballa, but during the night there came one of the most violent storms they had ever had in the country. The warriors passed the entire night in the rain, and when daylight came they did not want to fight. They made up their minds that Pallaballa, knowing they were coming, had relented, and so they went on to Pallaballa's village, got drunk, and had a glorious time for several days.

The afternoon of the third day we came upon a very beautiful camping place on a rocky river, but there was very little water in the pools formed in the rocks. About midnight a couple of Houssamen who were used as couriers came to this camp with a message from Major Vetch, who was at a place called Bayneston, dangerously ill,[1] and Dr. Leslie, who had been detailed to look after me, was summoned to save his life, if possible. Leslie talked the matter over with me, and I said: "By all means, go. I am perfectly well. I am an old traveler in the tropics. I have been through the Amazon country, had yellow fever, and various other fevers. If possible, go and save the man's life." We had had a hard day's march the day before, and Leslie had much to do. Every caravan man who fell ill would go to him, no matter what ailed them, if only a blister on the foot. He would say something kind to them, give them a little medicine, and send them off in a happy state of mind. Leslie decided to start at daylight for Bayneston.

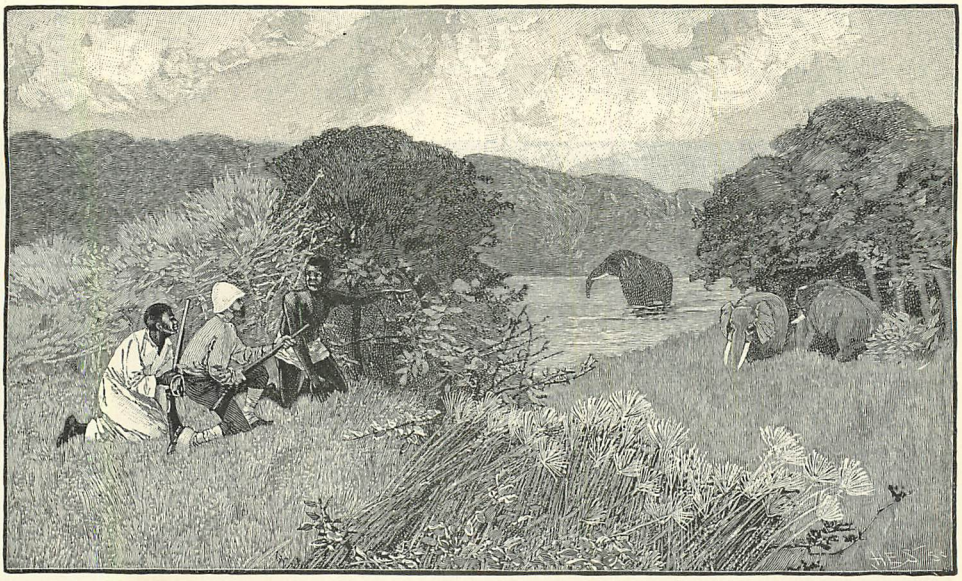
It was only when we came to part that I realized how completely alone I was in that desolate country; and when Leslie went off over the hills in one direction and I in another you can imagine my feelings — a stranger to the country, surrounded by treacherous negroes, and going into a region about which I knew nothing. I would have given my life almost to have been back in a civilized country. After marching about fifteen miles, I resolved to make my camp, the sun being very hot. I was worried in mind; my men had been stealing as they went along through different villages, and I had been annoyed and harassed all along by kings coming to me and demanding indemnity. Suddenly I was stricken down with fever, and fell heavily upon the ground, unable to help myself.

I called the caravan, told the men to set up my tent, get me a bed, and bring my medicine-chest. I had not a soul with me except the negroes, and even the most trusted ones were the greatest thieves, because they had a little more intelligence than the common mob through whose country I was passing. They surrounded my tent, and laughed at my efforts to doctor myself and at my attempts to make them understand me. My voice failed me; I could not speak. I called for water, which my Zanzibar men soon brought to me. In the mean time I got my medicine-chest and took out twenty grains of ipecac, divided it into two doses, and took them. In two or three minutes they had the desired effect, and my stomach was cleared. Then I ordered a pot of tea and drank it as hot as I could take it, covered myself with blankets, got into a perspiration, and kept that way all the afternoon. I had broken the fever. I passed a very bad night, in constant fear lest the natives might make an attack upon me, for they were a very cruel set. I gave the two or three kings who came to see me some presents, and they allowed me to remain the next day. But I found I was getting weaker instead of better. I had no nourishing food. My provisions had been sent on by another caravan route to join me at Banza Manteka. I made up my mind that if I tarried in this particular spot I certainly should die. So I determined to go on to the station of Banza Manteka, where I arrived after two days' march, completely broken down. I was most kindly received by Lieutenant Müller, who was in charge of the station, and after two or three days' rest was quite myself again.

From this place Müller accompanied me to Massamba, Lukunga, and Manyanga, and as we were to pass through the valley of Banza Manteka, a famous elephant-grazing ground, Mr. Müller arranged for a day of elephant hunting. We sent out a native to search for the trail, who came back in a few hours, informing us that he had found one. I had with me a

[1] Major Vetch died in 1887, at Lagos.— EDITOR.

large elephant-rifle, a smaller rifle, and a shot-gun, with men to carry them, and with the chief of the station we set out to surround the elephants. We came upon a little clump of bushes, where a part of my caravan had been sent in order to keep track of the elephants, and they told us "the woods were full of them." They have not many woods there, but we could see the tops of the small trees coming down, and we knew that there were elephants feeding upon them. Lieutenant Müller and I made a raid upon the elephants, taking up our positions so that the men could drive them from the north. We were in the south, where their trail had been marked, and lay in the grass waiting for them to pass by. In a short time they came along. There were fifteen of them, and Jumbo was not a circumstance to some of them. They looked to me, as I knelt there in the grass, like the great brown weather-beaten barns we see in America. I had been studying a book which I had with me, giving instructions how to shoot elephants. In my mind I had measured an elephant's ear, and I knew if I could hit him where the ear-flap went back on the shoulder he was dead. I was bound to shoot an elephant. I got my gun ready, and as the elephants came within about thirty feet of us I took aim; but my gun trembled so that I could not shoot, and Lieutenant Müller said: "For God's sake, don't shoot! The elephants will kill us both." I said: "There is no danger; I won't shoot." Neither did I shoot.



ELEPHANTS' FEEDING-GROUND.

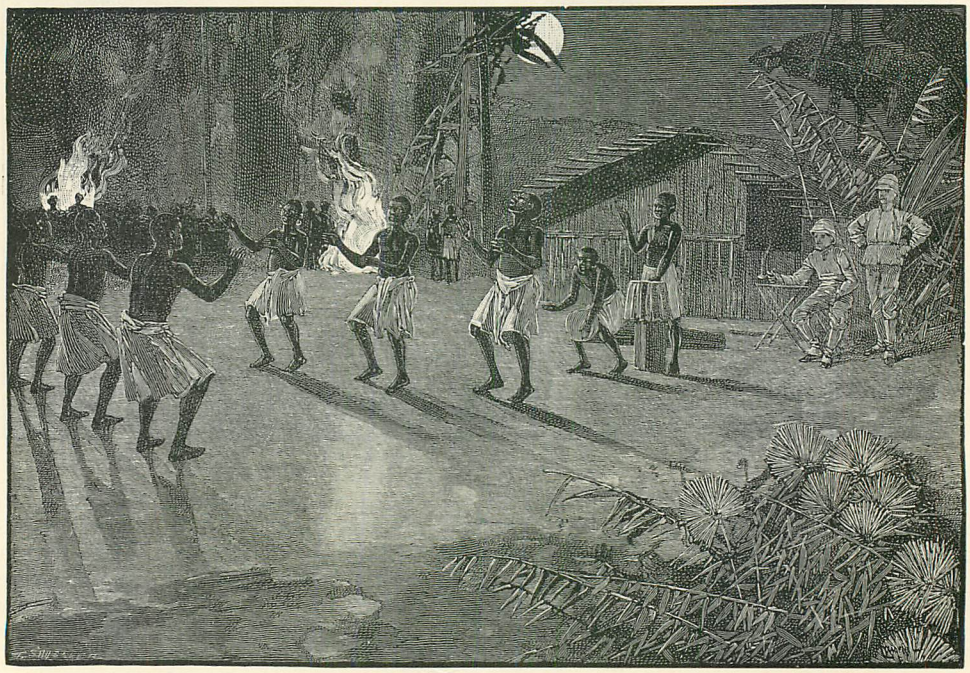
We made a very happy escape from the elephants. They soon got our scent, raised their trunks, tooted as no locomotive could toot, their ears sticking out straight, and off they went through the trees and tall grass. Shortly before that Lieutenant Müller had shot a very large elephant. The two tusks taken from him weighed 126 pounds each, and were six feet long. They were several hours in cutting the tusks out of his head, for the elephant's tusks are planted in the bony part of the head so deep that it requires a heavy ax and a great deal of cutting to get them out.

I was going down a hill one day ahead of my caravan, when I met, in a little bend of the path, a monstrous elephant. I had no gun with me. The elephant was coming leisurely up a long clay hill; he turned and went down the hill, perhaps three or four hundred feet, sliding as one sees a horse slide along on a slippery pavement, and tooting his trumpet as though in great fright. He got into the valley and disappeared in a very short time.

About five o'clock one evening I came upon the Lufû River. The caravan had arrived ahead of me and was afraid to cross, as the river was high, and there were a great many crocodiles in those parts. I started the men to taking over the loads. They were greatly frightened, but made all sorts of noises, and threw stones and sticks into the river, that they might frighten the crocodiles away, and soon the caravan got over. I had no wish to get across by fording, so I went down the river about a mile, and crossed where Stanley had made a bridge by tying together the vines of overhanging trees, upon which one could go over by walking on a latticed footway and holding on to swinging vines. Every one who

had crossed this river from time to time had added to the strength of the bridge by tying new vines to the main support, so that it was twisted into a cable larger than my arm. Again I had no gun. As I got to the center of this river, hanging on to help myself over, I heard right under me a great splash in the water and felt spray. I looked down, and there was a great elephant bathing, filling his trunk with water and splashing it over himself at a great rate. I made a noise, and he went up the river bank into the brush, and I lost sight of him.

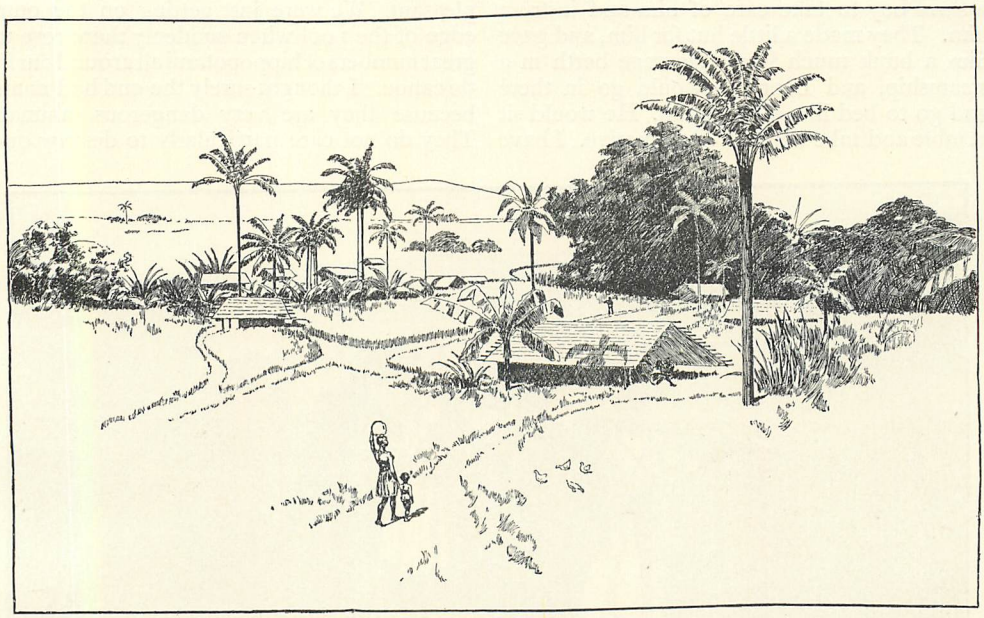
Two days later we arrived at Lukunga, where I was kindly received, and entertained by the chief of the station. Here I again had a serious attack of the fever. The day after, Dr. Leslie arrived. He had saved the life of Major Vetch, and hearing from passing caravan men that I was ill, he had followed on my track and overtaken me. The doctor insisted that I must go back; that it was not safe for me to keep on. I said, "Well, Leslie, I will see to-morrow how I feel." He poured quinine into me the next day, and soon I felt better. He insisted then that I must go back, but I insisted upon trying it for two or three days more. So I rested another day, and he agreed to go with me to Lutété's country, a little more than half way from the mouth of the river to Stanley Pool, with the understanding that if I was not better upon my arrival at Lutété's town I should turn back. I assured him that I would do as he had suggested. With that we went on, and as I kept going I took courage, for I knew it would never do for me to go back; and when I got to Lutété's town I told the doctor that I would go on. A message overtook him that night saying that Sir Francis de Winton[1] had fallen ill, and suggesting that he should return and bring me back with him; but I would not go back. Lieutenant Burns, a fine young English officer, was detailed to accompany me then, and I found him a very pleasant companion. We started on for Stanley Pool and I kept getting better, so that when I arrived at Leopoldville I was in very good condition, but poor Burns was dead.



A NATIVE DANCE.

I will pass over many interesting incidents, describing, however, a native dance which occurred at Lutété the evening of my arrival. A caravan had arrived from Ambriz with gin, powder, guns, and some cloths and beads, and the villagers were having a great jollification. I went over with one or two of my friends upon the invitation of King Lutété. Lutété told his son to clear a place for the white men, and he took a stick, went at the natives, and cleared a place so that we could see the negroes dance. The dances were participated in by men, women, and children, some of them babes hardly able to walk, but

[1] Then Governor-General.— EDITOR.



A NEGRO TOWN ON THE LOWER CONGO.

joining in as naturally and happily as though they had been in the business for years. They kept up the dance for a long time. I told the king that I was much obliged to him, and that we would go back to our camp; that I had to start early in the morning, as I was going through a country where there was no water. He said he wanted me to go to his house, a grass and bamboo hut about ten feet square; that he wanted to give me something. I went down to his hut, and he went inside and brought out a corkscrew, a bottle of brandy,—which he had just received from a trader down on the coast,—and a tumbler. Evidently he had been instructed in the use of the corkscrew, for he took hold of the bottle, turned the corkscrew and drew out the cork with a pop, and wanted me to take a drink, first putting the bottle to his mouth and taking a drink himself to convince me it was not poison. I took a drink with him, and he then rinsed out the tumbler, going through the operation with great neatness. He told me that he had seen this liquor and had tasted it on his trip down the country, and that he had sent down by one of the men in charge of his caravan for some of the white man's malafu; and the trader, in order to curry favor with Lutété, sent up a bottle of brandy, a glass, and a corkscrew.

There is nothing at all in the Congo, as far as I could observe, except in the river valleys, and then only in certain seasons of the year, which would give support to any considerable number of people if they were dependent upon the cultivation of the soil for what they received. There are no trees except on the banks of the river, and then in isolated cases. But there is nothing at all in the valley of the Congo wherein I traveled which one could describe as a forest in any particular, except below Boma. While one does find some large trees, they are few, and principally mangroves. There are occasionally some hard woods, but very few. Nothing indicates that there ever has been a growth of timber. In the first place the soil is not of sufficient depth or richness to produce timber, or even to produce anything. About the only thing which grows along the valley is wild grass, sometimes ten, twelve, fifteen, and even twenty feet high; and throughout the whole country are zigzag paths made by the natives and utilized by the caravans. There are no regular roads, nor is there a line which can be followed with safety by a traveler.

The women do the work of garden making and marketing, while the men roam listlessly about, with no apparent object in view.

There is nothing about the natives of the Congo region to convince me that they have ever lived in a better condition than they do to-day. They are as low as the lowest. They have no intelligence. They have no written language. I have seen in the lower region of Africa a chimpanzee with more intelligence than any negro I ever saw on the Congo. I saw one chimpanzee that had fallen into a trap and was brought down to the Dutch station at Banana. They called him Leonidas. As he grew they became strongly attached to him, and detailed

a slave boy to take care of him and instruct him. They made a little hut for him, and gave him a bunk much like a steerage berth in a steamship, and Leonidas would go in there and go to bed like a little man. He would sit at table and take his food like a native. I have seen him drink gin, smack his lips and slap his hand down as though he enjoyed it. He would give the boys a slap in the face if they annoyed him; and I noticed that the negroes esteemed him very highly. The natives say that the chimpanzee is very smart; that he can talk, but he knows enough not to talk, because, if he were to talk, the white man would catch him and sell him for a slave.

A CARAVAN.

When I arrived at Stanley Pool I was very kindly received by the Association employees. I found the American flag hoisted over a little shanty which had been prepared for my convenience; and as I entered the station of Leopoldville they fired a salute from an old gun which had been taken up the Congo a long time ago from Banana station. The salute was given to the commissioner of the United States, the first agent from any country to the Congo.

Two or three days after my arrival in the large village where Ngalyema dwelt I wanted to go to Brazzaville, and I arranged with a lot of men to take me over in a canoe, a distance of ten or twelve miles. I went over and was well received by M. Chavanne, the great French explorer, with whom I remained one night. On my way back I had an experience with hippopotami which was not very pleasant. We were just getting on the outer edge of the pool when suddenly there rose up great numbers of hippopotami all around our little canoe. I thought surely the end had come, because they are very dangerous animals. They do not care particularly to destroy one, but simply to get him out of their way. They wanted to capsize the canoe. There seems to be a sort of partnership between the hippopotami and the crocodiles—the hippopotami to furnish food, and the crocodiles to eat it. I said to my interpreter, "I think they will get us." He looked at them, and said, "No, we will get away." He spoke to our men in their language, and they plied their paddles vigorously. Three of the hippopotami had come within ten feet of us, with their mouths wide open. But I saw we were gaining on them, and we got away safely.

Lieutenant Burns had remarked to me repeatedly that his trip up the Congo was doing him a great deal of good; he had been very ill down below, and was glad of this change; he kept well, and had a good appetite. In the morning of the day he was taken sick he seemed perfectly bright and fresh, and remarked how well he felt, and he had made up his mind then to go down the country with me and go home. About nine or ten o'clock, as we were marching along, he said to me, "I feel very badly." I said, "What is the matter with you, Lieutenant?" He replied, "I don't know. I have a bad pain here"; and he rubbed his knees and remarked, "I can't walk. I don't

know what is the matter." I said, "Let us rig up a hammock and carry you." "No," he said, "I don't think there is anything wrong. I don't like to go into Leopoldville in a hammock. An old African traveler to be carried in a hammock is hardly the thing." But he grew weary, and I insisted upon rigging up a hammock. It was about ten o'clock when we put him into it. I got him into Leopoldville, put him to bed, and gave him medicine as best I could. We had no doctors. That night at ten o'clock he died. It was one of the few cases that occur where the fever attacks people so violently and takes them off so soon. This was a case which appealed to my sympathy very directly, for this man was one of God's noblemen, and a delightful fellow-traveler, and I had to carry the sad news to his grief-stricken parents in Europe.

On my way down to the coast I arrived at Manyanga, and made up my mind to go through the rapids. I felt that I was getting weaker and weaker every day; that I had the seeds of this terrible fever in my system; and I realized the importance of getting down to the sea as fast as possible. It was a matter of twelve hours as against nine days, and I made up my mind to try the twelve hours; for I felt in my heart that if I had to march through the country at the rate of nineteen or twenty miles a day, I certainly should die. We set out in the morning at about seven o'clock. I had thirteen men, six paddlers on a side, and a Zanzibar as cockswain; then I had stowed away under the men's feet a number of my carriers, so that I could use them in case of any trouble, each having a gun. We struck the rapids of Manyanga half an hour after starting. My hair stood up straight, and I declare I never had such an experience in my life, and for all the money in the world I would not undertake it again. The strain upon the nervous system was so great that I was perfectly helpless many hours. We went a distance of eighty-four miles in twelve hours. Passing along, we neared the mission station of Baynesston, and came to a pool where the waters were placid. The glassy surface was almost unbearable. The sun's rays glaring upon it burned my face. We could look for miles below us and some miles above; it was so still that it seemed as if nothing in the world could agitate that water; and then at times there would come with a rush, like escaping steam, a whirlpool, rising at the stern of our little boat, and tossing us about in a frightful manner. Once it took us around five times, and the men had to pull with all their might to get out of the vortex. A whirlpool would appear at one place, die away, with nothing to mark the place except the ripple of the waters as they would go on and wash the sandy beach, and suddenly it would appear again, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, with the same terrible noise. Passing the whirlpools we went through the rapids of N'Goma, where Stanley lost his last white man. That was perhaps the most terrible ordeal we had to pass through. Going down we struck a rock. Luckily, my men just evenly balanced the boat, and a great wave lifted us over. About three o'clock in the afternoon I made up my mind that we could not pass the Isanghila rapid that night. In the first place, it was dark, and I thought I would have dinner, so we landed near Voonda station; but I found I had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. As I went up on the beach, I found a white man named Stanhope; he wanted to know where we came from, who we were, and all about us. I told him that I was the American commissioner to Congo. He said, "You have come to a fine place. I am surrounded by five or six hundred men. My house was blown down by a hurricane a few nights ago." He had no shelter, no food, and the negroes were as thick as possible in the valley below him, and they were occasionally firing upon him, and had promised him a massacre during the night. Captain Sāulez was with me. He was an African fighter, a man of good judgment, with a great deal of nerve; he at once took command of the forces. I walked with him out on the brow of the hill; we looked through our glass and saw the position of the natives. They were going about in the grass and closing in. We asked Mr. Stanhope what occasioned all this trouble, and he told us it was a matter of trade between the tribes over the river. But we found afterwards that the immediate cause was his having flogged the son of the king, who had stolen from him or committed some other offense. He gave him a hundred lashes and let him go home to his father.

In the first place I wanted something to eat. I therefore called for a couple of volunteers from my men who spoke the language of the country. Two of them volunteered to go and see the king. I instructed them what to say. They went down the valley, and were taken as prisoners to the king. I had instructed them to tell the king that they came from a powerful white man, the brother of Bula Matadi (Stanley), who wanted to trade with them; that he had nothing to do with the people of the country; that he had many presents, etc. The king was willing, provided we did not belong to the Voonda crowd; and in order to satisfy himself he kept my men prisoners until he could verify their statements. In the mean time his men kept drawing nearer and nearer, waiting for the king to order them to attack. I was inclined to take to the canoe with Mr. Stanhope, but there was a possibility

of their taking canoes and following us with poisoned spears, and a greater possibility of our men overturning the canoe in their excitement. So I thought it was better to treat with them. We made a little reconnaissance down the valley, and made fires to deceive them as to the number of our men. Finally in the night we held a palaver. I sent them presents, such as I had, and gave them a piece of paper with which they could go to a station several days' march away and draw what they wanted of beads, cloth, and brass rods. In that way I probably saved the life of Mr. Stanhope and his little band. I stopped that night with him, and the next morning started at the break of day, running many fierce rapids, and arrived safely at the station of Isanghila, from which place I marched through the Bundi valley, a country filled with serpents and all sorts of poisonous insects, and, after four days and a half, reached Vivi.

It will be impossible, except in general terms, to give a description of the country through which the Congo flows. Many travelers have as many different views, though all agree that the low land of fetid black muck and luxuriant vegetation between the sea-shore and the first high land, about one hundred miles inland, is a hotbed of fatal fevers, and that beyond Vivi, for a distance of more than six hundred miles, the climate is positively dangerous. No traveler is known to have escaped the terrible fevers of this pestilential country, and lucky are they — and few there be — who live to tell the tale of their experience.

The low land near the coast north of the Congo contains hundreds of square miles of swamp and lagoons, covered with dense evergreen forest and underlying vegetation of most luxuriant growth, wherein abound the rubber and palm trees, the products of which are very profitable to the trader. South of the Congo, excepting the immediate bank of the river, and then only in isolated places, there is nothing of the profuse vegetation which we find to the north. No forest is found; nothing but vast stretches of rolling prairie land, with here and there slight rises of red clay cliffs which serve to break the monotony of an almost boundless unproductive territory.

At a distance of two hundred miles from the sea an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet is reached, where rank grasses of gigantic growth abound, not infrequently attaining a height of twelve and even twenty feet. There are no forests of any magnitude along the Congo until the interior is reached, though in the villages of the Lufû and the Inkissi there is some fine timber. It is claimed by travelers that the interior of the Congo Free State offers great inducements to the trader, and even to one disposed to become an actual settler. Upon this point I cannot coincide with any one who recommends the Congo country as a desirable place for residence.

*W. P. Tisdel.*

## II.—THE CONGO RIVER OF TO-DAY.

BY ONE OF STANLEY'S FORMER OFFICERS.

SINCE Mr. Stanley's descent to the mouth of the Congo River, in 1878, after his perilous and adventurous voyage across the Dark Continent, very great changes have taken place in that part of Equatorial Africa. During his subsequent journeys to the Congo country his great energy and indomitable perseverance enabled him effectually to occupy that country and obtain rights over the land by concessions to the native chiefs, so that at the Berlin conference in 1885 he had the gratification of seeing this wild country proclaimed by the general assent of the great powers "The Congo Free State."

There are at present three regular European steamship lines running to the Congo — the Royal African Mail, from Liverpool; the German Mail, sailing out of Hamburg; but the quickest is the Portuguese Mail, leaving Lisbon on the sixth day of each month, and arriving at Banana on the twenty-sixth of the same month. Besides these there are several steamships belonging to the large commercial houses trading on the west coast of Africa.

Banana Point, situated at the mouth of the Congo, has lost a great deal of its importance from the fact that the ocean-going steamers from Liverpool and Hamburg, loaded with merchandise for general trade, formerly discharged their cargo there, whereas now they proceed up to Boma and Matadi, as this stretch of water has been most ably surveyed and a course buoyed out by the Danish Captain Boye, in the service of the Congo Free State.

Boma, which is situated on the north bank of the river about seventy miles from the coast, is at present the seat of the government and residence of the governor. There are upwards of one hundred Belgians and foreigners (no English) holding official positions and assist-

ing in the administration of this vast territory of the Free State. A postal service is established, law courts exist, and a public force of Houssa soldiers are attached to the place. They have also several steam launches running between Banana and Matadi for the transport of men, mails, and merchandise.

Besides this extensive white population of government officials, there are also a large number of Europeans in the English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese commercial houses engaged in trading with the natives, exchanging rum, powder, guns, cloth, etc., for native products, such as palm oil, palm kernels, and peanuts, which are shipped home to Liverpool, Hamburg, or Havre, and there used in the manufacture of soap, candles, etc.

These commercial houses have to keep a large stock of merchandise of all kinds, as they are also supply dépôts for the numerous small trading houses, glimpses of the white roofs of which one sees dotted here and there in the low mangrove swamps on each side of the river from Banana to Matadi.

A Belgian company are engaged at present in building a large iron hotel at Boma for the accommodation principally of the State officials, and for the expected influx of Europeans attendant upon the building of the new Congo railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool.

Matadi, on the south bank of the river, sixty miles above Boma, is now the principal transport dépôt and despatch station. It is situated just below the first cataracts, which extend, with the exception of a stretch of eighty miles of navigable but turbid water, between Isanghila and Manyanga, a distance of 250 miles; so that from Matadi overland traveling has to be performed until navigable water is again reached at Stanley Pool.

There are now also at Matadi large establishments belonging to the principal English, French, Dutch, Belgian, and Portuguese trading companies, and a valuable trade in ivory, rubber, palm kernels, etc., is carried on, the ivory being brought down by the middlemen dwelling around the district of Manyanga, who obtain it from the Batéké traders of Stanley Pool.

On the Congo there are no beasts of burden, there existing merely a manual transport, the porters being the natives of the Bakongo tribe, inhabiting the cataract regions. In physique these men are slight and only poorly developed; but the fact of their carrying on their head from sixty to one hundred pounds' weight twenty miles a day for sometimes six consecutive days, their only food being each day a little manioc root, an ear or two of maize, or a handful of peanuts, pronounces them at once as men of singularly sound stamina. Small boys of eight and nine years old are frequently met carrying loads of twenty-five pounds' weight.

Throughout the cataract region the general accepted money currency is Manchester cotton cloth made up into pieces of six yards each. The European cost of the cloth paid to these natives for transporting a load to Stanley Pool from Matadi, including rations, amounts at the present day to five dollars for a load of sixty-five pounds. Five years ago the cost was only one-third of this amount; but it has increased on account of the opposition of the various trading houses that have established stations at Stanley Pool for the ivory trade on the upper river.

A few years ago there were numerous villages on the line of march, but the traffic has increased to such an extent that the natives, in order to secure privacy and the entire products of their own plantations, have moved up the valleys, off the caravan road. This caravan journey through the cataract region is made in two stages, from Matadi to Manyanga, and from the latter place to Stanley Pool. Each native caravan, consisting of twenty-five or thirty men, is in charge of a head-man, who is responsible for the delivery of the loads to their destination.

The country between Matadi and Stanley Pool is exceedingly hilly, and it is only in the latter part of the road that stretches of plateau are found.

The so-called caravan road is merely a bridle path a few inches in width, the porters all being compelled to march in single file. The grass in the rainy season attains a height of from nine to fifteen feet, when progress is rendered extremely difficult. There are now established every ten or fifteen miles along the route little market places, where the caravans are met by the resident natives, who bring native produce,—bananas, manioc, peanuts, fowls, etc.,—which they exchange for cloth and beads with the porters. The more regular markets, which are gathering-places of hundreds of natives from the surrounding villages, are generally held some little distance off the caravan route, and take place every four days.

The manual transport has now assumed enormous proportions, the wants of the State, the commercial houses, and the missions necessitating the monthly transportation of upwards of five thousand loads.

The station of Leopoldville, built on a hillside, is situated on the lower end of Stanley Pool and commands an excellent view of the surrounding country. It is the central dépôt of the Congo Free State, whence supplies are forwarded to the stations on the upper river. There is at present a staff of about twenty-five

Europeans attached to this station, carpenters, engineers, captains of boats, in addition to administration officials. There are five large river steamers and two small ones.

This station was under the command of Lieutenant Liebrechts for a considerable time, and during his able management vast plantations of manioc, rice, maize, sweet potatoes, and peanuts were developed, rendering the station, with its garrison of four hundred blacks, now almost self-supporting. Kinshassa, also on the south bank, eight miles above Leopoldville, has assumed great importance, as the two largest commercial enterprises, the Dutch and Belgian, have selected this district as their base of operations for the ivory trade on the upper Congo.

The department for the trade in the interior by the Dutch African Trading Company is managed by Mr. A. Gresshoff, who has served fifteen years in this company, having entered it when he was fifteen years old. He is a young Dutchman of keen enterprise, and the development of this company's Central African trade is entirely due to his energy. Besides placing trading stations in the most advantageous position in the upper Congo, he has also a stern-wheel river steamer, the *Holland*, which is kept continually at work, dividing its time in supplying the different stations and making trading trips up the affluents of the river.

"La Société Anonyme Belge pour le Commerce du Haut Congo," a Belgian trading company, originated from a small exploring expedition which could scarcely be considered a success until taken in hand by Major W. G. Parminter, an Englishman who was at one time acting-administrator in the Congo Free State, and whose ability and perseverance have been the means of establishing this large Belgian company with a capital of upwards of 1,000,000 francs. It possesses at the present time, in addition to five well-stocked trading ports, four river steamers engaged in ivory buying.

Opposite Kinshassa is Brazzaville, the seat of administration of the French Congo territory, and the residence of the French resident; they also have five or six steamers running on the river. Close by this station Messrs. Dumas and Beraud, a French trading company, have their central dépôt. They have also a steamer which supplies their advanced stations on the upper river with provisions and with merchandise for the purchase of ivory. The lucrativeness of this trade is apparent from the several hundred tons of ivory exported by these companies during the past two years.

The Congo Free State itself competes against these trading companies, and several tons of ivory are annually purchased by them from the natives and from the Arab slave raiders at Stanley Falls.

Owing to the explorations of Mr. Grenfell of the English Baptist mission, Lieutenant Wissmann, and Captain Van Gele, the geographical position and the courses of the many affluents of the Congo are now well known.

Lieutenant Wissmann descended the Kassai in 1885 from its head-waters, since which time Dr. Wolf and Mr. Grenfell have explored its different tributaries; and with the exception of the head-waters of the Ubangi, which were explored by Captain Van Gele, a Belgian officer in the service of the State, Mr. Grenfell has been the first man to ascend all the principal tributaries of the Congo. Being a man of scientific knowledge, he has carefully taken geographical observations during all his travels, thus rendering a great service to the geographical world by carefully mapping out the rivers he has explored, the course and positions of which were until then indefinite. Mr. Grenfell has received at the hands of the Royal Geographical Society at London a well-earned tribute, having been presented by them with their gold medal for the best exploring work done during the year.

Stanley Falls is at the present time the farthest point occupied by State officials.

The only product on the upper river profitable to export is ivory, owing to the costliness of the transport. All kinds of native products are to be found in large quantities in the interior,—rubber, copal gum, dyes, valuable woods, palm oils, palm kernels, peanuts, etc.,—and there are also portions of the country rich in copper and iron. Doubtless when the much-talked-of railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool is completed the exportation of other articles will be found profitable.

It is estimated that this stretch of railway will cost $5,000,000, and it is to be completed in five years. A great deal of the plant for the enterprise is already at Matadi, and preliminary operations have begun.

The natives of Central Africa are continually having their wonder aroused by the innovations of the white men. The opera-glass, rifle, and steamboat have all played their part in exciting their wonderment, but the mysterious railway locomotive is yet in store for them.

*E. J. Glave.*

# EMERSON'S TALKS WITH A COLLEGE BOY.

WHILE still an undergraduate, my connection with certain lectures delivered by Mr. Emerson before the students of Williams College and elsewhere necessarily threw me much with him; and now it is a youth's experience of him that I would give to youth.

Well do I remember his tender, shrewd, wise face as I first saw it. Almost before we were alone he made me forget in whose presence I stood. He was merely an old, quiet, modest gentleman, pressing me to a seat near him, and all at once talking about college matters, the new gymnasium, the Quarterly, and from these about books and reading and writing; and all as if he continually expected as much as he gave. And so it was ever after; no circumstances so varying but, whether I saw him alone or in the presence of others, there was the ever-ready welcome shining in his eyes, the same manifest gentleness and persistent preference of others.

One day, in my own room, glancing up at some "Laws of Writing" on the wall, he began abruptly:

"The most interesting writing is that which does not quite satisfy the reader. Try to leave a little thinking for him. That will be better for both. The trouble with most writers is, they spread too thin. The reader is as quick as they; has got there before and is ready and waiting. A little guessing does him no harm. So I would assist him with no connections. If *you* can see how the harness fits, he can. But make sure that you see it. Then when you have something new to say, say it! Out with it! Don't lead up to it! Don't try to let your hearer down from it. That is to be commonplace. *Say* it with all the grace and force you can, and stop. Be familiar only with good expressions.

"Expression is the main fight. Search unweariedly for that which is exact. Do not be dissuaded. Know words etymologically. Pull them apart, see how they are made; and use them only where they fit. Avoid the adjective. Let the noun do the work. The adjective introduces sound; gives an unexpected turn, and so often mars with an unintentional false note. Most fallacies are fallacies of language. Definitions save a deal of debate.

"Neither concern yourself about consistency. The moment you putty and plaster your expressions to make them hang together you have begun a weakening process. Take it for granted that truths will harmonize; and as for the falsities and mistakes, they will speedily die of themselves. If you *must* be contradictory, let it be clean and sharp, as the two blades of scissors meet.

"Out of your own self should come your theme; and only thus can your genius be your friend. Eloquence, by which I mean a statement so luminous as to render all others unnecessary, is possible only on a self-originated subject.

"Don't run after ideas. Save and nourish them, and you will have all you should entertain. They will come fast enough and keep you busy.

"Reading is closely related to writing. While the mind is plastic there should be care as to its impressions. The new facts should come from nature, fresh, buoyant, inspiring, exact. Later in life, when there is less danger of imitating those traits of expression through which information has been received, facts may be gleaned from a wider field. But now keep close to realities. You then accustom yourself to getting facts at first hand. If we could get all our facts so, there would be no necessity for books; but they also give us facts, if we know how to use them. They are the granaries of thought as well.

"Read those men who were not lazy; who put themselves into contact with the realities. So you learn to look with your eyes, too. And do not forget the Persian, Parsee, and Hindu religious books; books of travel, too! And when you travel describe what you see. That will teach you what to see. Read those who wrote about facts from a new point of view. The atmosphere of such authors helps you even if the reasoning has been a mistake.

"And there is Darwin! I am glad to see him here. And you must read George Borrow's book about the Gipsies. He went among them, lived among them, and was a Gipsy himself. There is nothing from second sources, nor any empiricism in his book. You can rely upon everything, and it is quaintly told. From such as he you learn not to stop until you encounter the fact with your own hand.

"Avoid all second-hand borrowing books — 'Collections of ——,' 'Beauties of ——,' etc. I see you have some on your shelves. I would burn them. No one can select the beautiful pas-

sages of another for you. It is beautiful for him, well! Another thought: wedding your aspirations will be the thing of beauty to you. Do your own quarrying.

"Do not attempt to be a great reader; and read for facts, and not by the bookful.

"You must know about ownership in facts. What another sees and tells you is not yours, but his. If you had seen it, you would not have seen what he did, and even less what he tells. Your only relief is to find out all you can about it and look at it in all possible lights. Keep your eyes open and see all you can; and when you get the right man question him close. So learn to divine books, to *feel* those that you want without wasting much time over them. Often a chapter is enough. The glance reveals when the gaze obscures. Somewhere the author has hidden his message. Find it, and skip the paragraphs that do not talk to you."

Upon my pressing him for directions more particular and practical, a process which was rarely successful, he, after a moment's hesitation, continued as follows:

"Well, learn how to tell from the beginnings of the chapters and from glimpses of the sentences whether you need to read them entirely through. So, turn page after page, keeping the writer's thought before you, but not tarrying with him, until he has brought you to the thing you are in search of; then dwell with him, if so be he has what you want. But recollect you read only to start your own team.

"Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention." (This was said nearly a quarter of a century ago. It was as if he saw ahead the blanket editions.) "And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get *their* best too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what is n't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you cannot use them, because the original source is not of reference. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is what you want, and practice quick searches for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think.

"Reading long at one time in any book, no matter how it fascinates, destroys thought as completely as the inflections forced by external causes. Do not permit this. Stop, if you find yourself becoming absorbed, at even the first paragraph. Keep yourself out and watch for your own impressions. This is one of the norms of thought. You will accumulate facts in proportion as you become a fact. Otherwise you will accumulate dreams. Information is nothing, but the man behind it.

"Yield not one inch to all the forces which conspire to make you an echo. That is the sin of dogmatism and creeds. Avoid them. They build a fence about the intellect.

"You are anxious about your career. I know without your telling me. Every college boy is. You think you can study out yourself what you are best fitted for? No. But you remember our séance with Professor —— over in the chemical laboratory yesterday; how he took a substance and tried it with others, one after other, until he discovered the affinity? So a man finds, by trying, what he can do best. Each man and woman is born with an aptitude to do something impossible to any other.

"By working, doing for others simultaneously with the doing of your own work, you make the greatest gain. That is the generous giving or losing of your life which saves it. Don't put this aside until you are more at liberty. That is slow death. Have something practical on your hands, it makes small matter what, at once. If your disposition is right you will select well.

"Live in a clear and clean loyalty to your own affair. Do not let another's, no matter how attractive, tempt you away. So, true and surprising revelations come to you, and experiences resembling the manifestations of genius. There are so many who are content to be, without being anything. Opportunities approach only those who use them. Even thoughts cease by and by to visit the idle and" (after a pause) "the perverse. But sudden and unforeseen helps and continued encouragement are vouchsafed to the devout worker. For God is everywhere, having his will, and he cannot be baffled. Make his business yours, as did his son. The man who works with him is constantly assured of achievement.

"Be choice in your friendships. You can have but few, and the number will dwindle as you grow older. Select minds who are too strong and large to pretend to knowledge and resources they do not really possess. They address you sincerely."

About poetry he uttered the following suggestions, occasioned by the criticism of some Class Day rhymes:

"I suppose you read over your verses after they are written?"

"Generally."

"I suppose then, after a little, they grow old to you?"

"Indeed, they do."

"And you continue to write. If, after a long time, you look over any of your lines and you come to one or a succession and say to yourself, 'That is good,' it is good; but destroy everything from which this verdict must be withheld. The Me is the judge, after all. And if a thing seems good to me, it shall to my fellow. I can sympathize with the desire for outward confirmation. Still, the poet is his own assurance. Poetry,"— and here he lapsed into that manner of reverie as if all hearers were far away,— "whether it comes in dreams or in gleams is noble. It must serve no sordid uses. It is of the above.

"You must keep some fact-books for poetry. I think that they are much more nearly related to poetry than rhyme or rhythm. Study Greek for expression; but the poetic *fact* is half the battle. Nature, gathered in by the sensitive soul, forms the furniture of the poet.

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulus? Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do, if you give her a chance. In how short a time will she revive the overtired brain! A breath under the apple tree, a siesta on the grass, a whiff of wind, an interval of retirement, and the balance and serenity are restored. A clean creature needs so little and responds so readily! There is something as miraculous as the Gospels in it. Later in life, society becomes a stimulus. Occasionally, the gentle excitation of a cup of tea is needed. A mind invents its own tonics, by which, without permanent injury, it makes rapid rallies and enjoys good moods. Conversation is an excitant, and the series of intoxications it creates is healthful. But tobacco, tobacco— what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain!"

Years after, I met Mr. Emerson in the West and mentioned in the conversation a bit of exciting experience among the Tennessee mountains, which drew from him the following:

"What tonic can be more inspiriting and healthful than an adventure? It gives back to the blood all its youth."

At a meeting of one of our college debating societies, Mr. Emerson said:

"I was interested in your critic's report. But there are nine of you here; then there should be nine critics. It is possible that you associate a wrong meaning with this word. I observed that your critic noted such minutiæ as that a certain word was pronounced wrong; that a plural verb followed a single nominative; that a gesture was made with the index finger instead of the open hand; that a speaker stood with his feet six inches apart instead of two. So you regard the speeches as so many targets, and listen to pick flaws, to find faults and little inaccuracies. You gain something in marking these things alone, but you lose immensely more. Criticism should not imply to you such a watching out, for that begets hostility of thought, a closing of the mind to the natural impulsions of the speech, lest it be influenced by them; and indulgence in the silent rehearsing of premature rejoinders. You are chiefly here, I take it, for the study of method, manner, style. Then you should project yourselves into sympathy with the speaker. Make certain that you receive his effort. Receive it all, and receive it well. Put yourself in his place. Try to see why he sees as he does; and then proceed outward to investigate his sentiments and their expression. Remember all criticism dealing with isolated points is superficial. The prevailing thought and disposition are your main care.

"Then, seek what is characteristical. Get the method of the man, the way in which he tries to develop and impress his idea. Attend closely to the *quality* of the matter presented. It is an index to the speaker's originality and culture, and therefore of his ability to impress others.

"When your attention is held without effort from yourself; when you are conscious of thoughtfulness, a change of opinion working within— then attend, attend! Your speaker has power. Overlook all fault, intonation, emphasis, pronunciation. Lay hold of his secret. The genuine impressions of a speech are the thoughts it immediately arouses, and these are the sources of true critical activity."

I do not think of Mr. Emerson as primarily a critic. His was not generally the posture indicated by the word. He was familiar with the laws that determine excellence of form, but sincerity and the satisfaction of the moral sense constituted his criterion. "The first and main attention of men to one another is to listen and be taught," he said, "and we are continually surprised at the riches of our fellows." His criticism was of that rarest order, creative rather than judicial; and his historical and biographical judgments have been affected only by the discovery of facts and perspective unknown to him. He always saw the good— a rare trait. It is easy to point out defects.

Mr. Emerson talked apparently without reservation to me about his contemporaries and historical personages. I select such of his delightful comment as seems distinguished for the consideration of "his noble young men," as he called them.

I remember one afternoon we were walking among the hills of Williamstown in the locality known as Bryant's Glen.

"Yonder is a serious mountain," said Mr. Emerson, pointing to Greylock. "I should think this would be just the place to read 'The Excursion.' The hills are very like those of Westmoreland. Here one can see the poet standing on the shore and looking off on the wide sea-light, and backward on the glows of the mountains, and then recognizing the inner supernal light, the subjective, as he framed that most famed combination:

"The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.

"Wordsworth," he continued, "is the poet of England. I see 'The Reader' lately acknowledges it. He is the only one who comes up to high-water mark. Other writers have to affect what to him is natural. So they have what Arnold called *simplism*, he, simplicity.

"The first three books of 'The Excursion' are the best. The discussions are uninteresting, but the adventures of the wonderful Peddler always charm me. There is sometimes an extreme even in Wordsworth. What is that 'horrible' line in 'Peter Bell'?—

"The hard, dry see-saw of his horrible bray!

"The ass is unpoetical; and perhaps 'Alice Fell' is too childish, a little. His sonnets are good. They are, indeed, as pure, chaste, and transparent as Milton's. They are the witchery of language. He is the greatest poet since Milton."

Emerson could quote almost entirely "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," so much had he pondered them.

"There are no books for boys," he concluded, "like the poems of Sir Walter Scott. Every boy loves them if they are not put into his hands too late. 'Marmion,' 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' 'The Lady of the Lake'—they surpass everything for boy-reading we have."

It was uncommon to hear Mr. Emerson speak with such emphasis of any one as he did of Plato. At our first railroad restaurant, where, although there was plenty of time, everybody was eating as they do generally at travel-tables, Mr. Emerson leaned over towards me and said humorously, with a smile:

"Was n't it Plato who said of the citizens of Agrigentum,—they, you know, were colossal architects and eaters,—'These people build as if they were immortal; and eat as if they were to die instantly'?"

"Read Plato's 'Republic'! Read Plato's 'Republic'! Read Plato's 'Republic'!" he repeated, on another occasion. "He lifts man towards the divine, and I like it when I hear that a man reads Plato. I want to meet that man. For no man of self-conceit can go through Plato."

Carlyle, I believe, confesses that he cannot read Plato.

"I am glad you have so many of the Greek tragedies," continued Mr. Emerson. "Read them largely and swiftly in translation, to get their movement and flow; and then a little in the original every day. For the Greek is the fountain of language. The Latin has a definite shore-line. But the Greek is without bounds." Then after a pause he added, half to himself, "Dead languages, called dead because they can never die."

Of Gibbon he spoke strikingly as follows:

"He is one of the best readers that ever lived in England. You know his custom of examining himself both before and after his reading a book to see what had been added to his mental experience? All previous and contemporary British historians are barefooted friars in comparison with Gibbon. He was an admirable student, a tremendous worker. He banished himself to a lonely château just to work harder. But he thought uncleanly. He had—as also did Aristophanes, whom I never could read on that account—an imagination degraded and never assoiled, a low wit like that which defaces out-buildings. He was a disordered and coarse spirit, a mind without a shrine, but a great example of diligence and antidote to laziness.

"Locke was a stalwart thinker. He erected a school of philosophy, which limited everything to utility. But the soul has its own eyes, which are made illuminating by the spirit of God."

With the same lofty accent he spoke of Harriet Martineau, and compared her attitude with that of her brother.

"It was a grief to me when I learned that she had become a materialist." After a long pause he added, lifting his head, "God? It is all God."

"Read Chaucer," he said. "In a day you will get into his language, and then you will like him. Humor the lines a little, and they are full of music.

"I have seen an expurgated edition of Chaucer; shun it! Shun expurgated editions of any one, even of François Villon. They will be expurgating the Bible and Shakspere next."

Of Shakspere he talked much, and always without a word of subtraction. Of no one else did he speak in a similar strain of encomium excepting that imperial man, Walter Savage Landor.

"So far as we know," he said, "the 'Essays' of Montaigne is the only book Shakspere owned. Like Aristophanes, Shakspere had the care of the presentation of his plays. So they were kept practical. It has had much to do with their surviving.

"But Shakspere was a wonder. He struck

twelve every time"; and then, after a pause, "We have not such creatures in America." Somehow the words, and his half-sad manner in uttering them, brought back to me old Nestor's lament:

> For not any time have I seen such men, nor shall I as Perithous or Gyas, etc.

He spoke of the songs of Ben Jonson as "the finest in the English language. They are rich and succulent and metery. Few men have that wonderful power of rhyming, especially double-rhyming, that he has"; and he instanced "The Mask of Dædalus," and recited four stanzas of Jonson's ode to himself in illustration.

Of the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" he said:

"I liked him; not as Professor Wilson, but as Christopher North. He was a man singularly loved. Hare, author of 'Guesses at Truth,' wrote his life, but it was incomplete. Then Carlyle attempted it, but he wrote too much with the air of a patron, too much condescension, as a teacher might say, 'Fine boy!'—too much pat-him-on-the-head in it. I wrote Carlyle I would rather agree with Wilson than himself."

I was much interested in his words on Shelley and Blake. While he seemed hesitatingly to recognize and allow the wide gleams of truth the disciples of these mystics claim for them, he yet insisted that their visions were rather a curiosity than a discovery; and rebuked them strongly for their trait of "obliteration of the imagination" by natural objects.

"I cannot read Shelley with comfort," he said. "His visions are not in accord with the facts. They are not accurate. He soars to sink."

He quoted Blake's

> Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,

over and over, almost the only thing I ever heard him quote that he put into the "Parnassus."

He many times referred to Leigh Hunt, and advised me to read him—"a true and gentle friend to all men."

Of Matthew Arnold he said: "He is stored with all critical faculties except humor, but so far he shows little of that." And of Browning: "He is always a teacher."

"Have you read any of Goethe?" he asked.

On my replying affirmatively as to "Wilhelm Meister," he said:

"Ah, yes, that is good. It wants to be read well. It contains the analysis of life. Wasson in 'The Atlantic' some time ago had some excellent words upon it, more a panegyric than a criticism. But Wasson must have just come to it. We have loved Meister a long time."

Of Fichte he said: "He would use any weapon to convert a hearer. I think he would trepan a person, if so he could pass his own edacious conception into the bared brain."

I once asked his opinion of the novels of George Sand, and he answered as follows:

"It is wonderful, the amount she has written—everything; she seems to know the world. But her stories—I do not know about them. I do not read stories. I never could turn a dozen pages in 'Don Quixote' or Dickens without a yawn. Why read novels? We meet stranger creatures than their heroes. What writer of stories would not be derided if he gave us creatures as impossible as Nero or Alva or Joan of Arc?"

Again, referring to a poet then rather the fashion: "Melancholy is unendurable. Grief is abnormal. Victor Hugo has written such a book. I have not read it. I do not read the sad in literature."

These words were the first seismic tremors in my new heavens and new earth. They set my wits a-swimming, troubled me with apprehension of possible limitation in him. So the next day, with a youth's temerity, I told Mr. Emerson of my inability to accept his statements on this matter as I understood them. He heard me patiently, watched my quivering lips a moment, and then said briefly but with a beaming glance:

"Very well; I do not like disciples." This remarkable reply illustrates Mr. Emerson's peculiar and wholesome ways with lovers, emancipating them even from himself. From this time disappeared from his pupil the boyish and servile acquiescence, and I doubt not from the master the feeling of nausea it could not but cause. The release saved me my friend and made of his friendship the greater blessing.

Of cisoceanic contemporaries, Mr. Emerson spoke as follows:

"The connecting link between England and America is Oliver Wendell Holmes. If that acute-minded man had been born in England they would never have tired of making much of him. He has the finest sensibility, and that catholicity of taste without which no large and generous nature can be developed. Everything interests him.

"'Leaves of Grass,' by Walt Whitman, is a book you must certainly read. It is wonderful. I had great hopes of Whitman until he became Bohemian. He contrasts with Poe, who had an uncommon facility for rhyme, a happy jingle. Poe might have become much had he been capable of self-direction."

He spoke of Daniel Webster as "deformed. He became to me the type of decay. To gain his ambition, he gave ease, pleasure, happiness, wealth; and then added honor and truth. He

had a wonderful intellect; but of what importance is that when the rest of the man is gone?

"Hawthorne's writings are of the terrible, the grotesque, and somber. There is nothing joyous in them. It is the same way with Hugo. No man ought to write so.

"—— wrote a pitiful book about Napoleon. But he was a wonderful man enough; always fell on his feet. The best memoirs of him are those of Las Cases. Scott is too British; O'Meara, the Irish surgeon, writes well of him — a little low, untutored, rough; but he had personal access, and Napoleon breathed through all the men about him. What was that he said about making his generals out of mud? His meanness, which could speak no chivalric word, spoke there, but it spoke fact."

Of Margaret Fuller he spoke much at one time and another, but nothing that teaches, unless it is the following:

"I was amused with what she said of Bettina Brentano — something like this: 'She has not pride enough. Only when I am sure of myself would I pour out my soul at the feet of another. In the assured soul it is kingly prodigality; in one which cannot forbear it is babyhood.'"

He repeated the word "kingly" with a musing circumflex, as if another woman would have used a different gender, and added:

"But she would need to be certain of her lover as well as herself — which Bettina could not. There is something, too, in the lover. Margaret never met Goethe. She was a strange woman. Her eyes in some moods were visible at night; and her hair apparently lightened and darkened. She had unconscious clairvoyant instincts, and could read the fortune in the human face; she was most inspired when in pain. What she wrote me is expressive of her deepest nature:

"'With the intellect I always have, always shall overcome, but that is not the half of the work, the life, the life! O my God! shall the life never be sweet?'"

The flame was in the heart of this dazzling woman. If Emerson was the brain of this Concord circle, Margaret Fuller was its blood.

Of this group, the most conspicuous in its domain that has ever existed in America, Mr. Emerson was easily chief; and during his strongest years perhaps he was more. There was something "catching" about him. No one could exactly explain or even understand it, but every one was sensible of it, so that his friends in England and America felt called upon to warn admirers that they must be on their guard; if they sought a familiarity closer than his pocket edition, not to be carried too far, for he could not encourage an imitator. Amusing stories have been told of characteristic exaggerations resulting from too much Emerson in the neighborhood. Indeed one had to be more than human to remain in the presence of such a nature and not betray the fact. He was not a man to be approached closely. Nor was it well to be loved by him too dearly. Thoreau felt the perilous singling until his tones and his mode of speaking caught the trick of Emerson's so nearly that the two men could hardly be separated in conversation. What wonder that Channing, Bartol, Alcott, and the rest, strong and stately men (more than that — among the heavenliest bodies our material new world has seen), felt to some slight deflection of their orbit the unintentional, if not unconscious, attraction of the mild Jupiter so near them. Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller fled and saved themselves, but even they betrayed during their Concord residence a faint Emersonian adumbration. The fact is, no one meeting Emerson was ever the same again. His natural force was so resistless and so imperceptible that it commanded men before they were aware. Leaders, scholars of high cultivation, theorists and men of thought *de vieille roche*, who visited the lonely eminence where he dwelt apart, noticed the contagion. Then there were others, a curious throng, themselves often curiosities, who came. Concord contained during Emerson's solstitial years a great lighthouse, shining far and wide, and showing many ships their goal, but covered with the shreds of wrecked barks, which had been attracted by its clear, cold, solitary flame.

But of Thoreau, that hypethral man, I cannot say enough. Of no one did Mr. Emerson talk so often and so tenderly. The relation adverted to between the two needs a clearer understanding. Emerson made Thoreau. He was a child of Emerson, as if of his own flesh and blood. The elder took the younger fresh from college (rather drowsy, and he dozed after his return to Concord, but the Middlesex woods were his college); Emerson woke him, gave him his start, and immediately and astonishingly nourished him.

The disciple became as his master, unconsciously adopting his accent and form, realizing his attractions and antipathies, and knowing his good and evil. The development of this sturdy bud into its sturdier flower was a perpetual delight to the philosopher. In Thoreau he lived himself over again. He said he liked Thoreau because "he had the courage of his convictions," but I think he meant his own (Emerson's) convictions. In both we mark the same features; as a severe and *outré* way of looking at events and a searching for lessons in them, intolerance of makeshifts, etc.

"Henry was," continued Mr. Emerson, "homely in appearance, a rugged stone hewn

from the cliff. I believe it is accorded to all men to be moderately homely. But he surpassed sex. He had a beautiful smile and an earnest look. His character reminds me of Massillon. One could jeopard anything on him. A limpid man, a realist with caustic eyes that looked through all words and shows and bearing with terrible perception! He was a greater Stoic than Zeno or Scævola or Xenophanes; greater, because nothing of impurity clung to him, a man whose core and whose breath was conscience. But he thought and said that society is always diseased, and the best, most so. Men of note would come to talk with him.

"'I don't know,' he would say, 'perhaps a minute would be enough for both of us.'

"'But I come to walk with you when you take your exercise.' 'Ah, walking, that is my holy time.'

"He refused on graduating from Harvard to take his degree. 'It is n't worth five dollars,' he said.

"I have always thought that he did not do justice to the influence of his college in forming him.

"Though living in civilization he was the keenest observer of external nature I have ever seen. He had the trained sense of the Indian, eyes that saw in the night, his own way of threading the woods and fields, so that he felt his path through them in the densest night without delay or interruption. He would hear a partridge fly into a bush in the dark of dawn and guide you to the spot after day unerringly.

"Things happened to him, came to him, as they will to lovers of the woods and fields. I remember once a friend accosted him while they were walking, with a request for an arrow-head, if he should ever find one, lamenting how fruitlessly he had searched for one.

"'They *are* rare,' said Thoreau, stooping and picking up a fragment of earth-covered substance he saw in the sod, 'and now that you have an opportunity you had better examine this!' And he presented a fine specimen from which he finished disengaging the earth-rust. An accident? I do not know. Sometimes I think the entire woods were a *cache* for him, he had such secrets of hiding things and finding them again."

As Thoreau exhibited Emerson the recluse, so Amos Bronson Alcott, a most benign, saintly, and unworldly man when I knew him, was a joyous, buoyant embodiment of Mr. Emerson socially. For Emerson was not what one would term "talkative." Indeed it is seldom one meets a man more held in duress by his own thought. When he was surprised into utterance, it was mostly a monologue of oral reflections which seemed to be addressed to a widely read and thoughtful audience, and which always exacted much of the listener. It is somewhat remarkable that a man who has given more movement to thought than almost any other since Plato should have shown in habit so little sympathy with this law by which men most naturally receive ideas. But I think he secretly found irksome the simplest conditions under which people meet.

Mr. Alcott had a much more extended adaptiveness. He founded the parlor conversation as a means of culture.

Faith in man and man's final victory was Mr. Emerson's evangel. His transcendentalism is to be regarded as a fragment existing less as a religious idiosyncrasy, much less a passing fashion, than as a lifting and permanent force in general religious culture. As a modifying influence in thought, as an impulse towards a finer life, it has become a power. Its subtle suggestions, its aspirations; that which it stood for and symbolized; its exultant, soaring spirit — these gave it meaning to every elevated soul drawn into it. Where it touched the practical duties of life its touch was recognized as honest. Mr. Emerson's language often identified God incarnate with man perfected. The future was serene. Almost the last words I was ever to hear him utter were with a smile and cheer regarding a doubt he could not dispel.

"For that," he said, "we must wait until to-morrow morning."

By

> That great and grave transition,
> Which may not king or priest or conqueror spare,
> And yet a babe can bear,

the morrow's morning has come to him.

The true Emersonian does not seek the master for knowledge, but for wisdom, and the best wisdom, a new life. And does not this search indicate that seminal, germinal, developing quality which is the central essence of the man himself? He comes immediately into the mind, a revolutionary force, questioning, suggesting, destroying composure, provoking doubt of the order that is; destroying gods, both Penates and Totems, not with blows, but with frost and fire; emancipating thought; sowing a sane discontent and elation; then stimulator, inspirer, and liberator of power. With what other service is such service comparable?

*Charles J. Woodbury.*

# THE MERIT SYSTEM VERSUS THE PATRONAGE SYSTEM.

## THE TWO SYSTEMS DEFINED.

IN American politics there obtain at the present moment two systems in accordance with which appointments to minor governmental positions are made—the spoils or patronage system, and the merit or reformed system. The underlying principle of the former is that set forth in the pithy and now famous sentence of one of its founders, "To the victors belong the spoils." It treats all offices as fit objects wherewith to reward partisan service, as prizes to be scrambled for by the smirched victors in a contemptible struggle for political plunder, as bribes to be parceled out among the most active and influential henchmen of the various party leaders. The upholders of the merit system, on the other hand, maintain that offices should be held for the benefit of the whole public, and not for the benefit of that particular section of the public which enters into politics as a lucrative, though rather dirty, game; they believe that the multitude of small government positions, of which the duties are wholly unconnected with political questions, should be filled by candidates selected, not for political reasons, but solely with reference to their special fitness for the duty they seek to perform; and, furthermore, they believe that the truly American and democratic way of filling these offices is by an open and manly rivalry, into which every American citizen has a right to enter, without any more regard being paid to his political than to his religious creed, and without being required to render degrading service to any party boss, or do aught save show by common-sense, practical tests that he is the man best fitted to perform the particular service needed.

This is a perfectly fair and moderate statement of the two contrasted systems; and when the question is thus resolved into its simplest terms it is, of course, impossible for any honest and intelligent citizen to hesitate in his choice. Unfortunately, however, it is almost impossible to get the average voter to realize that the above really is a true statement of the question, when stripped of verbiage, and put in the language of naked truth. He is apt to be misled by the unceasing clamor of the interested advocates of the old spoils system; and their name is legion, for they include every place-mongering big politician and every place-hunting small politician in the land, not to speak of the malodorous tribe of political hangers-on, who are too lazy to do honest work, and who know very well that if tried by the standard of merit alone they would no longer have the faintest chance of getting easy jobs at the public expense. These people are naturally ferocious foes of a reform which would deprive them of their exceedingly noxious influence in public affairs; and in their opposition they receive powerful aid from the cynicism of many intelligent men, who do not believe it possible to better political conditions; from the puzzle-headed inability of many honest, but prejudiced and narrow-minded, people to understand what the question really is, and from the good-nature, the indifference, the selfishness, the timidity, and the conservatism of that large number of citizens who never bestir themselves to do away with any evil that is not brought sharply home to their pockets.

One great trouble is that, thanks to having lived under the spoils system for sixty years, a great many people have come to accept it as being inevitably incident to our system of politics; and they grumble at it only as they grumble at droughts or freshets. Besides, they know there are in every party plenty of men competent to fill the offices; and they vaguely believe that it is merely a question as to which set of competent men is chosen. But this is not the case at all. If a party victory meant that all offices already filled by the most competent members of the defeated party were to be thereafter filled by the most competent members of the victorious party, the system would still be absurd, but it would not be particularly baneful. In reality, however, this is not what the system of partisan appointments means at all. Wherever it is adopted it is inevitable that the degree of party service, or more often of service to some particular leader, and not merit, shall ultimately determine the appointment, even as among the different party candidates themselves. Once admit that it is proper to turn out an efficient Republican clerk in order to replace him by an efficient Democratic clerk, or *vice versa*, and the inevitable next step is to consider solely Republicanism or Democracy, and not efficiency, in making the appointment; while the equally inevitable third step is to consider only that peculiar species of Republicanism or Democracy which is implied in adroit and unscrupu-

lous service rendered to the most influential local boss. Of course, both boss and henchman are often — perhaps generally — very good fellows, anxious to make good records and serve the public well; but it is at least safe to say that this is not necessarily the case.

The evil of the spoils system consists much less in the monopolizing of the offices by one party than in the monopolizing of the offices by the politicians at the expense of the people. Yet we have become so wedded to the vicious theory of party appointments that many men in public life are not even able to understand what is really the evil of which we complain; and hence some sapient gentlemen have recently been advocating a plan to divide all the offices among the adherents of both parties, by distributing them among the congressmen.

It may be mentioned, parenthetically, that the object and scope of the law is not yet clearly comprehended by the mass of citizens. Public confidence is a plant of slow growth, and public knowledge grows but little faster; so it is not surprising that after a sixty years' carnival of patronage politics, the average man has grown to regard it as part of the order of nature that only the adherents of the party in power need apply for offices. It is often a real labor to get men, opposed in political faith to an Administration, to come forward and be examined even for positions in offices where the civil service law is observed in the strictest and most non-partisan spirit. Yet a steady improvement is taking place in this respect. A constantly increasing proportion of the adherents of one party are coming into office while the other is in power. Most important of all, the applicants are growing more and more to realize that the change is real, and not nominal, and that their appointment and retention depend on their own good qualities, and not on political favoritism.

### ATTEMPTS TO THWART THE REFORM.

Of course all the politicians to whom politics is merely a trade and means of livelihood do everything in their power to hinder the growth of this feeling, to thwart the progress of the reform, to obstruct and hamper the execution of the law, and to cripple the Civil Service Commission and the other administrative bodies by which the law is executed. Their great aim is to make the law inoperative and bring it into contempt. By loudly proclaiming that it is not going to be really observed, they often succeed in frightening away applicants for office who do not belong to their own party; and they then, of course, turn around and rail at the law, because of a partial failure for which they themselves are almost solely responsible. Were it not for their industrious mendacity, there would be no difficulty in showing all applicants that they stand equal chances for appointment under the law without regard to politics. It is especially unfortunate where one of these men is himself appointed to some position where he has to administer the law he has derided. He can be held to a tolerably strict observance thereof, and invariably acknowledges its efficacy by shrieking that it ties his hands and prevents his appointing the "best men" (*i. e.*, his own political heelers); but, for all this, his character and utterances are sure to prevent men from applying for positions under him unless they feel they have some backing besides their own merit. Moreover appointees of this type often maladminister the law; and every such case of maladministration is made the pretext for a cry, not that the law be more strictly enforced, but that it be repealed, which would be about as sensible as to repeal the law against murder because some individual murderer has been improperly acquitted.

Much more serious harm than frightening off worthy applicants results from the unscrupulous representations of the patronage advocates. By incessant repetition of their falsehoods, they often persuade honest and worthy people that they contain at least an element of truth. All opposition to the merit system would cease to-morrow, save in hopelessly backward localities, were it possible to make people understand exactly what are its ends, and the methods by which these ends are sought to be attained. It is only comparatively rarely that men are to be found with ideals so low that they are willing frankly to announce that they believe in treating the offices simply as so much plunder. Even then they never tell the whole truth, which is not merely that they wish the victors to have the spoils, but, what is even more important, that they wish them to go only to the baser among the victors — for these are inevitably the beneficiaries of the spoils system.

Usually they insist that they themselves believe in "genuine civil service reform," but of a different kind from the one which all intelligent reformers are pressing, and which they proceed to try to prove to be a sham; and the very men who are blindest to the vicious faults of the patronage system manifest the greatest horror over the slightest shortcomings of its successor. They are the first to show captious distrust of the sincerity of the men who are striving to better our governmental methods. Yet they evince the most touching confidence in the inherent nobility and strength of human nature when we point out that, without some help from the law, the best and purest statesman cannot grapple with the evils of the

patronage system. The moment we deal with the merit system they insist upon comparing it with an ideal standard, but clamorously defend the abuses of patronage by reminding us that this is a workaday, practical world, and that we must face things as they are.

APPOINTMENTS UNDER THE OLD SYSTEM.

A FAVORITE mental attitude of these men is the assumption that at present the government officials appoint their own subordinates, and that to take this power away from them does away with the responsibility of the heads of the various offices. This argument is so absurdly false that no one who has ever been in active politics can listen to it without smiling. In plain truth, the very essence of the patronage system, as now developed, is that executive officers do *not* appoint their own subordinates; on the contrary, these are appointed for them by the congressmen and influential local politicians. It is quite impossible for the head of a great department, or of a large post-office or custom-house, himself to select his hundreds of subordinates. Either they have to be chosen for him by some test of special fitness applied to all who choose to come forward, as under the merit system, or else he must rely on the recommendations of other men; and under the patronage system these men are of course politicians, each of whom gets as many appointments as his local "influence" entitles him to. No man who is himself in public life will deny that this is the case. In fact it is accepted as a matter of course.

The different big politicians, the senators, the congressmen, and the astute leaders who do not take office, divide up among themselves the different appointments which are nominally made by the heads of bureaus. The nominal appointing officers have more or less to say about it according to their own political standing and strength of character; but the real officers are the outsiders — who, by the way, generally get into a battle royal over the division of the spoil. It thus results that the choice of subordinates falls, not on the executive officer under whom they are to work, but on the legislator, who was, or ought to have been, chosen because of his views on the tariff, or the silver question, or internal improvements, or a national election law, and without any reference to his fitness for selecting clerks and letter-carriers. Merely to state the facts is enough to show the inherent viciousness and absurdity of the system. Each congressman has very naturally grown to regard all the appointments in his district as rightfully his to make; and then he himself proceeds further to parcel them out to satisfy the politicians back of him. In many offices, under the old method, the different appointments were regularly credited in the books or on the backs of the papers to the politician for whom they were made; I could mention two or three where I happen personally to know that this was the practice. Even where this detail was omitted, the fact remained that the outside politicians made the appointments. Thus formerly the railway mail service was regularly parceled out, each congressman getting a definite number of postal-clerks; whereas now any sharp, capable young fellow may come forward and be appointed on the sole condition of proving by fair, business-like tests that he is better fitted than his competitors to fill the position he seeks. If the present superintendent of the railway mail service were to retain his position under successive administrations of varying political creed, the sole condition of his retention being his efficiency in the management of his business, and no politician being allowed to say anything whatever about his subordinates, it would be perfectly safe to leave the appointment of the latter solely in his own hands. But, as a matter of fact, his retention in office four years hence depends not in the least upon his record as a faithful public servant, but upon the success or failure of his party in the presidential election; and under the old system the right to appoint his subordinates was always claimed by, and allowed to, the congressman and influential local politicians. It was therefore an immense step in advance when the appointments to the railway mail service were taken away from the politicians altogether and were made to depend solely on the success of the candidates in honest, common-sense, competitive examinations.

Be it remembered that the blame attaches to the system which permits and encourages congressional interference, and not to the congressmen who are obliged to act under it. Where it has come to be an understood thing that the congressman is the appointing power he has often no choice but to make the appointments; if, as is very likely, he is a pretty good fellow, he will make good appointments; but at any rate make them he must. For a single congressman to refuse to say anything about appointments, while leaving the system unchanged, would accomplish absolutely nothing.[1] He should do all he can to abolish the system; but as long as it exists all he can do

1 While on this point I wish to express my emphatic dissent from the position taken by some good friends of the reform who seem to me to do positive harm by attacking all public men alike. In fact they prefer to assail, not the spoilsmen, but stanch friends of the reform who under present circumstances cannot — and ought not to be expected to — come up to the highest theoretic standard. We must stand by the best men

is to make the best of it and see that only good appointments are made; and this is the course followed by a very large number of congressmen. To illustrate what I mean I will take an instance from my own experience. The first year I was in the legislature there was a great deal of work being done on the Capitol buildings. Stone-cutters were in especial demand, and they were regularly parceled out among the different State senators and assemblymen, each of the latter having a certain number of appointments to which, by a custom that was then quite as binding as law, he was entitled. Sometimes good and sometimes bad stone-cutters were appointed under this method, and the whole business was to me so intensely distasteful that at first I refused to have anything to do with it. The consequence was merely what, with a little more experience, I might have foreseen. The appointments that should have come to me were given to a couple of neighboring assemblymen, and the stone-cutters from my district — very decent, honest men — were left out entirely, and felt correspondingly aggrieved. When I realized how things stood I promptly asserted my rights, claimed the appointments for my district, and gave them out to my district stone-cutters according to an improvised merit test of my own. I then proceeded to take the only practical way of bettering matters; that is, I worked hard, and in the end successfully, for the establishment of a system under which *none* of the assemblymen had any say whatever in the appointments. In my own case I did not need to pay any heed to the political advantages or disadvantages of the patronage; but this is an element of the problem which cannot be ignored. I feel sure that the possession of the patronage damages rather than benefits a party; but it is certainly also true that for one party to refrain from all use of patronage, while not by law enacting that its opponent must likewise refrain, would work little lasting benefit to the public service, and would probably insure party defeat. It is precisely as in boxing. In college we used to be very fond of sparring; and of course the rules expressly excluded hitting below the belt, and foul blows generally. These rules made the sport fair and manly; otherwise it would have been brutal. But if there had been no such rules it would have been silly, and would have accomplished no good purpose, for a man to spar at all, if he did not himself hit below the belt while allowing his antagonist to do so. A change in the rules, prohibiting foul hitting on either side, would have been the only way to work improvement.

It is therefore perfectly plain that the remedy lies in changing the system. For honest politicians to refrain from meddling with patronage, while leaving dishonest politicians full liberty to do so, is in the long run to work harm rather than good. The offices must be taken out of reach of all politicians, good or bad, by some permanent system of law.

### IMPROVEMENT IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE civil service law accomplishes this end wherever it applies and is enforced; and in consequence the government employees protected by it, over 28,000 in all,— nearly a fourth of the total number in the service of the United States,— are now withdrawn from the degrading influences of the spoils system; and, as a direct result, in these offices the public business is performed more honestly and efficiently than ever before, while the offices themselves no longer form part of the vast bribery fund which is what the official patronage has become. The adherents of the old system naturally detest the new one, because of the good which it has done; and when, for very shame, they dare not openly defend the abuses by which they and their kind profit, they strive to do it indirectly by attacking the proposed remedy. They admit that the patronage system is evil; but try to delay real reform by proposing some foolish measure that would accomplish nothing but harm, or else confine themselves to clamorous misrepresentations of the purpose and scope of the only genuine measure of relief that has yet been proposed. A sample of the former method is the advocacy of the plan already spoken of to divide the offices among the congressmen, giving to each the appointment of all the government employees in his district. This proposal has recently had some vogue even among men of fair experience in public life, albeit that among its other defects it happens to be unconstitutional. Even if the last objection did not apply, the adoption of the plan would of course mean nothing but the revival of the old spoils system with an added touch of chaos. Its advocates evidently have some puzzle-headed idea that what is needed is not to take the offices out of politics, but to divide them permanently between the politicians of the two parties, instead of giving them all to each party in turn.

who are actually able to do good service in public life under its present conditions. Undoubtedly good men in public life should be freely criticized whenever they do wrong; but all should be judged by one standard in making comparisons. It is folly to strengthen our foes by assailing our friends; and indiscriminate and unintelligent blame is quite as harmful as indiscriminate and unintelligent praise. We do not, as a people, suffer from the lack of criticism, but we do suffer from the lack of impartial and intelligent criticism.

THE MERIT SYSTEM THOROUGHLY AMERICAN.

As a rule, however, the opponents of the reform neither argue intelligently against it nor propose any substitute, but confine themselves strictly to simple misrepresentation and abuse. It is, of course, the kind of measure which especially arouses the ire of the cheaper variety of demagogue — the man who naturally opposes any measure to promote honest and decent government. Such a one has not morality enough to be ashamed of avowing that he wishes to pay off his private political debts by bribes, at the public expense, in the shape of offices, and is both too coarse-minded and too dull-witted to feel the scorn with which he and his antics are regarded by all upright and honorable thinking men. No argument is too flimsy or too contemptible for him to try. He takes great delight in calling the merit system "Chinese," apparently because one of its adjuncts is the competitive examination, while in China there has long existed a clumsy and overgrown system of such examinations. As well might he inveigh against our alphabet because the Chinese have long had a cumbersome alphabet of their own, or against the use of gunpowder because it was first used in China, or decline to carry a Winchester rifle because jingals have long been known in the East. Again, he rails at the system as "English," and as tending to produce an "office-holding aristocracy." Of course he does not believe these arguments; he can't, and retain his sanity. While England was a purely aristocratic community the spoils system flourished there far more rankly than ever it did here; and it is only since England has begun to take giant strides towards democracy that she has introduced the merit system, which the founders of our own Republic regarded as the only one worthy of a free and high-minded nation. A system which opens the public service to all men, of whatever rank in life, who prove themselves most worthy to enter it, and which retains them in office only so long as they serve the public with honesty, efficiency, and courtesy, is in its very essence democratic; whereas, on the contrary, the spoils system — which still obtains in most European kingdoms, and reaches its fullest development under the despotic government of Russia — is essentially undemocratic, in that it treats the public service not as the property of the whole people, to be administered solely in their interest, but as a bribery chest for the benefit of a few powerful individuals, or groups of individuals, who use it purely in the spirit of personal or political favoritism. It is among the most potent of the many forces which combine to produce the ward boss, the district heeler, the boodle alderman, and all their base and obscure kindred who in our great cities are ever striving to change the government from an honest democracy into a corrupt and ignorant oligarchy, wherein only the vile and the dishonest shall rule and hold office.

When a man is ashamed to use such merely demagogic arguments, he commonly, as a last resort, assails the methods by which it is attempted to put theory into practice, and especially the competitive examinations. Of course in introducing a radically new system there is bound to be friction. In extending the limits of the classified service inevitably from time to time mistakes are made, which the Commission strive forthwith to correct; and in preparing a multitude of examination papers they occasionally ask questions which it would be wise to leave unasked, or try to test a man's capacity in some way which experience shows will not work satisfactorily. Any fault of this character should of course be pointed out and immediately remedied; but, equally of course, it furnishes no serious argument against the system. There are a very few more serious shortcomings; but it is noticeable that opponents hardly ever allude to these, or dwell on any point worth serious discussion. They prefer to make and repeat over and over and over again assertions which it is a euphemism merely to call misstatements. They have been refuted very often; they have been conclusively shown to be wholly and utterly false; but their sponsors stand up for them with such unabashed effrontery that it is necessary to keep on answering them.

One of these assertions is, that the examinations favor "boys fresh from school," instead of men with experience of the world. This is simply untrue. The average age of successful candidates for the ordinary positions, such as those of clerk and letter-carrier, is about twenty-eight years. The boy fresh from school evidently stands less chance than the man who has left his school days at least ten years behind him.

THE QUESTIONS CANDIDATES ARE ASKED.

BUT the favorite assertion is, that "irrelevant" and "impractical" questions are asked. This again is simply false. The Commission strongly object to asking irrelevant questions. Surely no questions can be so irrelevant to a man's duties as copyist or railway mail clerk as are questions about his political backing and about how he voted at the last election; and these are the very questions which those who thus prate about the examinations are themselves desirous of asking. As a matter of fact the questions are strictly pertinent to the positions for which the candidates are examined. The Commission has not yet tried to intro-

duce a merit test for laborers, although this must in the end be done (probably on the lines indicated by the Massachusetts State law, which provides for a system of registration of laborers). As yet, the great bulk of the examinations, probably ninety per cent., are held to fill positions as clerk, copyist, letter-carrier, and the like. In all these cases plain, common-sense questions are asked, such as appeal to the average intelligence as being suitable for testing the applicant's fitness for the special position he seeks to fill. A copyist or a clerk must be able to spell well and make grammatical sentences, he must write a good hand and be able to copy from a rough draft or from dictation, he must know how to do simple sums in arithmetic and have some acquaintance with the elements of bookkeeping, and he ought to be able to write an intelligent letter on some given subject; and therefore the questions test him on just such points, and, furthermore, require him to show a rudimentary acquaintance with United States history, government, and geography, as is befitting in one who seeks to serve Uncle Sam. A railway mail clerk is required to show a knowledge of the railway systems along the route where he is to serve, a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the geography of the United States, and skill in reading off a multitude of addresses on letters. A letter-carrier must be acquainted with the local geography of his city. If questions on subjects like these are not practical, then there are no practical questions in existence. As a matter of fact, the men who speak of the questions as impractical, or as referring to "the sciences," or the "geography of Asia and Africa," simply do not know what they are talking about; and their ignorance can hardly be called honest, for they have no business to speak on a subject about which they could readily learn, but of which they are wholly ignorant. In dealing with these gentry I have now adopted the plan of using an argument sufficiently direct to appeal even to their intelligences. Whenever I meet a man who inveighs against the Commission for asking a letter-carrier "how far the earth is from Mars," or "to bound Timbuctoo,"—and I have heard men seriously assert that the Commission ask such questions,—I merely offer to bet him some moderate sum that he cannot produce a single instance where the Commission have actually asked such a candidate such a question; and he invariably refuses the bet, and on cross-examination admits that he does not personally know anything about the matter.

Finally, we who believe in the reform refer to that best of tests, experience, as demonstrating, beyond all question, that the merit system is not only practical, but produces the most admirable results. Wherever a public officer has taken office, believing in the law, or, even if not believing in it, willing to give it a fair and honest trial, it has invariably been found to work well. The public offices which have furnished the most conspicuous examples of honest and efficient administration of the public business have been precisely those in which the civil service law has been most rigidly and scrupulously obeyed. The post-offices at Boston, Brooklyn, New York, and Washington, under Messrs. Corse, Hendrix, Pearson, and Ross, may be instanced as showing one side of this picture, and those at Baltimore, Milwaukee, and Indianapolis, under Messrs. Veazey, Paul, and Aquila Jones, as illustrating the other.

The merit system is the system of fair play, of common sense, and of common honesty; and therefore it is essentially American and essentially democratic.

*Theodore Roosevelt.*

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Further Electoral Reform.

NOW that the adoption of the Australian secret-ballot system as the American system is practically assured within the near future, it is time to consider what further steps are necessary to complete the reform of our electoral laws which has been thus so worthily begun. The advocates of ballot reform have always recognized the fact that that was only the first step in a series, but they considered it wiser to attempt only one step at a time. When they had secured a secret, official ballot they were determined to bend their energies at once upon the logical follower of that reform, the limitation of campaign expenditures. It was necessary first to get the machinery of the elections and the printing and distributing of the ballots out of the hands of the political machines or organizations and into the hands of the sworn officials of the State. This change would remove all excuse for assessments upon candidates for election expenses, and the secret ballot would abolish to a great extent the bribery of voters, by making it impossible for the briber to see whether the voter kept his bargain or not. When this had been done—that is, when corruption had been made both inexcusable and unprofitable—it would be comparatively easy to have it made illegal and to abolish it entirely.

This is the work which our reformers have in hand now, and they have in this, as they had in the secret-ballot movement, valuable experience by which to be guided. England has followed the same order as we are following. Her ballot act, closely modeled upon that of Australia, was adopted in 1872. Eleven years later Parliament passed the justly famous "Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act," which was a totally new departure in legislation, and under which bribery

and corruption of all kinds have been abolished from English elections.

Every conceivable form of bribery or undue influence, including "treating," is defined, and the penalty is fixed. The maximum amount of expenditure which each candidate can make is named, proportionate to the size of his constituency. This sum must cover all expenses: printing, postage, room-rent, clerk-hire — everything. All disbursements must be made by one person, either the candidate himself or his agent. If he employs an agent to disburse the money, he cannot disburse a farthing himself, but must leave it all to the agent. An account with vouchers must be kept of all expenditures and returned under oath to the proper officers after election. Any person found guilty of an "illegal practice" is liable to a fine of £100 and five years' incapacity for voting, while a candidate guilty by himself or his agent loses his seat and is disqualified for sitting for the same constituency; in the former case for seven years, in the latter during the existing Parliament. Minor offenses of illegal payment, etc., are liable to a fine of £100. Any candidate whose expenditures exceed the maximum loses his seat. The law is so minutely drawn that a member who had been elected under it to Parliament was unseated because he had, during the election, promised a voter the privilege of shooting ground game upon his estates. That was declared "undue influence."

When this act was passed, after two years and a half of heated debating, there was almost universal skepticism concerning its practical value. It was thought, as our politicians persisted in saying of the Australian ballot system, to be too "complicated" ever to work well in practice. Its success was instantaneous and marvelous. The total expenditures of the last election under the old law were estimated as reaching about $15,000,000. At the first election under the new law this total dropped to about $3,900,000, and at the second it dropped to less than $3,000,000. Before trial it was thought that the maximum allowed for expenditures was too low, and would have to be raised. After two elections had been held it was shown that instead of being too low, it was at least one-fourth higher than need be. In the second election the total expenditures did not reach by one million dollars the maximum allowed by law. These were remarkable triumphs, but they were not all. After the last election under the old law there were made to Parliament no less than ninety-five petitions against returns on the ground of corruption and bribery. After the first election under the new law there were only two such petitions, and after the second election there were none. A system of bribery more extensive and demoralizing than any which we have ever had in this country had been annihilated without a struggle.

It is not likely that we shall require so elaborate a measure here, for we have never suffered from many of the evils that had to be reached in the English statute. A very good bill, which seemed to cover the most important points, was introduced in the Massachusetts legislature last winter, passing the lower house but being defeated in the upper. It was the first measure of the kind to appear in an American legislature. It required sworn publication after election, both by candidates and by committees, of all expenditures made for campaign purposes. Every political campaign committee in the State which expended an aggregate of more than $100 in a campaign was required to have a treasurer, through whose hands should pass all the money received or expended, who should keep a detailed account of all receipts and of the manner of all expenditures, and who should within thirty days after election "file with the Secretary of the Commonwealth a return, subscribed and sworn to by him, setting forth all the committee's receipts, and a detailed statement of all expenditures and disbursements." Any member of the committee who should receive or disburse any money for political or campaign purposes was required to give the treasurer a detailed account of the transaction, and the latter must include it in his return. Every candidate for Congress or State office was required, within thirty days after election, to file with the Secretary of State a "detailed statement, subscribed and sworn to by him, of all moneys contributed or disbursed, promised or expended by him, or by any one, to the best of his knowledge and belief, in his behalf in attempting to secure, or in any manner in connection with, the nomination or election to such office." The penalty for making a false return or for violating any provision of the act was fixed at a fine not exceeding $1000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year.

This measure, while not perfect, supplies a sure basis upon which to construct the statute which is needed and which every American State ought to adopt. The success of the ballot law in Massachusetts is certain to make easier the early passage of such a statute there, and it is not improbable that she will have the honor of being the leader in the second step of electoral reform, as she has won it in the first. Her lawmakers are likely also to extend the application of the ballot law to caucuses and primaries. It has been successfully tried in a primary in Boston.

### The Fire-Risk.

IT has been said that the greatest discovery yet made by man, in his work on this planet, has been the artificial production of fire. It is then a curious commentary on man's power to master natural forces that he should not yet have succeeded, during his thousands or millions of years in the world, in reducing the hazards of fire to the lowest possible limit. Fire will probably always be as bad a master as it is good as a servant; but the odd thing is that it should still appear so frequently as a master. Why is not this unruly servant brought to terms? Why should smoking ruins and a heavy death-roll still mark from time to time the places where great buildings once were, or a helpless people watch the flames as they eat up the city and leave desolation behind them?

It is only fair to say that in our own country this state of things has resulted mainly from that rough estimate of chances which a shrewd people will make with considerable accuracy. American agriculture used to be surface and scratchy in its methods, just because those were the only methods which "paid" under the circumstances; but any change of circumstances towards the opposite pole has shown that American agriculture can come very near the Dutch ideal of minuteness and carefulness. So, no doubt, the building of flimsy cities in the West was at first an economical thing to do. The structures had to come down some time: it was

cheaper for San Francisco, Chicago, and hundreds of other new cities to supply their present wants at as low a rate as possible, taking their chances whether the inevitable removal should be by the gauge of the contractors or by the all-pervasive fire. And if some Western cities have paid the penalty of the phœnix process, hundreds of others have profited by being their own insurers, and have come safely at last into the hands of the architect and the contractor.

But the case is complicated by the fact that such risks are not stationary, but grow as wealth grows, so that a reasonable "security" now might be decided insecurity twenty years hence. There were unpleasant whispers that a fire, which was subdued only after a desperate struggle by New York City's admirable fire department, needed but a shift of wind to have baffled the firemen's efforts and swept down through the richest districts of the richest city of America. It may have been worth while to carry such a risk twenty-five or fifty years ago, but is it worth while now? Here is stored up the wealth of continents, the capital which moves a vast and varied system of manufactures: is it wise for such a city to throw the heat and burden of its struggle for existence upon firemen, and underwriters, or to insure its own wealth upon such a cast as a shift of wind?

We know that incombustibility, though expensive, is possible: the only question for an American city to face is whether the time has come to attain to it. THE CENTURY MAGAZINE[1] has described the slow-burning system of construction for factories which can make a manufacturing city practically exempt from any risk of general fire. We have often found that buildings which had been considered "fireproof" go down helplessly before a really hot fire, as in the second Boston fire; but Berlin and other European cities can show us types of building in which the architectural use of cement, brick, and metals could meet New York's most varied or urgent needs of lofty buildings without any serious danger from fire: is it worth while? The competition of producers of buildings is not enough to answer the question; combustibility is so easily veneered over by an appearance of the opposite that an illusory safe-deposit building, for example, might be safe from the inspection of its customers. It is only an expert architectural opinion which can tell us whether a building is really incombustible; and it is only by the use of such opinion that a municipal administration can say intelligently whether it *is* "worth while." It is only when a municipal civil service has banished "spoils" absolutely and has taken expert opinion into its service that it can command public respect for its assertion that the time has come when certain parts of the city shall contain no structure which *can* burn. Meanwhile one can only suspect that a bank might as well do business without a fireproof safe as that the wealthier American cities can continue to carry their present fire-risks.

Perhaps the double danger from fire and water has enabled competition to bring us much nearer the time when we shall build only such passenger vessels as will not burn because they cannot burn. At the beginning of the development are the frightful scenes attending such affairs as the burning of the *Lexington* in Long Island Sound; at the other we have our modern river, sound, and lake steamers, where there is still a fire-risk, which is largely neutralized by the intelligent and vigilant service of steamboat companies which cannot afford to have even a single disaster by fire. But this is probably the highest achievement of competition in this direction. It has been far overmatched by those metallic steamers of the ocean service, divided into a multitude of compartments so completely disconnected that a fire might rage in one of them throughout an entire Atlantic voyage without danger to the rest of the vessel.

But competition, after all, has its limits in all the cases named: it is too easy for makers of buildings or boats to pretend to imitate, and too difficult for the occupants to know whether the imitation is faithful and true. The Union, the State, and the city must supplement and stimulate competition by their police powers of legislation and inspection. Why should the wealthiest parts of a great modern city have a single building in or near them that can burn? Why should any passenger steamer carry combustible freight, or neglect the known conditions of absolute security from fire?

[1] See article by Edward Atkinson, February, 1889, p. 566.

### The New President of Columbia College.

THAT a man of the character and training of Mr. Seth Low has been placed at the head of New York's leading educational institution is a matter of much more than local significance. Mr. Low is not a mere business man of culture, whose training in affairs, whose executive capacity, make him desirable as the business manager of a great educational corporation. He is notably, and above all, a student of political economy; as well as of the principles and practice of government. He is familiar with economical questions both in theory and practice; while his experience as a public administrator makes him an expert in a science which is commanding more and more the attention of civilized communities.

The new President of Columbia, though he has during a busy career kept up his interest in the classics, is as a scholar identified more especially with other, and no less important, studies. He is a specialist of authority in the lines referred to above. It is this aspect of his presidency which seems to us of such peculiar interest. The American Republic never needed more than it does now, at the dawn of its second century, an insistence in all its educational enterprises — from the kindergarten to the university — upon *training in citizenship*.

President Low has an inspiring opportunity, in his new position, of making his mark upon this community and upon the country at large. Those who have pondered on the needs of New York have dreamed of a time — which Mr. Low can, and we believe will, do much to hasten — when Columbia College will be the center, and our various museums, libraries, and other institutions more or less formal and official parts, of "the great metropolitan university"; and of a time when the influence of this university will be felt, for purification and for elevation, in every part of our educational, social, and political life. It ought to be — and it will perhaps one day seem not ludicrously impossible — that such an institution as the Columbia of the future should exert more influence, in an entirely disinterested way, in municipal matters, than the "bosses" who have so long dictated the course of affairs — whose chief motive in public life is sordid and ignoble, and whose existence is a constant menace to the public morality and welfare.

# OPEN LETTERS.

### Was Swedenborg Insane?

IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July, 1889, is an interesting paper by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley on "Presentiments," etc. On page 461, under the title of "Habitual Visions," Swedenborg is referred to as one who "was a professor in the mineralogical school. . . . About 1743 he had a violent fever, in which for a little time he was mad, and rushed from the house stark naked, proclaiming himself the Messiah. After that period . . . he lived twenty-nine years in the firm conviction that he held continual intercourse with angels and also with deceased human beings. He says that he conversed with St. Paul during the whole year. . . . He asserted that he had conversed three times with St. John, once with Moses, a hundred times with Luther, and with angels daily 'for twenty years.' . . . He gives detailed accounts of the habits, form, and dress of the angels. He sends his opponents mostly to Gehenna and sees them there," etc.

These matters, being personal, have no more to do with the theology of the New Church than the cut of Mr. Wesley's coat with Arminianism, but they should be set right if misstated. The facts are that Swedenborg was never a professor in any school, but that Dr. Buckley misunderstands the office of Assessor of the College of Mines; that his alleged fever, with its consequences, was not mentioned till 1781, and again in 1796 by the same person; that these two accounts differ so much as to be impossible of reconciliation; that Swedenborg was not in London in 1743, when this was said to have occurred; that at that time he was engaged upon his great scientific work on the Animal Kingdom; that he continued till his death an active and respected member of the House of Nobles; and, in short, that there is no evidence that he was ever insane, except the conflicting stories, fifty years old, of one who himself ended his life in insanity in 1808.

As to the other statements of Dr. Buckley it may be said briefly that Swedenborg set the date of his perception of spiritual realities not in 1743, but in 1745; that his reference to conversations with Paul and others, which Dr. Buckley regards as a claim to credibility, was written in a private letter in answer to a question whether he had conversed with the apostles, and was not put into his published writings at all; that he gives no other details as to the angelic life than are necessary to illustrate spiritual laws; and that he sent no opponents to hell, because he had none, having nothing to do with theological controversy.

NEW CHURCH THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. *T. F. Wright.*

THE inaccuracies alleged do not touch the substance of the case. Swedenborg is spoken of in the article criticized as a "professor in a mineralogical school"; it would have been more accurate to say an "Assessor in the College of Mines." The sole purpose of this reference was to indicate his pursuit of natural science.

The phrase "*about* 1743" was employed to indicate that period of the eighteenth century, as there are conflicts of testimony which put the date of the alleged fever, and the beginning of Swedenborg's visions, anywhere from 1743 to 1745.

John Wesley positively affirms that he received the account of the fever, not only from the man in whose house Swedenborg was when it occurred, but also from "a serious Swedish clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Mathesius."

The statement about Swedenborg's conversations with Paul, John, Moses, and Luther is confirmed by the writer of the foregoing note, who says "it was written in a private letter."

The statement that Swedenborg had nothing to do with religious controversy is erroneous. I have examined some of his original manuscripts in the University of Upsala, which are written in English, and in which he severely criticizes all existing forms of religion. He expressly states that "Arians have no place in heaven."

It is only necessary to consult Swedenborg's works, not confining attention exclusively to those published by his votaries, to find abundant evidence of the subjective nature of his hallucinations, which is the only proposition maintained concerning him in the article referred to by your correspondent.

*J. M. Buckley.*

### Base-Ball and Rounders.

AFTER reading Mr. Camp's interesting article on base-ball, in THE CENTURY for October, 1889, it appears to me that this game is merely the old English rounders played in a scientific manner.

It is possible the latter game is not familiar to the American public, and, if not, I would describe how it was played at my old school thirty years ago.

A game being decided on, the two best players chose sides, or, as it was termed, "picked up," selecting alternately those boys they preferred for their respective sides. The number on a side would vary from eight to ten; they next tossed up for first innings.[1]

The base-ball "pitcher" was termed with us a "feeder"; the "field" was placed according to directions of the captain of the outing side, much the same as in base-ball.

Instead, however, of the ball being hurled with great force at the striker, the rule was to "lob" it.[2] The

[1] In the greater part this description is also true of the ordinary "scrub game," or "choosing sides," of American players.—WALTER CAMP.

[2] The modern base runner would have no difficulty whatever in stealing a base if the pitcher "lobbed" the ball, as the time occupied in its progress before reaching the catcher would be sufficient to see him safely near the next base.—WALTER CAMP.

striker could refuse to hit at any ball not to his liking, but at the first ball he struck he had to run to the first base. He was allowed three chances of striking at the ball, and if he missed the third he had to run in any case, being generally put out by the catcher "corking" him before he reached the base. As in base-ball, a ball struck and caught by one of the "field" made the striker of it "out."

We played with a thick round stick about two feet long and a ball covered with knotted string, perhaps two sizes smaller than an ordinary cricket-ball.

With us boys the great delight of the game was "corking," which was to hurl the ball with as much force as possible at any player while running between the bases, and if the ball struck him he was "out," and could play no more that innings.[1]

One of the arts of rounders was to "steal bases"; that is, if a player was at, say the first base, and the second was vacant, he would endeavor to run to the second while the "feeder" was feeding the striker at the striking base; and very often he got "corked out" for his trouble.

A "rounder" was when a player struck the ball with such force as to enable him to run all four bases and "get home."

We did not count any "rounders," as is done in base-ball; but the moment there was no player left to strike at the striking base the innings was closed and the "scouting" side then went in, the other side turning out in the "field." The main object of the game was to have as long an innings as possible.

Such is a rough description of rounders. Personally, although rank heresy, I always enjoyed the game more than cricket.

CROYDON, ENGLAND. *V. C. Webb.*

### "The Newness."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: A friend has called my attention to an article on "The Newness," in the November, 1889, number of your magazine, wherein is some matter pertaining to my former self.

It is true that I did take a trip on foot with Samuel Larned as far as Concord, New Hampshire; not "far up into Vermont," a State I never set foot in; not of six weeks' duration, but perhaps of two; and with no "mission" whatever, but only from the desire of a farmer's boy, after husking, to see a little of the world, and to visit, in the bosom of his beautiful family, one I was ever proud to claim as a friend, the brilliant N. P. Rogers. Here I left Larned and proceeded afoot and alone to the town of Bradford, where, in the delightful household of the Tappans, Parker Pillsbury was staying to recover his exhausted nervous system, worn down in the work of reform. My brother Cyrus was not one of the party. Neither was he, nor I, ever touched by the "anti-money" folly; and I can vouch for it that any man who had Sam Larned for a traveling companion would have seen no occasion to throw his money into the river.

For the worthy memory of Robert Carter I am glad to see that, though claiming to have been personally acquainted with these youths, he does not assert a personal knowledge of the incidents recorded. He must have followed hearsay; and of the two who alone could know, I can answer for one who was not his informer, but

Yours very truly,

PROVIDENCE, R. I. *George S. Burleigh.*

### The New Croton Aqueduct.

FROM an "Open Letter" to the Editor from Mr. B. S. Church, formerly Chief Engineer of the New Croton Aqueduct, we print the following concerning the article in the December CENTURY:

"No extensive masonry structure was ever built that escaped scamped work, least of all, lining masonry built in tunnels, where conditions are so propitious for scamping. Shortly after the masonry work began I personally discovered the first bad backing masonry at Shaft 9. It had been slipped in by an adroit workman and had escaped the notice of a competent inspector in charge. Strict vigilance was demanded on the part of the assistants and inspectors, and orders given that bad masonry, wherever discovered, should be pulled down and properly rebuilt. This was enforced from the beginning of the work. After a time, so frequently did it occur, that I detailed my deputy to devote himself exclusively to its detection and prevention, and later on obtained from the commission authority to organize a systematic investigation of the workmen's methods of concealing slighted work. These clues were followed up by breaking holes in the completed masonry. Special means were devised to detect imperfections, and the matter thoroughly systematized. All this was done months before public attention was drawn to it.

"Then at my request the former commission forced contractors to make special agreement in addition to the original contract to repair at their own expense all defective work found. I instituted a special system of repairing bad backing without destroying good brickwork facing it. These methods are used to this day to secure the integrity of the work. All of this, as previously stated, was long before the Senate investigating committee convened which resulted in the 'change of administration' referred to in your article. So soon as these systematic methods of hiding bad work were unearthed, the former commission indorsed my order that payments should be withheld to cover all that was even suspected of not being up to contract. Thus the city's interests were protected, and $1,000,000 withheld to cover cost of repairs.

"Shortly after it was understood that there was no chance to escape detection, and that the bad work was to be repaired at the expense of the contractors, I was interviewed by one of them and told that if I did not 'let up,' as he expressed it, 'they would have a Senate investigation that would break me up.' Of course this threat did not alter my action, and in due course it

[1] In early American playing it was permissible to throw the ball at a runner. One of the American college men who went across the water last summer with a few others, to help introduce the sport in England, told the writer that they were badly frightened many times by the unconquerable desire that possessed every English player to throw the ball at them when they were running. At one time one of the Americans was within a few feet of second base and running towards it when an Englishman, a few feet on the other side of the base, hurled the ball directly at the runner, barely missing his head. As the American ball is not a soft one, the fright caused was nearly enough to stop the playing of this particular man during the rest of the trip.—WALTER CAMP.

was executed. I believe some good men have been honestly misled, but that the plot existed and will cost the city dear there can be no question."

### An Anecdote of Jefferson Davis.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was not by any means a general universal favorite among the Confederates, either soldiers or civilians. While many considered him arbitrary and self-willed, it is doubtful if any one man in the entire Confederacy for one moment doubted his honesty of purpose.

A year before the close of the war army orders brought me to Columbus, Georgia. At that place the Confederate Government had located a large ordnance establishment. An ordnance officer, Colonel Oladowski,— not unknown, I believe, in the old service,— one day handed me a heavy black object some six inches in diameter, saying, "What is that?" I answered, "A lump of coal." "Examine it closely," said he.

Taking a knife and cutting it, I found it to be a hollow iron casting roughly shaped to resemble coal, and covered with asphaltum or some such substance in which was baked coal dust and small lumps of coal, giving the whole the exact appearance of ordinary coal.

A number of similar pieces were exhibited, of various sizes and shapes. The officer explained that he had had them made, had carried some of them to Richmond and had exhibited them to President Davis, with a carefully prepared plan by which he proposed to have them sent by suitable men to various points on the Mississippi River where the Federal gun-boats coaled, and, after being filled with a most powerful explosive, deposited among the coal designed for the gun-boats, or even introduced into their bunkers. He had also perfected a plan to have them introduced into the Northern navy yards and in various foreign coaling stations of the United States navy. That it could have been done by shrewd and desperate men is beyond a doubt.

As the explosive with which they were to be filled was one of the most powerful, and only exploded by heat, they would not have been detected, and exploding in the furnace of a gun-boat would have sent all on board to the bottom.

The officer told me that when he exhibited them to Jefferson Davis the President was horrified, and furiously declared himself insulted that any man should have dared to suppose that he would be a party to any such unjustifiable mode of warfare; "and," said the officer, "the President's eye fairly blazed while he gave me such a blessing that I would have been glad to crawl into a rat-hole to get away from him. When he had exhausted his fury he said abruptly, 'Return to your station, sir, this very day.' I firmly believe he would have put me in arrest and preferred charges, but that he did not want the matter to become public."[1]

*Carlisle Terry, M. D.*

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

[1] In a letter written after this article was accepted, Dr. Terry says, "I have since heard, though I do not know if true, that the torpedoes spoken of were used on the Mississippi River." There does not appear to be official confirmation of this.—EDITOR.

### Comments on "Abraham Lincoln: A History."

I.— McCLELLAN AND THE PEACE PARTY.

I HAVE read with deep interest Nicolay and Hay's history of Lincoln from its opening chapter to the present. While I believe that as a history of the lamented martyr President it is an excellent and in the main a correct work, I have found much in it, especially wherein it refers to General McClellan's conduct while in command of our armies, which seems to me to be unjust to a loyal and brave soldier whose lips are sealed in death. In the August CENTURY, at page 548, the writers use the following language:

> The Democratic convention was finally called to meet in Chicago on the 29th of August. Much was expected from the strength and the audacity which the peace party in the Northwest had recently displayed, and the day of the meeting of the convention was *actually chosen by rebel emissaries in Canada* and their agents in the Western States for an outbreak which should effect that revolution in the Northwest which was the vague and chimerical dream that had been so long cherished and caressed in Richmond and Toronto.

I can see no motive in this paragraph other than that of throwing discredit upon the Democratic leaders of that day, and an attempt to throw around its standard-bearer, General McClellan, and his thousands of loyal friends, both in and out of the army, at least a filmy cloud of disloyalty.

All know that at that time, 1864, there was among all classes great and general dissatisfaction regarding the Administration in its conduct of the war. None doubted the loyalty, the integrity, or the honesty of the great war President, but our general want of success in the field, the numerous and rapid changes of our commanding generals, and above and beyond all the management of the War Department by Stanton and Halleck, apparently regardless of the wishes of the Executive, had begotten a feeling of unrest in the minds of all loyal people, both in and out of the army, and very largely the belief that Mr. Stanton especially had no desire to bring hostilities to a speedy determination by capturing Richmond and thus ending the war.

The overwhelming defeat of Vallandigham for governor of Ohio the fall previous, by an opponent without personal magnetism or individual strength, other than that he represented the spirit of national loyalty in the people after the great Democratic victories in New York and other Northern States in 1862, and without any considerable victories in the field meanwhile, had amply demonstrated that the "peace element" was to be despised rather than cultivated and made the controlling element in the party.

I personally had full means of knowing, and know that in the early months of 1864 it was the earnest desire of the "peace party" to possess themselves of the Democratic party machinery; that their great aim was to nominate Mr. Seymour of Connecticut for President and Mr. Vallandigham for Vice-President, and make the presidential struggle on that issue. To that end they endeavored to induce members of the National Committee to call an early convention, place the ticket in the field, and thus avail themselves of the nascent feeling of antagonism against the Administration. I was present at the house of George Greer in 28th street at one of these conferences, in the early part of 1864, at which I met Mr. Vallandigham and

several others of the Western "peace party," and at least three members of the Democratic National Committee. Vallandigham there urged his plan of an early convention, and scouted the idea of nominating McClellan, or any other soldier or war Democrat, as puerile in the extreme.

Not long after this conference, and on March 10, 1864, I was seated beside Reverdy Johnson at dinner, at the house of Richard Wallack in Washington. Mr. Johnson, like myself, was a stanch friend of General McClellan. I narrated to him the substance of what had lately taken place at Mr. Greer's house, when he said: "Vallandigham is crazy. He thinks that he is a martyr, and it has turned his head." He continued, in substance: "The convention should be deferred to the latest possible day. If our armies should be successful meanwhile, notwithstanding the great obstacles they have to contend with, the credit will be due to the President, and not to his advisers. Then he should have no opposition, but be permitted to settle the troubles in his own way. If not, then McClellan should run upon a platform favoring a more vigorous, systematic, and honest prosecution of the war to an early peace through crushing the rebellion and reëstablishing the old Union."

Some weeks later, in a conversation with General McClellan, I stated to him Mr. Johnson's remarks to me, and that I thoroughly coincided with them. He assented to them, but said at the same time that he believed that the committee were intent upon calling the convention in July. I thought that at least two months too early, and he apparently concurred.

Later on, and after the terrible battles of the Wilderness, to my knowledge several of McClellan's friends in the army wrote him begging him not to accept a nomination unless circumstances occurred later that would make his success at least probable. One of these letters was written by General Hancock, whose name ranks among the greatest of the heroes of our war. That letter I conveyed from his hand to General McClellan. On reading it the latter expressed much feeling regarding both the writer and the contents of the letter, and asked me to see my lifelong friend Augustus Schell, and bring him that evening to S. L. M. Barlow's house on Madison Square. I did so. The general, Mr. Barlow, Mr. Schell, and myself spent the entire evening in discussing the best means of meeting the issue, he (McClellan) producing several similar letters that he had received from army officers in the field. The result of this was that Messrs. Schell and Barlow took it upon themselves to see as many of the members of the committee as possible, and write others urging that the convention should not be held until the middle of September.

At this prolonged interview at Mr. Barlow's house it was determined that every possible means should be used to keep Vallandigham and his cohorts in the background as much as possible. That effort was continued, on the part of McClellan's friends, to the end of the campaign. It was thought by both the general and his friends that his letter of acceptance, repudiating the platform by modifying it, would have that effect, but it did not. They seemed determined to follow the principle of rule or ruin, and did so, much to the disgust of General McClellan and his loyal friends, who now think it hard at this late day to have his and their honest and loyal action attributed to "rebel emissaries in Canada."

HARTFORD, CONN. *D. C. Birdsall.*

II.— PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT FROM THE SAME STATE.

REFERRING to the work of the Cleveland convention in nominating General Frémont and John Cochrane, the authors of the "Life of Lincoln," on page 286 of the June CENTURY, make the following statement:

"No one present seemed to have any recollection of the provision of the Constitution which forbids both of these officers being taken from the same State."

This is manifestly an oversight. The Constitution makes no provisions for national conventions for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States; nor does it make any such prohibition as is implied in the statement quoted. But Article XII. of the Amendments reads: "The electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves," etc.

This does not forbid the choosing of both President and Vice-President from the same State; for if all the electors of the several States had cast their votes for General Frémont for President, and the electors of all the States except New York had cast their votes for General Cochrane for Vice-President, both men would have been elected in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

PARK COLLEGE, PARKVILLE, MO. *Wm. H. Tibbals.*

### "A Side Light on Greek Art."

THE terra cotta groups which are illustrated in the article under the above title, in this number of the magazine, are owned by the following gentlemen, who courteously give permission for their reproduction:

"Æsculapius and Hygeia with a Dying Woman," Cottier and Co.; "Nymph with Wine-jar and Garland," Thomas B. Clarke; "Beginning the Bacchic Dance," Rollin & Feuardent; "The Boyhood of Bacchus," James W. Ellsworth; "Apollo Discovering in the Baby Mercury the Stealer of his Cows," Brayton Ives.

# BRIC-À-BRAC.

### A Valentine.

IF only I might sing
  Like birds in spring —
Robin, or thrush, or wren,
  In grove or glen;

If only I might suit
  To harp or lute,
To chime in tender time
  Some touching rhyme,—

Then I 'd not hope in vain
  Thine ear to gain;
But now — I halt — I quail —
  Ah! must I fail?

So small my skill to plead
  My earnest need,
Love — love is all the plea
  I bring to thee.

*Clinton Scollard.*

### My Grandmother's Turkey-tail Fan.

IT owned not the color that vanity dons
  Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
  A brown softly blended with gray.
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without break,
  'T was built on a generous plan:
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant:
  In a chest between two silken cloths
'T was kept safely hidden with careful intent
  In camphor to keep out the moths.
'T was famed far and wide through the whole country-side,
  From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 't was eyed,
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.
  Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
  And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
  In psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song —
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
  Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
  Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 't was aye to be seen;
  The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
  Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
  An odor of hymn-books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace:
  'T was limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling gold-spectacled face,
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

### By de Massysippi Sho'.

(AIR, "LILY OF THE VALLEY.")

UM! de col' win' am blowin', de ole 'oman pickin' geese,
An' de flakes lack de fedders fills de air,
An' dese po' ole bones am shakin' wid de agy an' rumatiz,
An' dis po' ole heart am heaby, full er care;
But down in de bottom de flowers am in bloom,
An' de mawnin'-glory laughs roun' de do',
An' de gode-vine am er-smilin' her promus' ter de well,
Roun' de cabin by de Massysippi sho'.

*Refrain:* Den, oh! I 'se er-comin'! I kin hear de worter flow —
I 'se er-comin' dough I 'se ole an' lame an' po',
Fur dere 's nuffin' lack de joy, lack de sorrer, dat I knew,
In de cabin by de Massysippi sho'!

I 'se comin' frough de shadder, an' comin' frough de sun,
I 'se comin' home ter lay me down ter res'
Whar' de peckerwood kin call me ebry mawnin' f'om de bresh,
An' de mawkin'-bird kin sing what I lubs bes';
Fur down in de bottom de wortermillion waits,
An' I sees de ole ash-hopper by de do',
An' old Rube he come ter meet me, an' say "howdy" wid 'e tail,
F'om de cabin by de Massysippi sho'.

*Refrain:* Den, oh! I 'se er-comin', etc.

An' when Gabul come ter call me, let 'im toot de trumpet loud,
So dat dis po' deef ole darky's year kin hear;
Fur he 'll sholy fin' me waitin' nigh de grabes ob dem I lubed,
Er-settin' an' er-waitin' fur 'im dere;
Whar' de gode-vine am bloomin', an' de mawnin'-glory laughs,
At de sunlight dat lays along de flo',
He 'll fin' me ready waitin' in my ole cheer, happy, kase
I 'll be waitin' in de cabin by de sho'!

*Refrain:* Den, oh! I 'se er-comin', etc.

*Virginia Frazer Boyle.*

### Tardy Wit.

A BRIGHT little man sat bemoaning the fate
Of the wit that is tardy and sparkles too late;
Of the keen repartee that is strictly one's own,
But comes into view when occasion has flown.
Oh! the ideas, apposite, bright, and sublime,
That travel like stage-coaches never on time,
So sluggish in movement, so slow in the race
That a new topic renders them quite out of place.
So the bright little man, with a serious look,
Remarked to himself, as he opened his book,
"Of regrets that annoy a humorist's head,
The saddest is this: It might have been said!"

*J. A. Macon.*

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"DOCTOR PANGLOSS, THE PHILOSOPHER, TEACH DANCING!"

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "DR. PANGLOSS, LL. D., A. S. S.," IN "THE HEIR AT LAW."

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX. MARCH, 1890. NO. 5.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

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### WITH LAURA KEENE.

THE opening of Laura Keene's theater, in September, 1857, was an important event to me. I had been engaged for the leading comedy, and it was my first appearance on the western side of the city. Miss Keene had never seen me, either on or off the stage. It was looked upon as a kind of presumption in those days for an American actor to intrude himself into a Broadway theater: the domestic article seldom aspired to anything higher than the Bowery; consequently I was regarded as something of an interloper. I am afraid I rather gloried in this, for in my youth I was confident and self-asserting; besides, there was a strong feeling among my artistic countrymen that the English managers had dealt unjustly with us, and I naturally shared in this feeling. I have since come to the conclusion that the managers do not open theaters for the purpose of injuring any one.

At all events, I was installed as the comedian at Laura Keene's theater, and opened in Colman's comedy of "The Heir at Law." One of the leading papers, in alluding to my performance, mentioned the fact that "a nervous, fidgety young man, by the name of Jefferson, appeared as *Dr. Pangloss*, into which character he infused a number of curious interpolations, occasionally using the text prepared by the author."

The critic struck the keynote of a popular dramatic error that has existed through all time, and I shall make bold just here to call attention to it. Old plays, and particularly old comedies, are filled with traditional introductions, good and bad. If an actor, in exercising his taste and judgment, presumes to leave out any of these respectable antiquities, he is, by the conventional critic, considered sacrilegious in ignoring them. And on the other hand, if in amplifying the traditional business he introduces new material, he is thought to be equally impertinent; whereas the question as to the introduction should be whether it is good or bad, not whether it is old or new. If there is any preference it should be given to the new, which must necessarily be fresh and original, while the old is only a copy.

Laura Keene's judgment in selecting plays was singularly bad; she invariably allowed herself to be too much influenced by their literary merit or the delicacy of their treatment. If these features were prominent in any of the plays she read, her naturally refined taste would cling to them with such tenacity that no argument but the potent one of public neglect could convince her that she had been misled in producing them. I do not say that polished dialogue or delicately drawn characters are detrimental to a play—on the contrary, they assist it; but if these qualities are not coupled with a sympathetic story, containing human interest, and told in action rather than words, they seldom reach beyond the footlights.

### DRAMATIC ACTION.

PERHAPS it is well to define here, to the non-professional reader, what is meant by dramatic action, as sometimes this term is mistaken for pantomime. Pantomime is action, certainly; but not necessarily dramatic action, which is the most essential element in the construction of a play. A drama will often give one no idea of its strength in the reading of it; even in rehearsal it will sometimes fail to reveal its power. I have on several occasions seen even the author of a play surprised at the exhibition of it on its first representation before an audience, he himself not being aware that his work

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contained the hidden treasure, until the sympathy of the public revealed it. Sometimes the point of unexpected interest consists in the relationship between two characters, or the peculiar emphasis laid upon a single word that has been spoken in a previous act. But to illustrate more fully what I desire to explain I will take two dramatic actions, one from comedy and the other from tragedy, to set forth the subject clearly.

In one of Victorien Sardou's plays — and this gentleman is perhaps the most ingenious playwright of our time — the following incident occurs. The audience are first made fully aware that a lady in the play uses a certain kind of perfume. This is done casually, so that they do not suspect that the matter will again be brought to their notice. She abstracts some valuable papers from a cabinet, and when they are missed no one can tell who has taken them. The mystery is inexplicable. Suspicion falls upon an innocent person. The audience, who well know how the matter stands, are on tenter-hooks of anxiety, fearing that the real culprit will not be detected. When this feeling is at white heat one of the characters finds a piece of paper in the desk and is attracted to it by the perfume. He puts it to his nose, sniffs it, and as a smile of triumph steals over his face the audience, without a word being spoken, realize that the thief is detected. Observe here, too, the ingenuity of the dramatist: the audience are in the secret with him; they have seen the papers stolen; it is no news to them; but when the characters in whom they are interested become as much enlightened as they are the climax is complete.

For an illustration of this point, as applied to tragedy. After the murder of *Duncan*, *Macbeth*, standing with his wife in a dark and gloomy hall, looks at his bloody hands and apostrophizes them in these terrible words:

> Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red.

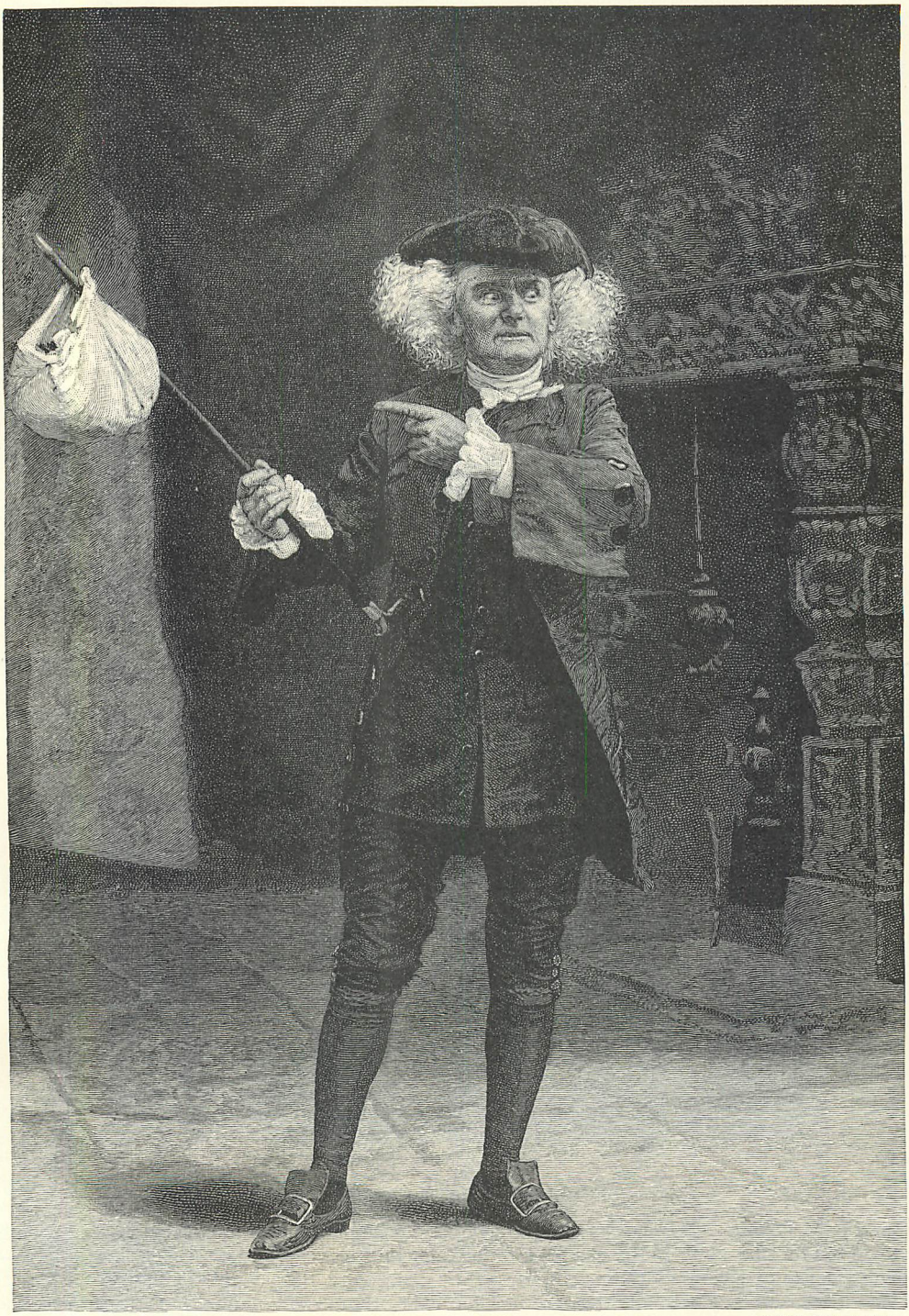
Now there is a silence, and when he is alone there echoes through the castle a knocking at the gate. The friends of the murdered guest have come for him; and they thunder at the portals, while the blood-stained host stands as if stricken down with terror and remorse. It is not the dialogue, as powerful as it is, which strikes the audience with awe; it is simply a stage direction of the great dramatic master — a "knocking at the gate." It will, I think, be seen by these two illustrations that a fluent and imaginative writer may construct plots, create characters, and compose exquisite verse, and yet not succeed as a playwright unless he possesses the art or gift of creating dramatic action.

As an actress and manager Laura Keene was both industrious and talented. If she could have afforded it, no expense would have been spared in the production of her plays; but theatrical matters were at a low ebb during the early part of her career, and the panic of 1857 was almost fatal to her. In the midst of financial difficulties she displayed great taste and judgment in making cheap articles look like expensive ones, and both in her stage setting and costumes exhibited the most skillful and effective economy. She was a high-mettled lady, and could be alarmingly imperious to her subjects with but little trouble.

### "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN."

DURING the season of 1858–59 Miss Keene produced Tom Taylor's play of "Our American Cousin," and as its success was remarkable and some noteworthy occurrences took place in connection with it, a record of its career will perhaps be interesting. The play had been submitted by Mr. Taylor's agent to another theater, but the management failing to see anything striking in it, an adverse judgment was passed and the comedy rejected. It was next offered to Laura Keene, who also thought but little of the play, which remained neglected upon her desk for some time; but it so chanced that the business manager of the theater, Mr. John Lutz, in turning over the leaves fancied that he detected something in the play of a novel character. Here was a rough man, having no dramatic experience, but gifted with keen, practical sense, who discovered at a glance an effective play, the merits of which had escaped the vigilance of older and, one would have supposed, better judges. He gave me the play to read. While it possessed but little literary merit, there was a fresh, breezy atmosphere about the characters and the story that attracted me very much. I saw, too, the chance of making a strong character of the leading part, and so I was quite selfish enough to recommend the play for production.

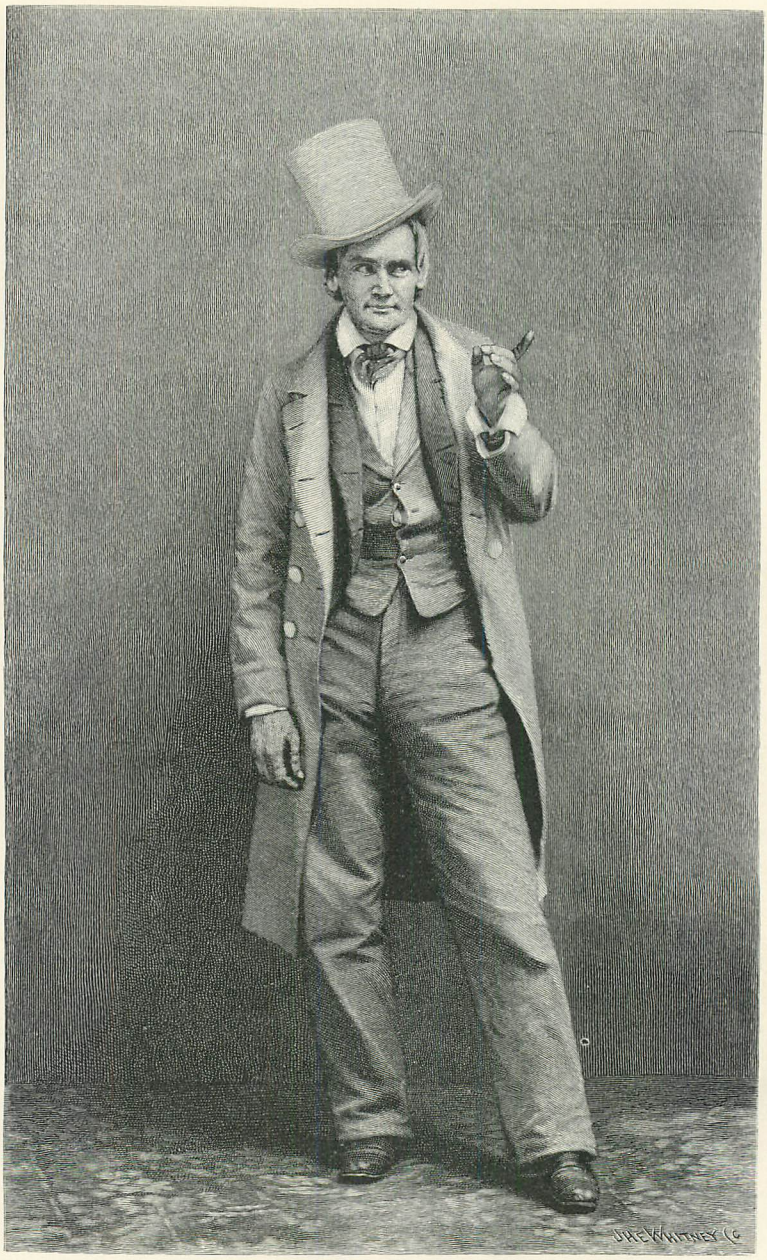
The reading took place in the greenroom, at which the ladies and gentlemen of the company were assembled, and many furtive glances were cast at Mr. Couldock and myself as the strength of *Abel Murcott* and *Asa Trenchard* were revealed. Poor Sothern sat in the corner, looking quite disconsolate, fearing that there was nothing in the play that would suit him; and as the dismal lines of *Dundreary* were read he glanced over at me with a forlorn expression, as much as to say, "I am cast for that dreadful part," little dreaming that the character of the imbecile lord would turn out to be the stepping-



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

"PUT ALL THE HONORABLE MR. DOWLAS'S CLOTHES AND LINEN INTO HIS FATHER'S CHARIOT."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "DR. PANGLOSS."

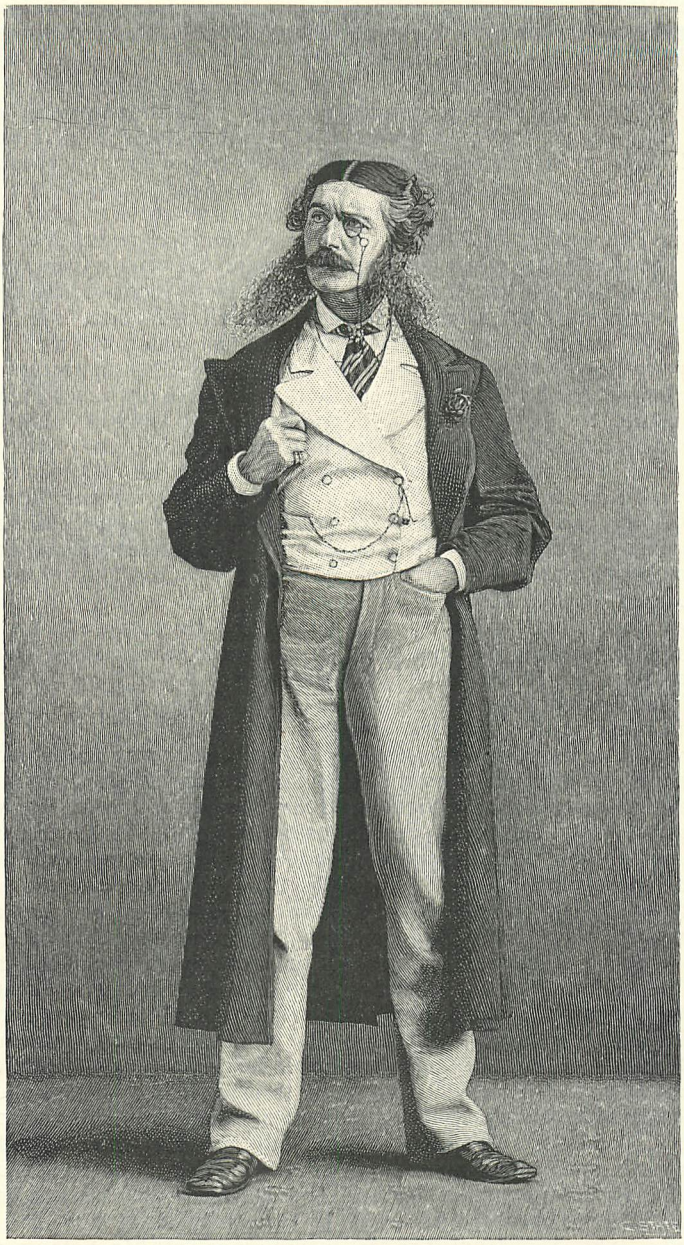


"WAIT, I AIN'T THROUGH YET."
JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "ASA TRENCHARD" IN "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1858 BY MEADE BROTHERS.)

stone of his fortune. The success of the play proved the turning-point in the career of three persons — Laura Keene, Sothern, and myself.

As the treasury began to fill, Miss Keene began to twinkle with little brilliants; gradually her splendor increased, until at the end of three months she was ablaze with diamonds. Whether these were new additions to her impoverished stock of jewelry, or the return of old friends that had been parted with in adversity,— old friends generally leave us under these circumstances,— I cannot say, but possibly the latter.

The dramatic situation that struck me as the most important one in this play was the love scene in the opening of the last act. It was altogether fresh, original, and perfectly natural, and I notice that in this important phase of dramatic composition authors are conspicuously weak.



E. A. SOTHERN AS "LORD DUNDREARY" IN "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.)

The love scenes in most all of our modern plays are badly constructed. In the English dramas they are sentimental and insipid, being filled with either flowery nonsense or an extravagance bordering upon burlesque; while the love scenes in the French plays are coarse and disgusting. Sardou has written but few female characters for whom one can feel the slightest respect. For instance, which one would a man select to be his mother were he compelled to make a choice? I think it would puzzle him. The love scenes between *Alfred Evelyn* and *Clara Douglas*, in Bulwer's play of "Money," are stilted, unnatural, and cold. The passages intended to display affection in the "Lady of Lyons" are still further from "imitating humanity," and the speech of *Claude* to *Pauline*, beginning with

A deep vale shut out by alpine hills,

is so glaringly absurd that the audience invariably smile at the delivery of this soft extrava-

gance. The greatest love scene that ever was or ever will be written is known as the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." This is a perfect model, being full of the most exquisite humor.

Natural love off the stage is almost invariably humorous, even comic — not to the lovers' minds; oh, no! 'T is serious business to them, and that is just what makes it so delightful to look at. The third party, when there is one, enjoys it highly. The principals do the most foolish things: the gentleman cannot make up his mind what to do with his hat or with his hands, the lady is awkward and shy, and the more they love each other the more comical they are. They say stupid things, and agree with each other before they have half done expressing an opinion.

It was the opportunity of developing this attitude of early love, particularly love at first sight, that attracted me to the "Cousin." Simple and trifling as it looks, Mr. Tom Taylor never drew a finer dramatic picture. The relation between the two characters was perfectly original. A shrewd, keen Yankee boy of twenty-five falls in love at first sight with a simple, loving, English dairymaid of eighteen. She innocently sits on the bench, close beside him; he is fascinated and draws closer to her; she raises her eyes in innocent wonder at this, and he glides gently to the farthest end of the bench. He never tells her of his love, nor does she in the faintest manner suggest her affection for him; and though they persistently talk of other things, you see plainly how deeply they are in love. He relates the story of his uncle's death in America, and during this recital asks her permission to smoke a cigar. With apparent carelessness he takes out a paper, a will made in his favor by the old man, which document disinherits the girl; with this he lights his cigar, thereby destroying his rights and resigning them to her. The situation is strained, certainly, but it is very effective, and an audience will always pardon a slight extravagance if it charms while it surprises them. The cast was an exceedingly strong one — Laura Keene as the refined, rural belle, and Sara Stevens as the modest, loving, English dairymaid. Both looked and acted the parts perfectly. The *Abel Murcott* of Mr. Couldock was a gem, and the extravagant force and humor of Mr. Sothern's *Dundreary*, the fame of which afterwards resounded all over the English-speaking world, is too well known to need any comment, except perhaps to mention one or two matters connected with it of a curious nature.

As I have before said, Sothern was much dejected at being compelled to play the part. He said he could do nothing with it, and certainly for the first two weeks it was a dull effort, and produced but little effect. So in despair he began to introduce extravagant business into his character, skipping about the stage, stammering and sneezing, and, in short, doing all he could to attract and distract the attention of the audience. To the surprise of every one, himself included, these antics, intended by him to injure the character, were received by the audience with delight. He was a shrewd man as well as an effective actor, and he saw at a glance that accident had revealed to him a golden opportunity. He took advantage of it, and with cautious steps increased his speed, feeling the ground well under him as he proceeded. Before the first month was over he stood side by side with any other character in the play; and at the end of the run he was, in my opinion, considerably in advance of us all. And his success in London, in the same character, fully attests, whatever may be said to the contrary, that as an extravagant, eccentric comedian in the modern range of comedy he was quite without a rival. His performance of *Sam* which I saw at the Haymarket Theater, in London, was a still finer piece of acting than his *Dundreary*. It was equally strong, and had the advantage of the other in not being overdrawn or extravagant.

### A THEATRICAL QUARREL.

Miss Keene was undoubtedly delighted at Sothern's rising fame. I think she found that I was becoming too strong to manage, and naturally felt that his success in rivaling mine would answer as a curb, and so enable her to drive me with more ease and a tighter rein. I don't blame her for this: as an actor has a right to protect himself against the tyranny of a manager, the manager has an equal right to guard the discipline of the theater; and I have no doubt that I perhaps unconsciously exhibited a confidence in my growing strength that made her a little apprehensive lest I should try to manage her. In this she did me an injustice, which I am happy to say in after years the lady acknowledged. The first rupture between us came about somewhat in this way: The Duchess — as she was familiarly called by the actors, on the sly — had arranged some new business with Mr. Sothern, neglecting to inform me of it. I got the regular cue for entering, and as I came upon the stage I naturally, but unintentionally, interrupted their preconceived arrangements. This threw matters into a confusion which was quite apparent to the audience. Miss Keene, not stopping to consider that I had been kept in ignorance of her plan and that the fault was hers and not mine, turned suddenly on me, and speaking out so loudly and plainly that most of the audience could hear her, said, "Go off the stage, sir, till you get your cue for entering."

DRAWN FROM A LITHOGRAPH LENT BY THOMAS J. McKEE.

Laura Keene

I was thunderstruck. There was a dead silence for a moment, and in the same tone and with the same manner she had spoken to me, I replied:

"It has been given, and I will not retire."

We were both wrong. No actor has a right to show up to the audience an accident or a fault committed on the stage, or intrude upon them one's personal misunderstandings. As two wrongs cannot make a right, it was clearly my duty to pass this by, so far as any public display of my temper was concerned, and then demand an explanation and an apology from her when the play was over. But

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment?

Besides, I felt that no explanation of hers could set me right with the audience, and I was smarting under the injustice of her making me appear responsible for her own fault.

When the curtain fell she was furious, and turning on me with flashing eyes and an imperious air discharged me then and there. I

might leave now if I liked, and she would dismiss the audience rather than submit to such a public insult. I told her that if she considered my conduct an insult to her, that it was a confession that she had insulted me first, as my words and manner were but a reflection of her own. This sort of logic only made matters worse. So I informed her that I could not take a discharge given in the heat of temper, and would remain. The play proceeded, but she was singularly adroit, and by her manner in turning her back on me through an entire scene, and assuming an air of injured innocence, undoubtedly made the audience believe that I was a cruel wretch to insult her in so public a way. She had the advantage of me all through, for when her temper was shown to me the play was proceeding, and I dare say that in the bustle and confusion of the scene very few of the audience could understand what she had done; whereas when I retaliated there had been a pause, and they got the full force of what I said.

When an actor shows his temper upon the stage the audience feel insulted that they should be called upon to sympathize with his private quarrels. The actor is the loser, depend upon it.

### CHANGES IN OLD PLAYS.

MR. RUFUS BLAKE was attached to our company during this season, but in consequence of the great success of "Our American Cousin," in which he was not cast, he had acted but little. He was a superior actor, with the disadvantage of small eyes, a fat, inexpressive face, and a heavy and unwieldy figure. There must be something in the spirit of an actor that is extremely powerful to delight an audience when he is hampered like this. Without seeming to change his face or alter the stolid look from his eyes, Mr. Blake conveyed his meaning with the most perfect effect. He was delicate and minute in his manner, which contrasted oddly enough with his ponderous form. We acted this one season together and were very good friends. On one occasion only was this harmony marred. He rated me for curtailing some of the speeches of a part in one of the old comedies. I told him that I had my own ideas in these matters, one of which was that the plays were written for a past age, that society had changed, and that it seemed to me good taste to alter the text, when it could be done without detriment, to suit the audience of the present day; particularly when the lines were coarse, and unfit for ladies and gentlemen to speak or listen to. He gave me to understand that he considered it a liberty in any young man to set himself up as an authority in such matters, and that my course was a tacit reproach to older and better judges, and even hinted that some people did that sort of thing to make professional capital out of it. I thought this was going a little too far for friendship. I therefore told him, with little reserve, that as he had taken the liberty to censure my course, I would make bold equally, and advise him, for his own sake, to follow my example.

### "THE DUCHESS."

As Laura Keene's season drew to a close she and I had buried our differences and were comparatively good friends again; so the lady was somewhat surprised to learn that I was not going to remain with her during the following season, and seemed to consider it unkind of me to withdraw from the theater after she had done so much to advance my position. This is the somewhat unjust ground that managers often take when an actor desires to go to another house. This is unreasonable, for there must come a time when it will be for the interest of one or both parties that they should part; and it would be just as wrong at one time as at another. If an actor, when the season is concluded and his obligations are at an end, sees an opportunity of increasing his salary or bettering his position by going to another establishment, it would be an injustice to himself and to those who depend upon him not to do so. And by the same reasoning, if a manager can secure better talent, at a more reasonable price, he has a perfect right to replace one actor by another, having fulfilled his engagement. I have never known any manager to hesitate in pursuing this course, unless he retained the actor as an act of charity, and then, of course, the matter is a purely personal one.

Miss Keene, taking the unfair view I have alluded to, was highly incensed at my proposed departure. She considered that, having been the first to bring me to New York, to her my loyalty was due, and in common gratitude I was bound not to desert the theater for the purpose, as she supposed, of joining the opposition forces. I replied that, so far as my ingratitude was concerned, I failed to see in what way she had placed me under obligations; that I presumed when she engaged me for her theater it was from a motive of professional interest, and I could scarcely think it was from any affection for me, as we had never met until the engagement was made. This kind of logic had anything but a conciliating effect. So I concluded by saying that I had no idea of casting my lot with the opposition, but that it was my intention to star. "Star! Oh, dear! Bless me! Indeed!" She did not say this, but she certainly looked it; and as she turned her eyes heavenward there was a slight elevation

W. R. BLAKE. (FROM AN ETCHING BY H. B. HALL, LENT BY THOMAS J. McKEE.)

in the tip of her beautiful nose that gave me no encouragement of an offer from her under these circumstances. With a slight tinge of contempt she asked me with what I intended to star. I answered that, with her permission, I proposed to act "Our American Cousin." "Which I decline to give. The play is my property, and you shall not act it outside of this theater." And she swept from the greenroom with anything but the air of a *comédienne*.

The houses were still overflowing, and there was every prospect that "Our American Cousin" would run through the season; but Miss Keene was tired of acting her part in the comedy, and was determined to take the play off and produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which had been in preparation for some time, and in fact was now in readiness. The management was anxious that Mr. Blake, who had been idle for some four months, should be in the cast, so that the play might contain the full strength of its expensive company.

The Duchess, being in high dudgeon with me, deputed her business manager, Mr. Lutz, to approach me on the subject of the cast, proposing that I should resign the part of *Bottom* to Mr. Blake, and at the same time requesting me to play *Puck*. This I positively refused to do. I told him plainly that Miss Keene had taken an antagonistic stand towards me, and that I felt that she would not appreciate a favor even if I might feel disposed to grant it, and would treat any concession that I should make as weakness. He said that Miss Keene had begged him to urge the matter, as she did not know how else to get Mr. Blake and myself into the cast. "Very well," said I; "if that is all, tell her I will play *Bottom*, and let Mr. Blake play *Puck*." And so we parted. Of course I did not suppose that he would carry this absurd message, as Mr. Blake would have turned the scale at two hundred and fifty pounds, and looked about as much like *Puck* as he resembled a fairy queen. But, not being familiar with Shakspere, and having no idea what the characters were like, he gave her my suggestion word for word. This put the fair lady in a high temper, and she did not speak to me for a week. But I stood on my rights and was cast for *Bottom*, Miss Keene essaying the part of *Puck* herself. After three or four rehearsals I discovered I should fail in the part of *Bottom*, and therefore deemed it wise to make "discretion the better part of valor," and resign the character, which I did upon the condition that I might take the play of "Our American Cousin" upon a starring tour, and give the management one-half of the profits for the use of the play.

I have thought that perhaps it is scarcely in good taste that I should touch upon the little misunderstandings between myself and Miss Keene; but as these quarrels were not of a domestic or private nature, and as the public were made fully aware of them at the time, there is nothing sacred about them, and they may serve as lessons in the future to younger and as yet inexperienced actors. And then, too, Miss Keene and I were friends in after years; we had long since shaken hands and buried the hatchet — had talked and laughed over our rows and reconciliations, and had continued to get as much amusement out of the recollections as we had created trouble out of the realities.

When I returned from Australia we met again. She had lost her theater, and was traveling and starring with only partial success. Her early popularity had waned, but she battled against adversity with great courage. At last her health gave way, and she retired, but still with the clinging hope of returning to the stage again. She never did. The last letter she wrote was penned upon her death-bed and was addressed to me. She sent me an ivory

miniature of Madame Vestris, and a water-color drawing, by Hardy, of Edmund Kean as *Richard III.* Her letter was cheerful and full of hope; she spoke of feeling better, and seemed confident that in a few months she would be in harness again. She died the day after this was written.

She was esteemed a great beauty in her youth; and even afterwards her rich and luxuriant auburn hair, clear complexion, and deep chestnut eyes, full of expression, were greatly praised; but to me it was her style and carriage that commanded admiration, and it was this quality that won her audience. She had, too, the rare power of varying her manner, assuming the rustic walk of a milkmaid or the dignified grace of a queen. In the drama of "The Sea of Ice" she displayed this versatile quality to its fullest extent. In the prologue she played the mother, in which her quiet and refined bearing told of a sad life; in the next act, the daughter, a girl who had been brought up by savages, and who came bounding upon the stage with the wild grace of a startled doe. In the last act she is supposed to have been sent to Paris and there educated. In this phase of the character she exhibited the wonderful art of showing the fire of the wild Indian girl through the culture of the French lady. I have never seen this transparency more perfectly acted.

Laura Keene was in private life high tempered and imperious, but she had a good heart and was very charitable. I never heard her speak ill of any one but herself; and this she would sometimes do with a grim humor that was very entertaining.

### THE WINTER GARDEN, "CALEB PLUMMER," ETC.

My starring venture was attended with what is termed questionable success, though not with what could be boldly called a failure; still I felt that the time had not yet arrived for the continuance of such a rash departure. Just at this juncture William Stuart made me an offer of an engagement at his new theater, the Winter Garden, which place was to be under the direction of Dion Boucicault. I accepted the offer, at a much larger salary than I had ever received, and was enrolled as a member of the company. The title of "Winter Garden" had been adopted from a place of amusement in Paris, where plays were acted in a kind of conservatory filled with tropical plants. If I remember rightly, the treasury of the management was not in what could be called an overflowing condition; and although the actors whom they engaged were quite strong, the horticultural display was comparatively weak. Some sharp-pointed tropical plants of an inhospitable and sticky character exuded their "medicinal gums" in the vestibule, and the dress circle was festooned with artificial flowers so rare that they must have been unknown to the science of botany. To give these delicate exotics a sweet and natural odor they were plentifully sprinkled with some perfume resembling closely the sweet scent of hair-oil, so that the audience as they were entering could "nose" them in the lobby. Take it altogether the theater was a failure; for, added to the meager decorations, the acoustics were inferior, and the view of the stage from the auditorium unpardonably bad. To make amends, however, for these shortcomings, Mr. Boucicault had secured a strong company; not so far as great names were concerned, but they had been carefully selected with regard to the plays that were to be produced. The opening piece was an adaptation of Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," and called "Dot." It was a hit. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| *John Peerybingle* . . . | Mr. Harry Pearson. |
| *Caleb Plummer* . . . | Mr. Joseph Jefferson. |
| *The Stranger* . . . . | Mr. A. H. Davenport. |
| *Tackleton* . . . . . | Mr. T. B. Johnson. |
| *Dot* . . . . . | Miss Agnes Robertson. |
| *May Fielding* . . . . | Mrs. J. H. Allen. |
| *Bertha* . . . . . | Miss Sara Stevens. |
| *Tillie Slowboy* . . . . | Mrs. John Wood. |
| *Mrs. Fielding* . . . . | Mrs. Blake. |

The four first-named ladies were the pictures of female grace and beauty. This season I acted *Newman Noggs*, *Caleb Plummer*, *Salem Scudder*, and several other characters; but the latter were not very important.

Previous to the commencement of the season, Mr. Boucicault and I had some conversation in relation to the opening bill. I told him I was rather apprehensive of my hitting the part of *Caleb Plummer*, as I had never acted a character requiring pathos, and, with the exception of the love scene in "Our American Cousin," as yet had not spoken a serious line upon the stage. He seemed to have more confidence in my powers than I had, and insisted that I could act the part with success. I agreed therefore to open in *Caleb* with the understanding that I should finish the performance with a farce, so in the event of my failing in the first piece, I might save my reputation in the last. He assented to the arrangement, but warned me, however, that I would regret it; and he was right, for when the curtain fell upon "Dot," I should have much preferred not to have acted in the farce. So the little piece was taken off after the first night, as I was quite satisfied with *Caleb* alone.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FORMERLY OWNED BY JOHN BROUGHAM, LENT BY PETER GILSEY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "NEWMAN NOGGS" IN "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

### I RECEIVE GOOD ADVICE.

AN incident occurred during the first rehearsal of "Dot" that may be worth relating, as it bears upon a theory in acting that I have established for myself ever since it took place. Mr. Boucicault, I think, understood me, and felt from what I had said to him on previous occasions that I was not averse to suggestions in the dramatic art, and was in the habit of listening to advice, though I always reserved to myself the right of acting on my own judgment as to whether the proffered counsel was good or bad. During my rehearsal of the first scene, which I went through just as I intended acting it at night, I saw by his manner that he was disappointed with my rendering of the part, and I asked him what was the matter. He replied, "If that is the way you intend to act the part I do not wonder you were afraid to undertake it." This was a crushing blow to a young man from one older in years and experience; but feeling that there was something to learn, I asked him to explain what he meant. "Why, you have acted your last scene first; if you begin in that solemn strain you have nothing left for the end of the play." This was his remark, or words to the same effect; and I am certainly indebted to him, through this advice, for whatever success I achieved in the part.

I am not sure whether Mr. Boucicault was aware of what a large field for dramatic thought he opened up, and if I did not clearly understand the importance of it then, I have found it out since, and so far as I have been able applied it as a general rule. These reflections taught me never to anticipate a strong effect; in fact, to lead your audience by your manner, so that they shall scarcely suspect the character capable of such emotion; then, when some sudden blow has fallen, the terrible shock prepares the audience for a new and striking phase in the character: they feel that under these new conditions you would naturally exhibit the passion which till then was not suspected.

### "THE OCTOROON."

RISING young actors usually guard their positions with a jealous eye, and, as I was no exception to this rule, it had been clearly understood between myself and the management that my name should be as prominently set before the public as that of any other member of the company. This agreement was not carried out; for on the announcement in the papers of the play of "The Octoroon" my name did not appear. I was to act one of the principal parts in the drama. I felt that I was something of a favorite with the public, and naturally became irate at this indignity; so I sent my part, *Salem Scudder*, to the theater, with a note to Mr. Stuart, saying that I considered my engagement canceled by my name being publicly ignored in the announcement of the play, and I concluded my resignation by saying that, as I had no wish to distress the management, if Mr. Stuart or Mr. Boucicault would call on me I would be pleased to enter into a new engagement with them where my claims should be written out to prevent any further misunderstanding; otherwise I must decline to act again in the theater. As the play was ready and to be acted on the following Monday night, this being Saturday, I felt pretty sure that my note of resignation would act as a bombshell and explode with considerable force in the managerial office. And it did.

But I must now digress in order to show the sequel of the story. I had been for some time suffering with an attack of dyspepsia,—not a happy condition for an actor who is quarreling with the manager,—and conceived the idea that gentle exercise in the way of boxing would relieve me. So I engaged a professor, in the shape of an old retired "champion of lightweights," to give me lessons in the manly art of self-defense for the sum of two dollars per lesson, in consideration of which he was to allow me to pommel him over the head with soft gloves *ad libitum*. In our contract it was understood that I was the party of the first part, and the party of the second part agreed, never, under any consideration, to counter on the party of the first part. These lessons had been going on in my drawing-room—my teacher coming to the house—for several weeks, and I fancied that I was improving; certainly I was, so far as hitting-out went, for, as I observed before, according to the contract I had it all my own way.

On the occasion I am now about to describe I had been perhaps taking unwarranted liberties with the "champion," who must have got a little excited, for before I knew where I was I found myself stretched full length under the piano. I expostulated with him, informing him solemnly that this was the second breach of contract I had suffered from him during the last two days, and begged him in the future to subdue the old war-horse within him. In fact, I said that I would prefer to pay a little extra if he would conform to the contract more rigidly. We shook hands and began work again. My feelings were hurt, to say the least of it, and I was determined to get even with him. I now began to dance around my adversary in the conventional style, and had just given him "one for his nob," when looking over his shoulders I discovered the amazed

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "CALEB PLUMMER" IN "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRISON, CHICAGO.)

faces of Dion Boucicault and William Stuart. Against the dark background of the room the two heads of these gentlemen loomed up like another pair of boxing-gloves. They stood aghast at the scene, and I fancy it must have naturally entered their minds that I had invited them up to settle our difficulties by an appeal to science, and had secured the services of a professional bruiser to assist me. But the record of these gentlemen, like my own, proves that we are, pugilistically speaking, men of peace; so if they had any doubt, their alarm was soon set at rest by my dismissing the light-weight and politely begging them to be seated.

We soon came to a more explicit understanding, and the matter was settled without any reference to the "Marquis of Queensberry." The truth of the matter is that they were very anxious for me to act the part, and I was equally anxious to play it. With these feelings underlying the difficulty there was no occasion for arbitration. The quarrels between manager and actor are never very serious. As with loving couples, the slightest advance on either side soon brings about a reconciliation.

The history of "The Octoroon" is well known. It dealt with the one absorbing subject of slavery, and was produced at a dangerous time. The slightest allusion to this now-

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

"TAKE CARE, JACOB, DON'T RILE ME."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "SALEM SCUDDER" IN "THE OCTOROON."

banished institution only served to inflame the country, which was already at a white heat. A drama told so well had a great effect on the audience, for there was at this time a divided feeling in New York with regard to the coming struggle. Some were in favor of war, others thought it best to delay, and, if possible, avert it; and it was deemed unwise, if not culpable, by many for us to act "The Octoroon" at such a time. Then there were various opinions as to which way the play leaned — whether it was Northern or Southern in its sympathy. The truth of the matter is, it was non-committal. The dialogue and characters of the play made one feel for the South, but the action proclaimed against slavery, and called loudly for its abolition. When the old negro, just before the slave sale, calls his colored "bredrin" around him and tells them they must look their best so as to bring a good price for the "missis," and then falling on his knees asks a blessing on the family who had been so kind to them, the language drew further sympathy for the loving hearts of the South; but when they felt by the action of the play that the old darkey who had made them weep was a slave, they became abolitionists to a man.

When *Zoe*, the loving octoroon, is offered to the highest bidder, and a warm-hearted Southern girl offers all her fortune to buy *Zoe* and release her from the threatened bondage awaiting her, the audience cheered for the South; but when again the action revealed that she could be bartered for, and was bought and sold, they cheered for the North as plainly as though they had said, "Down with slavery." This reveals at once how the power of dramatic action overwhelms the comparative impotency of the dialogue.

(To be continued.)

*Joseph Jefferson.*

# HOW ONE WINTER CAME IN THE LAKE REGION.

FOR weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,
In those gray, withered days.

Behind a mist the blear sun rose and set,
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;
The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net;
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,
And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,
Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarléd root
The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,
The streams staid in their runnels shrunk and dry;
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood
In weird expectancy:

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,
Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;
Red grew the lake, the sear fields parched and brown,
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,
A joyous tremor of the icy glow;
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,
Fast fell the driving snow.

*William Wilfred Campbell.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

# FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

## IX.

### THE BARON AND ANASTASIA.

"He that hateth suretiship is sure."

"For the good angel will keep him company, and his journey shall be prosperous, and he shall return safe."

"Where the devil cannot go, he sends a woman."

HAVING seen Olivia depart with Jenifer Waring, Nathaniel waited for Fox at the door of the Town Hall. He came to him with Roger and Asa, and the short, sharp parting of the four men was made in the passing. Then Fox said, "Come, Nathaniel, thou hath now no time for delay." And as they walked together to the Crown Inn, and while Nathaniel packed his saddle-bag, Fox urged upon him the necessity of an immediate journey to London.

"Thou must truly go home and get thy father's authority to act in this place, but thou must not otherwise linger a moment. It is within my knowledge that Stephen and Anastasia de Burg intend to leave England, and that at the first hour possible."

"Who has told you so, George?"

"Who? Dost thou think God has no way of speaking but through the lips of a man? I tell thee their secret chambers have been seen by me, and my ears have heard the false words they have whispered together. Ride as swiftly as the best horses can carry thee, and spare not thine own strength, for thy urgency in this matter may hinder great sorrow to thy father and mother."

"My father did a noble kindness for the love of God and kindred. I think then that God will guard him in it."

"God gives us good things with our own hands. If he wills thee to be providence to thy parents, he does thee a great honor. Dispute not with him concerning it. And take no half-word from Cromwell; stand stanchly by thy case and thou wilt win it."

"I think my father is such a man as will stand to his promise, though it bring him to ruin."

"I think that also, if this were an honest agreement between man and man; but it is the plotting of the wicked against the merciful and righteous. And as the wind sown came out of their granary, thou must do thy part to make them reap the whirlwind. Farewell, Nathaniel." And the lofty confidence of the man's soul gave to his majestic person an authority so pronounced that Nathaniel felt it impossible either to dispute the wisdom or to doubt the result of the order given him.

So he left Kendal at a hard gallop, and as he neared the sea he began to feel the daring that the good salt wind blew into his nostrils. Then his heart burned with the injustice and bigotry he had witnessed, and he was blamelessly angry at the ingratitude which compelled him not only to take back a kindness, but also to leave the woman he loved, in her sorrow and loneliness, and undergo the annoyance and loss of a long and weariful journey. But while the sun dropped in tired splendor below the horizon, and the stars moved along the edges of the hills, and the hills grew larger in the twilight, and all nature seemed to be lying asleep in the diffused silence and dusk, he gathered strength for the task with every mile he rode. For he felt the presence of God in that communion which is the peace and power of the spirit.

It was so late when he reached Kelderby that all the household were in bed. But the baron was not asleep; he heard the gallop of Nathaniel's horse while he was a good way off, and he rose and opened the door and met his son on the threshold. The two men went into the dark house together, and for some minutes were fully occupied in getting a light and in replenishing the fire, for the nights on that bleak coast were generally chill and damp enough to warrant a blazing log.

While they were thus engaged Lady Kelder entered. She was desirous to see that Nathaniel's physical wants were attended to, but she had also an anxious curiosity about the trial. As the baron lifted himself from the hearth, and Nathaniel transferred the blaze from the brimstone-tipped pine sliver to the candle, she said:

"How went the trial, Nathaniel?"

"As Roger's enemies had preordained,

mother. They have sent him to Appleby jail."

"Indeed I see not how they could have done different. Magistrates must go upon evidence."

"They sent Asa Bevin there also."

"Like master, like man. I make no doubt Asa was equally guilty."

"Roger put human kindness before human prudence. Asa put the law of God before the commands of Judah Parke. I see no other fault in the men."

"Are you also become a Quaker?"

"I would that my religion were like theirs, heart-thorough, inside and outside alike. Roger Prideaux is a man who has a perfect heart towards God."

"A perfect heart!" ejaculated the baron, in a low voice. "A perfect heart! Oh, finest of wares!"

"And what is done with the girl? Did she give evidence against her father? If she did, I think nothing of her."

"She told the truth. She could do no less and be innocent."

"Faith! When my father was in hiding for Nonconformity, I would have bit out my tongue ere I had made his enemies as wise as myself. I would, surely! Yea, I would have misled them rather than have sent my father to prison; which indeed is mostly the same as a warrant of death."

"Olivia obeyed the desire of her father. He said to her: 'Truth can do without a lie. Do not even look one.' But I have come home in this hurry on our own special business." Then he repeated what George Fox had told him, and urged upon his father an instant attention to such writing as was necessary to enable him again to act for both.

The baron heard him with a strange restlessness. He rose before Nathaniel's message was all given, and went to the window and looked into the darksome garden. Lady Kelder's face reddened with an eager flush, and she answered promptly:

"For once a Quaker has spoken words with some wisdom in them. You had better leave at dawn, Nathaniel. I have already called Jael, and she will prepare such things as you need. There are still some hours in which you may rest and sleep."

"Mother, I will leave at once — unless my father wills to interfere no further in the matter."

Then the baron turned sharply and said: "I will go to London myself. Joan, dear heart, have my best velvet suit and my Flemish laces put up, with such other things as are necessary. I am well able for the journey, and before dawn I can be near to Lancaster."

"Odinel! Odinel! You shall not leave me. Let Nathaniel go. He did well before. He is quite sufficient."

"You are unreasonable, Joan. All day you have fretted in your heart at me. You have made constant moan for Kelderby. You have wished that you were only a man, that you might say one word to save it. Now, then, have my bag filled, for I tell you surely that with it, or without it, I will leave Kelderby for London in thirty minutes."

"Let me go with you, father."

"Nay, I will do this thing alone, going in the strength of my God, Nathaniel."

"Do you wish to go, father?"

"My wish is to stay out of the world, and 't is a cross indeed to face the strife and struggle of it again. But I fear not; for as I stood by the window I heard with my inward ear the voice I waited for, and it said: '*Go. If I send, do I ever fail thee therein?*'"

It was impossible further to gainsay by a word or a look the purpose of the man. With the rapid energy of years past by he began to select such papers as he wanted, and to count out gold for the necessities of the journey. The few words he spoke to Nathaniel about the horse he wished were so curt and positive that Lady Kelder made no more remonstrance. She saw again the masterful leader, the man who in camp or court had always stood for the rights of others, and also held his own. As he impatiently changed his chamber-gown and felt slippers for long jack-boots and a buff leather jerkin, and fastened round his shoulders the heavy cloth cloak that he had worn on many a midnight watch, Lady Kelder caught the spirit of her husband, and she hasted with willing hands the special preparations which fell naturally to her ordering.

So when the horse was brought to the door, and the baron, ready for the journey, stood by his wife's side, saying the bravest and kindest words he could find in his brave, kind heart, she answered them hopefully, keeping back tears and crowning her kiss with a tender smile. And after all the hurried parting is the best parting. 'T is doubtful if any one — even lovers — do well to prolong their sweet sorrow. Emotion is weakened by every moment of time it covers, just as water spread over the valley is shallow, but pent in one deep channel becomes a driving force.

Kelder had chosen a fleet hunter to take him the first stage of his journey, and the animal soon carried him beyond the echoes of its beating hoofs. Then Nathaniel and Lady Kelder went back to the parlor and sat down together. She was still under the influence of the baron's heroic mood, and as she sat gazing into the fire her face grew soft and loving and

her heart glowed again with the long-forgotten pride she had felt for the husband of her youth.

"Your father has taken us by storm, Nathaniel. For a long time I have not seen him so much like himself. Now pray resolve me truly if we are like to lose Kelderby. Or think you this journey may be its ransom?"

"I think that my father's journey will save Kelderby."

"But if it does, then there is this affair of the Quaker Prideaux."

"My father hath no hand in that."

"But you have. And what good is it if the fire that is quenched in the chimney be scattered about the floor? O Nathaniel! Nathaniel! if you would be wise and resign a girl who has brought you, and is only like to bring, trouble. Ill fortune is catching as the small-pox; why should you take trouble from a stranger?"

"Trouble springs not from the ground, mother, for 'man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.' But why inquire of the future? 'T is like going into a warfare for which no weapon is provided. God is a present help. And 't is easily seen that we have present ills in plenty, without forecasting those not yet here. The ingratitude of our cousin De Burg—"

"Is what I expected. Nothing grows old sooner than a kindness."

"We have never done aught but good to De Burg, and he has returned us tenfold evil."

"Well, then, to every evil-doer his evil day; and as for this Roger Prideaux—"

"He is a good man, mother. But the world likes its own, and Roger is not among the number."

"Roger, like others of the trading class who have been aggrandized by the ruin of better men than themselves, cannot let affairs too high for him alone. He must be patron to Sandys or De Burg, and now he has to eat the husk of their evil speech. And as for this saint Olivia, she is better than what is either written or called for. Her father is little indebted to her extravagant goodness."

"Nothing, not even martyrdom, could prevent Olivia speaking the plain truth. It is a necessity of her nature."

"Indeed, I think martyrdom a very poor test of truth. Men suffer half the time, not for their convictions, but to gratify their stubbornness. Nine out of ten would rather yield their lives than their tempers. That is the nature of Englishmen, as 't is the nature of English dogs. Oh! I can tell you, Nathaniel, the devil lurks often behind the Cross."

"Dear mother, as to this world the Quakers get nothing, and lose everything."

"They get their own way. Is there really anything more gratifying?"

"They are truly conscientious."

"About trivialities, yes: as to wearing of hats and speaking as no one else does, and the like; picking up the most insignificant questions with their conscience, instead of their common sense. That is their righteous way of walking over people's heads."

"'T is a way of righteous self-denial."

"Yes, and they like it. After all, Nathaniel, it is easier to deny sinful-self than righteous-self."

"We talk to no purpose, mother, and I am strangely tired."

Then they both arose, and Nathaniel gave her his arm up the dark stairs. He had a candle in one hand, but its faint light only made the thick gloom more visible and portentous. They looked like two figures in a walking sleep, and Jael peeped after them through the partly opened door with the feeling that she was seeing people in a dream.

At the same hour Anastasia sat alone in her chamber, slowly removing the rings and chains and silk and laces that enhanced her splendid beauty. There had been a late supper and much wine-drinking and gambling at De Burg that night, and she had been the gayest in the crowd. She had sung wondrously to her lute; she had danced a *galliard* with Le Tall; she had played cribbage, and won gold pieces at it; she had queened it over every heart, and charmed even her father out of his present mood of anger. But she was now alone, and she was really miserable.

"I am the greatest fool in the three kingdoms," she said bitterly, as she put the mirror at a proper angle and sat down before it. "Beauty! Yes, I have beauty, but what is it worth? Do I care if Le Tall and Chenage fight a duel about me? Nathaniel scorns me, and anything else is beyond expectation. Well, what I cannot have I will be dog enough to hinder Mistress Prideaux of—if I can. But now that I have raised the storm, shall I be able to manage it? I have already in its ordering lied myself neck-deep, and one lie breeds more, and black lies have crimson fruit. Chut! My heart surely hath the bravery to perfect its own wishes, and my little tongue never failed me yet." And she put its scarlet tip out and looked at it steadily. "'T is as good as a sword, if one knows how to use it."

Then she unlatched her shoes of red morocco, and took the pins out of her black hair, and let its waving, curling mass fall over her shoulders and bosom. The particularly picturesque disorder it assumed arrested her attention. She studied its forms for future use, and passed a ten minutes in fingering and re-curling her favorite lock. Then, noticing a number of gold pieces lying loose upon the

table, she counted and put them away. They had been won from Chenage; she recalled the gleam of anger in his eyes as he paid the debt of ill chance, and she laughed softly as she dropped the money in its place.

"He thought I cheated him! Faith! I am in the selfsame mind. There is a big bill running up between Chenage and me. Shall I be forced to pay it? or will he be forced to lose it?" She rose with the query, opened a drawer, and took from it a pack of cards. With a slow intentness she shuffled them hither and thither, set some aside, and cast out others. Then she spread the others before her, and began to spell out their mysteries.

"Chenage is black with anger; he carries the trey of spades, and the nine follows him. He has a villain heart, and I 'll swear to it! What is this? Prison bars, and a great change, and news from beyond seas—and tears in my own breast. That last is a lie, if all else be true. I am well used to jade Fortune's tricks, and fear none of them." Yet she flung the paper oracles at her feet, and went to bed with the shadow of her own evil divination over her.

But her sleep was not troubled by the ill fortune she had spelled out in her divining cards. Indeed she was of that class of mortals whose sleep is the sleep of pure matter, and who are very rarely visited by the winged dreams. If her soul ever wandered afar on its own business or pleasure, she knew it not. It told her nothing of what it saw. It gave her neither warning nor admonition. She shut her eyes as a tired animal does, and thought nothing of the breathing mystery behind her unconscious rest.

She awoke with the influence of the previous day upon her. The triumphs of the trial with its swift afterthought of worry and fear; the feasting and dancing and gambling; the sense of her father's deferred wrath; the sense of Le Tall's half-scornful admiration, and of the almost savage earnestness of Chenage's love and anger — these things and their various smaller aids struck her consciousness the moment it was awake to mortal questions. They did not daunt her. The bright June sunshine flooded the bed, and in its glory she lay in indolent satisfaction, gathering together the tangled ends of her affairs, and looking at them steadily in their very worst aspects.

For every day has its genius, and the genius of this day was of an anxious questioning bent. It would not suffer her to be still, so she slipped out of bed and began the business of her toilet; keeping, by unconscious preference, in the very brightest band of sunshine. And as she splashed the cold water over her arms and face and bosom, and brushed out her tangled curls, she was busy enough with plans and projects of safety and revenge, yet not so busy as to make her negligent about her personal adornment.

Thoughts, troublesome to any woman,— angry, jealous thoughts,—went to and fro in her mind, threatening, supposing, longing, and fearing; but they did not prevent her studying the effect of her broidered hose and scarlet shoes, and putting her pretty feet in every position that gave her a good view of them. She was burning with indignation at Nathaniel, she was full of scorn for Olivia, she was sick at heart whenever she thought of Chenage, but amid the tumult of such cross and vexed passions she found time and interest to try on several petticoats before she decided that the pale blue one would show off best the snowy sweep of her long white tunic. Only a woman in such a storm of anxious feeling could have so deliberately arranged each curl and plait, pinched each ruffle of point afresh, turned every crumpled bow, studied before the mirror the flow of her garments and the exact length of step they required, and yet throughout each trivial act considered with a conscious method the best way to keep herself out of the sorrow and ruin she would gladly work for others.

When her toilet was completed she went slowly down the stairway. With her hand upon the thick black balustrade, step by step, she went down. There was a long, richly painted window behind her, and she moved in the glory of its many-tinted lights, knowing well how fair her white-robed figure, with its touches of red and blue, looked in that dim splendor of changeful color. She lingered because she hoped that Le Tall or Chenage might pass through the hall and see her; for so contradictious is a woman's vanity, that even when a man is troublesomely in love she cannot resist the opportunity to make him still more so.

However, she found the house empty of all company. Le Tall and Chenage had gone away immediately after breakfast, and De Burg had betaken himself to the meadows to watch the haymakers.

"'T is a moment's peace, and I thank my stars for it," she said cheerily to the steward. "I will have a breakfast to my mind, Martin—a rustical breakfast fit for a dairymaid. Bring me fresh eggs, and new milk, and the manchet loaf of wheat flour, and a plate of cherries; and, Martin, I will have the milk in the china bowl tipped with silver, that hath the Virgin and the Child at the bottom of it. And bring me a napkin of fine diaper, and put that posy of honeysuckles near by me. Faith! I shall taste the flowers in my milk." And Martin, who delighted in serving this hand-

some, well-dressed, imperiously pleasant mistress, brought all she wished, with a hasty officiousness that bespoke his willing service.

"What time was breakfast served, Martin?"

"An hour after sun-rising, mistress — and great discontent at your absence shown."

"Who was discontented, Martin?" She was chipping the tip of an egg with the greatest deliberation, and her smile was so ravishing that if Martin had had to break every commandment to answer her, he must needs have pleased himself and have done it.

"'T was Squire Chenage the most — and the other gentleman also; and the master grumbling for himself and all."

"That was like to be. And pray what did they break their fast on?"

"I served some ribs of cold roast beef, and a dish of buttered salmon, and each a bottle of sack; also the wormwood wine at the first of all."

"They would need the wormwood. I bless myself that I was absent from the discontented gentlemen. For I dearly love a simple meal, Martin. Faith! I think I have the innocent tastes of a child yet. Cherries and milk are my delight." And she lifted admiringly a bunch of the crimson drupes and laid them with anticipative enjoyment against her crimson lips.

On the whole she had a pleasant meal, and when it was over she found herself able to face the day; nay, rather anxious for such encounters as it might bring her. But nothing followed on her "Come what may, I am ready for it." Fate was out of hearing, and her challenge was for some hours unanswered. She found it difficult to fill them to her satisfaction. To be alone, that was a condition of *ennui* and weariness to her. She tried playing shuttlecock, but there was no one to see her pretty attitudes, and it disarranged her dress. Then she practiced the new French step taught her the previous night by Le Tall, and as she watched her scarlet shoes playing hide and seek behind and before her petticoat, she bethought her of Sir John Suckling's ballad, and so, quoting it, made the words keep the rhythm of her motions:

> Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light;
> But, oh! she dances such a way,
> No sun upon an Easter day
> Is half so fine a sight!

In a little while she wearied of her dancing and took a book. But having no liking for reading, and the volume lifted proving to be Alsted's "Encyclopedia," she soon laid it down with the impatient comment:

"'T is the veriest nonsense, I believe. If the bell has any sides, the clapper will find them; and if there was any savor of sense in the book, 't is to be believed I should hit upon something worth the reading."

Then she took her finery and her pretty, gracious ways to the housekeeper, and asked what sweet waters were making in the still-room, and discoursed about the excellence of elderflower pomade for the skin, and even condescended to inquire as to the dishes for the day's dinner.

But all this was but a trifling with Fate, and exceedingly unsatisfactory. She had set herself to a certain high mental pitch anticipating a battle royal with her father, and possibly with Chenage; and she felt that there was an unfortunate want of communication between her mood and its objects. As the morning and the long, hot afternoon crept slowly away, her spirit flagged; she grew fearful in the crowding thoughts that assailed her; she began to feel as if something were going to happen.

It was night, however, before the slightest change came. She had taken dinner and was lying on a sofa, idly touching the strings of her lute. A song, "To the Virgins, to make much of Time," with the notes attached, was beside her; and she was singing it with a very listless air:

> Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a-flying,
> And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
> To-morrow will be dying.

De Burg entered at the third line. He was rating the servant who followed him about some household neglect, and he continued the occupation while the man took off his heavy riding-boots and clasped on his feet shoes of more light and easy make. He did not notice Anastasia, and she continued her melancholy song, but with such a nervous hand that at the word "dying" a string snapped with a sharpness that had something ominous in it. Then she laid down the lute, rose from the sofa, and arranged her skirts with such elaborate care that the petty interest irritated De Burg; and he broke in two a brutal epithet he was bestowing upon the servant, in order to turn round and say:

"Shake your bravery less, mistress; you set my teeth on edge."

She answered him by a shrug of her shoulders, and an inquiring stare which he felt but would not see. Then softly humming the refrain of her interrupted ditty she went hither and thither in the darksome room; shutting a casement, putting the encyclopedia in its place, re-arranging the honeysuckles in their

bowl—aggravatingly indifferent to all but the trifles that caught her passing glance, and quite conscious that the trailing of her silk and lawn, and the unconcerned, meaningless repetition of "Gather-ye-rose-buds—Gather-ye-rose-buds — Gather-ye-rose-buds" was exasperating her father to the highest degree.

"Light the candles, Jock."

The man was leaving the room, but he turned back to obey her command; and in the interval she walked about with her hands clasped behind her back, and her head lifted high to the thoughts gradually gathering passion in her angry, fearful heart. But she still hid all emotion in fitful bars of the same mournful melody: "To-morrow-will-be-dying—To-morrow-will-be-dying—To—"

The closing of the door broke the word in two, and the sharp clash was followed in a moment by an order just as sharp:

"Come here, Asia!"

She went towards him, and stood by the small table holding the two candles. One of her hands rested on it; she was erect and watchful, yet withal conscious of that unconquerable fear which is the result of a lifelong habit of obedience, founded upon traditions of absolute right.

"Asia! you have brewed a pretty kettle of broth for me. I shall need the devil's spoon to sup it with."

"He is always willing to lend it."

"To a woman, yes. But I am not going to sup the broth. No, in faith! They who brewed may borrow. I tell you, Kendal is in a fever of discontent about yesterday's work."

"The Kendal Quakers, you mean?"

"I mean such men as young Strickland, who holds Quakers and Puritans and Royalists, all of them, at his word. He met me in Stricklandgate this afternoon, and refused me his hand on this business. He said, moreover, that I had been false to my kindred, and false to my king, and false to my honor; and that he would prove every charge at his sword's point; and listen, mistress! Captain Bellingham stood by him! Heaven and hell!" he shouted, as he rose and stamped his foot to the adjuration, "I'll strangle both; yes, both of them with their own blood."

"Playing 'Pistol' won't mend matters, sir. Try to understand yourself, and be reasonable. 'T is beyond doubt you have been false to Kelder, and intend yet more of the same business. 'T is beyond doubt that men will say you wrong your own honor in wronging Kelder's surety for it; but wherein you have been false to the king, I see not. On that quarrel you may stand firmly."

"Oh, indeed! You see with one eye, and I was so great a fool as to let you see for me. The main count of Strickland's charge is, that I have been a traitor to King Charles in that I interfered with his messenger."

"'T was against Prideaux, and not against Sandys, you moved. A fine thing when nobles like Strickland stand up for Quakers!"

"Confusion to it all! See you not that if Sandys went to Penrith, he went there only to see one great lord, who must now lie under still heavier suspicions. And Prideaux, though a Quaker serving the king's purpose, is a loyal man in Strickland's eyes. He said plainly to me that an injury to men doing the king's work secretly was a wrong to the king beyond pardon. Fool! fool! I never thought of the matter in that light. And '*t was* a beggarly return to Kelder for his kindness — all to serve a woman's jealous spite. Fool! fool! fool!"

"You know best what name fits you, sir; but 't was not specially to serve my spite. 'T was because you had not humility to say, 'Thank you very kindly, *sir*,' to your cousin Kelder; and because you grudged Sandys to the Quaker Prideaux, and hoped to work him out of the estate, and so make room for De Burg. Pray be so far honest with me. I shall think no worse of you for it."

"As to Harald Sandys, 't was the most unfortunate of names."

"Then they think surely it was Sandys?"

"They would swear it, for 't is their desire. Sandys and Strickland have been friends for generations, and Bellingham has with Sandys still closer ties. See you not, then, how I have offended them both in their personal and political affections? And who would care to live in Kendal with Strickland and Bellingham for enemies? As well live in Rome, and strive with the Pope."

"Tell them the truth, if you think it needful."

"Tell them that an honorable name like Sandys was used to shield a villain like John—they would either of them stab me with the words in my mouth; and, by my soul! 't would serve me right."

He was walking the floor in a fury of distracted passions, and Anastasia, white with physical terror, watched him with a sense of hopelessness of which she had never before been conscious. What could she do or say to undo what she had said and done? Nothing. And as for all her personal enchantments, in that hour she learned how impotent they were against the impregnable principles of honor and gratitude and inflexible justice. The defection of Bellingham smote her on every side. She had believed her influence over him to be absolute. She could scarcely credit his desertion until she remembered that he had not called to see her after he heard of Prideaux's prose-

cution. She feared Chenage; she liked the gay-hearted Bellingham, and had always regarded him as the final resort if her circumstances became beyond her own management. To lose his love was to lose her anchor; she had the sense of drifting on stormy waves, rolling hither and thither to the passionate bluster of De Burg's anger and mortification.

"Only one course is now left, Asia."

"To go to the king?"

"Yes."

"I am ready at any hour."

"You! It is impossible now to take you."

She turned as if she had been suddenly struck, her face expressing the same anger and astonishment.

"What then?"

"You must marry Chenage."

"I — will — not!"

"You will! And that with all convenient speed."

A shrill cry smote her lips apart. "Father! father! hear me!"

"I have heard you to my ruin."

"Let me go with you. I will bear anything, everything." She stepped to his side and laid her head against his breast. Her distress was real and he felt it; but he had no comfort to give her. Not unkindly, but with a positive firmness, he withdrew himself from her embrace.

"Asia, meet your fate like a brave woman. You have called it unto you."

"Let me at least have the reasons for my fate. Good God! how careless you are of my happiness."

"Let me tell you, when you bartered your happiness for revenge 't was your own bargain. This considered, shall I care for what you are reckless of?"

"Anything but Chenage! I fear him. I fear that gray, lonely house among the mountains. O father! I have seen my misery in his eyes. Spare me!"

"There is no other way. I must abroad at the first hour. Where am I to get the gold? Only from Chenage. I owe him much already, and he is willing to cancel all, willing to give me two hundred pounds for my expenses the day you are his wife. Fix that day now. 'T is the only favor I can grant you."

"I will not be so cruel to myself. Father! dear father!"

"You cannot kiss me out of concessions, Anastasia. The only way to save De Burg is to be before Strickland. When the king comes to his own he will have so many to right that any excuse will serve to pass some of the many by. A word from Strickland and he would take my rights, to right some other man."

"Sell the plate — sell all my jewels."

"Tell all and sundry that I am going? Set old and young Kelder to watch my movements, and have me put under lock and key? Asia, you brewed this cup, drink as you have brewed. Chenage is as fine a gentleman as England breeds. He is rich and he loves you, and faith! you have often led him to believe that you returned his love. If you play with fire do not wonder if you get burnt."

"I shall do my best to make him wretched."

"If you try that game with Chenage you will get beat at it. I thought it was he that was to make you wretched. To say truth, 't will be six for him and half a dozen for you."

"I will run away from him, and come to you."

There was an inquiry in her eyes which De Burg could not meet. It said so plainly, "If I do, will you shelter me?" He turned to the sideboard, poured out a glass of French spirits and drank it. A few minutes of silence followed. Anastasia went to the sofa and sat down. The hopeless droop of her handsome head was but the outward sign of a far more terrible hopelessness of heart. There are possibilities for women in these days that were impossibilities two hundred years ago. Marriage was then a final act; no one regarded any divorce but that of death as either practical or potential. Flight in any direction, or for any purpose, was accompanied by dangers so various that an ordinary spirit could not contemplate it without despair. Public opinion was absolutely on the side of the worst husband. Whether the marriage ring was a chain or an ornament, society demanded from a woman all the obedience to its obligations which was promised by the very act of wearing it.

These thoughts and many like them passed through Anastasia's mind with the rapidity and vividness of a flash of lightning; and they had, as a sad accompaniment, her keen disappointment of the contemplated change. She had looked forward to the merry doings of that shabby little court in Paris with such anticipations of triumph. In her secret heart she had even planned the captivation of the laughing, quaffing, carelessly good-natured monarch. Were all her delightful day dreams to end in Squire Chenage and his great sorrowful-looking house? Desperate as the circumstances environing her were, she was resolved not to submit to them if it were possible to escape a lot so repugnant and so final.

De Burg waited for her to speak. He was determined not to weaken his ultimatum with many words. "Fix the day, and fix it at the earliest possible date," was all that he would say. His sulky silence, if she had known it, was the sign of the white feather, of a certain pity for the beautiful girl whom he was dooming to a life so hateful and hopeless to her. He

felt that if he any longer permitted her to weep and plead he must in some measure give way; and so he retreated into the fortress of a sulky silence. But Anastasia was not one who looked below the surface for a motive. Her father's silence she took for the evidence of an inflexible resolution.

"Let me have this night, father. I commonly think in the night. Then, if I see your plan to be the best, I will take it of you, and let my own hopes go in God's name."

She spoke in a low, tearful voice, and he could not resist her request, though he was obliged to speak gruffly in order to keep his position intact.

"I 'll warrant you 'll come to your senses before morning, Asia. Chenage is as good a gentleman as lives, and his offer is to my great contentment. If you fall a-crying now, you shall have the room to yourself. Peace, I say!"

She shut the parlor door with a passionate force behind her, and fled like a frightened child up the dim stairway to her room. She had a quick thought of the Anastasia that passed slowly down it in the morning sunshine, and a quick pity for the Anastasia hurrying through its shadows at night, pursued by a fate pitiless and hateful which she knew would overtake her. With trembling haste she drew the large iron bolt across her own door. But she could not shut out the terror which was in her heart. For a moment she stood in the scarcely lighted room panting like a hunted creature; then she lighted several candles from the burning rush-light, and sat down somewhat quieted by the act.

With angry vehemence she tossed aside the white robe and blue silk petticoat. "I will never wear them again," she muttered. "They are full of ill luck, they are the colors of disappointment and misfortune to me. If this is the world, would I were out of it! If Chenage will have me, he shall rue it. Faith! I 'll make him wish he had never seen me. My only amusement will be to torture him. Ah, the wretched life! I wish — I wish — I wish that John would come! John would not see me wronged!"

She had been rapidly undressing to these ejaculations. The freedom given to her body seemed in some way to enlarge her mind. John's name gave her a new hope. She was now half scornful of her own submission. She thought of twenty arguments she might have used against her father's plan. Before the mirror she looked at herself and pitied the fate of her youth and beauty. But as she passed her fingers through her long curls, the new hope gradually took clearness and form in her mind.

In the hurry of their parting at Sandys John had certainly said something about "coming back to see her in a month." Yes, she remembered the word "month." At the time the promise had not appeared to her desirable; she had passed it by with a passing assent. Now she rigidly inquired of memory for it. She endeavored to recall the tone in which it was made, the expression of John's face, the particular sentences before and following it; and her final conclusion was that John certainly intended to visit her very soon.

She could understand that his curiosity would lead him to do so. Filling his life with great and shameful tragedies, John de Burg had nevertheless that small kind of soul which is inquisitive about petty affairs. Without reflecting on the peculiarity, Anastasia knew that it existed. She knew all his small hatreds, his scornful toleration of Prideaux, his real admiration of Olivia, his jealousy of Nathaniel; she imagined the laughter and delight they would have together over the trial and sentence of Prideaux and Asa; and she came to the positive belief that within three weeks, perhaps two, John would certainly venture to meet her somewhere. Well, then, delay was all she needed.

"I 'll go with John. Yes, I 'll go with John, if he were a thousand times an outlaw, rather than with Chenage to that gloomy prison of his. But it will need management."

By "management" she meant deception. She had not that brutal courage which attains its ends by a physical storming of whatever contradicts. She preferred to cozen and smile and allure. Chenage was inclined to be suspicious and jealous; she would accept him with an appearance of grateful pleasure. She would tell him she loved him for his kindness to her father. She would fool him to the top of his bent. But she would also put off to the last possible moment the hateful ceremony which would make him lord and master, and her the obedient or rebellious slave of his wishes. And, to the last moment, she would hope and watch for John.

After a little silence she went further, though it was at first with fear and uncertainty. "And if John should *not* come in time, John will find out where I am. He will come and see me, or he will send. I know the man he will send — Pastro; I can see his short, black, curling hair, his flat cap and earrings, his red, thick bull's neck, his dark skin, his sailorly roll. He 'll hang round till he sees me; and John won't be far off — and if I am unhappy — and I know I shall be unhappy — I shall tell John; or, or, or — *Chenage might have an invitation to go with John.*"

Her face flushed, her eyes danced with delight. She flung herself upon the bed to luxuriate in such a delectable scheme of revenge. Every now and then she laughed softly to her

pillow. She might have to be gracious and humble for a little while, but oh, the rapture, the delirious rapture of her revenge!

"And I shall not blame myself," she murmured complacently; "'t will be his own fault. He has lent father money purposely for this end. Neither will I blame father. I warrant he thinks he gets me cheap at a few hundred pounds. A dear wife I will be to him! O Roger Chenage! Roger Chenage! You shall find out how sharp are a woman's secret teeth."

In a couple of hours she had quite accepted the situation; nay, she even felt a wicked exultation in it. Nor must we blame her beyond reason. The women of every age are in a measure what the age makes them. Cromwell's age was an heroic one; everything, good or bad, took on large proportions. The good women had opportunities for amazing faith, for great self-denial and magnanimous deeds; the evil women were driven by the same circumstances into vast oppositions. They did, and they suffered, gigantic wrongs; and they had all the facilities for outrageous revenges. Betrayed confidences could send men to prison or to the scaffold, a little sinful gold sell them into hopeless slavery, a planned jealousy deliver them to be spitted on a rival's sword. Anastasia, looking at her wrongs in the light of her own time, saw how she might rid herself of an unwelcome husband; kidnapping, slavery, death — these were her weapons. Had she lived A. D. 1890, she would have simply gone to the divorce court.

After she had come to a firm and clear decision she went to sleep. The thought of murder was in her heart, but she called it revenge, and it did not trouble her. Besides, she had also made an agreement with herself that if Chenage behaved properly to her father and to herself she would do him no physical harm. In that case, if she found life intolerable at Chenage Grange,—and she was sure it would be so,—she would go with John, and Chenage would only have to fume a little over his runaway bride.

He was that night in Kendal waiting for Anastasia's decision. De Burg had promised him it in the morning. And he occupied the room in the Crown Inn which Nathaniel had occupied two nights previously. Oh the secrets that the four walls of a room keep! Prayer, and anxious loving thoughts, and talks with conscience, and calm virtuous sleep; that was the record Nathaniel Kelder left on them. Chenage was under the influence of a brutal and selfish passion. His mutterings were full of hatred of De Burg. He grudged the money he had loaned; he was trying to invent some plan by which he could evade the payment of the further sum promised. When he thought especially of Anastasia it was with mingled curses on her power over him and ejaculations on her beauty. He made himself great promises of the revenges he would take for all the heart torment she had given him and all the money she had cost him. Was this record also written there? O changing guests of inns and homes! —

> May not the ancient room you sit in dwell
> In separate loving souls, for joy or pain?
> Nay, all its corners may be painted plain
> Where heaven shows pictures of some life spent well,
> Or may be stamped — a memory, all in vain —
> Upon the sight of lidless eyes in hell.

The morning was a dull, rainy one. It broke austerely. The wind lashed the boughs of the trees and gave them a doleful aspect, and the very sky seemed flattened under the pouring rain which drowned the horizon. But Anastasia was not affected by atmospheric influence; she had a vague passing pity for the cows browsing in the wet grass of the distant meadows, but she turned from the window to the mirror with a mind perfectly settled on her own affairs. Rain or shine, she knew the way she was going, and at the moment when she put her bare feet upon the polished oak of the floor she began to take it.

She dressed a trifle more carelessly than usual. She was not going to give herself any particular trouble about Roger Chenage. Her sacrifice was granted, but why deck it with pink bows? Otherwise there was no difference in her appearance. She met her father with a smile, and De Burg was grateful for it. He looked haggard and weary, for he had really passed an anxious and sleepless night. Truly he wanted his own way, but he wanted it without serious pain to Anastasia. So her smile was better than sunshine to him. He kissed her voluntarily, a favor so unusual that it made her cheeks flame with pleasure. She felt at that moment as if it would be a joy to use Chenage in any way necessary for the welfare of De Burg.

De Burg read her like a printed page. He perceived that in her present mood he might resign everything in order to gain everything; and, as he anticipated, she refused to accept this surrender.

"'T is not to be thought of," she answered. "I shall manage Chenage to my own purposes very well, father; and if he mistreat me, I warrant he will do so at his own peril. My only affliction is that I must lose you."

"'T will not be for long, Asia. I may promise you so much."

"And when the king comes home you will be with him, and you will send for me to London, and I shall see the new Spring Garden,

and disport myself at the court masques and balls."

"You shall, surely! You have been kind and obedient to me, Asia. When Chenage comes this morning give him the earliest day for my sake."

"A month hence?"

"Do you dream? A week hence is too late."

"'T is impossible! And surely you have some arrangements to make. Money is but the first. What conveyance have you to the coast?"

"My own horse will take me to Whitehaven bravely."

"It will not carry you across seas."

"Le Tall has a friend, whose ship is now unloading at Whitehaven, from the Barbadoes. It waits for me, and will go so far out of its course as to drop me upon French soil. And if I forget you for an hour, Asia, 't will be against my will; though for the present I must content myself with the belief that Chenage has a distracting love for you."

"The ways of love are many. Chenage will vow you black and blue that his is one of them. It will pass at that!" And she shrugged her shoulders with a scorn that words would vainly have tried to express.

"He hath a good name also. Le Tall said to me but yesterday that no merry party would willingly want him."

"I 'll warrant it so. Few men care to show their private faces in public."

"And 't is a common report, among those who profess to know, that Old Noll hath not many days to live. Then we may hope —"

"I will none of Hope. She is an old gipsy, forever prophesying lies. She told me I was to go to Paris with you, and then fled away before Necessity, who sends me to Chenage, without an ah! or oh! or how! about it."

"'T is all contrary to my desire. Chenage will be here anon; I will leave you to take care of your own affairs."

"Have no fear. He shall take care of yours also. 'T is not my nature to put my father at the feet of any other man."

He was really too troubled to answer; but Anastasia understood his set white face and drooping head, and when his misty eyes flashed one look at her they touched the girl deeper than Chenage might ever hope to do. She even found a kind of pleasure in the thought that she might use Chenage to ransom her father's honor and fortune. And yet 't was but a poor pleasure, leaving behind it a bitter sense of wrong to her own life and hopes.

After De Burg left the room it seemed inexpressibly dreary, and as she walked restlessly about it a Hindu idol, upon a shelf filled with Asiatic curiosities, attracted her attention — such a melancholy, hideous, dropsied, gloomy god, simian and obscene, with half-closed eyes and sempiternal smile. She stood musingly before it.

"'T is said that mostly women pray to it. What misery women do endure; for where that horror is the likeness of a god, conceive me what the men may be! Certainly Chenage is something better, or 't is to be hoped so. And if Chenage is my fate, I will not cross destiny, for 't is to cross my luck. But, oh, the bitterness of it! Chenage, whom I have mocked and despised! Chenage, whom I have vowed never to marry! Chenage, of all men, to open the door of my future home! 'T is beyond belief! 'T is beyond endurance!"

But Anastasia was only experiencing one of those contradictions of fortune which in all ages have been a lament. Can any man or woman say, "I will not enter a certain dwelling"? The swift changes of life may bring them to its threshold, may push them in, and they not even dream of escaping. Therefore the wise defile not any well, because they may yet have to drink of its water.

## X.

### A MEETING.

"O sad bride, feigning to be what thou art not!
Veiling with smiles thy fears of wrong, thy dreams
of quick vengeance."

"All strangest things the multitudinous years
Bring forth, and shadow from us all we know;
Falter alike great oath and steeled resolve,
And none shall say of aught, 'This may not be.'"

JENIFER WARING was a woman of sorrowful spirit; one who never sunned herself on the mountain tops of her faith. Though her Bible told her that "the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," she preferred to think of Jehovah as a niggardly dispenser of happiness, delighting to feed his people with the bread and water of affliction. So she looked with distrust on the happy confidence which enabled Olivia to stay her heart on God. "These were days of great spiritual warfare, and she herself was thankful if she might only dip her parched corn in the vinegar. How then should a child like Olivia have the banqueting-house and the banner of Love over her?"

For Olivia's soul was a garden, Jenifer's a lonely, complaining place, and she wondered how Olivia, resting on the Lord to do all things well, could not only quiet her heart in that assurance, but also keep her tongue from reproaching those who had done her wrong. Jenifer wished to discuss all the circumstances which had brought Roger Prideaux into trouble, and her womanly instincts told her that there had been something between Anastasia and

Olivia which the examination in Kendal had not reached. She judged it concerned Nathaniel Kelder, and she enjoyed a love affair, if it did not run straight and found plenty of crosses on its crooked road. But about personal matters Olivia was exceedingly reticent, and reticence between women is an attitude capable of causing great heart-burning.

Olivia, then, did not satisfy her protector's hopes. She had looked forward to weeping with her; to a luxury of spiritual and earthly complaining which would have been better than singing to Jenifer. But Olivia's serenity and guarded speech gave her no such opportunities. She also took some credit to herself for the open confession of her opinions involved in her kindness, especially as she had decidedly crossed the wish of her more prudent husband in order to make it. Herein doubtless lay her compensation, for Justice Waring was a masterful man at home. But this was an occasion of self-assertion which could be grounded upon conscience, and the strictest domestic martinets generally find themselves unable to face a woman crossing their orders "for conscience' sake."

And Jenifer recalled frequently, and with pleasure, the face of her husband when he saw his coach standing at the door of the Town Hall and heard her say that she thought it her "duty to take charge of the young daughter of Roger Prideaux." He had not dared to oppose her lest he should be publicly resisted. Jenifer smiled when she thought of that moment.

Besides, she would have the pleasure of telling George Fox what she had done. For she gave to Fox that reverent admiration which women give to men who are lords of themselves and others; that pure feminine admiration, having in it no element of sin, because given to attributes, and only affecting the individual as the representative and interpreter of them.

It was on the morning of the fourth day after the trial that Nathaniel came for Olivia, and about noon she was ready to depart. Justice Waring's house was on the main street, but the shopkeepers were mostly in their parlors eating their dinners, and the Stricklandgate was as quiet as if it were the noon of night instead of day. Nathaniel was by the open coach with his handsome face lifted to the door of the house. For on the topmost step of the flight leading to it Mistress Waring stood, holding Olivia's hand. They made a picture worth taking into the memory; the large, comely, richly dressed matron, and the slight, fair girl with her composed manner and innocent face. Her white sarcenet hood made a soft radiance round it, and the somber plainness of her dress received an air of freshness and sweetness from the roses and mignonette she carried in her hand.

There was a silk-mercer's shop adjoining the Warings' house, and as Mistress Waring stood holding Olivia's hand, and Nathaniel stood smiling and watching them, the shop door tinkled sharply, and Roger Chenage and Anastasia de Burg came out together. Anastasia had been choosing her wedding dress, and was in a temper of scoffing mirth, while Chenage, in a sulky admiration, was trying to understand her.

Just at that moment the bells began a noonday chime, and Chenage made some reference to their wedding peal. She looked at him with contempt, and, tossing her head, saucily answered:

"A wedding peal! Nay, we will have a noise of trumpets; or, better still, the butchers shall ring us a triple major with their knives and cleavers. Sure I have heard that when the king brought home his queen the London butchers on Ludgate Hill made a pretty enough music so. I swear we will have the butchers."

"Take a care, mistress. You are going beyond my understanding."

"'T would be no hard thing to do that"; and then suddenly both her feet and her tongue received a momentary check. She saw the little tableau at Justice Waring's door, and by a glance directed the attention of Chenage to it. The sight infuriated Anastasia, and she believed it had been deliberately planned for her mortification. Yet, with a bitter laugh, she advised Chenage to study the devotion of the Puritan lover.

Chenage defended himself with a sullen justice. "When will you look at me as that girl looks at Kelder?" he asked. "By my soul! a man could catch love from her eyes."

He was swinging his feathered hat angrily, and trying to carry his finery with the air of one who knew sword and buckler; but it was hard work with Anastasia's cold eyes upon him and her sneering words in his ears.

"Fortune is a jade!" she cried; "an ill jade, or she had given me a Puritan lover. How I should adore one! How becoming is their dress! How refined and gentle their manners! They do not dice, nor drink, nor dance. Loving is their only vice, and I vow they love to perfection! That man touches the girl as if she were the Virgin Mary. He speaks to her as if he said, 'Your Majesty.' Ah, me! I would I had a Puritan lover."

She looked in his face so directly and with such glinting eyes that he knew not whether she was in jest or in earnest; in fact, she knew not herself which of the passions rioting in her heart was chief over the rest. In a few moments the coach overtook them, passed them, and so went slowly out of sight. It was open to the

sunshine and the breeze, and Olivia was its sole occupant. She sat in it like a child, with the same air of simplicity and unconsciousness. Nathaniel rode his own horse, guiding it, as Anastasia noticed, so close to Olivia's side that he could bend low enough to catch her conversation.

Olivia looked not to the right or the left; but she received in some momentary glance the knowledge that it was Chenage and Anastasia she was passing. Eyes raining evil influence were upon her; but her will of goodness was equal to Anastasia's will of wickedness, and she would not turn her face to the handsome one regarding her with such malignant authority. Nathaniel, on the contrary, looked steadfastly at the couple, and the haughty, passionate girl felt the quick pang of his penetrating, reproachful glance. She threw her head a little backward, and lifted her flowing skirt to exhibit her spangled shoes. For she was wearing her most splendid clothes, having determined during the interval of courtship to make Chenage visit her mercer and her tailor to abundant advantage. She glittered in silk and silver and gems; she moved to the nodding of plumes, and waving of lace, and flaunting of ribbons; and the fresh wind caught from her fluttering trappings the waft of lavender and precious Eastern scents. A few years later Nathaniel wondered if John Milton had been in Kendal that day, and he smiled as he opened the "Samson Agonistes" and read that question in it which so perfectly described the girl.

> But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
> Female of sex it seems,
> That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
> Comes this way, sailing
> Like a stately ship
> Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
> Of Javan or Gadire,
> With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
> Sails filled, and streamers waving,
> Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
> An amber scent of odorous perfume
> Her harbinger.

Yet this picture, vivid as it was, took but a moment to impress itself, and even shared that moment with its companion picture — an equally bedizened man, his hair in long scented curls, his feathered beaver swinging in his hand, and his large brown face turned with insolent and sullen anger upon the young girl in the coach and the young man riding at her side.

"I shall go mad with the insolence of that fellow," he said; for he was not oblivious of Nathaniel's glance, nor yet of the power it had over Anastasia; and as he uttered the words he dashed his beaver passionately against his right knee.

"Then you may go mad without my help. I am indifferent to the disagreeable creatures."

"I will pistol him before your face if I see your eyes on him again."

"Are you so far gone in jealousy? Ha! ha! Is your neck clothed with thunder? Do you commonly drink brandy and gunpowder, sir? Let me tell you Nathaniel Kelder hath brave blood in every vein, and it is not your hand will ever let it."

"It seemeth to me that he ought to be in my place."

"As I am convinced that you love me, I will own that he would be even more disagreeable. I have but a slim chance of ruling you. I should be a slave under Nat Kelder's will."

"Nay, then, Anastasia, you may rule me to your heart's content, I am so far gone with you. Thank your stars, my girl, that fortune has given you a husband so much your slave."

But she was far from being thankful. She was sullen and ill-natured, and indulged herself in such sarcastic speeches as made her lover explode with laughter and burn with indignation at the same moment. They called this wooing, and bandied their veiled words backward and forward with smiles and stolen kisses. But in his heart Chenage was promising himself a full indemnity after marriage, and Anastasia's eyes saw coming towards her the swift-winged ship which would bring her a perfect satisfaction and a perfect freedom. So ready a creditor is the future to the dissatisfied. It promises anything, everything; it willingly accepts mortgage after mortgage upon its unrealized happiness, and then, with sudden calamity or slow agonizing delays, forecloses on life, and turns the bankrupt heart out of home and out of hope.

At the same time Olivia and Nathaniel went slowly through the scented lanes between Kendal and Sandys. They were in no hurry. Nathaniel dismounted to gather her some bluebells, and having done so he hung his bridle over his arm and walked by the side of the coach. They talked in that low voice which lovers naturally choose, and yet their matter of conversation was nothing to such special purpose. But Love has all things, all words, all looks, all motions for his own. He can vow affection without a word, and give everything in the transfer of a glance.

(To be continued.)

*Amelia E. Barr.*

# FARRAGUT. (MOBILE BAY, 5TH AUGUST, 1864.)

FARRAGUT, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,
Watches the hoary mist
Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
Looms the black fleet.
Hark, deck to rampart calls
With the drums' beat!
Buoy your chains overboard,
While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar
Clear the boy sings,
"By the mark fathoms four,"
While his lead swings.
Steady the wheelmen five
"Nor' by East keep her,"
"Steady," but two alive;
How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways
Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads—Farragut,
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
Tops a green vale;
Men thy bold deeds shall tell,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke!

*William T. Meredith.*

# POSTHUMOUS FAME; OR, A LEGEND OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

I.

THERE once lived in a great city, where the dead were all but innumerable, a young man by the name of Nicholas Vane, who possessed a singular genius for the making of tombstones. So beautiful they were, and so fitly designed to express either the shadowy pain of mortal memory or the bright forecasting of eternal hope, that all persons were held fortunate who could secure them for the calm resting-places of their beloved sleepers. Indeed, the curious tale was whispered round that the bereft were not his only patrons; that certain personages who were peculiarly ambitious of posthumous fame — seeing they had not long to live, and feeling unwilling to intrust others with the grave responsibility of having them commemorated — had gone to his shop and secretly advised with him respecting such monuments as might best preserve their memories from too swift oblivion.

However this may fall out, certain it is that his calling had its secrets; and once he was known rather pregnantly to observe that no man could ever understand the human heart until he had become a maker of tombstones. Whether or not the knowledge thus derived would make of one a laughing or a weeping philosopher, Nicholas himself remained a joyous type of youthful manhood — so joyous, in fact, that a friend of his who wrought in color, strolling one day into the workshop where Nicholas stood surrounded by the exquisite shapes of memorial marbles, had asked to paint the scene as a representation of Life chiseling to its beautiful purposes the rugged symbols of Death, and smiling as it wove the words of love and trust across the stony proofs of the universal tragedy. Afterwards, it is true, a great change was wrought in the young artisan.

He had just come in one morning and paused to look around at the various finished and unfinished mortuary designs.

"Truly," he said to himself all at once, "if I were a wise man, I 'd begin the day's business by chiseling away at my own headstone. For who knows but that before sunset my brother the grave-digger may be told to build me one of the houses that last till doomsday! And what man could then make the monument to stop the door of *my* house with? But why should I have a monument? If I lie beneath it, I shall not know I lie there. If I lie not there, then it will not stand over me. So whether I lie there, or lie not there, what will it matter to me then? Ay; but what if, being dead but to this world and living in another, I should yet look on the monument erected to my memory and therefore be the happier? I know not, nor to what end we are vexed with this desire to be remembered after death. The prospect of vanishing from this poor, toilsome life fills us with such consternation and pain! It is therefore that we strive to impress ourselves ineffaceably on the race, as though, after we had gone hence, or ceased to be, we should still have incorporeal habitation among all coming generations."

Here he was interrupted by a low knock at the door. Bidden to come in, there entered a man of delicate physiognomy, who threw a hurried glance around and inquired in an anxious tone:

"Sir, are you alone?"

"I am never alone," replied Nicholas in a ringing voice; "for I dwell hard by the gateway of life and death, through which a multitude is always passing."

"Not so loud, I beseech you!" said the visitor, stretching forth his thin, white hands with eager deprecation. "I would not, for the world, have any one discover that I have been here."

"Are you then a personage of such importance to the world?" said Nicholas, smiling, seeing that the stranger's appearance argued no worldly consideration whatsoever. The suit of black, which his frail figure seemed to shrink away from with very sensitiveness, was glossy and pathetic with more than one covert patch. His shoes were dust-covered and worn. His long hair went round his head in a swirl, and he bore himself with an air of damaged, apologetic self-appreciation.

"I am a poet," he murmured with a flush of pain, dropping his large mournful eyes beneath the scrutiny of one who might be an unsympathetic listener. "I am a poet, and I have come to speak with you privately of my — of the — of a monument. I am afraid I shall be forgotten. It is a terrible thought."

"Can you not trust your poems to keep you

remembered?" asked Nicholas, with more kindliness.

"I could if they were as widely read as they should be." He appeared emboldened by his hearer's gentleness. "But, to confess the truth, I have not been accepted by my age. That, indeed, should give me no pain, since I have not written for it, but for the great future to which alone I look for my fame."

"Then why not look to it for your monument also?"

"Ah, sir!" he cried, "there are so many poets in the world, that I might be entirely overlooked by posterity, did there not descend to it some sign that I was held in honor by my own generation."

"Have you never noticed," he continued, with more earnestness, "that when strangers visit a cemetery they pay no attention to the thousands of little headstones that lie scattered close to the ground, but hunt out the highest monuments, to learn in whose honor they were erected? Have you never heard them exclaim: 'Yonder is a great monument! A great man must be buried there. Let us go and find out who he was and what he did, to be so celebrated.' Oh, sir, you and I know that this is a poor way of reasoning, since the greatest monuments are not always set over the greatest men. Still the custom has wrought its good effects, and splendid memorials do serve to make known in years to come those whom they commemorate, by inciting posterity to search for their actions or revive their thoughts. I warrant you the mere bust of Homer—"

"You are not mentioning yourself in the same breath with Homer, I hope," said Nicholas, with great good humor.

"My poems are as dear to me as Homer's were to him," replied the poet, his eyes filling.

"What if you *are* forgotten? Is it not enough for the poet to have lived for the sake of beauty?"

"No!" he cried passionately. "What you say is a miserable error. For the very proof of the poet's vocation is in creating the beautiful. But how know he has created it? By his own mind? Alas! the poet's mind tells him only what is beautiful to *him*. It is by fame that he knows it — fame, the gratitude of men for the beauty he has revealed to them! What is so sweet, then, as the knowledge that fame has come to him already, or surely awaits him after he is dead?"

"We labor under some confusion of ideas, I fear," said Nicholas, "and besides are losing time. What kind of mon—"

"That I leave to you," interrupted the poet. "Only I should like my monument to be beautiful. Ah, if you but knew how all through this poor life of mine I have loved the beautiful! Never, never have I drawn near it in any visible form without almost holding my breath as though I were looking deep, deep into God's opened eyes. But it was of the epitaph I wished to speak."

Hereupon with a deeper flush he drew from a large inside breast-pocket, that seemed to have been made for the purpose, a worn duodecimo volume, and fell to turning the much-fingered pages.

"This," he murmured fondly, without looking up, "is the complete collection of my poems."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Nicholas, with deep compassion.

"Yes, my complete collection. I have written a great deal more, and should have liked to publish all that I have written. But it was necessary to select, and I have included here only what it was intolerable to see wasted. There is nothing I value more than a group of elegiac poems which every single member of my large family — who are fine critics — and all my friends pronounce very beautiful. I think it would be a good idea to inscribe a selection from one on my monument, since those who read the selection would wish to read the entire poem, and those who read the entire poem would wish to read the entire collection. I shall now favor you with these elegies."

"I should be happy to hear them; but my time," said Nicholas, courteously. "The living are too impatient to wait on me; the dead too patient to be defrauded."

"Surely you would not refuse to hear one of them," exclaimed the poet, his eyes flashing.

"Read *one*, by all means." Nicholas seated himself on a monumental lamb.

The poet passed one hand gently across his forehead, as though to brush away the stroke of rudeness; then fixing upon Nicholas a look of infinite remoteness, he read as follows:

"He suffered, but he murmured not;
To every storm he bared his breast;
He asked but for the common lot—
To be a man among the rest.

"Here lies he now—"

"If you ask but for the common lot," interrupted Nicholas, "you should rest content to be forgotten."

But before the poet could reply, a loud knock caused him to flap the leaves of the "Complete Collection" together with one hand, while with the other he gathered the tails of his long coat about him as though preparing to pass through some difficult aperture. The momentary exaltation of his mood, how-

ever, still showed itself in the look and tone of proud condescension with which he said to Nicholas:

"Permit me to retire at once by some private pass-way."

Nicholas led him to a door in the rear of the shop, and there with a smile and a tear stood for a moment watching the precipitate figure of the retreating bard, who suddenly paused when in the act of disappearing, and tore open the breast of his coat to assure himself that his beloved elegies were resting safe across his heart.

The second visitor was of another sort. He hobbled on a cork leg, but inexorably disciplined the fleshly one into the pathetic semblance of old-time firmness and precision. A faded military cloak draped his stalwart figure. Part of one bushy gray eyebrow had been chipped away by the same sword-cut that left its scar across his battle-beaten face.

"I have come to speak with you about my monument," he said in a gruff voice that seemed to issue from the mouth of a rusty cannon. "Those of my old comrades that did not fall at my side are dead. My wife died long ago, and my little children. I am old and forgotten. It is a time of peace. There 's not a boy who will now listen to me while I tell of my campaigns. I live alone. Were I to die to-morrow my grave might not have so much as a headstone. It might be taken for that of a coward. Make me a monument for a true soldier."

"Your grateful country will do that," said Nicholas.

"Ha?" exclaimed the veteran, whom the shock of battle had made deaf long ago.

"Your country," shouted Nicholas close to his ear, "Your country — will erect a monument — to your memory."

"My country!" The words were shot out with a reverberating, melancholy boom. "My country will do no such thing. How many millions of soldiers have fallen on her battle-fields! Where are their monuments? They would make her one vast cemetery."

"But is it not enough for you *to have been* a true soldier? Why wish to be known and remembered for it?"

"I know I do not wish to be forgotten," he replied simply. "I know I take pleasure in the thought that long after I am forgotten there will be a tongue in my monument to cry out to every passing stranger, 'Here lies the body of a true soldier.' It is a great thing to be brave!"

"Is, then, this monument to be erected in honor of bravery, or of yourself?"

"There is no difference," said the veteran, bluntly. "Bravery *is* myself."

"It is bravery," he continued in husky tones, and with a mist gathering in his eyes that made him wink as though he were trying to see through the smoke of battle — "it is bravery that I see most clearly in the character of God. What would become of us if he were a coward? I serve him as my brave commander; and though I am stationed far from him and may be faint and sorely wounded, I know that he is somewhere on the battlefield, and that I shall see him at last, approaching me as he moves up and down among the ranks."

"But you say that your country does not notice you — that you have no friends; do you, then, feel no resentment?"

"None, none," he answered quickly, though his head dropped on his bosom.

"And you wish to be remembered by a world that is willing to forget you?"

He lifted his head proudly. "There are many true men in the world," he said, "and it has much to think of. I owe it all I can give, all I can bequeath; and I can bequeath it nothing but the memory of a true man."

One day, not long after this, there came into the workshop of Nicholas a venerable man of the gravest, sweetest, and most scholarly aspect, who spoke not a word until he had led Nicholas to the front window and pointed a trembling finger at a distant church spire.

"You see yon spire?" he said. "It almost pierces the clouds. In the church beneath I have preached to men and women for nearly fifty years. Many that I have christened at the font I have married at the altar; many of these I have sprinkled with dust. What have I not done for them in sorrow and want! How have I not toiled to set them in the way of purer pleasures and to anchor their tempest-tossed hopes! And yet how soon they will forget me! Already many say I am too old to preach. Too old! I preach better than I ever did in my life. Yet it may be my lot to wander down into the deep valley, an idle shepherd with an idle crook. I have just come from the writing of my next sermon, in which I exhort my people to strive that their names be not written on earthly monuments or human hearts, but in the Book of Life. It is my sublimest theme. If I am ever eloquent, if I am ever persuasive, if I ever for one moment draw aside to spiritual eyes the veil that discloses the calm, enrapturing vistas of eternity, it is when I measure my finite strength against this mighty task. But why? Because they are the sermons of my own aspiration. I preach them to my own soul. Face to face with that naked soul I pen those sermons — pen them when all are asleep save the sleepless Eye that is upon me. Even in the light of that Eye do I recoil from the thought of being forgotten.

How clearly I foresee it! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Where then will be my doctrines, my prayers, my sermons?"

"Is it not enough for you to have scattered your handful of good broadcast, to ripen as endlessly as the grass? What if they that gather know naught of him that sowed?"

"It is not enough. I should like the memory of *me* to live on and on in the world, inseparable from the good I may have done. What am I but the good that is in me? 'T is this that links me to the infinite and the perfect. Does not the Perfect One wish his goodness to be associated with his name? No! No! I do not wish to be forgotten!"

"It is mere vanity."

"Not vanity," said the aged servitor, meekly. "Wait until you are old, till the grave is at your helpless feet: it is the love of life."

But some years later there befell Nicholas an event that transcended all past experiences and left its impress on his whole subsequent life.

II.

THE hour had passed when any one was likely to enter his shop. A few rays of pale sunlight, straggling in through crevices of the door, rested like a dying halo on the heads of the monumental figures grouped around. Shadows, creeping upward from the ground, shrouded all else in thin, penetrable half-gloom, through which the stark gray emblems of mortality sent forth more solemn suggestions. A sudden sense of the earthly tragedy overwhelmed him. The chisel and the hammer dropped from his hands; and resting his head on the block he had been carving, he gave himself up to that mood of dim, distant reverie in which the soul seems to soar and float far above the shock and din of the world's disturbing nearness. On his all but oblivious ear, like the faint washings of some remote sea, beat the waves of the city's tide-driven life in streets outside. The room itself seemed hushed to the awful stillness of the high aërial spaces. Then all at once this stillness was broken by a voice, low, clear, and tremulous, saying close to his ear:

"Are you the maker of gravestones?"

"That is my sad calling," he cried bitterly, starting up with instinctive forebodings.

He saw before him a veiled figure. To support herself, she rested one hand on the block he had been carving, while she pressed the other against her heart, as though to stifle pain.

"Whose monument is this?"

"A neglected poet's who died not long ago. Soon perhaps I shall be making one for an old soldier, and one for a holy man, whose soul, I hear, is about to be dismissed."

"Are not some monuments sadder to make than others?"

"Ay, truly."

"What is the saddest you ever made?"

"The saddest monument I ever made was one for a poor mother who had lost her only son. One day a woman came in who had no sooner entered than she sat down and gave way to a passionate outburst of grief."

"'My good woman,' I said, 'why do you weep so bitterly?'

"'Do not call me good,' she moaned, and hid her face.

"I then perceived her fallen character. When she recovered self-control she drew from her sinful bosom an old purse filled with coins of different values.

"'Why do you give me this?' I asked.

"'It is to pay for a monument for my son,' she said, and the storm of her grief swept over her again.

"I learned that for years she had toiled and starved to hoard up a sum with which to build a monument to his memory; for he had never failed of his duty to her after all others had cast her out. Certainly he had his reward, not in the monument, but in the repentance which came to her after his death. I have never seen such sorrow for evil as the memory of his love wrought in her. For herself she desired only that the spot where she should be buried might be unknown. This longing to be forgotten has led me, among other things, to believe that none desire to be remembered for the evil that is in them, but only for some truth, or beauty, or goodness by which they have linked their individual lives to the general life of the race. Even the lying epitaphs in cemeteries prove how we would fain have the dead arrayed on the side of right in the thoughts of their survivors. This wretched mother and human outcast, believing herself to have lost everything that makes it well to be remembered, craved only the mercy of forgetfulness."

"And yet I think she died a Christian soul."

"You knew her, then?"

"I was with her in her last hours. She told me her story. She told me also of you, and that you would accept nothing for the monument you were at such care to make. It is perhaps for this reason that I have felt some desire to see you, and that I am here now to speak with you of —"

A shudder passed over her.

"After all, that was not a sad but a joyous monument to fashion," she added abruptly.

"Ay, it was joyous. But to me the joyous and the sad are much allied in the things of this life."

"And yet there might be one monument wholly sad, might there not?"

"There might be, but I know not whose it would be."

"If she you love should die, would not hers be so?"

"Until I love, and she I love is dead, I cannot know," said Nicholas, smiling.

"What builds the most monuments?" she asked, quickly, as though to retreat from her levity.

"Pride builds many — splendid ones. Gratitude builds some, forgiveness some, and pity some. But faith builds more than all these, though often poor, humble ones; and love! — love builds more than all things else together."

"And what, of all things that monuments are built in memory of, is most loved and soonest forgotten?" she asked, with intensity.

"Nay, I cannot tell that."

"Is it not a beautiful woman? This, you say, is the monument of a poet. After the poet grows old, men love him for the songs he sang; they love the old soldier for the battles he fought, and the preacher for his remembered prayers. But a woman! Who loves her for the beauty she once possessed, or rather regards her not with the more distaste? Is there in all history a figure so lonely and despised as that of the woman who, once the most beautiful in the world, crept back into her native land a withered hag? Or, if a woman die while she is yet beautiful, how long is she remembered? Her beauty is like heat and light — powerful only for those who feel and see it."

But Nicholas had scarcely heard her. His eyes had become riveted upon her hand, which rested on the marble, as white as though grown out of it under the labors of his chisel.

"My lady," he said, with the deepest respect, "will you permit me to look at your hand? I have carved many a one in marble, and studied many a one in life; but never have I seen anything so beautiful as yours."

He took it with an artist's impetuosity and bent over it, laying its palm against one of his own and striking it softly with the other. The blood leaped through his heart, and he suddenly touched it with his lips.

"God only can make the hand beautiful," he said.

Displaced by the arm he had upraised, the light fabric that had concealed her figure parted on her bosom and slipped to the ground. His eyes swept over the perfect shape that stood revealed. The veil still concealed her face. The strangely mingled emotions that had been deepening within him all this time now blent themselves in one irrepressible wish.

"Will you permit me to see your face?"

She drew quickly back. A subtle pain was in his voice as he cried:

"O my lady! I ask it as one who has pure eyes for the beautiful."

"My face belongs to my past. It has been my sorrow; it is nothing now."

"Only permit me to see it!"

"Is there no other face you would rather see?"

Who can fathom the motive of a woman's questions?

"None, none!"

She drew aside her veil, and her eyes rested quietly on his like a revelation. So young she was as hardly yet to be a woman, and her beauty had in it that seraphic purity and mysterious pathos which is never seen in a woman's face until the touch of another world has chastened her spirit into the resignation of a saint. The heart of Nicholas was wrung by the sight of it with a sudden sense of inconsolable loss and longing.

"O my lady!" he cried, sinking on one knee and touching his lips to her hand with greater gentleness. "Do you indeed think the beauty of a woman so soon forgotten? As long as I live, yours will be as fresh in my memory as it was the moment after I first saw it in its perfection and felt its power."

"Do not recall to me the sorrow of such thoughts." She touched her heart. "My heart is a tired hour-glass. Already the sands are well-nigh run through. Any hour it may stop, and then — out like a light! Shapeless ashes! I have loved life well, but not so well that I have not been able to prepare to leave it."

She spoke with the utmost simplicity and calmness; yet her eyes were turned with unspeakable sadness towards the shadowy recesses of the room, where from their pedestals the monumental figures all looked down upon her as though they would have opened their marble lips and said, "Poor child! Poor child!"

"I have had my wish to see you and to see this place. Before long some one will come here to have you carve a monument to the most perishable of all things. Like the poor mother who had no wish to be remembered —"

Nicholas was moved to the deepest.

"I have but little skill," he said. "The great God did not bestow on me the genius of his favorite children of sculpture. But if so sad and sacred a charge should ever become mine, with his help I will rear such a monument to your memory that as long as it stands none who see it will ever be able to forget you. Year after year your memory shall grow as a legend of the beautiful."

When she was gone he sat self-forgetful until the darkness grew impenetrable. As he

groped his way out at last along the thick guide-posts of death, her voice seemed to float towards him from every headstone, her name to be written in every epitaph.

The next day a shadow brooded over the place. Day by day it deepened. He went out to seek intelligence of her. In the quarter of the city where she lived he discovered that her name had already become a nucleus around which were beginning to cluster many little legends of the beautiful. He had but to hear recitals of her deeds of kindness and mercy. For the chance of seeing her again, he began to haunt the neighborhood; then having seen her, he only returned to his shop the victim of more unavailing desire. All things combined to awake in him that passion of love whose roots are nourished in the soul's finest soil of pity and hopelessness. Once or twice, under some pretext, he made bold to accost her; and once, under the stress of his stricken passion, he mutely lifted his eyes, confessing his love; but hers were turned aside.

Meantime he began to dream in a sad way of the monument he chose to consider she had committed to his making. It should be the triumph of his art; but more, it would represent in stone the indissoluble union of his love with her memory. Through him alone would she enter upon her long after-life of saintlike reminiscence.

When the tidings of her death came he soon sprang up from the prostration of his grief with a burning desire to consummate his beloved work.

"Year after year your memory shall grow as a legend of the beautiful."

These words now became the inspiration of his masterpiece. Day and night it took shape in the rolling chaos of his sorrow. What sculptor in all the world ever espoused the execution of a work that lured more irresistibly from their hiding-places the shy and tender ministers of his genius? What one ever explored with greater boldness the utmost limits of artistic expression, or wrought in sterner defiance of the laws of our common forgetfulness?

III.

One afternoon, when people thronged the great cemetery of the city, a strolling group were held fascinated by the unique loveliness of a newly erected monument.

"Never," they exclaimed, "have we seen so exquisite a masterpiece. In whose honor is it erected?"

But when they drew nearer, they found carved on it simply a woman's name.

"Who was she?" they asked, puzzled and disappointed. "Is there no epitaph?"

"Ay," spoke up a young man lying on the grass and eagerly watching the spectators. "Ay, a very fitting epitaph."

"Where is it?"

"Carved on the heart of the monument!" he cried, in a tone of triumph.

"On the heart of the monument? Then we cannot see it."

"It is not meant to be seen."

"How do *you* know of it?"

"I made the monument."

"Then tell us what it is."

"It cannot be told. It is there only because it is unknown."

"Out on you! You play your pranks with the living and the dead."

"You will live to regret this day," said a thoughtful bystander. "You have tampered with the memory of the dead."

"Why, look you, good people," cried Nicholas, springing up and approaching his beautiful master-work. He rested one hand lovingly against it and glanced around him pale with repressed excitement, as though a long-looked-for moment had at length arrived. "I play no pranks with the living or the dead. Young as I am, I have fashioned many monuments, as this cemetery will testify. But I make no more. This is my last; and as it is the last, so it is the greatest. For I have fashioned it in such love and sorrow for her who lies beneath it as you can never know. If it is beautiful, it is yet an unworthy emblem of that brief and transporting beauty which was hers; and I have planted it here beside her grave, that as a delicate white flower it may exhale the perfume of her memory for centuries to come.

"Tell me," he went on, his lips trembling, his voice faltering with the burden of oppressive hope — "tell me, you who behold it now, do you not wed her memory deathlessly to it? To its fair shape, its native and unchanging purity?"

"Ay," they interrupted impatiently. "But the epitaph?"

"Ah!" he cried, with tenderer feeling, "beautiful as it is to the eye, it would be no fit emblem of her had it not something sacred hidden within. For she was not lovely to the sense alone, but had a perfect heart. So I have placed that within the monument which is its heart and typifies hers. And, mark you!" he cried, in a voice of such awful warning that those standing nearest him instinctively shrank back, "the one is as inviolable as the other. No more could you rend the heart from the human bosom than this epitaph from the monument. My deep and lasting curse on him who attempts it! For I have so fitted the parts of the work together, that to disunite would be

to break them in pieces; and the inscription is so fragile and delicately poised within, that so much as rudely to jar the monument would shiver it to atoms. It is put there to be inviolable. Seek to know it, you destroy it. This I but create after the plan of the Great Artist, who shows you only the fair outside of his masterpieces. What human eye ever looked into the mysterious heart of his beautiful — that heart which holds the secret of inexhaustible freshness and eternal power? Could this epitaph have been carved on the outside, you would have read it and forgotten it with natural satiety. But uncomprehended, what a spell I mark it exercises! You will — nay, you *must* — remember it forever! You will speak of it to others. They will come. And thus in ever-widening circle will be borne afar the memory of her whose name is on it, the emblem of whose heart is hidden within. And what more fitting memorial could a man rear to a woman, the pure shell of whose beauty all can see, the secret of whose beautiful being no one ever comprehends?"

He walked rapidly away, then some distance off turned and looked back. More spectators had come up. Some were earnestly talking, pointing now to the monument, now towards him. Others stood in rapt contemplation of his master-work.

Tears rose to his eyes. A look of ineffable joy overspread his face.

"O my love!" he murmured, "I have triumphed. Death has claimed your body, heaven your spirit; but the earth claims the saintly memory of each. This day about your name begins to grow the Legend of the Beautiful."

The sun had just set. The ethereal white shape of the monument stood outlined against a soft background of rose-colored sky. To his transfiguring imagination it seemed lifted far into the cloud-based heavens, and the evening star, resting above its apex, was a celestial lamp lowered to guide the eye to it through the darkness of the descending night.

IV.

MYSTERIOUS complexity of our mortal nature and estate that we should so desire to be remembered after death, though born to be forgotten! Our words and deeds, the ineffable influences of our silent personalities, do indeed pass from us into the long history of the race and abide imperishable there for the rest of time: so that an earthly immortality is the heritage, nay the inalienable necessity, of even the commonest lives; only it is an immortality not of self, but of its good and evil. For nature sows us and reaps us, that she may gather a harvest not of us but from us. It is God alone that gathers the harvest of us. And well for us that our destiny should be that general forgetfulness we so strangely shrink from. For no sooner are we gone hence than even for such brief times as our memories may endure we are apt to grow by processes of accumulative transformation into what we never were. Thou kind, kind fate, therefore,— never enough named and celebrated,— that biddest the memory rise on our finished but imperfect lives and then lengthenest or shortenest the little day of posthumous reminiscence, according as thou seest there is need of early twilight or of deeper shadows!

Years passed. City and cemetery were each grown vaster. It was again an afternoon when the people strolled among the graves and monuments. An old man had courteously attached himself to a group that stood around a crumbling memorial. He had reached a great age; but his figure was erect, his face animated by strong emotions, and his eyes burned beneath his brows.

"Sirs," said he, interposing in the conversation, which turned wholly on the monument, "you say nothing of him in whose honor it was erected."

"We say nothing because we know nothing."

"Is he then wholly forgotten?"

"We are not aware that he is at all remembered."

"The inscription reads: 'He was a poet.' Know you none of his poems?"

"We have never so much as heard of his poems."

"My eyes are dim; is there nothing carved beneath his name?"

One of the bystanders went up and knelt down close to the base.

"There *was* something here, but it is effaced by time — Wait!" And tracing his finger slowly along, he read like a child:

"He — asked — but — for — the — the — common — lot.

"That is all," he cried, springing lightly up. "Oh, the dust on my knees!" he added with vexation.

"He may have sung very sweetly," pursued the old man.

"He may, indeed!" they answered carelessly.

"But, sirs," continued he, with a sad smile, "perhaps you are the very generation that he looked to for the fame which his own denied him; perhaps he died believing that *you* would fully appreciate his poems."

"If so, it was a comfortable faith to die in," they said, laughing, in return. "He will never know that we did not. A few great poets have posthumous fame: we know *them* well enough." And they passed on.

"This," said the old man, as they paused elsewhere, "seems to be the monument of a true soldier: know you aught of the victories he helped to win?"

"He may not have helped to win any victories. He may have been a coward. How should *we* know? Epitaphs often lie. The dust is peopled with soldiers." And again they moved on.

"Does any one read his sermons now, know you?" asked the old man as they paused before a third monument.

"Read his sermons!" they exclaimed, laughing more heartily. "Are sermons so much read in the country you come from? See how long he has been dead! What should the world be thinking of, to be reading his musty sermons?"

"At least does it give you no pleasure to read 'He was a good man'?" inquired he, plaintively.

"Ay; but if he was good, was not his goodness its own reward?"

"He may have also wished long to be remembered for it."

"Naturally; but we have not heard that his wish was gratified."

"Is it not sad that the memory of so much beauty and truth and goodness in our common human life should perish? But, sirs," — and here the old man spoke with sudden energy,— "if there should be one who combined perfect beauty and truth and goodness in one form and character, do you not think such a rare being would escape the common fate and be long and widely remembered?"

"Doubtless."

"Sirs," said he, quickly stepping in front of them with flashing eyes, "is there in all this vast cemetery not a single monument that has kept green the memory of the being in whose honor it was erected?"

"Ay, ay," they answered readily. "Have you not heard of it?"

"I am but come from distant countries. Many years ago I was here, and have journeyed hither with much desire to see the place once more. Would you kindly show me this monument?"

"Come!" they answered eagerly, starting off. "It is the best known of all the thousands in the cemetery. None who see it can ever forget it."

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man. "That is why I have — I foresaw — Is it not a beautiful monument? Does it not lie — in what direction does it lie?"

A feverish eagerness seized him. He walked now beside, now before, his companions. Once he wheeled on them.

"Sirs, did you not say it perpetuates the memory of her — of the one — who lies beneath it?"

"Both are famous. The story of this woman and her monument will perhaps never be forgotten. It is impossible to forget it."

"Year after year —" muttered he, brushing his hand across his eyes.

They soon came to a spot where the aged branches of memorial evergreens interwove a sunless canopy and spread far around a drapery of gloom through which the wind passed with an unending sigh. Brushing aside the lowest boughs, they stepped in awe-stricken silence within the dank, chill cone of shade. Before them rose the shape of a gray monument, at sight of which the aged traveler, who had fallen behind, dropped his staff and held out his arms as though he would have embraced it. But controlling himself, he stepped forward and said in tones of thrilling sweetness:

"Sirs, you have not told me what story is connected with this monument that it should be so famous. I conceive it must be some very touching one of her whose name I read — some beautiful legend —"

"Judge you of that!" interrupted one of the group, with a voice of stern sadness and not without a certain look of mysterious horror. "They say this monument was reared to a woman by the man who once loved her. She was very beautiful, and so he made her a very beautiful monument. But she had a heart so hideous in its falsity that he carved in stone an enduring curse on her evil memory, and placed it in the heart of the monument because it was too awful for any eye to see. But others tell the story differently. They say the woman not only had a heart false beyond description, but was in person the ugliest of her sex. So that while the hidden curse is a lasting execration of her nature, the beautiful exterior is a masterpiece of mockery which her nature, and not her ugliness, maddened his sensitive genius to perpetrate. There can be no doubt that this is the true story, as hundreds tell it now, and that the woman will be remembered so long as the monument stands — ay, and longer — not only for her loathsome — Help the old man!"

He had fallen backward to the ground. They tried in vain to set him on his feet. Stunned, speechless, he could only raise himself on one elbow and turn his eyes towards the monument with a look of preternatural horror as though the lie had issued from its treacherous shape. At length he looked up to them, as they bent kindly over him, and spoke with much difficulty:

"Sirs, I am an old man — a very old man, and very feeble. Forgive this weakness. And I have come a long way, and must be faint. While you were speaking, my strength failed me. You were telling me a story — were you

not? — the story — the legend of a most beautiful woman, when all at once my senses grew confused and I failed to hear you rightly. Then my ears played me such a trick! Oh, sirs! if you but knew what a damnable trick my ears played me, you would pity me greatly, very, very greatly. This story touches me. It is much like one I seemed to have heard for many years, and that I have been repeating over and over to myself until I love it better than my life. If you would but go over it again — carefully — very carefully."

"My God, sirs!" he exclaimed, springing up with the energy of youth when he had heard the recital a second time, "tell me *who* started this story! Tell me *how* and *where* it began!"

"We cannot. We have heard many tell it, and not all alike."

"And do they — do you — believe — it is — true?" he asked, helplessly.

"We all *know* it is true; do not *you* believe it?"

"I can never forget it," he said in tones quickly grown harsh and husky. "Let us go away from so pitiful a place."

It was near nightfall when he returned, unobserved, and sat down beside the monument as one who had ended a pilgrimage.

"They all tell me the same story," he murmured wearily. "Ah, it was the hidden epitaph that wrought the error! But for it, the sun of her memory would have had its brief, befitting day and tender setting. Presumptuous folly, to suppose they would understand my masterpiece, when they so often misconceive the hidden heart of His beautiful works and convert the uncomprehended good and true into a curse of evil!"

The night fell. He was awaiting it. Nearer and nearer rolled the dark, suffering heart of a storm; nearer the calm, white breasts of the dead. Over the billowy graves the many-footed winds suddenly fled away in a wild, tumultuous cohort. Overhead, great black bulks swung heavily at one another across the tremulous stars.

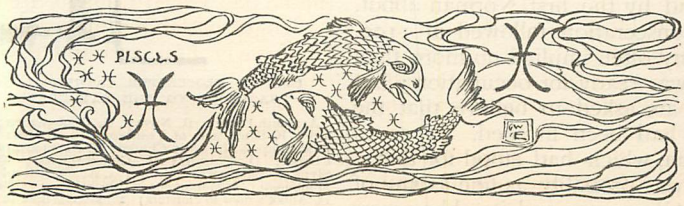
Of all earthly spots, where does the awful discord of the elements seem so futile and theatric as in a vast cemetery? Blow, then, winds, till you uproot the trees! Pour, floods, pour, till the water trickles down into the face of the pale sleepers below! Rumble and flash, ye clouds, till the earth trembles and seems to be aflame! But not a lock of hair, so carefully put back over the brows, is tossed or disordered. The sleeper has not stretched forth an arm and drawn the shroud closer about his face, to keep out the wet. Not an ear has heard the riving thunderbolt, nor so much as an eyelid trembled on the still eyes for all the lightning's fury.

But had there been another human presence on the midnight scene, some lightning flash would have revealed the old man, a grand, a terrible figure, in sympathy with its wild, sad violence. He stood beside his masterpiece, towering to his utmost height in a posture of all but superhuman majesty and strength. His long white hair and longer white beard streamed outward on the roaring winds. His arms, bared to the shoulder, swung aloft a ponderous hammer. His face, ashen-gray as the marble before him, was set with an expression of stern despair. Then, as the thunder crashed, his hammer fell. Bolt after bolt, blow after blow. Once more he might have been seen kneeling beside the ruin, his eyes strained close to its heart, awaiting another flash to tell him that the inviolable epitaph had shared in the destruction.

For days following many curious eyes came to peer into the opened heart of the shattered structure, but in vain.

Thus the masterpiece of Nicholas failed of its end, though it served another. For no one could have heard the story of it before it was destroyed without being made to realize, as never before, how melancholy the thought that a man should rear a monument of execration to the false heart of the woman he once had loved, and how terrible it would be for mankind to celebrate the dead for the evil that was in them instead of the good. So that even the story of it, as told here, may not only help to perpetuate the true memory of the rare being whom it was created to honor, but may have some influence in the direction of that tendency which, age after age, makes the whole of our common, human life grow more and more into an ever-lengthening Legend of the Beautiful.

*James Lane Allen.*



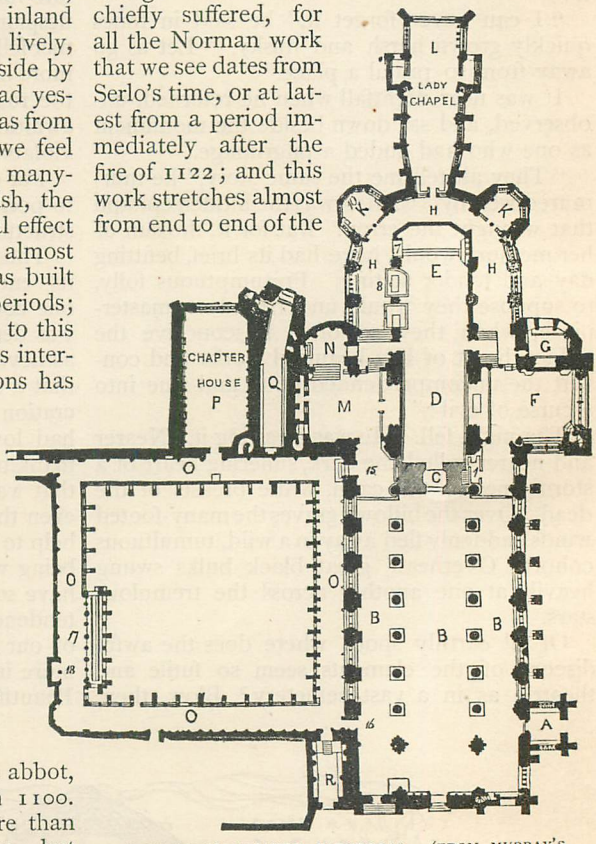
# GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

AT Gloucester, for the first time on our cathedral journey, we see masts and sails; and did we pursue our course through every ancient episcopal town in England we should nowhere feel closer to her "watery wall." Chichester stands very near the sea, and Norwich not far away from it; but both are out of sight of its waves, while great vessels come up the estuary of the Severn to Gloucester and lie in its capacious pools almost beneath the shadow of the cathedral tower. Here one may find sailors in the streets, smell tar, and fancy one smells salt; yet a pastoral country lies all around, backed by the Cotswold Hills — a tree-clad, meadowy, flowery country of genuine inland aspect. The town itself is quaint but lively, the antique and the modern living on side by side in a union as different from the dead yesterday-mood of many continental cities as from the crude to-day of America. Here we feel what England really means in a very many-sided way; and, just as we should wish, the cathedral is typically English in general effect yet distinctly individual and local in almost all its parts. Nearly the whole of it was built in the Norman and the Perpendicular periods; but just such Norman work is confined to this southwestern district, while the way it is interwoven with the Perpendicular additions has no parallel at all.

I.

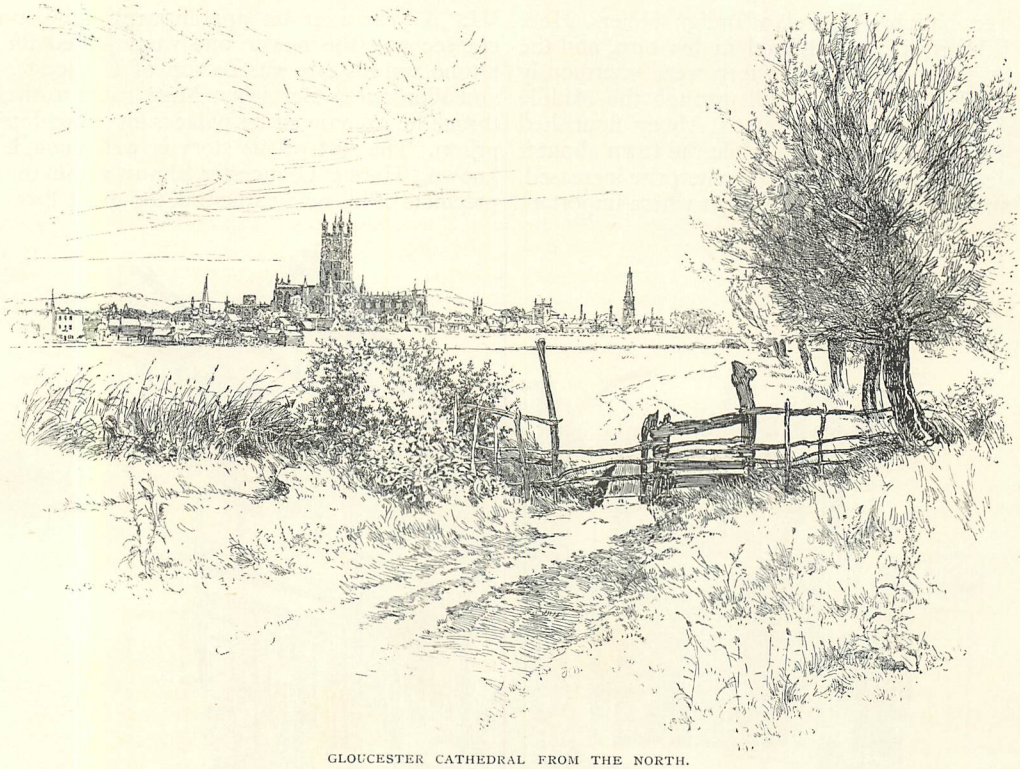
THE first ecclesiastical foundation at Gloucester of which we can be sure was a nunnery established in the year 681. In 767 it perished in the confusion of internecine strife. In 823 a house for secular priests succeeded it. In 1022 Benedictine monks replaced the priests, and in 1058 the abbey was removed to another site and its new church was built where the cathedral stands to-day. In 1089 the foundations of still another church were laid by the first Norman abbot, Serlo, and a consecration followed in 1100. Such a ceremony often implied no more than that the choir was ready for occupation; but in this case we are asked to believe that the whole church had been finished. If so, a "Saxon" church, which had stood for thirty-one years and was probably as fine as any of its class,— for Gloucester and its abbey were already great and famous,— must have been deliberately pulled down, and a building of the size we now behold must have been completed, all within the space of eleven years. The fact seems hardly credible, yet historians as careful as Freeman do not doubt it, and we know from what went on in many other spots how great was the ambition of the Normans to build much larger churches than they found in England, and how splendid was their energy when once they got to work.

Only two years after its consecration Serlo's church was injured by fire, in 1122 again and more severely, and very often in later years. But the roofs and clerestories and the interior fittings must have chiefly suffered, for all the Norman work that we see dates from Serlo's time, or at latest from a period immediately after the fire of 1122; and this work stretches almost from end to end of the




PLAN OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. (FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")

A, South Porch; B, Nave; C, Choir-screen; D, Choir; E, Presbytery; F, South arm of Transept; G, Chapel; H, Choir-aisle; K, Apsidal Chapels; L, Lady-Chapel; M, North arm of Transept; N, St. Paul's Chapel; O, Cloisters; P, Chapter-house; Q, Abbot's cloister; R, Slype, or passage to cloisters; 1, Abbot Seabroke's Chantry; 7, Osric's Monument; 8, Monument of Edward II.; 10, Duke Robert's Monument; 15, Abbot's door to cloisters; 16, Monks' door to cloisters; 17, Lavatory; 18, Recess for towels.



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH.

vast main fabric. The Lady-Chapel is a Perpendicular addition; the east wall has been remodeled; the western front and the two adjacent compartments of the nave have been rebuilt; in certain places new exterior walls and windows have been inserted; and the choir is covered with a decorative overlay of the most singular and interesting kind. But the great body of the structure below the clerestory is still Norman in all its constructional parts.

II.

GLOUCESTER, as well as Winchester, Lincoln, and York, was a fortified Roman station. Its Latin name was Glevum and its British name had been Caer Glou. Osric was the local viceroy under Ethelred of Mercia when the nunnery was founded in 681. Archbishop Theodore journeyed from Canterbury to its dedication, and its first abbess was of royal blood. After the time of Canute, when the Benedictines were introduced, both the abbey and the town grew and flourished greatly. During the reign of Edward the Confessor and of William the Conqueror, it was the custom for the king to "wear his crown" at each Easter festival at Winchester, at each Pentecost at Westminster, but at each Christmas-tide at Gloucester, and this ceremony implied the holding of a great "gemôt" for counsel and judgment. The reason why Gloucester was thus honored is not hard to read — it lay near the confines of the two great earldoms of Wessex and Mercia, and also near the borders of the ever-troublesome Welsh. The Conqueror protected it with a great castle, and placed Serlo over St. Peter's Abbey when the English abbot, Wulfstan, died on a journey to the Holy Land. The house had then fallen so low that two monks and eight young novices were all who greeted their new ruler; and Serlo was busy collecting men and money long before he began to rebuild his church.

It was at one of the Gloucester "gemôts" that the taking of the famous survey called "Domesday Book" was ordered by William I. In 1093 William Rufus lay sick at Gloucester, and here Malcolm of Scotland was called to his bedside, and Anselm was reluctantly appointed archbishop of Canterbury and at once received his consecration in the abbey-church.[1] Here Duke Robert of Normandy, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was buried, and his tomb may still be seen. Here, in 1216, the boy-king Henry III., Henry of Winchester, was crowned while Westminster and his birthplace

[1] In the reign of William Rufus, says Freeman, "almost everything that happened at all somehow contrived to happen at Gloucester." ["Gloucester, its Abbey and Cathedral," in the "Records of Gloucester Cathedral," Vol. I.]

were both in the hands of foreign soldiers. Here Edward II. was buried in his turn, and the revenues of the monastery were enormously swelled by the fact. All through the Middle Ages, in short, St. Peter's Abbey flourished with a mighty growth while the town about it developed as commercial enterprise increased, and was constantly the stage where important

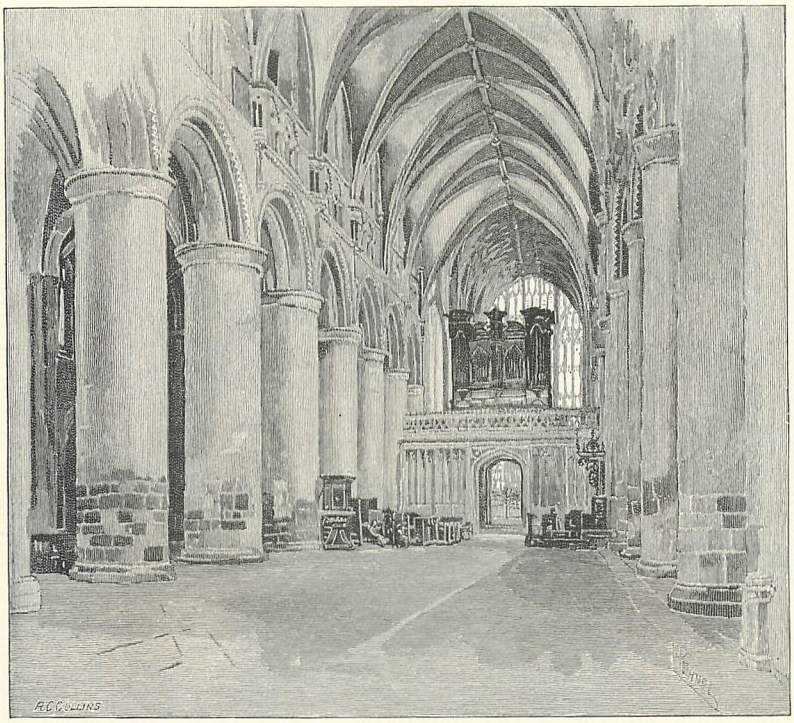
THE SOUTH PORCH.

political scenes were played. Yet like the other abbey of St. Peter's, the "Golden Borough," Peterborough in its far eastern shire, this great establishment was not the seat of a bishop until the sixteenth century. Its church was one of the largest and finest in the land, and its income might have made many a prelate envious; but the cathedral title was not given until King Henry VIII. suppressed innumerable monasteries and made a few new bishoprics in their stead. Then the diocese of Gloucester was cut out of the great ancient diocese of Worcester.

After there were prelates in Gloucester only a single name, a single incident, attracts attention. The second bishop was John Hooper, once a monk, afterwards so stern a Protestant that he scrupled long to wear the episcopal robes when they were offered him by Edward VI. A year after his appointment the parent see and the newer one were joined for a time and his title was Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester. But when Mary came to the throne he exchanged his palaces for a London prison. The rest of his story is well enough known. Here at Gloucester, almost within the precincts of his own cathedral, the great Protestant bishop was burned at the stake in 1555. With the exception of this name there is none, I think, on the list of Gloucester's prelates which would sound familiar in American ears, unless it be the name of William Warburton, who ruled from 1760 to 1779 and whose praises Dr. Johnson wrote.

III.

GLOUCESTER Cathedral stands a little aside from one of the main thoroughfares of the town. Its vast body is hidden by house-fronts, and we approach it through a short old street which shows us no great façade or tower or transept-end, only a part of the nave and a two-storied porch. This porch stands towards the western end of the south aisle and forms the main entrance to the church, and like the

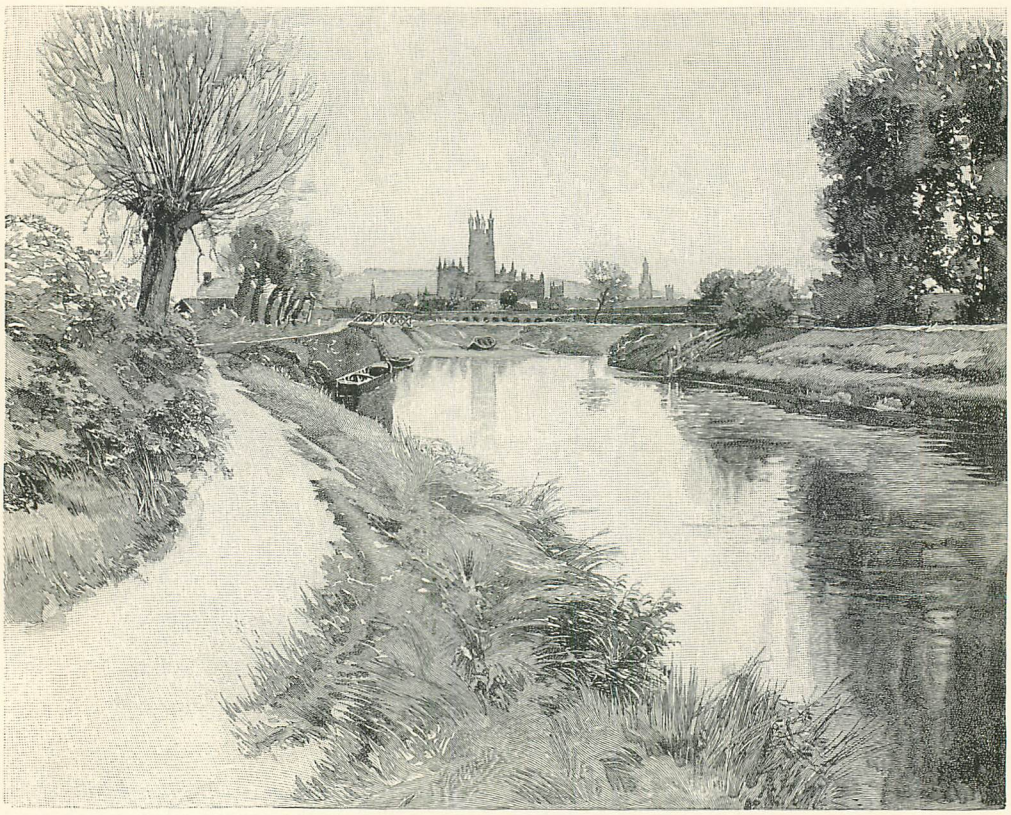


THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

porch of Canterbury Cathedral is doubtless a survival of that great "Suth dure" which had been a characteristic feature of "Saxon" churches. The little street debouches on a narrow paved court with bits of lawn about it and the windows of cozy homes looking out upon the great pale-gray, carven church. To right and left the close extends, not very spacious in any direction, yet wide enough and shady and green enough to give the truly English cathedral atmosphere. Peace and beauty reign — we can hardly believe that the busiest street of a modern town lies but a few feet off. Glory to God and good-will to man seem chanted aloud by the voices of nature and of art. Memories of devotion, repose, and brotherly love, we fancy, must be the only ones that people such a spot. Yet not far away, just beyond the college-green, upon which looks the west-front of the church, Bishop Hooper was sent to Paradise through a door of flame.

The south porch is a rich little Perpendicular structure, almost wholly renewed in modern times, with a windowed vestibule below and a chamber above. The part of the church to which it belongs was rebuilt in the second half of the fifteenth century. Morwent, who was then the abbot, seems to have meant to build the whole of the nave afresh; and, as a beginning, he pulled down the western front, with its two flanking towers or turrets, and the two adjacent bays of the nave. The whole of his front is filled, in the central alley and above a low stretch of wall in which is a small west-door, by a single window rising close up to the very ceiling. Its traceries show that final stage of Perpendicular designing when curved forms were almost altogether lost. It is divided by straight uprights and cross-bars into successive series of tall but very narrow lights, the tiny arched heads of which scarcely relieve the general effect of stiff rectangularity. Even in the upper part of the window-head, where further subdivision was necessary, smaller rectangles are used, and only two of the main mullions make an awkward attempt at curvature. It is not a beautiful window so far as design is concerned, but its size makes it impressive; and it must have been splendid indeed when filled with ancient glass instead of its present discords of impure and glaring tones.

The two compartments of the nave which Abbot Morwent built do not show that he had a very good ideal, or even a very clear ideal, of a great Perpendicular church in mind. The height is divided into three stages, although the time when such division was generally practiced had long gone by. Yet there is no triforium-gallery — nothing but a wide, plain strip of wall between the pier-arcade and the clerestory, defined but scarcely ornamented by a string-course above and below. Moreover,



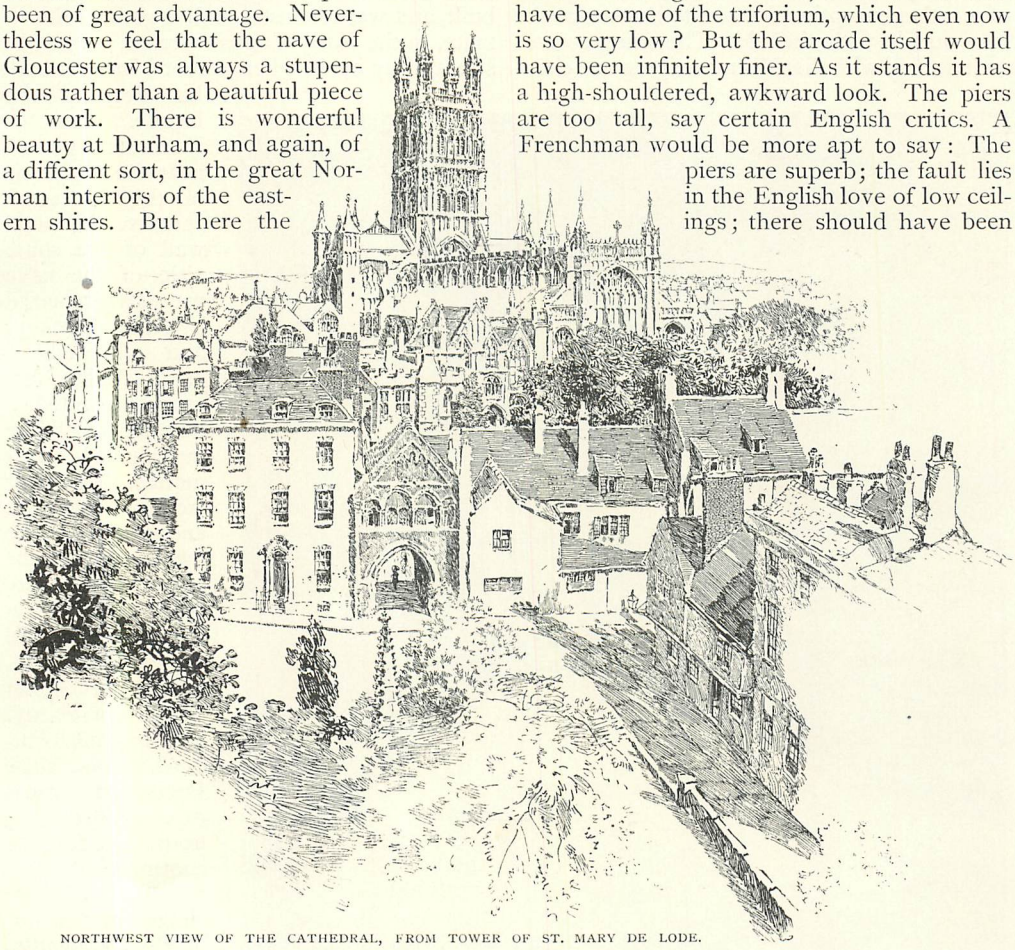
GLOUCESTER FROM THE SEVERN.

the two bays are not alike. The westerly one is much wider than the other, and its pier-arch is a good deal taller; and thus the continuity of the string-courses is broken, and the clerestory windows are of different sizes. The aisles which flank these two bays are likewise Perpendicular reconstructions; but when we stand in this part of the church and turn our backs upon the window, we have a most imposing perspective of Norman work before us.

On each side are seven vast circular piers, thirty feet in height, bearing semicircular arches; above these is a very low triforium with four small arches in each bay, grouped in twos under wider semicircles; and above these again is a clerestory which was once considerably taller than it is to-day. The arrangement is entirely different from anything we have seen elsewhere. Norman builders, I have often said, usually made pier-arcade, triforium, and clerestory of almost equal height. At Norwich, for example, the piers measure but 15 feet and the whole height to the base of the triforium is 25 feet, while the triforium itself absorbs 24 feet and the clerestory 25. At Gloucester, with piers of 30 feet, the base of the triforium is 40 feet above the floor, while the triforium measures only 10 feet and the clerestory originally measured 24. Circular piers, we know, are found in certain other parts of England and are most magnificently used at Durham. But Durham's design is almost as unlike Gloucester's as is the design of Norwich. There the circular-pier form alternates with the rectangular; the triforium, though not as high as at Norwich, Ely, and Peterborough, yet maintains its typical Norman importance; and the design gains unity and constructional logic through the presence of massive vaulting-shafts, rising against the alternate square piers from the pavement to the roof. But what we see at Gloucester is simply a great colonnade, so all-important in the general effect that the upper stories almost look like afterthoughts. Only in this southwestern part of England do designs like this occur. Tewkesbury Abbey church, which stands not many miles away, is very like the nave of Gloucester Cathedral.

Of course the expression of the nave was far finer when the Norman clerestory was intact. It probably had a group of three windows in each compartment, under an including-arch of which the jambs have been suffered to remain; and the ceiling was doubtless flat and constructed of wood like those

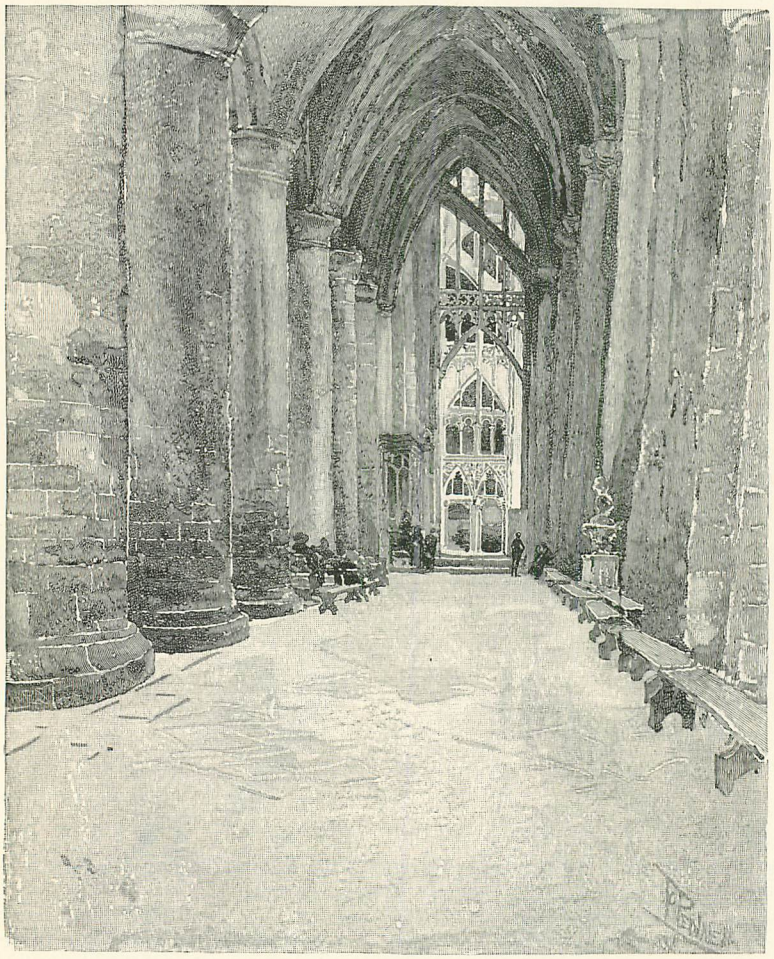
which still exist at Peterborough and Ely. We may not greatly admire the effect of such a ceiling, yet it was better suited to a Norman nave than the very low-pitched vaulting at Gloucester, to accommodate which the clerestory has been cut away. Then, too, the floor once lay a foot below its present level, and this addition to the bases of the piers must have been of great advantage. Nevertheless we feel that the nave of Gloucester was always a stupendous rather than a beautiful piece of work. There is wonderful beauty at Durham, and again, of a different sort, in the great Norman interiors of the eastern shires. But here the proportioning is such that the word beauty hardly seems appropriate. The piers themselves are magnificent if we look at them alone; but the real excellence of any architectural feature lies in its harmony with connected features, and these piers are so closely set that their arches seem far less noble than themselves. It will be seen from the figures I have given that at Gloucester, as at Norwich, the capitals of the piers come within ten feet of the base of the triforium. This means that the arches in the one case are no taller than in the other, and that they are no wider, as the width of a semicircular arch is strictly dependent upon its height. There is no fault to find with the proportions of the Norwich arcade, and therefore it is plain that at Gloucester, where the height of the piers is doubled, the arches seem too small. A wider spacing of the piers would have permitted arches of a span sufficient to harmonize with their size; but the height of the arches would, of course, have been proportionately increased; and, given the inconsiderable altitude of an English interior, what would then have become of the triforium, which even now is so very low? But the arcade itself would have been infinitely finer. As it stands it has a high-shouldered, awkward look. The piers are too tall, say certain English critics. A Frenchman would be more apt to say: The piers are superb; the fault lies in the English love of low ceilings; there should have been finer arches, and then taller upper stories to justify the huge arcade.



NORTHWEST VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM TOWER OF ST. MARY DE LODE.

All the paint which once covered these massive stones has perished, and here and there we can see ruddy spots and streakings which bear witness to the fires of long ago. The capitals of the piers are very plainly molded, but the string-courses and the arch-moldings in all the stories are worked with characteristic Norman patterns. The vaulting-shafts which now descend above each pier give the most conspicuous touch of decoration, but these are later additions to the original scheme. They are Early-English features, built, with the ceiling itself, in the first half of the thirteenth century. Each is formed as two super-

imposed clusters of little marble columns with dainty capitals, and the design is as sensible as charming: a single cluster of columns resting on the triforium string-course would have had too stumpy a look, yet a single series of longer columns would have ignored the presence of the string-course. It is interesting, too, to note that, in some places at least, there is proof of a rather exceptional desire to harmonize the new details with the old. The string-courses are adorned with that Norman zigzag or "chevron" pattern which had long gone out of use when these additions were made; yet on the bases of many of the upper groups of little columns the same pattern is carefully carried along.

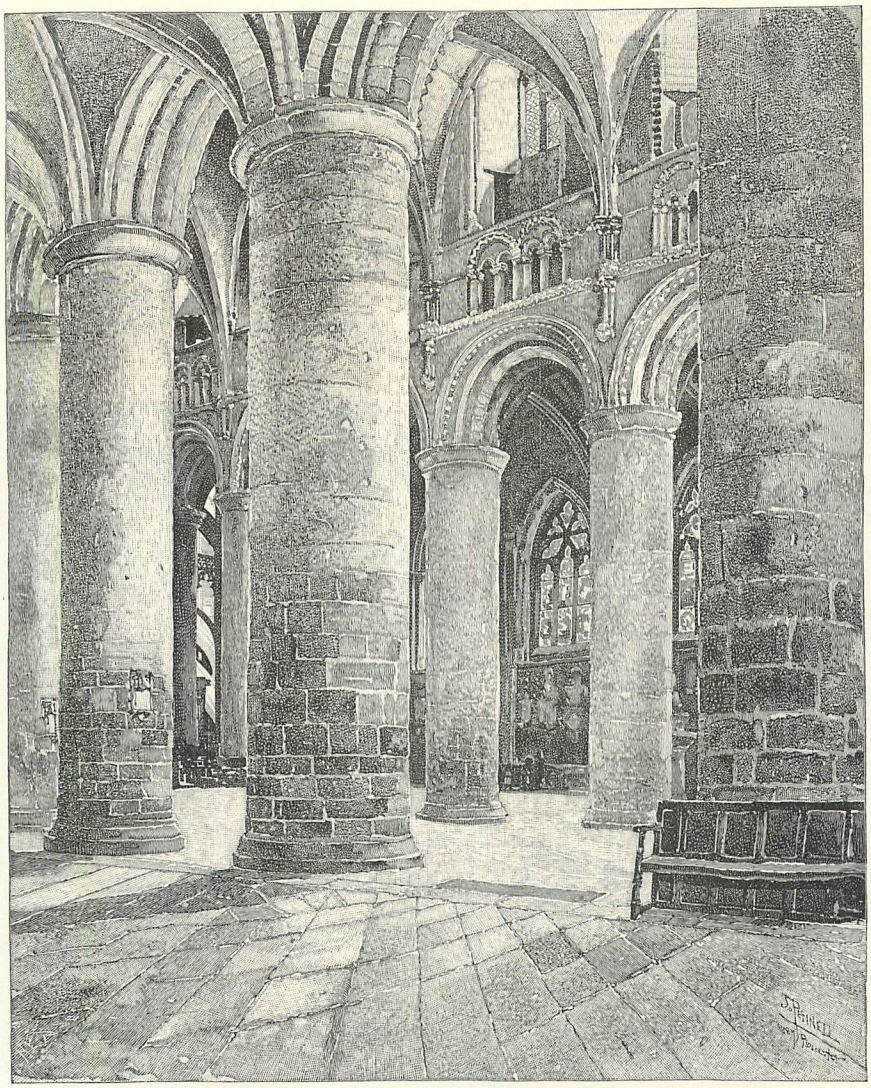


SOUTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST INTO THE TRANSEPT.

IV.

THE north aisle of the nave is still in its original condition except as regards the Perpendicular traceries which have been inserted in the round-headed ancient windows. But in the south aisle we find more radical alterations.

Gloucester Cathedral was not exempt from the disasters which came to so many great Norman works through the want of care or want of knowledge of their builders. One of the towers or turrets which flanked the western front fell about seventy years after it had been built, and was reconstructed, together with its mate, in the Early-English period, only to be swept away again when Abbot Morwent built his Perpendicular façade. In the Decorated period, near the beginning of the fourteenth century, the outer wall of the south aisle of the nave was partly renewed by Abbot Thokey; and although I cannot find the fact expressly stated, a threatened collapse must have been his motive. The inner facing of the walls, and the half-piers which support the aisle-vaults, are Norman still; but the outer facing and the vaults themselves are Abbot Thokey's work, and likewise the windows with their Decorated traceries. Now, as seen from the inside, the enormous half-piers and the walls are eleven inches out of the perpendicular—a deflection the effect of which is scarcely exaggerated in the picture on this page. On the outside, however, the inclination is but four inches. Of course Abbot Thokey built his part of the wall erect; and thus four inches of movement may be laid to the five centuries and a half which have elapsed since his time, and seven inches to the two centuries which had stretched between Serlo's labors and his own. Seven inches of movement may well have torn the aisle-vaults asunder and seemed reason enough for strengthening the outer walls. Had



THE NAVE FROM THE NORTH AISLE.

Thokey been inspired by a mere wish to rebuild without actual necessity he would hardly have left so much of the original work as he did. Nor can we lay the damage he found to the account of fire, even had it not continued after his death — it must have been caused by bad foundations.[1]

The plain ribbed Norman vaulting still remains in the north aisle, and by comparison we see that Thokey chose a considerably lower level for his. The adornment of his exterior walls and his windows (one of which is seen in the distance in the picture on this page) is very charming, and the "ball-flower" ornament which was characteristic of the Decorated period was seldom so lavishly or beautifully applied. It is a pity that all these lights should now be filled with modern glass, some of it tolerable but much of it atrocious. In the north aisle are many sepulchral monuments, but none of great age or interest. But at the eastern end of the south aisle, with its head against one of

[1] In a report of a lecture on Gloucester Cathedral which had been delivered by Professor Willis, the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1860, says: "He admired the ingenuity of the Middle Ages; but whatever may be said of their science as shown in their masonry, he believed they had none. They were perfectly practical and ingenious men; they worked experimentally; if their buildings were strong enough, they stood; if they were too strong, they also stood; but if they were too weak, they gave way, and they put props and built the next stronger. That was their science, and very good practical science it was; but in many cases they imperiled their work and gave trouble to future restorers."

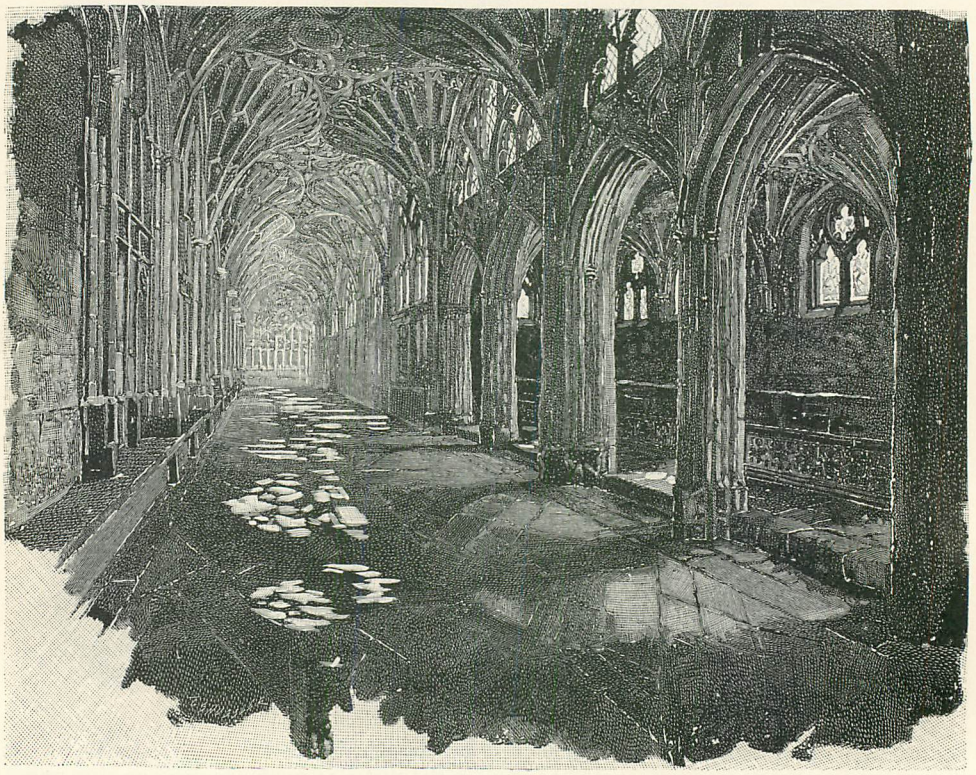
the piers of the great central tower he built, is the shattered chantry-tomb of Abbot Seabroke, who died in 1457.

The "ritual choir" projects, in the old Norman fashion, across the intersection of nave and transept, and its screen fills up one bay of the nave itself. This screen is an ugly piece of modern work bearing an uglier organ in the place once given to the Holy Rood.

V.

A GLANCE at the ground-plan of Gloucester shows how little alteration it has undergone since Norman days. The transept still has a polygonal chapel opening from the eastern face of each of its arms, and the sweep of the aisle of the choir is still intact with two of the three small chapels which opened out of it.

But, as I have said, many things at Gloucester are peculiar, and among them is the ground-plan of the eastern limb. Two steps lead up to the aisles on either side of the choir-screen which fills the last bay of the nave; and the rectangular spaces thus set apart seem like vestibules to the transept-arms. These are exceptionally short, only one bay on each side of the crossing; steps again lead up from them to the choir-aisles beyond; they are shut off from the "ritual choir" by a high solid wall; and thus isolated, with the apse-like little chapels in their eastern faces and their many tombs and sepulchral slabs, they look more like a pair of larger chapels than a transept of the usual Norman kind. Moreover, not only all five of the little chapels but the end of the church itself was polygonal in shape, and this was uncommon in Norman buildings. Semicircular end-walls were the rule; only with the advent of the Pointed styles did the polygonal termination develop in France while the simpler rectangle became the English type.



NORTH WALK OF CLOISTERS WITH THE LAVATORY.

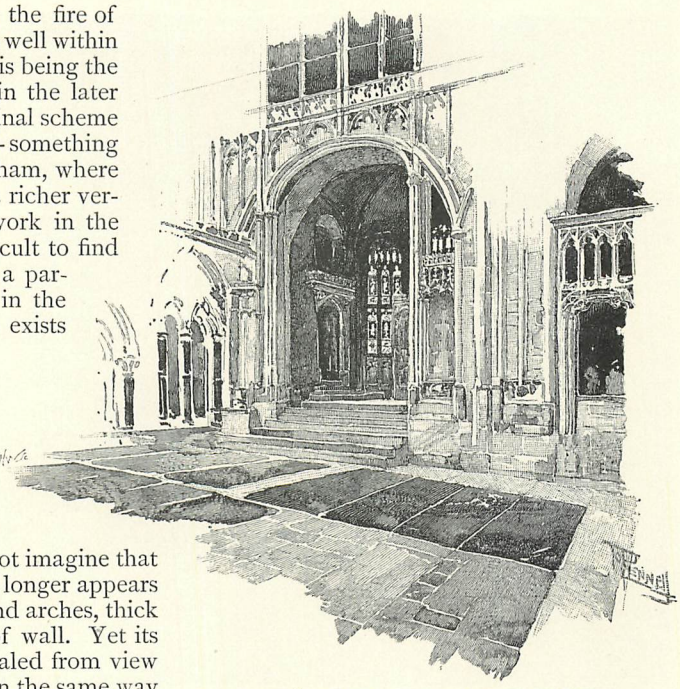
East of the crossing, however, the constructional design is much more normal than in the nave. The piers still display the circular form, but are so much lower that the proportioning is about the same as in the great churches of eastern England, the pier-arcade and the triforium being of equal height; and the triforium openings are huge single arches such as we have seen at Ely.

Of course a discrepancy of this kind between nave and choir would not be remarkable did they belong to different periods. But here a single period includes them, even if we believe that either the western or the eastern limb may

have been reconstructed after the fire of 1122. Even so, everything falls well within the purely Norman period. This being the case, we might expect to see in the later work a desire to carry on the original scheme at least in its chief features — something more like what we saw at Durham, where Ralph Flambard's nave is but a richer version of William of Carilef's work in the choir. I think it would be difficult to find in any other Norman building a parallel to that striking variation in the essentials of the design which exists at Gloucester.

VI.

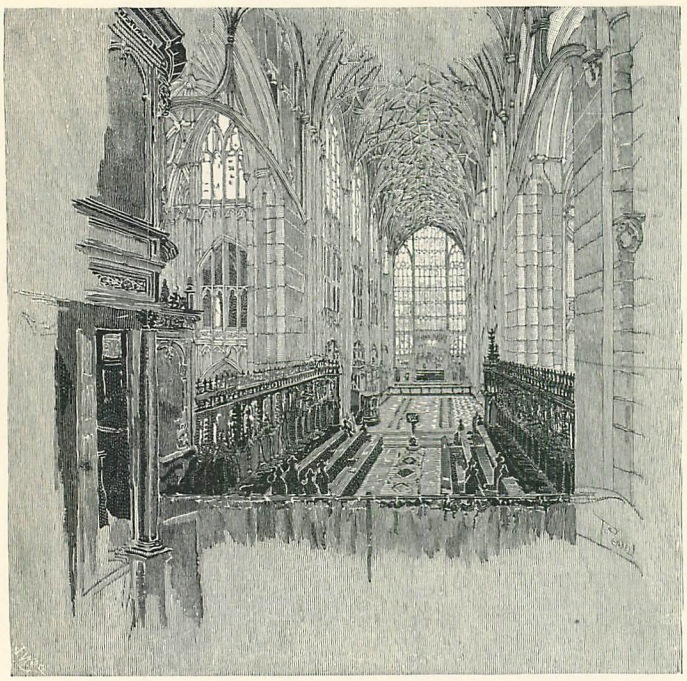
But if I say that the eastern limb of Gloucester was built, broadly speaking, like the eastern limb of Peterborough, and that below the clerestory it still exists, do not imagine that its effect is still the same. It no longer appears as a solemn perspective of round arches, thick plain piers, and naked fields of wall. Yet its original substance is not concealed from view and its Norman origin denied in the same way as at Winchester. The whole effect (I hardly know what words to use, it is so singular) — the whole effect is Perpendicular; yet when we look a moment we see that the whole body of the work is Norman still. The Perpendicular features are not constructional but decorative; yet they are so applied as to simulate a structural design. The entire surface of the vast Norman interior is covered with a rich overlay of moldings and traceries through the interstices of which the original design may still be followed, the original stones may still be seen.



ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NORTH ARM OF TRANSEPT.

The clerestory is wholly Perpendicular, built in the middle years of the fourteenth century. The great windows, each filling its compartment from side to side, were divided in the usual Perpendicular manner into elongated rectangular lights with tiny arched and trefoiled heads; and the same design was continued downwards to the very floor, not only over the wall-spaces but over the openings too. The wide triforium openings, and even those of the pier-arcade between the central alley and the aisles, were treated like unglazed windows and screened with this network paneling, while the piers were faced with slender grouped shafts and small capitals which support the elaborate ceiling.

Of course this ceiling, like the clerestory, is of Perpendicular origin; and, as I have told, the east-end of the presbytery was more radically remodeled than its sides. The wall between the central space and the encircling aisle was torn down; length was increased by adding a narrow compartment on each side, and breadth by slanting the addition outwards; and then a wall was built across the end, but no higher than the base of the triforium stage. This wall, pierced with one semicircular and two pointed arches, is again not straight, but forms one longer and two shorter sides of a polygon. Across it stands the tall reredos; over its surface and its three large openings runs the ubiquitous paneling; and this continues upwards, without a conspicuous break in the design, to form the vast window which fills all the rest of the space. One could hardly imagine a more magnificent effect than is thus created. A critic who believes that architectural factors should not only be strong enough but look strong enough, who insists that some visible sturdiness should appear in a wall which is crowned by a visibly ponderous roof, may find much excuse for disapproval. But if we merely seek a wondering pleasure for the eye, then indeed we stand in the right place. Close up under the vaulting and close to the piers on each hand comes the stupendous wall of glass,— a single window to the eye although bent to a three-sided shape,— held together by stone-work patterns so open and slight that we feel as though a strong wind could make an end of it. Seventy-two feet in height and thirty-eight in breadth, it is the largest single opening in the world, and we fancy it the most fragile. Yet it has stood, stone and glass together, through five centuries of sun and storm, and through more than one of total neglect. It was thoroughly repaired in



CHOIR AND PRESBYTERY, LOOKING EAST.

1862 and all its panes were re-leaded. But we can hardly call a work unstable which demands such helping after half a thousand years.

It is difficult even to suggest the sumptuous effect of this transfigured choir, or the ingenious ways in which the traceries have been adapted to their very various situations. Mr. Pennell's pictures will serve much better than words, but nothing in architecture so vast and elaborate as this can ever have its veritable look explained on paper.

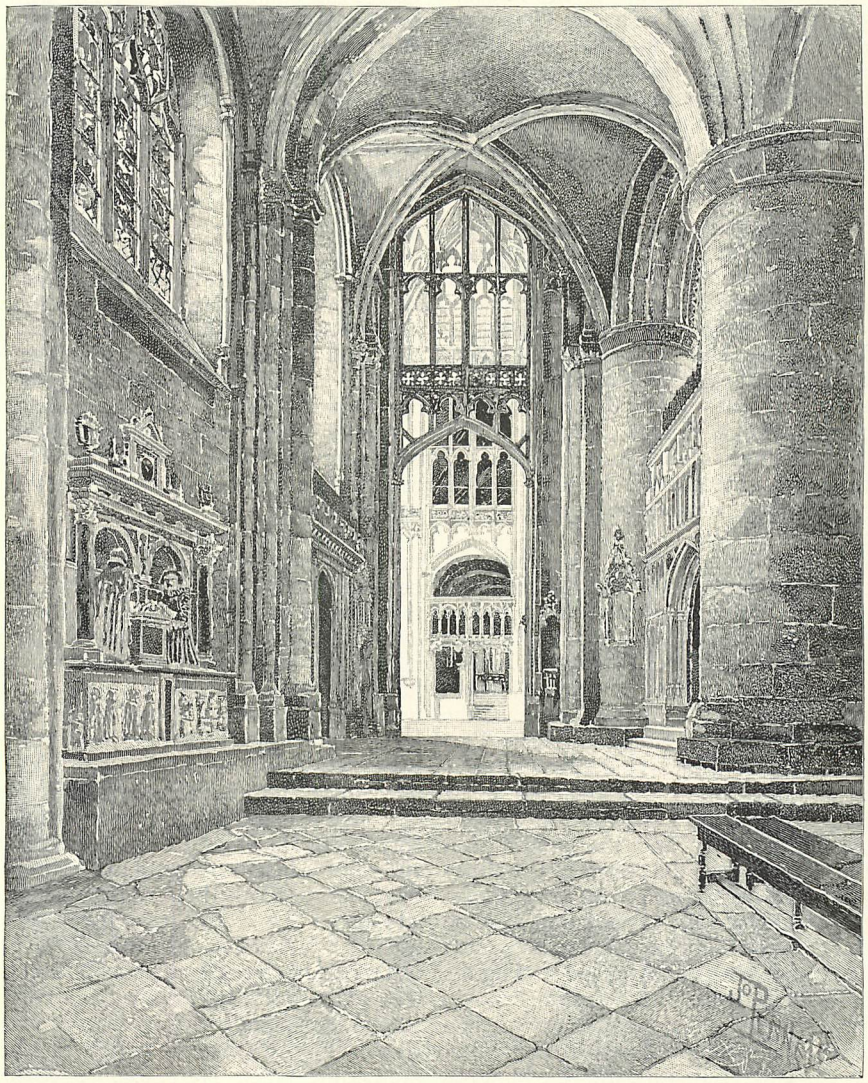
The view of choir and presbytery from the entrance of the "ritual choir" in the nave, which is given on this page, reveals the east window far off in the distance and the richness of the ceiling; gives a glimpse at the left into the north arm of the transept; and shows the flying arch which springs across the whole width of this arm beneath the great arch that supports the tower. On page 691 we stand in the north aisle of the nave, look into the transept, and beyond it dimly discern the choir-aisle; to the left is the abbot's door into the cloisters and one of the Norman windows — which were placed so high to clear the cloister roofs — filled with Perpendicular traceries; and on the right is a portion of the wall which shuts in the "ritual choir." On page 693 we are placed in the south transept and can appreciate its chapel-like effect; and looking westward along the aisle of the nave, under the lofty constructional arch below which extends the open tracery, we see one of Abbot Morwent's Perpendicular windows in the west façade. And on page 686 the view is reversed: we are in the south aisle of the nave with its leaning half-piers and Decorated vaulting, and see the screen-work in the south arm of the transept.

Interesting indeed are the perspectives, varied with every step we make, which show the Perpendicular adornment set now in lines of black against some brightly lighted space, and now in lines of light against a dark stretch of aisle or deep triforium opening. Nothing could be more radical than its contrast with the massive simple forms amid and over which its graceful arches and slender rectangles are woven. Yet the general effect is never inharmonious; or if it is, we forget the fact in our delight in the imaginative power and technical skill which could thus change sternness into lightness, solemnity into grace, a ponderous into a delicate vigor, a majestic uniformity into an almost playful elaboration. Other interiors are more logical, more truly beautiful than this; but there is none more stately, more rich, or more imposing; and there is none which so clearly reveals that almost passionate love for the style and manner of their own time which ruled the people of the fourteenth century. Simply a desire for what was thought a far superior kind of beauty led to the alteration of this Norman work. Yet how naïve was the desire, how different from the attitude of modern men towards the things of art! Sometimes we piously "restore" an ancient work and bring it back to its original estate as nearly as our poor wits know how. Sometimes we pull it down entirely and build a new work of our own. And we can imagine, perhaps, doing what Wykeham did at Winchester — using our forefathers' fabric as though it were our own, but carefully concealing the fact that we had borrowed it. But so imperious a wish to alter for the mere sake of altering, combined with so entire a frankness in confessing alike the change and our reason for making it, this we cannot fancy by any possible effort.

VII.

A TRUSTWORTHY local chronicle recites that the choir of Gloucester was cased and vaulted

by Abbots Staunton and Horton, who ruled the house of St. Peter between 1337 and 1377. The work was begun in the south transept, and all the other portions, including the lower stage of the tower, were finished before the east wall was turned into a gigantic window. The spring-



FROM THE NORTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST INTO THE TRANSEPT.

ing of the flying arch that is pictured on page 690 marks the level above which the whole fabric was new — the level of the top of the triforium. High above this flying arch soars the one which supports the side of the tower; this one merely supports a capital, corresponding to the capitals of the pier-shafts. To keep the vaulting of the lantern formed by the open part of the tower harmonious with the rest of the design, it was necessary to divide the paneling on each face of the lantern-wall into two main arches; hence the need for ribs descending to a capital which had no pier to bear it; and hence the device of the flying arch to support this capital. It was a bold expedient from the artistic point of view, yet not too bold to be in keeping with the rest of the work; and from the structural point of view there was little audacity. The light, flying spans (there is another opposite the one our picture shows) seem to support the tower vault; but in reality this is carried by more solid stones above.[1]

1 I can find no record with regard to the condition of the tower and the upper parts of the transept and eastern limb when Abbot Staunton began his work; but from the witness of the nave and the history of the cloisters we must believe that they had already been once rebuilt in the Early-English style.

Only as high as the top of the lantern did Abbots Staunton and Horton carry the tower. The magnificent upper body which appears outside the church was begun by Abbot Seabroke, whose chantry rests against one of the supporting piers, and was finished soon after his death, about the middle of the fifteenth century. Morwent had ruled in Gloucester just before Seabroke's time. The splendor of the new-wrought choir seems to have inspired him with a wish to rebuild the nave. The parts that he completed make us glad that he went no further; and Seabroke was wise to finish the tower instead of carrying out Morwent's scheme.

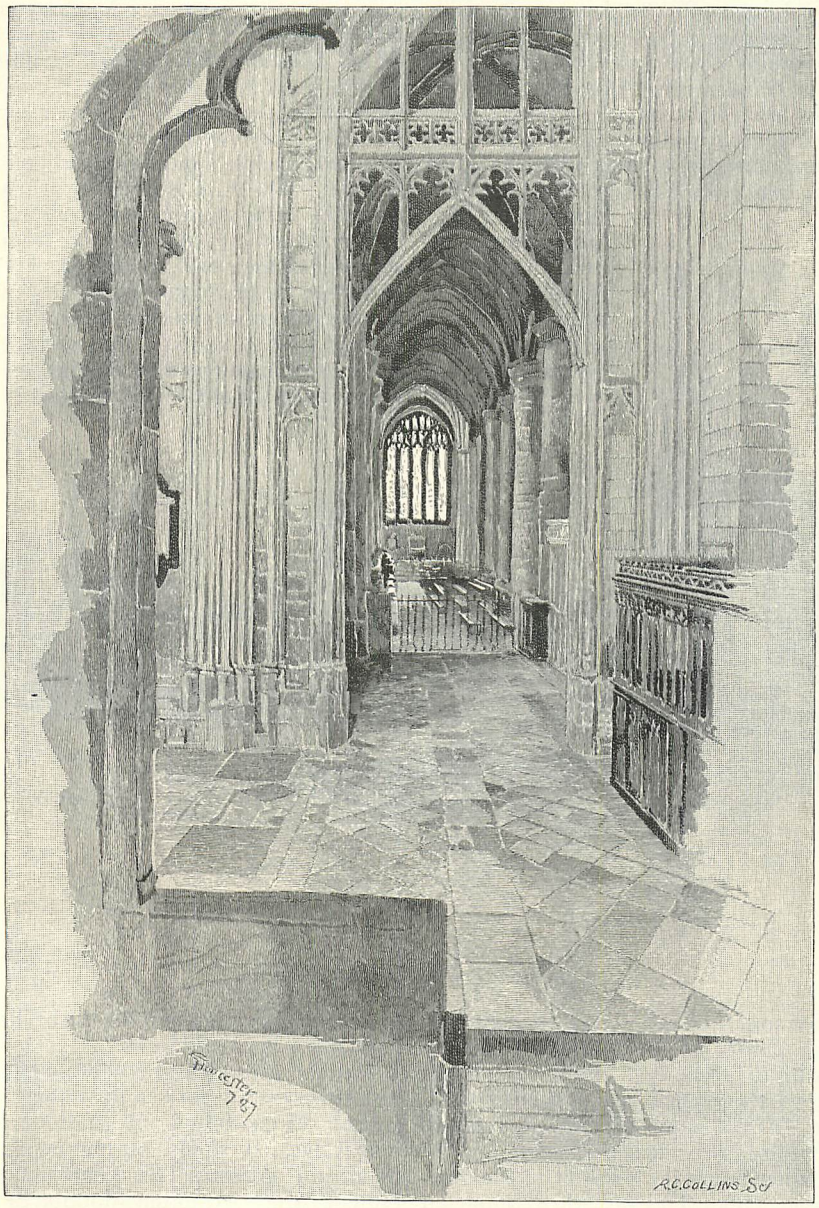
Early-English stalls once furnished the choir, and a rare fragment or two remain to show their character. But the work of redecoration was thoroughly done in the fourteenth century, and the present stalls, with tall overhanging canopies, are delightful examples of Perpendicular art. They are much restored, however, and the great reredos under the east window is modern. Behind this is a narrow space which was doubtless the feretory, or chamber for lesser relics, a receptacle likewise used in times of trouble to conceal the treasures of the church.

Three monuments deserve attention — a memorial to Osric, the old English viceroy, set up centuries after his death; the tomb of Robert of Normandy, with a curious wooden figure; and the sepulcher of Edward II., which stands between two of the plain, low Norman piers of the choir. In 1327 the body of the king, who had been murdered in Berkeley Castle, was brought by Abbot Thokey to Gloucester, and a fitting tomb was built for it by Edward III. At once it became the object-point of pilgrimages; and the wealth that flowed for its sake into the coffers of the abbey was for its sake expended on the transfiguration of the building which it honored. Yet no king could have asked for a finer monument than the tomb itself — a lofty base bearing the usual recumbent figure, and a soaring canopy, all covered with slender pinnacles and arched niches, wrought in the rich and graceful late-Decorated style. Here Edward III. hung up a great golden vessel after he was saved from shipwreck; hither the Black Prince brought a golden crucifix with a bit of the True Cross; among countless minor offerings hung a ruby necklace sent by the Queen of Scotland, and a jeweled heart of Queen Philippa's; and here miracles were wrought for all who wanted them.

The Perpendicular screening conceals this monument from the choir, but we see it fully in the encircling aisle, to which the apsidal chapels give unwonted interest. Once there were three such chapels and all three stood for nearly a century after the new window was built. But about 1450 the central one was removed and the place it had filled became a low-walled vestibule for a splendid Lady-Chapel.

The picture on page 695 will explain the station of this chapel better than any words. It is another of the individual features of Gloucester. It is an independent building, not a continuation of the church; within the choir no sign of it appears except its shadow on the great glass wall. Only when we get behind this wall in the aisle do we realize that there is still a farther space. An astonishing space it is — the fabric seeming almost all of glass and complicated with open screens wherever screens could go. It has not a very ecclesiastical look, perhaps. It is long and narrow, without aisles; and on the right hand and the left are little side chapels, two-storied each, which in their elaborate enframing — be it said beneath my breath — are not dissimilar to gorgeous Gothic opera-boxes. But the many sepulchral slabs in the pavement excite a soberer feeling; and whatever the spiritual mood it fosters, there can be no question with regard to the beauty of the room.

The ingenuity with which it was united to the church on the old Norman foundations best appears in the triforium which encircles the whole east-limb. As wide as the aisles below, extending above the apsidal chapels and lighted by large windows, this triforium can hardly be called a gallery; it is more truly an upper story for oratories and altars. Its space, however, was so greatly encroached upon at the extreme end, when a bay was added to the presbytery and the huge window was built, that here it is indeed a passage merely — seventy-five feet in length but only three in breadth and eight in height, running like a sort of bridge over the vestibule below, between the east window of the church and the west window of the Lady-Chapel, close to both but touching neither. Although the terminal Norman chapel was destroyed below, it was preserved in this second story, and we now enter it like a bay-window from the narrow gallery and look into the Lady-Chapel. Here, too, we see that three great flying-buttresses spring from the outer wall of the aisle, meet in a point behind the new inner wall, and sustain the slender buttress which professes to support the gigantic window. The whole arrangement is extremely curious, extremely skillful — easy enough to appreciate on the spot but difficult to describe. To the average tourist, however, the chief interest of this bridge-like gallery lies in its accidental acoustic properties. It is famous as the "whispering gallery of Gloucester," for the lowest utterance voiced at one end, or the slightest




SOUTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST FROM THE TRANSEPT.

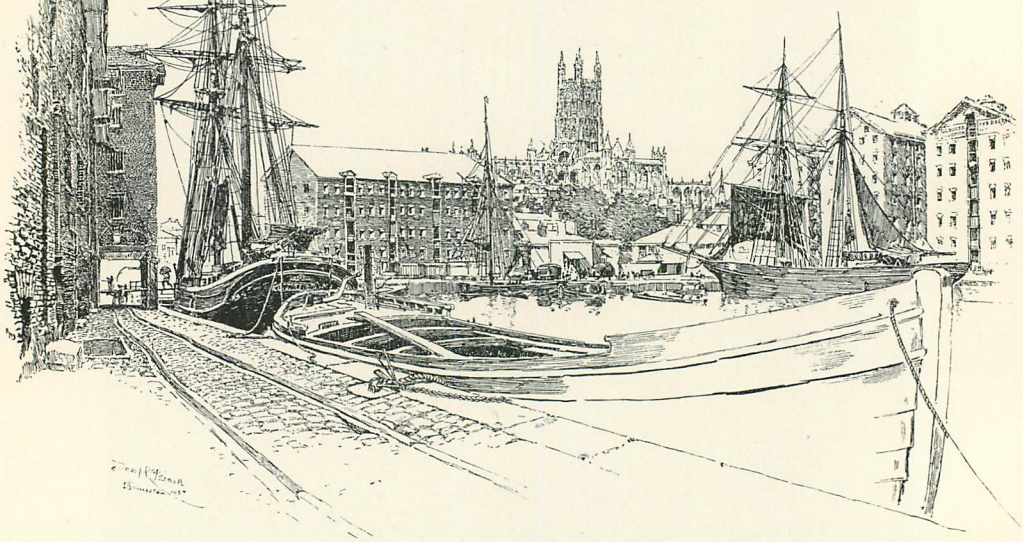
pin-scratch made on the wall, is heard distinctly at the other end, seventy-five feet away.

The crypt perfectly reproduces the plan of the old Norman east-limb, and it likewise extends beneath the apsidal chapels of the transept, although not beneath the transept itself. The eastern end seems to have been built on a quicksand with insufficient foundations. The remaining features in this part of the upper church show signs of dislocation, and there are visible works of reënforcement in the crypt. But these are Norman, like the original stones; and in the rest of the choir and presbytery the early builders built their best. Here their fabric stands straight and sturdy still, although the east wall has been turned into glass, a heavy Perpendicular decoration has been cemented on all the surfaces, and a tremendous tower rests on the four old supports.

VIII.

INTERMINGLED Norman and Perpendicular work still meets us as we pass to the chapter-

house and cloisters. The entrance to the chapter-house is through a great semicircular doorway, and within we see a rectangular room, seventy-two feet long and thirty-four feet wide, flanked for three-quarters of its length by a plainly wrought round-arched arcade. The eastern end, however, looking with its cut-off corners like an apse, is a Perpendicular addition. Here is a large east window, and the roof is richly groined. Elsewhere it is a slightly pointed barrel-vault of wood borne by three transverse arches. Above the chapter-house is a library of Perpendicular design, likewise with a great east window; and between it and the church lies a narrow walk, called the "Abbot's cloister," which, again, is partly Norman, partly Perpendicular.



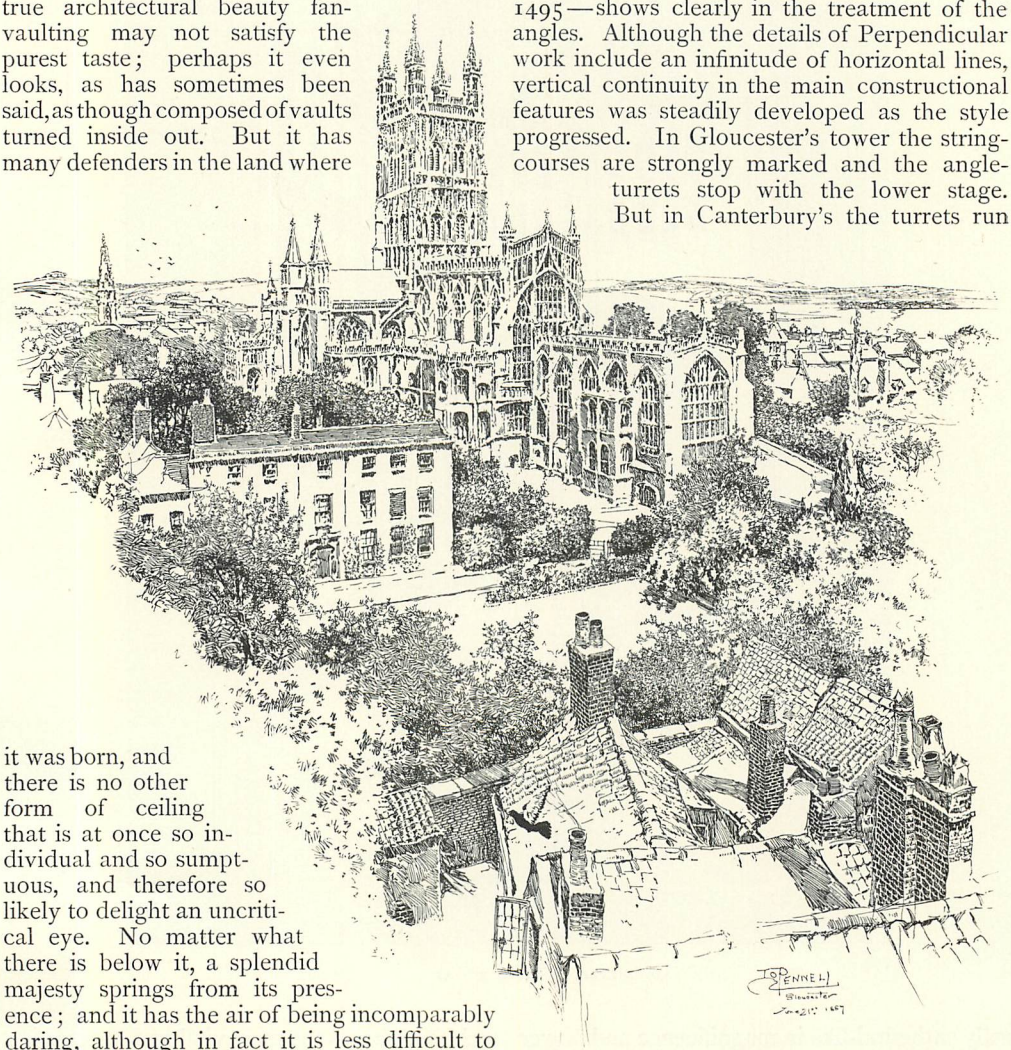
GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE DOCKS.

The chapter-house itself opens on the main quadrangle. Abbot Horton, who completed the casing of the choir, began his rule in 1351, and Abbot Frocester, who wrote the chronicle which tells us all we know of the mighty fabric of St. Peter's, died in 1412. Between these dates the cloisters were built, taking the place of an Early-English quadrangle which itself must have supplanted a Norman one. At Gloucester, as we know, cloisters were really needed, not for mere architectural display, but for the daily exercise and labor of a large houseful of monastic brethren. And the fact is clearly apparent to the eye. These, I think, are the most magnificent cloisters in England, and in no others are signs of utility so well preserved. The open arcade, characteristic of earlier times, here gave way to rows of great glazed windows that insured complete protection from the weather. In the north walk the wall projects a little to give room for the lavatory, a hollowed stone bench of considerable length, while opposite is a closet for towels; and the south walk is lined to nearly half its height by a row of little cells, one lying beneath each window. Set thus far away from the distractions of the world, these "carols" [1] served as studies for the monks; and so peaceful, so ancient, yet so serviceable seems the spot that we half expect, as each little closet is passed, to see a sable gown and a shaven poll bending over some ponderous work of ghostly counsel, or tenderly bringing into life the brilliant initial letters of a Book of Hours.

But the great feature of these cloisters, for historic interest as for beauty, is the roof, which spreads its enormous fans of stone above all four walks. It would be impossible here to detail the reasons, half constructional, half esthetic, which led to the adoption of this form of vaulting. It must suffice to say that it was peculiar to England. In many other localities we find it on a much more magnificent scale — as in the "New Building" eastward of the choir at Peterborough. But very often he who did a thing first interests us more than he who did it best. Although there were causes and reasons why the fan-vault came to be adopted, no gentle successive experimental steps led up to its completed form. Whatever may have been the fact with other medieval

[1] This word comes from the medieval Latin "carola," a lattice, railing, inclosure; literally, a circle.—*The Century Dictionary.*

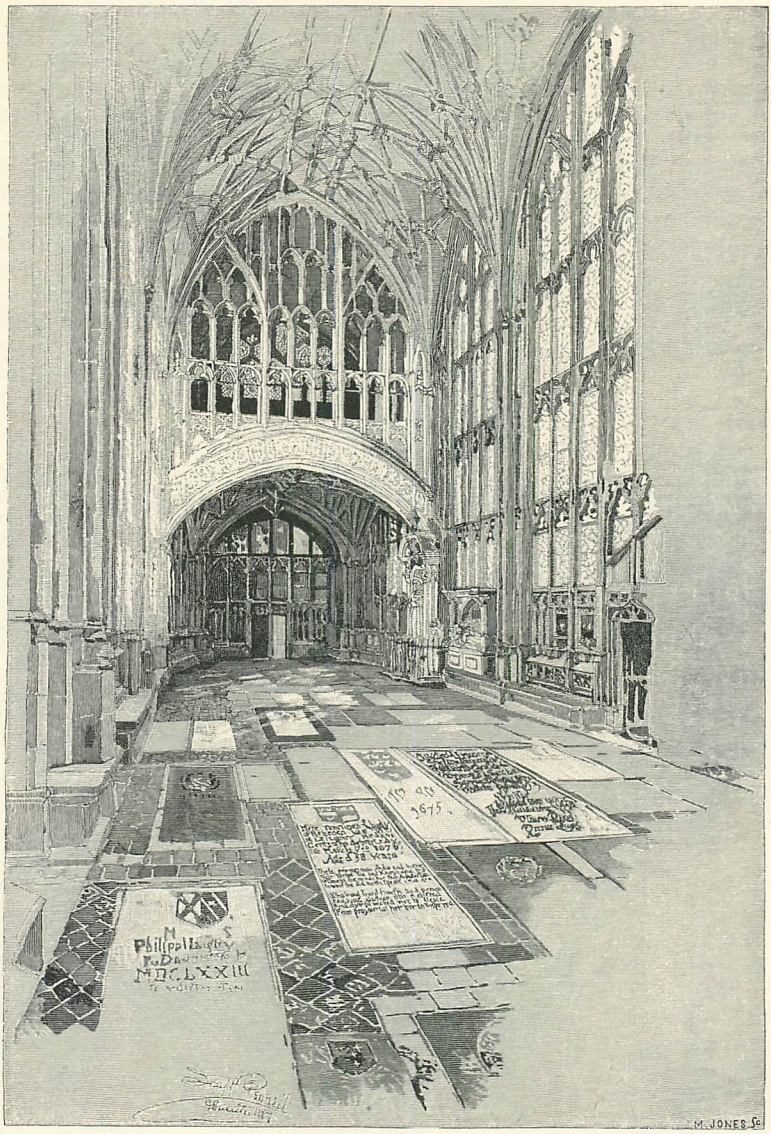
features, in this case some one man in some one place must first have used these great inverted cones, covered them with the favorite paneled patterns, and filled the intervening spaces with ornamental circles. And this man's work, it is generally thought, we see in the Gloucester cloisters. Judged for true architectural beauty fan-vaulting may not satisfy the purest taste; perhaps it even looks, as has sometimes been said, as though composed of vaults turned inside out. But it has many defenders in the land where it was born, and there is no other form of ceiling that is at once so individual and so sumptuous, and therefore so likely to delight an uncritical eye. No matter what there is below it, a splendid majesty springs from its presence; and it has the air of being incomparably daring, although in fact it is less difficult to build than are vaulted ceilings of many other types.



SOUTHEAST VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

The great tower shows admirably from the cloister-garth, but I shall not attempt to say from what point it shows best. For many miles away on every side we see its rich, pale-gray form, relieved against the pale-blue of an English sunny sky, or blending tone for tone with the soft colors of English clouds, or standing out, dark for the nonce, against the splendors of a sunset — a "pharos to the neighboring hills," as Leland called it in his "Itinerary" centuries ago. In general scheme it is very like the central tower of Canterbury. There is the same division into two stories with four canopied windows in each face, and almost the same height — 235 feet at Canterbury, 225 at Gloucester. But the fact that the Gloucester tower was the earlier by almost half a century — it was begun in 1450 and the Canterbury tower not till 1495 — shows clearly in the treatment of the angles. Although the details of Perpendicular work include an infinitude of horizontal lines, vertical continuity in the main constructional features was steadily developed as the style progressed. In Gloucester's tower the string-courses are strongly marked and the angle-turrets stop with the lower stage. But in Canterbury's the turrets run up straight and slender to the cornice and beyond it, forming without a break the pinnacles above the roof.

There are many other points of interest in the exterior of the church, but my space runs short. I can only say that while the general composition as we approach the south porch is by no means so grandiose as that which a similar position reveals at Canterbury or at Lincoln, it would be hard to find anything more typi-



THE LADY-CHAPEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHURCH.

cally cathedral-like in magnificence and power than the view from the eastward, showing the Lady-Chapel grouped with the traceried east-end, and the gorgeous tower soaring behind.

IX.

THE beginning of the Perpendicular style may be placed, as we have seen, near the middle of the fourteenth century, and its end was not until the death of Gothic art in general — until the triumph of the re-born classic spirit. During two centuries and more of great national activity, wealth, and ambition, when architecture was the most vital and progressive of all the arts, we might expect to find that a multitude of changes came about; and, in truth, the earlier Perpendicular work differs in very important ways from that of the later period.

At first the new idea — which can broadly be described as a reaction from the sweetness, grace, and variety of the Decorated style towards a greater formality and severity — expressed itself in the design of the window-traceries and in the continuation of their panels over the walls. Then the arch was altered from a "two-centered" to a "four-centered"

shape.[1] The four-centered shape proved extremely useful because it could easily be adapted to openings of any relative dimensions; and nothing could be better than its effect in doorways, like the one in Winchester's west-front, or in purely decorative work, like the overlays at Gloucester. But in important constructional features — in pier-arcades, for instance, and large wall-like windows — it has a look of weakness and of insufficient strength and dignity. Meanwhile the groined vault was becoming more and more complicated in its starry or twig-like or spider-web intersections; and at last it was replaced by the fan-vault, the final and most striking development of which we shall see in the Chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster.

In the earlier periods of the style a vast amount of work was done in the cathedrals. But by the time the style had reached its very latest development there was little left to alter or rebuild in them; and to make a complete study of Perpendicular art we must turn to parish churches, and especially to the great collegiate buildings at Cambridge and Oxford. Yet a very adequate idea of its course may be gained at Gloucester. Here in the south arm of the transept we are bidden by many to see the first piece of work in England which can truly be called Perpendicular; the rest of the transept and the east-limb reveal the successive steps which brought the style to its middle development; the tower and the Lady-Chapel are later still; and in the cloisters, as has been told, we probably find the first fan-vaults that were ever built.

A word more about the window-traceries. I tried to show in a former chapter how such traceries developed from two or three plain windows simply grouped together with pierced openings in the wall above; and how their character radically changed, at first the form of the openings — light in a dark space of wall — being the thing which the architect bore in mind, and afterwards the pattern made by the stone bars, dark against a background of light.[2] In the height of the Decorated style, when English architecture was most nearly akin to French, this type of window-design reached its most perfect estate; and in France it was never given up. It was pushed more and more to an extreme, the stone bars flowing and curving in the richest patterns, and the shape of the lights being ever less and less regarded.

But in England the change from the Decorated to the Perpendicular style meant a going back, in theory, to first principles. In a typical Perpendicular window the eye is again supposed to rest, not upon the tracery-patterns, but upon the shape of the lights themselves. These are fine in outline and harmoniously grouped, while if we follow the stone lines we find them always uninteresting and often ugly. English writers sometimes protest that the change was a good one, or that it was at least logical and satisfactory in view of the development of the glazier's art.[3] In theory we may perhaps agree with them; and, abstractly considered, the forms of the stone-work in Perpendicular traceries are perhaps not more ungraceful than those of the plate-traceries of early times. But face to face with his work we are not content with the Perpendicular architect's conception. The mind may grasp and even approve his idea; the eye cannot accept it. No one notices the shape of the stone-work in a plate-traceried window; no one can help noticing it in a Perpendicular window. The proportion of the solids to the voids has radically changed, and with it the strength of the impression that they relatively make. Coerce our eyes as we will in front of a Perpendicular window, we cannot help seeing, instead of the nicely proportioned little lights, an embroidery of dark lines, almost always meager and often very thin and ugly, disposed upon a luminous surface.

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*

[1] A two-centered arch is formed by segments of two intersecting circles; when it is designed these circles must be imagined in their entirety, and their centers marked. But in a four-centered arch each side assumes two different curves, and four centers must be established when it is drawn. All the pointed arches of earlier times are two-centered, no matter what their proportions. But in the late-Decorated period the "ogee arch" with a reversed curve towards the apex was introduced. This form persisted in France but was little used in England. Here it is rarely found on a large scale, although an example is seen in the main exterior molding above the east window at Gloucester. In the true Perpendicular arch the change in curvature comes not near the apex, but near the springing-point; and the individuality of the form grows more and more pronounced with the lapse of time as it assumes proportions which are more and more "depressed." Compare in this respect the earlier Perpendicular arch in the screening of Gloucester's south transept-arm with the later one in the north transept-arm.

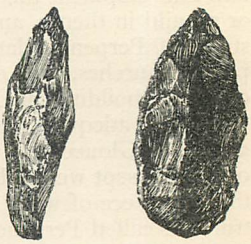
[2] See "Lichfield Cathedral," THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, July, 1888.

[3] This development meant a growing skill in the drawing of the figure, and it has been held by some writers that it was the wish to display this skill which led to the abandonment of the curved irregular lights of the window-head. It seems to me, however, as though the figure-painter lost more than he gained by the introduction of Perpendicular designs: he gained in the window-head, but lost by that subdivision of the lower field which gave him indeed a chance for many figures, but prescribed a small size for them all.

# PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN THE OHIO VALLEY.[1]

OF the many prehistoric remains of America none are of greater interest than the embankments, forming squares, circles, and other figures, in the Ohio Valley. All through the Mississippi Valley, however, are found works of a similar character, as well as along the many tributaries of this great water route, by which a people from the south could have reached, and probably did reach, the central and eastern portions of our continent. Everywhere, from the Gulf northward to the Great Lakes, and even beyond them in the Northwest, as well as eastward to the Alleghanies and to the Southern Atlantic coast, are earthworks which have much in common with those of the Ohio Valley when the latter are considered as a whole. In Ohio, and particularly in the valleys of the Muskingum, the Scioto, Brush Creek, the Little Miami and the Big Miami, and along their tributaries, are many "prehistoric monuments," or earthworks and mounds, of singular forms and of unquestionable antiquity. Associated with these are mounds and works of later times, some of which were made by the historic tribes or their immediate ancestors. Studied as a whole this valley affords undoubted evidence of successive occupation by different peoples, some of whom probably made it a brief abiding-place, while others were lost by absorption, or, possibly in some instances, were driven out by their successors. The fortified hills and other defensive works in the valley suggest many a long struggle, while the admixture of crania of different forms in some of the burial-places is evidence of the mixing of different peoples; and what more likely than that of the conquered with the conquerors? A discussion of the complicated and much-disputed question of the unity or diversity of the Americans would lead far away from the special subject of this paper, and it is only essential for the present purpose to recall a few important points bearing upon the archæology of the Ohio Valley.

First of all we must remember that this valley was inhabited by man at a period so remote as only to be approximately stated in years; but that at least ten times ten centuries have passed away since the implements of stone, fashioned by this early man, were lost and covered by the overwash of the glacial gravels as the great ice-sheet melted in its retreat to the north, and the rivers cut their way through the gravel it had deposited along its southern border. The discovery of such stone implements in the Ohio gravels was made by Dr. C. L. Metz of Madisonville, Ohio. These were found under the same conditions, and in gravels of the same geological age, as those previously discovered in the Delaware Valley at Trenton, N. J., by Dr. C. C. Abbott, who was the first to find and recognize the works of paleolithic man in the gravel-beds of eastern America. Since the discovery in the Ohio gravels, Mr. Hilborne T. Cresson of Philadelphia has found a chipped stone implement in the gravel-bed of corresponding formation, on White River, in Indiana.[2] The mastodon and the mammoth were the contemporaries of this paleolithic man, and from the distant time of his advent to the present successive peoples have inhabited the Ohio Valley.



IMPLEMENT CHIPPED FROM A PEBBLE OF BLACK CHERT, FROM OHIO GRAVEL EIGHT FEET FROM SURFACE. SIDE AND FRONT VIEW. HALF SIZE.

The evidences of a more recent past are the old village sites with their shell heaps or refuse piles, the earthworks of various shapes, the burial-places, and the fortified hills. Besides these are the mounds of earth, or of stone, marking the graves of leaders among the people, or indicating a tribal or a family burial-place, or, perhaps, a sepulcher of those who fell on some important occasion, as may sometimes be told when the mound is examined and its contents carefully studied. These tumuli are thus of different kinds, and the condition of the remains found in or under them, with the more or less

1 With the exception of the "implement chipped from a pebble," the original of which is in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, the illustrations in this preliminary article are redrawn, by permission of Prof. S. P. Langley, from "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."

2 Mr. Cresson has also found several stone implements in the older, or Columbia, gravel in Delaware. This discovery implies that man lived in the Delaware Valley at a time long preceding the deposition of the great mass of gravel upon which the city of Trenton is built.

marked changes which have taken place in the constituents of the structures themselves, shows that some are very much older than others. Often near these sepulchral monuments are extensive cemeteries of which there is no sign on the present surface of the ground, but on removing the dark soil formed by the decay of vegetation during many centuries, a former surface is reached on which are piles or rows of stones marking the graves. In other places, sometimes near and in other instances having no connection with mounds of earth or stone, are cemeteries of other kinds. In some there can still be seen, partly buried by the dark soil, the stones placed around or over graves; or again, there are large burial-places with no external sign of the hundreds and even thousands of skeletons that lie buried in the dark soil or in the clay below it, according to the thickness of the soil at the particular spot.[1]

These several conditions and circumstances of burial show conclusively that the burial-places are of different periods, some quite recent and others very old, while others again are of times between. The differences in the modes of burial certainly suggest different customs, which presumably indicate a difference, greater or less, among the peoples of various times.

Bearing upon this point of different peoples we find that the prevailing form of the skulls from the older burial-places across the northern portions of the continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, is of the long, narrow type (dolichocephalic), while the skulls of the old peoples of Central America, Mexico, and the southwestern and southern portions of the United States are principally of the short, broad type (brachycephalic). Following the distribution of the long and short skulls as they are now found in burial-places, it is evident that the two forms have spread in certain directions over North America; the short or broad-headed race of the south spreading out towards the east and northeast, while the long or narrow-headed race of the north has sent its branches southward down both coasts, and towards the interior by many lines from the north as well as from the east and west. The two races have passed each other here and there. In other places they have met; and probably nowhere is there more marked evidence of this meeting than in the Ohio Valley, where have been found burial-places and sepulchral mounds of different kinds and of different times.[2] This variation in the character of the burial-places agrees with the skulls found in them. Some contained the brachycephalic type alone; in others, both brachycephalic and dolichocephalic forms were found with many of the mesaticephalic or intermediate form; indicating a mixture of the two principal types, which seem to be of different races or subraces, notwithstanding that several writers, whose opinions must have weight, regard all the native people of America — most, however, excepting the Eskimo — as of one race.

That there is now a certain uniformity in characters and customs among all the native peoples, even including the Eskimo, is unquestionably the case. This degree of uniformity, we can readily believe, may be the result of long contact of two or more distinct races, brought about by intertribal communication, by warfare, by absorption or by union, as well as by the subdivision of tribes, which, as the centuries rolled on, probably have met and separated, again and again, in the vicissitudes of war, or from the necessities of life, or in wanderings over the land. A certain uniformity would thus in time be brought about. But that there was only a single race originally upon the continent, and that an autochthonous one, or, as other writers would have us believe, a group of the "one race of man," from which all the differences in physical characters, as well as of language, customs, and arts, have been developed, seems more difficult of conception when the diversities are studied with as much care as the resemblances have been. So many great and primary differences offer themselves for our consideration that if we give to the facts their true significance we seem compelled to admit, for the present at least, the following groups of North Americans, to each of which the term race or variety may be applied, according to the more

1 During the explorations in the Little Miami Valley by Dr. Metz and myself, conducted for the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Harvard University, we found over fifteen hundred graves in one cemetery, and several hundred in each of the others, and have not yet completed the exploration of any one of these three burial-places.

2 The late researches of Professor Virchow, in relation to the ethnology of Egypt, are of particular interest in connection with the corresponding facts in America. Professor Virchow has called attention anew to the existence of the early stone age in Egypt, or the paleolithic man of the Nile Valley. After him came the short-headed race of the ancient Egyptians, with which the Egyptian sculptures agree; then the long-headed race. But with this change of race the peculiar character of early Egyptian art has been retained.

The comparison may well be made in America. Here was also paleolithic man; here also a short-headed early race, far advanced in the arts, and in the early stages of hieroglyphic writing, with a well-organized social system, and a priesthood of great power — the Mexicans, Central Americans, and Peruvians. Here also was a long-headed race which came into contact with a branch of the more highly developed race; and here we have the mixture of to-day, the Indians, agreeing in many things among themselves, yet widely differing in physical character, in their arts, and in language; and among these we find the survival of ancient arts and customs.

or less restricted sense in which we use the term race.

I. The Preglacial or Interglacial race, or Paleolithic man, probably with small oval heads. This race may have been autochthonous, or a very early migrant from northern Europe; and it may have become mixed, in later times, with numbers two and three; otherwise its descendants cannot be traced.

II. The "Eskimo," with long heads. This may have been an early offshoot of number three, or a distinct race early migrating from the old world, and probably very early mixed with number one.

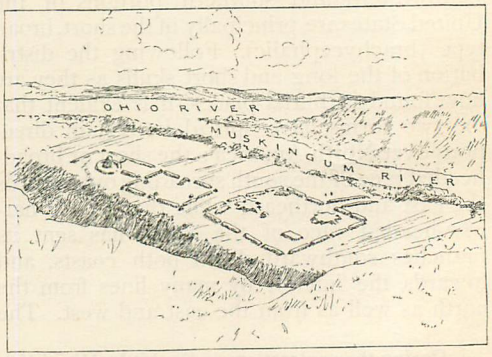
III. The Dolichocephali of the northern and coast regions, bordering on the Eskimo and spreading southward. Early emigrants, probably originally from the northern portions of Asia, and probably mixing somewhat with number two, and unquestionably largely with number four.

IV. The Brachycephali of the southwest. Early emigrants, probably from Central and Southern Asia, extending eastward and northward in North America, and mixing with number three; while in South America it extended down the coast and into the interior, mixing with a dolichocephalic Andean race.

These groups, call them by what name we will, are the principal ones in North America —though there are possibly others that will find places here and there, as for instance the Caribs in the Gulf region—from which are composed the Americans, or, as they are called, the Indians, with all their resemblances and differences. With this understanding, should we use the term "Indians" as coequal with that of "native tribes of America," we can then accept the belief that out of all these elements there has at last resulted a certain uniformity in the physical characteristics, and an amalgamation of myths, customs, and arts, which have virtually brought about a distinct American race or variety of man; just as it is claimed that the white man in America is slowly but surely assuming marked physical and mental characteristics, which, in time, as the absorption and amalgamation go on, will result in forming a distinct group within the race.

A CENTURY ago a little band of pioneers, under the leadership of General Rufus Putnam, floated down La Belle Rivière and landed at the mouth of the Muskingum, where they made the first permanent Anglo-American settlement in the great Northwest territory. When they landed they were met by a number of Indians of the Delaware tribe who had come to trade at the neighboring military station of Fort Harmar. The Wyandots, Delawares, and Shawnees, as well as the Mingoes, Miamis, Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawattamies, Sacs, and Senecas, had towns in various parts of the territory between Lake Erie and the Ohio. The Wyandots claimed that the Shawnees were living on the lands by their permission and did not own the land; and the Iroquois claimed much of the region by right of conquest, and accordingly took part in the treaties with the whites. With few exceptions the Indian towns were back from the Ohio River, on the south as well as the north, all the way down to the Big Miami. Hildreth, in his "Pioneer History of the Ohio Valley," calls attention to this fact, and says that the traditions of the Indians show that the Iroquois, their merciless enemy from the north, invaded the country along the river and drove them from its banks.

The white settlers, while well acquainted with these facts, had no knowledge of the predecessors of the Indian tribes of the valley, and little thought when they landed at the mouth of the Muskingum that they were to lay the foundation of a city over the very ruins of the homes and sacred altars of another race, who, many centuries before, had been a numerous people in the valley. When these ancient works at Marietta were first seen by the settlers they were covered with a heavy growth of forest. Harris, in his "Tour to Ohio," in 1803,[1] quotes the following statement




ANCIENT EARTHWORKS AT MARIETTA, OHIO.
(FROM A LITHOGRAPH FROM A PICTURE, AND FROM THE SURVEY BY WHITTLESEY.)

from the Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, who was in Marietta a hundred years ago. Says Dr. Cutler:

When I arrived the ground was in part cleared, but many large trees remained on the walls and

1 Published in Boston in 1805. This volume contains a bird's-eye view of the ancient works, reproduced in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," Vol. I. In several respects an early painting, copied by Sullivan for the frontispiece of Squier and Davis's volume, gives a better idea of the works. For details the two drawings should be compared with the survey by Whittlesey, in "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley."

mounds. The only possible data for forming any probable conjecture respecting the antiquity of the works, I conceived, must be derived from the growth upon them. By the concentric circles, each of which denotes the annual growth, the age of the trees might be ascertained. For this purpose a number of the trees were felled; and, in the presence of Governor St. Clair and many other gentlemen, the number of circles was carefully counted. The trees of the greatest size were hollow. In the largest of those which were sound there were from three to four hundred circles. One tree, somewhat decayed at the center, was found to contain at least four hundred and sixty-three circles. Its age was undoubtedly more than four hundred and sixty-three years. Other trees in a growing state were, from their appearance, much older. There were likewise the strongest marks of a previous growth as large as the present. Decayed stumps could be traced at the surface of the ground, on different parts of the works, which measured from six to eight feet in diameter. In one of the angles of a square a decayed stump measured eight feet in diameter at the surface of the ground; and though the body of the tree was so moldered as scarcely to be perceived above the surface of the earth, we were able to trace the decayed wood, under the leaves and rubbish, nearly a hundred feet. A thrifty beech, containing one hundred and thirty-six circles, appeared to have first vegetated within the space that had been occupied by an ancient predecessor of a different kind of wood.[1]

This of course gives only the minimum age since the works were deserted, and probably will not exceed six to eight hundred years. How many forest growths had preceded this we cannot tell; we only know that in many instances ancient mounds and earthworks in the Ohio Valley were cleared of forest growths of the same character and apparently of the same age as those about them, which we call the primeval forest. The deep deposit of dark soil or vegetable mold upon the sides and summits of the banks of clay also gives a record of many centuries.

Alas that hardly one of these ancient earthworks is left in its entirety! Here and there the more massive walls have resisted the plowman, and portions of others have been permitted to stand untouched. A few might yet be saved from further destruction, and, with some portions judiciously restored, might be preserved. Can we not do something to perpetuate these simple tokens of another race for the study of future generations in this land which we call ours only by the right of might, as others in the past have called it theirs?

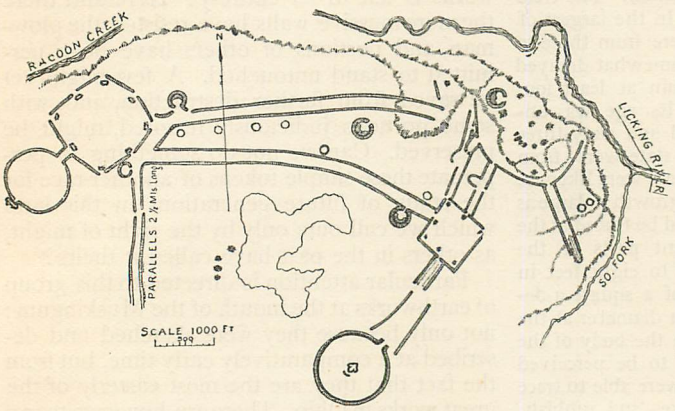
Particular attention is directed to this group of earthworks at the mouth of the Muskingum; not only because they were sketched and described at a comparatively early time, but from the fact that they are the most easterly of the great works in Ohio. There are, however, many inclosures and mounds of various kinds still farther eastward, as well as in all other directions from the Ohio River. The largest conical mound in the valley is at Grave Creek, near Wheeling, West Virginia; another, nearly as large, at Miamisburg, in the valley of the Big Miami, is the most westerly monument of considerable size in Ohio. The next group to which it is important to call attention is near Newark, at the forks of the Licking, the western tributary of the Muskingum, sixty or seventy miles northwest from the Marietta works. As will be seen

[1] Of late years several writers have brought forward many arguments showing anew, what every archæologist of experience knows, that many of the mounds in the country were made by the historic tribes. This has been dwelt upon to such an extent as to make common the belief that *all* the mounds and earthworks are of recent origin. Some writers even go so far as to imply that tree growth cannot be relied upon, and state that the rings of growth do not represent annual rings. As I am firmly convinced that many of the mounds and earthworks in the Ohio Valley examined by Dr. Metz and myself are far older than the forest growth in Ohio can possibly indicate, it matters little about the age of the trees growing over such mounds. However, as such a forest growth gives us the minimum age of these ancient works, it is important to know what reliance can be placed on the rings. In his report for 1887, Prof. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Division of Forestry in the United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the formation of the annual ring, when speaking of tree growth. In a letter recently received from him, in which he points out the probable cause of error in counting the rings of prairie-grown trees, he states that he considers "anybody and everybody an incompetent observer of tree growth who would declare that, in the temperate zones, the annual ring is not the rule, its omission or duplication the exception."

Having received repeated assurances to this effect from other botanists, I recently again asked the question of Prof. C. S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, from whom I received the following reply: "I have never seen anything to change my belief that in trees growing outside of the tropics each layer of growth represents the growth of one year; and as far as I have been able to verify statements to the contrary, which have appeared of late years, I am unable to place any credence in any of them. The following sentence, quoted from the last edition of Professor Gray's 'Structural Botany,' covers the case: 'Each layer being the product of only a year's growth, the age of an exogenous tree may in general, be correctly estimated by counting the rings of a cross section of the trunk.' I believe, therefore, that you are perfectly safe in thinking that Dr. Cutler's tree is something over four hundred and fifty years old."

Another matter worthy of careful consideration in regard to the antiquity of many of the large earthworks in the Ohio Valley, first suggested by Prof. M. C. Reed of Hudson, Ohio, is the theory that these works may have been made before the forest had encroached on the great alluvial plains where the works are commonly situated. When we recall the fact that the valley was certainly inhabited by one race at the close of the ice period there, and that a long time must have elapsed before the rivers cut their way to their present channels, and before the forest growth could have covered the old river beds, there seems to be much that is suggestive in this theory; and I have certainly observed some facts in the Little Miami Valley which apparently confirm it.

by the accompanying plan of the principal embankments,[1] there are many complicated structures, covering an area about two miles square. Many of the walls or embankments were probably not over four feet in height. Those forming the square, the octagon, and the smaller circle were nearly six feet high. The




ANCIENT EARTHWORKS NEAR NEWARK, OHIO.
(AFTER A SURVEY BY WHITTLESEY; SQUIER AND DAVIS.)

larger circle has an embankment twelve feet high and fifty feet wide at the base, with a ditch around the inside over thirty feet wide and seven feet deep. At the entrance the walls are sixteen feet high, and the ditch is here thirteen feet deep. These figures give an idea of the magnitude of this complicated earthwork, which is also of particular interest on account of the singular structure within the "great circle."[2] Here a group of four mounds is so arranged as to constitute an unbroken outline having somewhat the appearance of a bird with spread wings. In front of this group is a low crescent-shaped embankment about two hundred feet in length.

Near this most northerly of the important ancient works in Ohio is an effigy mound, known as the "alligator," situated upon a headland nearly two hundred feet high. The effigy is about two hundred feet long, and forty feet wide across the body, with legs about thirty-six feet long. Near one side of this figure is a pile of burnt stones designated as the altar.

The third important group of ancient works to be referred to is about one hundred miles southwest from Marietta and about the same distance south of Newark. These works are situated at the mouth of the Scioto, and are known as the Portsmouth works, although the group extends for two or three miles on the Kentucky shore as well as on the Ohio side, embracing over twenty miles of embankment. Here were about eight miles of parallel embankments,[3] resembling those of the Newark works, with a square, circles, and other figures. On the Kentucky side is a beautiful conical mound, surrounded by a deep ditch, outside of which is a high wall. This closely resembles the conical mound, with its ditch and wall, connected with the Marietta works and preserved in the city cemetery.

Five miles up the Scioto River, upon the level second terrace, sixty or seventy feet above the river, is an oval inclosure within which is a large irregularly shaped mound, made principally of gravel, which is certainly the effigy of an animal, and more like an elephant or a mastodon than any other. Still farther up the Scioto, particularly for several miles below and above Chillicothe, are many earthworks of various kinds — squares, octagons, circles, crescents, and parallels, with many hundred mounds. Along Paint Creek, the western tributary of the Scioto, are many more inclosures and mounds of a similar character.

Some fifteen to twenty miles south of the Paint is the east branch of Brush Creek, which, flowing south, enters the Ohio about thirty miles below the Scioto. In this southern portion of Ohio the country is broken and hilly, reminding one more of New England than of the country to the westward. The branches of Brush Creek have their source among these hills, and in the valleys are several earthworks and a number of mounds. One of the highest of several hills along the East Branch is known as Fort Hill, on account of the wide and high wall of stones, inclosing an area of forty acres, raised in ancient time around its summit. This artificial wall, in many places twelve or more feet in height, joins the precipitous sides of the hill, and, like them, is thickly covered with forest

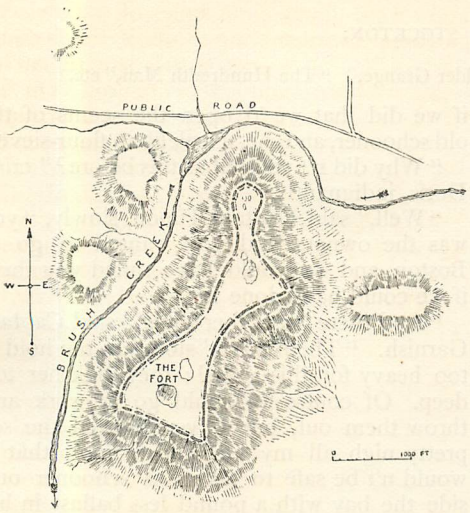
1 After a survey by Colonel Whittlesey; from Squier and Davis's "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley." "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," Vol. I. (1848).

2 This is not a true circle, as the diameters are 1150 by 1250 feet, according to Squier and Davis, whose measurements are here followed. They also state that the distance between the deep ditches at the entrance is eighty feet. "Here, covered with the gigantic trees of a primitive forest, the work presents a truly grand and impressive appearance" (p. 68). Mr. Middleton has made a recent survey of this group, and gives the diameter of the "great circle" as 1186 by 1163 feet. For a discussion of these measurements see paper by Dr. Cyrus Thomas of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, 1889.

3 Portsmouth is built over a portion of the embankments now destroyed.

trees, from among which many a noble oak has been brought low by the woodman's ax, as shown by stumps[1] still standing upon the walls.[2]

Following down the East Branch some eight




FORT HILL, HIGHLAND COUNTY, OHIO.
(FROM SURVEYS BY SQUIER AND DAVIS, AND BY OVERMAN.)

or ten miles its forks are reached, and just below them, on the east side of the creek, is a headland which juts out, a scraggy, rocky ledge, a hundred feet above the level of the waters of the creek. An overhanging cliff, seventy-five feet above the hillside, forms the upper part of this great mass of rock, and it requires but little imagination to trace in the terminal outline of this ledge the form of the head and open jaws of a huge serpent.[3] On the surface of this headland, a short distance from the bare ledge, begins the great earthwork now everywhere known as the "Serpent Mound."

Following Brush Creek some thirty or forty miles, as it winds its way to the Ohio, several mounds and a few small earthworks can be seen. Still farther to the west, in what is now the southwestern corner of the State of Ohio, are many ancient works of the same general character as those in the Scioto Valley. On the site of the city of Cincinnati, about seventy miles from Brush Creek, were inclosures and mounds, and in the valley of the Little Miami are many works of remarkable interest. In one group in particular much of importance was found relating to the sacred customs, the arts, and the conditions of the people who formed the ancient works to which special reference has been made. In this valley, too, is "Fort Ancient," the largest of the works known as fortified hills, where an embankment four miles in extent, with numerous openings, surrounds the hill and incloses an area of about one hundred acres. In the valley of the Big Miami are many more inclosures and earthworks of various kinds, with another fortified hill, which has a complicated system of walls at the entrance of the fort. These are the most westerly of the ancient works in Ohio, and the last to which reference can now be made.

With this brief preliminary of some of the important points to be kept in mind in a study of any one of the ancient works of the Ohio Valley, we can proceed, understandingly, to the special consideration of the Serpent Mound, a unique structure situated in the midst of this great system.

1 One of these stumps measures seven by nine feet in diameter two feet above the wall upon which the tree grew, and it was cut down at least fifty years ago.

2 The Western Reserve Historical Society of Cleveland is endeavoring to raise a fund for the purchase and preservation of this interesting fortification, and it is to be hoped that success will soon attend its efforts in this most laudable work.

3 This resemblance was first noticed by Dr. Peet in the "American Antiquarian," and was afterwards elaborated by Mr. Holmes in his sketch of the cliff published in "Science" Vol. VIII., p. 627 (1886).

*F. W. Putnam.*

# IN MEMORY OF FATHER DAMIEN.

MORE royal than the minever of kings
The robe of tortured flesh that clothed his soul,—
The martyr, reaching out an eager hand
To clasp the cup of bitterness and dole.

And lo! we see through tears the signs divine
Of sainthood that the ancient tales repeat.
Stigmata were the loathsome ulcer-wounds
Disease had marked in holy hands and feet!

*Anne Reeve Aldrich.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

# THE "MERRY CHANTER."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc.

## XVIII.

### THE CAPTAINS SPEAK.

HE next morning Doris spoke her mind to the captains.

"We must do something," she said. "If we can't do one thing, let us do another. We must set sail for Boston without delay."

"Madam," said Captain Garnish, "Dolor Tripp's trunk is still on board, and no matter what happens, we cannot sail until she sends for that."

Doris stamped her foot impatiently.

"What a thing to wait for!" she said.

Half an hour afterwards a man with a cart appeared on the shore, and hailing the ship, he shouted lustily that he had come for a trunk. Two of the captains took the trunk to him in the boat, and when they returned we noticed that each of them heaved a little sigh.

"Now the last link is broken," remarked Doris.

"There are some links," said the butcher, "that are mighty hard to break."

Doris looked at him compassionately. She thought he referred to the link between himself and Dolor Tripp, but I knew that he meant the link between the bottom of the *Merry Chanter* and the sand bank.

It was now plain to me that the captains felt that matters had come to a crisis, and that they must either do something or say something. For an hour they held a conference in the forecastle, and then they came aft in a body.

Captain Timon, being the oldest, spoke first.

"We captains," said he, "have been considerin' a lot about this ship, and as the owners, and perhaps the passengers that are left, may be gettin' a little worried about the longishness of our v'yage to Boston, we feel — and it 's no more than right to let 'em know it — that sailin' to Boston in this vessel is n't what we call plain sailin'. This is an old vessel, and she 's been lyin' in the dock so long that her hull is a good deal more barnacle than it is timber. Now it 's pretty nigh impossible to sail a ship when her hull is more than half barnacles. Of course most of the barnacles could be scraped off at low tide, but if we did that we 'd open the seams of the old schooner, and she 'd leak like a flour-sieve."

"Why did n't you tell us this before?" cried Doris, indignantly.

"Well," said Captain Timon, slowly, "you was the owners, and you wanted to go to Boston, and we would have sailed you there if we could have done it."

"And there 's another thing," said Captain Garnish. "Them pavin' stones in the hold is too heavy for this vessel; they sink her too deep. Of course we could go to work and throw them out, but I 've followed the sea pretty nigh all my life, and I know that it would n't be safe to take this schooner outside the bay with a pound less ballast in her than she 's got in her now."

"This should certainly have been told to us," said Doris, very sternly.

"There 's another p'int," said Captain Teel, "that might be overlooked by people that ain't sailors. This ship is short-handed. Of course there 's enough of us aboard to sail her in fair weather, and when we cleared for Boston we thought that the spell of fine weather we was then havin' would more than likely last to the end of the v'yage. But there 's no knowin' what sort of weather we are likely to have now, and if we was to be beatin' up the coast in a heavy gale, and if one of us was to be at the wheel, and another on the lookout, and another castin' the lead, and another battenin' down the for'ard hatches, it stands to reason that there would n't be nobody to take in the topsails."

Doris was flushed with anger, and I was on the point of bursting out into uncontrollable vituperation, when Captain Cyrus, with a smiling face and pleasant voice, spoke up.

"What we cap'ns want to do," said he, "is to be fair all 'round. We want to be fair to you, and fair to ourselves. Now here 's Cap'n Timon, Cap'n Garnish, and Cap'n Teel, that 's all got houses of their own, which they 've let furnished by the month to summer visitors. Now if we had sailed straight from Mooseley to Boston we 'd have been there and back before the month was out, and these three cap'ns could have been on hand to collect the advance rent for another month, either from them tenants or some others. But as things is, and is likely to be, it don't stand to

reason that we can get to Boston and back before the end of the month. Now I am not speakin' for myself, but for my mates. I 've got a house and it 's furnished, but I can't let it, for there is no knowin' what time Mrs. Bodship might want to come there, and it would n't do for her to find a tenant in it. So you see it 's not my interests I 'm speakin' for."

Doris could not say a word, but my anger broke forth.

"You miserable, old, salt-pickled fishermen!" said I, "why don't you speak the truth and be done with it? You know that you have run our vessel aground and you can't get her off. I could have sailed her better myself."

Captain Garnish advanced with flashing eye and clenched fist.

"Young man," he roared, "if you had n't your wife with you, I 'd show you the difference between a pickled fisherman and a live clam!"

The butcher now stepped boldly between the captains and the owners.

"No more of this," he said. "I am only a passenger, but so long as I am on this ship there 'll be no fighting on board of her."

The butcher owned a cleaver, and his words were respected.

Doris rushed down to her cabin, where she burst out crying, and I followed her. We had rather a doleful time together; but after a while we heard the cheery voice of Griscom Brothers, who had come on board for his daily visit, and we went on deck. After his usual hearty salutations to us all, the baker addressed the butcher:

"Lord Crabstairs sent a message to you. He said he has n't no use for chickens now. He told me to tell you that, expecting to spend most of his spare time till he gets married in going backward and forward between the village and the Tripps' house, he makes a present of all his poultry to you, knowing that you will take good care of it."

"If Lord Crabstairs thinks," said the butcher, "that what has happened is going to be covered up by eleven full-grown hens and a year-old cockerel, he has mistaken his man; but if he just wants to give them to me as plain fowls from one man to another, I 'll take them and send him thanks."

"That 's what he meant," cried Griscom Brothers. "He as much as said so to me; and so you can just pitch in and feed them, for they are yours."

Looking about him as he was speaking, Griscom Brothers perceived that something had happened, and that all was not right with us. He was about to speak, when I led him aside and explained the situation.

"That 's a pity; that 's a great pity," said he, shaking his head. "It 's a bad thing to have ill-feeling break out among people who are voyaging together on a ship, but we must see what can be done to straighten out matters."

Before, however, he could offer any suggestions to this end, the butcher came aft with a message from the four captains. I was not on very good terms with the butcher, but he spoke pleasantly to me as well as to Doris. He informed us that the captains had decided that, on the morrow, they would return to their homes by land in order to attend to their private affairs. If, after the end of the month, it would be considered advisable not to endeavor to take the *Merry Chanter* to Boston, they would be content with their share of the money paid by the passengers, and would relinquish all further claims upon the schooner.

"In that case," said Doris, "we must go on shore, also."

"It is base conduct on the part of the captains," said I. "I do not object to go on shore, but I object to being forced to do so by their desertion of our ship."

"The ship shall not be deserted," said the butcher. "I shall remain on board. I have all my belongings here, and I am very comfortable. I have my poultry to take care of and plenty of things to do; and as I can go on shore in the boat whenever I feel like it, I am not afraid to be here without sailors, for I don't believe any storm that could come into this bay could move the *Merry Chanter*. However, I shall keep the anchor out, for the sake of appearances. It does n't mean any more than 'esquire' to a man's name, but it looks well. Now how does that plan strike the owners?"

Doris declared that if the butcher really desired to stay on the ship, we should be very glad to have him do so.

"In that case," said Griscom Brothers, "if you want Johnny to stay with you, he can do it; but if you don't want him, I 'll take him home and set him to baking. It is time he was in some solid business. And as for you, madam, and your husband, if you want to stay around in this neighborhood, there is the Tripp house. There 's plenty of room in it, and I believe Alwilda and Lizeth would like you to board with them for a while."

"That would suit me exactly," said Doris. "I wish to be somewhere where I can see the *Merry Chanter* whenever I choose to go and look at it."

"That 's quite natural," said Griscom Brothers; "and we had better call this business settled. And now I 'll go ashore, and engineer the matter with Alwilda and Lizeth. I know I can do it."

The next day the four captains, being ready to go before we were, came in a body to take leave of us.

"We don't want to go away," said Captain Timon, speaking for the others, "without sayin' to you both that we part, on our side, quite friendly. Bygones is bygones. If we could have got you to Boston, we would have got you there, and been glad of it. But we could n't and we did n't, so there 's an end of it. If you ever get your ship floated, and towed into fresh water where her barnacles would drop off, and have her fitted up so that she won't need so many pavin' stones, we might be willin' to ship on her again, and see what we could do to get her to Boston for you. But till that time comes, we bid you good-by. And here 's our hands, wishin' you good luck and lots of it."

Doris shed some tears as she shook hands with the four old mariners; and although my sense of personal dignity demanded that I should not take their hands, I did so for fear of further annoying my wife.

In the afternoon Doris and I also left the *Merry Chanter*,— temporarily, as my wife earnestly declared,— and repaired to the house of the Tripp sisters, who were perfectly willing to accommodate us until we determined what it should be best for us to do.

The schoolmaster went home with his father, who vowed to protect him against Mrs. Bodship at all hazards; and the butcher was left alone on board the *Merry Chanter*.

## XIX.

### HORRIBLE SEA-WEEDS FLAP OVER HER.

OUR days with the Tripp family passed pleasantly enough. I went fishing, and sometimes Doris went with me. Doris went sketching, and sometimes I went with her. Dolor Tripp was in high spirits, and her sister Lizeth developed quite a pleasant humor. Lord Crabstairs spent every day, and the greater part of every evening, in the company of his beloved one; and, consequently, he was a good deal in our company, and seldom failed to make things lively in one way or another.

Griscom Brothers was a regular visitor. He had not yet arranged to leave his quarters over the old kitchen, and generally spent the nights there, giving up his room in the village to his son. He did not altogether relinquish his line of business as a ghost, especially when he had reason to believe that on account of moonlight walks or late departure of a visitor some outer door had been left unfastened. In his wanderings about the house he frequently deposited some delicacy in his line at the door of the room occupied by Doris and myself, and I am sure that in this regard Dolor Tripp was not forgotten. The butcher could be depended upon for a visit at least every second day. Occasionally the schoolmaster came, but he was a quiet man who did not care to do much walking about the country.

In about ten days after our arrival, Dolor Tripp and Lord Crabstairs were married. A clergyman came over from the village, and we had a very pleasant little wedding, which was made more cheerful by Alwilda, who, as soon as the ceremony was completed, proceeded at once to the dining-room, and changed the color of the blue house in her latest picture to bright yellow with scarlet window-frames. After a banquet, in which the talent of Griscom Brothers shone to marvelous effect, the happy couple proceeded on their wedding trip.

About a week after the wedding, Doris and I were down at the edge of Shankashank Bay. Across the stretch of water that separated the *Merry Chanter* from the shore Doris and the butcher were holding a high-pitched conversation, when this voice-destroying dialogue was cut short by the arrival of a boy in a funny little cart resembling a wooden wash-basin on wheels, who brought us a telegram from the nearest station. This message was from Montreal, at which place we knew the newly married couple intended making a considerable stay. It was from the young bride, and it read thus:

"I am shipwrecked, and lying drowned upon the shore, cold and dead. Horrible sea-weeds flap over me. He will write.—DOLOR."

With pallid cheeks Doris and I read this again and again, but what it meant we could not divine. We knew it meant misery of some sort, but what sort of misery neither of us could imagine. At last, not knowing what to do, we determined to take the butcher into our confidence, and hailed him to come ashore. In a few minutes his boat grated upon the sand.

He read the telegram, and looked as black as night. Doris whispered in my ear: "He must not go back after his cleaver. We must not let him do that!" In a few moments, however, the storm-clouds on the face of the butcher began to disappear.

"At first I thought," he said, "that that man had deceived her; that he 's not a lord. But, considering that he did n't want to be a lord, and put on no airs about it, I don't believe the trouble is there."

"But where is it?" said I.

The butcher shook his head.

"It 's no use going to them," he said, "until we know what has happened. We must wait for the letter."

"Do you think of going to them?" asked Doris in surprise.

"Certainly," said the butcher; "if I am needed."

That was a doleful day for us. We felt obliged to tell the Tripp sisters of the telegram, and the effect of the mysterious message was to throw Lizeth into a fit of grumbling that Dolor should be so foolish as to stir them up with a telegram like that when a letter was on its way, and to send Alwilda into the dining-room, where she began work upon an enormous tombstone, large enough to contain the names of all her family.

The butcher went to the village, where he said he would stay until a letter came, and then bring it to us forthwith. Griscom Brothers was taken into council, and he declared it was his opinion that it was clams. Dolor would be sure to call for them, and as the Canadians were not a clam-eating people they probably did not know how to cook them. Nothing would be more likely to give rise to a telegram like that than a quantity of badly cooked clams. He felt keenly on this point, for he knew how clams should be cooked so that they would hurt no one, and had he been in Montreal the case might have been quite different.

The next day at noon, the butcher, who had staid in the village all night, leaving his poultry, the sandpiper, and the *Merry Chanter* to take care of themselves, brought a letter from Lord Crabstairs.

It was addressed to me, and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: I am sorry to be obliged to write to you that I have been knocked out of time worse than any man ever was since the beginning of the world. My wife sent you a telegram this morning, but she tells me she did not go into details, so I shall write you how matters stand, although it is not of the least use, except to make our friends unhappy. We stopped at Boston, because Dolor said that as she had originally started to go there she would like to do it, and she did me the honor to declare that she traveled with as merry a chanter as if she had sailed in your ship. Then she wanted to go to Montreal, and we went there; for I was not in the least afraid to travel in Canada, where I knew no one, and where I should register no name but that of George Garley, which I bore before I came into the title. Well, we saw the sights of Montreal, and they did us no harm. But one of the Cabinet Ministers happened to be in town, and they gave him a public reception, and of course Dolor wanted to go to that, and we went. A lot of heavy swells went in ahead of us, each with some sort of a title or other, and I noticed as Dolor heard these names called out she got more and more uneasy, and just as we were coming up to the scratch she took out of my hand a card on which I had written "Mr. and Mrs. Garley," and herself gave to the usher one of the cards which we had had printed for use in the States only. When we were announced as Lord and Lady Crabstairs we created a fine sensation, I assure you; for nobody of that rank had gone in yet, and I dare say there is no duchess in England who can carry herself in better style and form than my little wife did. She was as proud as a gilded peacock, and I must say that I was a good deal that way myself. I had never had any good of the title, and I was glad something had come of it. Dolor was so particularly tickled by the deferential manner in which she was treated that I was ashamed I had ever thought of presenting the card of Mr. and Mrs. Garley. The next morning, when I went into the reading-room of the hotel, the first man I saw was that infernal attorney who had brought me the news, in front of my own door, of my accession to the title and the debts. It is of no use to write much about this; it is too beastly miserable even to think about. The wretched cad had found out I had gone to America, and the inheritors of the claims had sent him over to look me up. But he had not heard a bit about me until he saw in the morning paper that Lord and Lady Crabstairs had attended the reception the evening before. He had the papers, and he nabbed me on the spot, and now I go back to England to spend the rest of my life in a debtor's dungeon, and to think that my poor dear did it simply because she thought I ought to be as big a swell as any of them. I vow I wish I had done it myself. Well, it is all up. Life is all up. Everything is all up, so far as we are concerned. The whole world has gone to the bad. What is to be done, I cannot say. In a week I am to sail for England, but it is impossible for Dolor to go with me. She would not be allowed to share my dungeon, and I would not have her do it. Moreover, I could not endure to look through a narrow slit in the wall and see her wandering about the neighborhood, where she did not know one street from another, and wasting to a skeleton day by day. But how I am to go away and leave her, I know not. So here we are in blackest misery. By the eleven devils who continually howl around Judas Iscariot, I wish that the first Lord Crabstairs had been born dead!

Yours wretchedly,

CRABSTAIRS.

For the sake of Dolor, I stick to the title.

This letter was read aloud in the presence of the two Tripp sisters, Doris, and the butcher. When it was finished Alwilda and Lizeth arose without a word, put on their black-and-white striped sunbonnets, and went out — one to the dining-room, and the other to the poultry yard. Doris and I gazed at each other in silence, but the butcher stood up with flashing eyes and heaving breast.

"Who is to go to Montreal?" he said.

"To Montreal?" I repeated. "There 's no use in any one going there in a case like this; there is nothing to be done."

"If no one else goes," said the butcher, "I shall go."

"That you shall not do," said Doris. "It would not be suitable or proper. I am going."

She went, and of course I went with her.

WE found the bridal couple in doleful plight. Lord Crabstairs was a prisoner in his hotel,

awaiting the departure of the steamer on which his passage had been taken. Poor Dolor was plunged in blackest grief.

"Of course you did not understand the telegram I sent," she sobbed. "It was n't half strong enough."

Her husband was a brave fellow, and tried to put the best face on the matter, especially when his wife was present.

"I dare say I shall have a bit of a jolly time now and then," he said, "and that things will not be quite as bad as we have been thinking they would be. I never speak to that wretched cad of an attorney about anything, but I have heard that they turn debtors into a court now and then to take the fresh air, and perhaps they 'll let me keep chickens. That would be no end jolly! And, more than that," he exclaimed, his whole face lighting up, "who knows but that they 'll let me have a cow? I know I could keep a cow in a stone courtyard, and if they will let me serve milk and eggs to the fellows in the other dungeons I would have lots to do, especially when it came to the collecting of the monthly bills."

This kind of talk may have cheered the poor man a little, but it did not cheer us. Our principal concern was for Dolor. We had read stories of the Fleet and the Marshalsea, and supposed it likely that Lord Crabstairs might in time learn to endure life in a debtors' prison; but Dolor would be an absolute stranger in England, and she could not be allowed to go there. So there was nothing for her to do but to return to her home.

We spoke privately to Lord Crabstairs on this subject, and he agreed with us.

"Of course that 's the place for her," he said; "and I would rather think of her there than anywhere else, but there is one thing about it that worries me. I don't want her to go there if that butcher intends to live in the neighborhood. Not that I have anything to say against the butcher. He is an honest man and tossed up fair every time, and if at the last toss two tails had come up instead of two heads, perhaps he might have had her. But that 's neither here nor there. Heads turned up, and there was an end to him."

Neither of us answered this remark. Doris looked as if she had something to say, but she did not say it.

"I will write to him," exclaimed Lord Crabstairs, "and put the matter fair and square before him. Then he will surely see it as I do."

"Anything like that," said Doris, somewhat severely, "you must certainly attend to yourself."

Lord Crabstairs wrote to the butcher and put the matter fair and square before him. On the next day but one this answer came by telegraph:

"If her coming home depends on my going, I go."

"There is a man for you!" exclaimed Doris, with a slight flush on her face as she read this telegram.

I made no reply. The butcher was well enough in his way, but he was not a man for me.

Dolor knew nothing of the letter or the telegram. That evening she said to us:

"I have been thinking about going home. It will be perfectly dreadful with my husband snatched away to a living death, and every hope in life shattered and shivered, but in some ways it may be better than it used to be. I shall have more company. I dare say the *Merry Chanter* will not sail for ever so long, and I shall often see you two, and perhaps the captains, to say nothing of Griscom Brothers and the schoolmaster. The butcher too is a very pleasant man, and probably he will always live in the neighborhood."

At this Lord Crabstairs leaned his head upon his hands and gave a groan. Dolor stepped quickly to his side and put her arm about his neck.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "I wish I better knew how to help you to bear your misery! And to think," she suddenly exclaimed, standing erect, with her eyes sparkling with indignation, "the people who really owed these horrible debts, as well as the people to whom the debts were owed, have been dead so long that they have even ceased to be corpses!"

## XX.

### THE COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES.

DORIS and I agreed to stay in Montreal until the very last minute, and when the steamer should be entirely out of sight we would return home, taking Dolor with us. To Lord Crabstairs we privately promised that before starting we would telegraph to the butcher.

Saturday was the steamer's sailing day, and on Friday morning the attorney came to Lord Crabstairs's room, where Doris and I were paying an early visit to the unfortunate couple. Lord Crabstairs had declared he would never again speak a word to this attorney, who had dogged him across the Atlantic. But this time he broke through his rule.

"What do you mean," he cried, "by this impertinence? Is it not enough to have one cur keeping guard outside the door without another pushing himself into the room?"

This harsh speech made not the least impression upon the attorney, who quietly

remarked: "Half an hour ago I received a message by cable concerning you which I did not in the least understand. But in picking up the morning paper I find this despatch from London, which is a curious bit of news, and may interest you." And handing a newspaper to Lord Crabstairs he stepped to one side.

Lord Crabstairs took the paper and read aloud the following news item:

Considerable interest has lately been excited with regard to the case of Lord Crabstairs, who recently succeeded, not to the estate,—for there is none,—but to the title of this ancient family. It is well known that his only inheritance was a vast mass of debts, some of which began to accumulate in the seventeenth century, and which were increased and multiplied by a long line of ancestors, so that many years ago it became impossible for any descendant of the house to pay them. In consequence of this unfortunate state of affairs the new Lord Crabstairs became liable to arrest at the moment of his coming into the title, and to be sent to the debtors' jail, where so many of his forefathers had passed their lives. The public has already been made aware that this new nobleman evaded the officers of the law and fled to America, where, in Montreal, he was recently arrested as an absconding debtor. The publication of the facts in the London papers attracted the attention of an American gentleman, Mr. Copley Westbridge, who has been for some time in Europe expending a large portion of his great fortune in collecting material with which to found an antiquarian museum in New York. Mr. Westbridge pays much attention to antiquities of every kind, and the case of Lord Crabstairs interested him greatly. He obtained permission to examine the vast mass of claims, bonds, defeasances, judgments, executions, warrants, mortgages, bills, writs of *elegit* and of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, and legal papers of every variety originating in the reigns, protectorates, and regencies of two centuries; and all so worded and drawn as to bear upon the unfortunate man who happened to be Lord Crabstairs, no matter in what period of time or part of the world. This mass of ancient and curious documents appeared so valuable to Mr. Westbridge that he bought the whole of it for his museum. The descendants of the original creditors consented to accept a fixed price for the collective debts, and Mr. Westbridge signed a quitclaim, which entirely absolved Lord Crabstairs and his descendants from any connection with the debts of his forefathers. By this transaction this unique and highly valuable collection of legal curiosities goes to the States, and a British peer is made a freeman on his native soil.

As Lord Crabstairs read this piece of news his voice became louder and louder, and I am sure the eyes of all of us opened wider and wider, and that our hearts beat faster and faster. Dropping the paper, Lord Crabstairs stepped towards the attorney.

"What is the message you received?" he shouted.

"It was very short," replied the attorney; "merely these words: 'No further claims against your prisoner; release him.' Therefore, my lord, you are no longer under arrest. Good-morning."

With two shouts of wild ecstasy Lord and Lady Crabstairs rushed into each other's arms, and Doris and I quietly withdrew.

The gayest, happiest, and most madly hilarious three people in the Dominion of Canada that day were Doris and Lord and Lady Crabstairs. I, too, was wonderfully well pleased, but my pleasure did not exhibit itself in extravagant manifestations such as those of my companions.

"What are you going to do?" asked Doris of Lord Crabstairs as we all sat at luncheon together. "Are you going back to England? Have you any sort of an ancestral pile left to you?"

"I really do not know," replied his lordship. "I have never gone very deep into the beastly business. Whether there was an entail or no entail, there is nothing left, anyway. But if anything were left, I should have nothing to do with a stick or a stone that belonged to my ancestors, for fear that the American antiquarian had overlooked a paper or two, and that some sort of antiquated debt in geometrical proportion still stuck to the property. I own a neat little place in Bucks, and if everything has n't been scattered to the four winds, there is a cow there, and a lot of high-bred poultry, two dogs, and a cat, and some of the prettiest flower-beds you ever saw in your life. Lord and Lady Crabstairs will live there, and if the other lords of the realm think that my house is too humble an abode for a British peer they can smother their mortification until I make money enough to build a better one. I intend that the next house of the Crabstairs shall date from me."

It was decided that the best thing for us all to do was to return together to the Tripp house. We wrote at once to announce the good news of our coming, and we were met at the railroad station by a little crowd of friends. Lizeth Tripp was there, but not Alwilda, who would not leave the house unprotected even on an occasion like this. The four captains were there, and Griscom Brothers, and the schoolmaster, and very prominent among the others the butcher, wearing a freshly washed and starched gown, and a shining, high silk hat. Having heard that Dolor's husband was coming back with her, he did not think it necessary to leave the neighborhood. Behind this little group of friends stood the entire population of the village.

We walked to the Tripp house in a long procession, the baggage of the bridal pair

being gladly carried by the four captains, the schoolmaster, Griscom Brothers, and the butcher. The villagers followed us for a short distance only. They all knew what sort of a woman Alwilda Tripp was. The hired man had come down to the station, but he had hurried back ahead of us, and now stood at the open gate bearing a huge sunflower, which he presented to Lady Crabstairs.

"I don't believe there 's another person in this world," said Lizeth, when we had reached the house, "on whom that man would have wasted nearly a gill of chicken seed."

We found Alwilda in the dining-room, standing before the huge tombstone she had painted on the wall. She quietly submitted to the embrace of her sister, and very civilly returned the salutations of the rest of the party.

"I am very much puzzled," she then remarked, "to know what to do with that tombstone. I don't want to scrape it out, because I took a great deal of pains with it, and yet, as things have turned out, it does n't seem to be suitable."

"Who is that sprawling nigger at the foot of the stone with his head in a brass pan?" asked Lord Crabstairs.

"By that," replied Alwilda, "I intended to represent the downfall of an African king."

At this we all laughed heartily, and Lord Crabstairs cried:

"Well, whatever you do, madam, paint out the nigger. He does n't suit at all. And if you want an inscription for your tombstone I 'll give you one: 'Here lies two centuries of debt, and the devil take it!'"

"I might put that," said Alwilda, "except the part about the devil. I can have instead of it 'now departed.'"

"I think I can propose something better than that," cried Doris. "You can cut off the top of the gravestone so as to make it look like the base of a monument, and on this you can paint a handsome column or obelisk. You can make a flower-bed of the fallen African king, and pretty vines can twine themselves about the base of the stone. These, with blossoming shrubs and flowers on each side and in the background, will make a very cheerful picture. Then on the monument I propose you paint these words: 'To the memory of the good ship *Merry Chanter*, which'"— She hesitated a few moments, and then said: "I cannot think of a good sentiment. Will not one of you help me?"

Griscom Brothers smiled, and in a moment said:

"How do you like this? 'To the memory of the good ship *Merry Chanter*, which made slow time but fast friends.'"

"Capital!" said Doris. And we all agreed that this would be an exceedingly appropriate inscription.

"I 'll paint it in that way," said Alwilda. And immediately she went to work upon it.

## XXI.

### THE MERRY CHANTER LEAVES SHANKASHANK BAY.

Lord and Lady Crabstairs remained with us at Dolor's old home for a week or more, and then started on a short western tour. When this continuation of their bridal trip was completed they would sail for England to take possession of their small estate in Buckinghamshire, where, as the humblest and happiest of all lords and ladies, they expected to build up a little paradise.

Every one of us was sorry to have them go, and each of us gave them some little memento: the butcher's present was a beautiful new cleaver of the best steel.

"This sort of thing," he said, "comes very handy in a kitchen."

And then speaking to me in an under voice he remarked:

"They say that sharp-edged tools cut love, but there are cases when this does n't matter."

The four captains brought queer things which they had picked up in distant lands, and Griscom Brothers put a little oyster pie in a tin can and told them they must think of him when they ate it in their own house.

"I do not need anything," said Dolor, "to make me remember the ghost who used to leave pies at my door."

"I have n't anything that will do for a memento," said Alwilda; "but I will paint your portraits from memory and send them to you."

"May the ship sink that carries them!" muttered the butcher.

The day after the departure of Lord and Lady Crabstairs, Doris and I walked down to the shore to look at our ship.

"Do you know," said Doris to me, "that I am very much afraid the *Merry Chanter* will never sail again. I don't believe the highest kind of tide will lift her now. She must have become a permanent portion of the earth's surface."

I had long been waiting for an opportunity to assert myself, and to make plain to Doris the value of my opinions and my decisions. I considered such action as due to my personal dignity, and had only postponed it because no proper occasion had appeared to offer itself. Now an occasion offered.

"There is no need of surmises on the subject," I said. "I have positively determined that that ship is not fit for navigating purposes,

and that we must give up all idea of sailing in her to any place whatever."

"I am glad you think so," said Doris, "because I was afraid I might have some trouble in convincing you that now we ought not to think of such a thing as taking voyages in our ship. But what shall we do with her?" she continued. "But here comes the butcher. Let us ask him."

The butcher, who had been rowing from the ship, now ran his boat upon the beach. When Doris had asked his advice upon the important subject under consideration, he stood for some moments holding his chin in his hand.

"I 'll make you an offer," he said. "I like living on board the schooner. It suits me first-rate. She 's got a splendid foundation, and will stand storms like a lighthouse. If you say so, I 'll buy her of you."

My wife and I retired a little for consideration.

"There cannot be the slightest doubt about it," said Doris. "We should sell him the ship, for it is of no earthly use to us."

"Very well," said I; "let us sell it to him."

THE butcher bought the *Merry Chanter*, and with the purchase-money in our pockets Doris and I prepared to leave Shankashank Bay for a little inland town, where we would set up a home entirely unconnected with maritime pursuits.

On the morning of the day we were to leave we went on board the *Merry Chanter* for a final visit. The schoolmaster received us at the beach, and rowed us to the ship. As we stepped on deck the butcher, in whitest gown and blackest hat, received us with a sorrowful courtesy. Griscom Brothers was on board with the four old captains, who had come over purposely to bid us farewell. We were all there except the lively Lord Crabstairs and the pretty Dolor. The butcher thought it proper to allude to this fact.

"There is a gap among us, my friends," he said, "which we cannot fail to see. There are, however, other gaps, which are not visible," and he turned his face towards the sea.

Doris walked over the ship and bade good-by to everything. Her own old hen, followed by a brood of now well-grown chickens, came clucking towards her, doubtless remembering former dainty repasts. The other poultry crowded about her, hoping to be fed, and the sandpiper ran along the rail by her side, his little eyes sparkling with the expectation of a crumb.

She walked to the bow, and looked over at the wooden figure-head.

"Good-by, dear Merry Chanter," she said. "Whenever the winds are high, and I know there is a storm on the coast, I shall think of you bravely breasting the waves that rush in from the sea, and shouting your bold sea-songs out into the storm."

The butcher insisted upon rowing us to the shore. As we bade him farewell he cordially invited us to pay him a visit whenever we felt like breathing a little sea air.

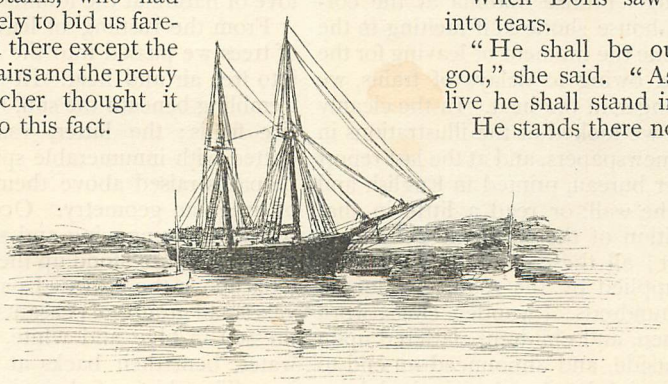
"When you are fixed and settled," he said, "I want to send you — a — not exactly a present, but something to remind you of this part of the world."

THREE months after this there came to our new home an enormous box, which gave rise to more curiosity in Doris and myself than we had ever felt in regard to any package in any shape or size. When, after an infinite deal of pains, the cover had been forced off and some wrappings removed, there we saw the Merry Chanter, unbolted from the bow of our ship, and sent by the butcher to us.

When Doris saw it she burst into tears.

"He shall be our household god," she said. "As long as we live he shall stand in our home."

He stands there now.



*Frank R. Stockton.*

THE END.

# FROM TOKIO TO NIKKO.

## AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

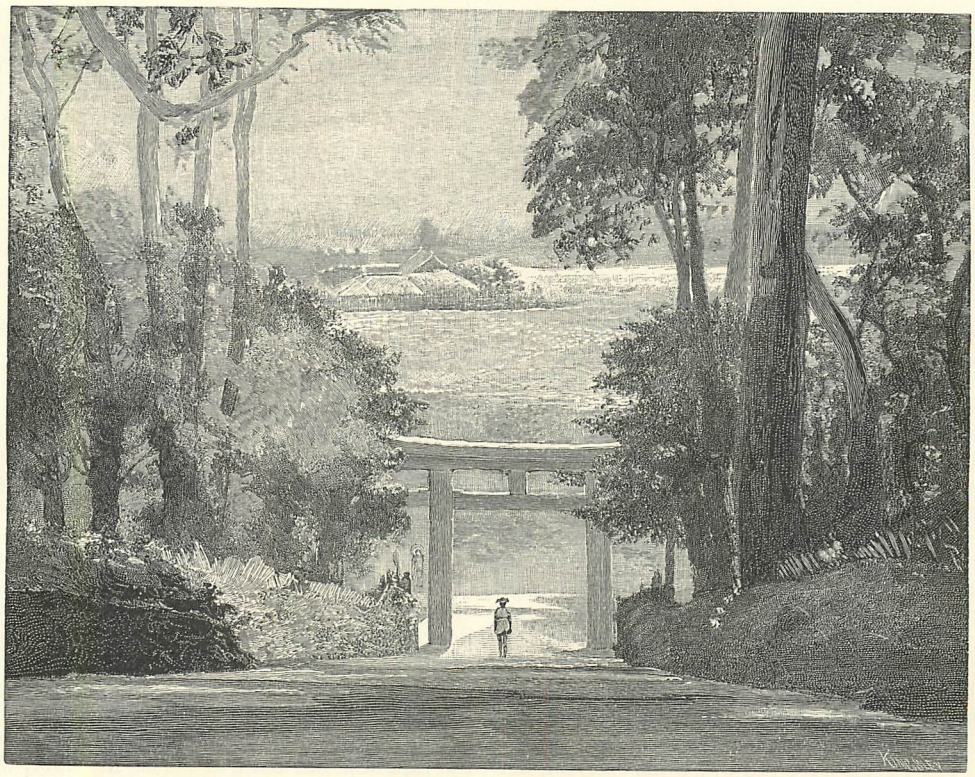
JULY 20, 1886.—The cholera was upon us, and we decided to go to Nikko and spend a month there, near the F——s'. The doctor, who was anxious to get back to its coolness and its other charms, was to pilot us and instruct us by the way, and much of the miscellaneous information that I shall give you has come more or less from him. Late in the morning we rode to Tokio, and lunched in Uyèno Park, looking down on the great pond and the little temple which stands in it, and which you know, having seen it on the fans and colored prints. They were veiled in the haze of the sunlight, as if in a spring or winter mist, and through this fog of light shone the multitudinous little sparkles of the ribs and swellings of the lotus pads, lapping one over another, and reaching to far streaks of clearer water. A denser lightness here and there marked the places of the flowers, and a faint odor came up in lazy whiffs. The roof of the temple seemed to be supported by the moisture below. Above there was no cloud. All things lay alike in the blaze, enveloped in a white glimmer of heat and wet, and between the branches of the trees around us the sky was veiled in blue. The locusts hissed with a crackling sound like that of heated wood. The ugly bronze Buddha at the corner of the tea-house shone as if melting in the sun. Then came the moment of leaving for the station, where, owing to delays of trains, we waited still longer in the heat. In the cleanly waiting-room we looked at the illustrations in the Japanese newspapers, and at the last report of the weather bureau, printed in English and fastened to the wall, or read a little in that morning's edition of the excellent Yokohama English paper; all these comforts of civilization being supplied by the road. At length the noise of hundreds of wooden clogs, worn by men, women, and children, clattered upon the stones outside, and announced an end to waiting. The tightly closed train had been baking in the sun all day, and we leaned out of the doors on the sides and gasped for breath.

Our train skirted the great hill of Uyèno, and its dark shadow, which did not quite reach us. Monuments and gravestones, gray or mossy, blurred here and there the green wall of trees. The doctor told us of the cooler springtime, when the cherry trees of Uyèno cover the ground with a snow of blossoms, and the whole world turns out to enjoy them, as we do the first snows of winter.

But this is a lame comparison. The Japanese sensitiveness to the beauties of the outside world is something much more delicate and complex and contemplative, and at the same time more natural, than ours has ever been. Outside of Arcadia, I know of no other land whose people hang verses on the trees, in honor of their beauty; where families travel far before the dawn to see the first light touch the new buds. Where else do the newspapers announce the spring openings of the blossoms? Where else would be possible the charming absurdity of the story that W—— was telling me of having seen in cherry-blossom time some old gentleman, with capacious saké gourd in hand and big roll of paper in his girdle, seat himself below the blossom showers, and look and drink, and drink and write verses, all by himself, with no gallery to help him? If there is convention in a tradition half obligatory, and if we, Western lovers of the tree, do not quite like the Japanese refinement of growing the cherry merely for its flowers, yet how deliciously upside-down from us, and how charming is the love of nature at the foundation of the custom.

From the rustling of leaves and reëchoing of trees we passed into the open country, and into free air and heat. In the blur of hot air, trembling beneath the sun, lay plantations and rice fields; the latter, vast sheets of water dotted with innumerable spikes of green. Little paths raised above them made a network of irregular geometry. Occasionally a crane spread a shining wing and sank again. In the outside ditches stood up the pink heads of the lotus above the crowded pads. At long intervals small groups of peasants, men and women, dressed in blue and white, knee-deep in the water, bent their backs at the task of weeding. The skirts of their dresses were caught up in their girdles, and their arms were freed from their looped-back sleeves.

The doctor spoke to us of the supposed unhealthiness of rice planting, which makes life in the rice fields short, in a country where life is not long.

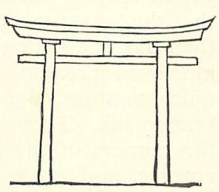


THE LAKE IN UYÈNO PARK.

We are told that the manuring of the rice fields taints all the waters for great distances, and we are warned not to drink, without inquiring, even from the clearest streams. Not even high up in the mountains shall we be safe; for there may be flat spaces and table-lands of culture which drain into the picturesque wildness below. We learn that with all these hardships the rice growers themselves cannot always afford this staple food of the country, for cheaper than rice are millet, and buckwheat, and the plants and fungi that grow without culture.

Contrasting with the tillage we were passing, islands of close foliage stood up in the dry plain, or were reflected, with the clouds above, in the mirror of the wet rice fields. Occasionally a shrine was visible within, and the obligatory Torii stood at the edge of the grove, or within its first limits.

Looking through a Torii one is sure to be in the direction of something sacred, whether it be temple or shrine or holy mountain. Neither closeness nor distance interferes with this ideal intention, and the sacred Fusi-yama is often seen a hundred miles away in the sky, framed by these lines, built for the purpose. This assemblage of four lines of stone or wood or bronze is to me one of the creations of art, like the obelisk or the pyramid. Most impressive, most original of symbolic entrances, whether derived from sacred India or from the ancestral innocence of Polynesia, there is something of the beginning of man, something invented while he lived with the birds, in this elementary porch, whose upper line, repeating the slope of hill and wave, first embodied the curve that curls all upper edges in the buildings of the farther East.



A TORII.

And if indeed the Torii [1] be nothing but the first bird-perch, then I can imagine the father of all peacocks spreading his gigantic fan across its bars; or I may prefer to suppose it the rest for the disk of the sun god, whose lower curve is repeated by the Torii's upper beam.

SOMETIMES there were traces of inclosure about these woods; sometimes they had no edgings but their own beautifully modeled contours. Long ages, respectful care, sometimes fortunate neglect, have made of these reserved spaces types of an ideal wildness, for these are sacred groves, and they are protected by the divine contained within them.

This preservation of a recall of primeval

[1] The usual etymology of Torii is bird-perch; from *Torí*, a bird.

nature, this exemption of the soil from labor, within anxious and careful tillage, is a note of Japan constantly recurring, and a source of perpetual charm.

Notwithstanding the men and women working in the fields, there was a certain desolateness in the landscape, and A—— made out its reason more easily than I, and recalled that for miles and miles we had traveled without seeing any of the four-footed beasts which the Western mind always associates with pastoral life and labor.

As the evening came on we crossed a large river and looked down from the height of the new bridges upon the discarded ferry-boats, and upon the shape of a more fantastic one that was never meant to sail — a pine tree, shaped and trimmed, spread its green mast and sails in a garden by the water. Far away were lines of mountains and the peaks of extinct volcanoes.

At every station now the country people gathered to stare at the novelty of the train; we saw the lighting up of the farm-houses as we passed; in the door-yards, behind high hedges reminding me of Normandy, bonfires were being made to keep off mosquitoes: then temples and shrines with lights before them, and at eight o'clock on a festal night we came into Utsunomiya.

The streets were full of people carrying lanterns; children ran about together, with little toy shrines, and the whole town was drowned in noise. We got into a *basha*, a sort of omnibus, attached to two wild horses, and were hurled through the crowded streets, much as if carrying the mails, with apparent disregard of the lives and limbs of the inhabitants.

The hotel, where we were expected and where the doctor had represented us as distinguished visitors, opened its whole front, in a Japanese way, to receive us, for there was no outside wall to the lower floor. We were driven quite into the house, and beheld an entire household drawn up in line on the platform, which occupied a full half of this lower space. The doctor did all that was right, while we remained in amused embarrassment before our prostrated host and the kneeling attendants. As we sat helpless on the steps of the platform our shoes were taken off, and in stockinged feet we were ushered through the crowd and the lower part of the house, through the preparations for passing travelers, the smell and heat of washing and cookery, and an inexpressibly outrageous odor, even for this land of frightful smells, evidently of the same nature as that of the rice fields.

Notwithstanding this horror, we found, on clambering up the steep little staircase of dark, slippery wood, better fitted to stockings than to boots, a most charming, cleanly apartment ready for us: ready, I say, but its three big rooms, which took all one side of the court, contained nothing but a drawing hanging in each room and a vase filled with flowers; in justice, I ought to add a European table of the simplest make, and three European chairs. Under them was spread a piece of that red cloth which seems to have a fascination for the Japanese — perhaps as being European.

Everything was of the cleanest — wall, floor, stairs, tables; everything was dusted, wiped, rubbed, polished.

It was too hot and we were too tired to go out and see the town, noisy with the excitement of a festival. The doctor directed the preparation of a meal on a Japanese basis of rice, mingled and enlivened with the contents of various cans; and meanwhile I went down another little staircase of cleanly white wood, at the farther end of our apartment, to our little private bath-room below.

This was about six feet square, and its furniture consisted of a deep lacquer tray to lay clothes in. The bath-tub was sunk in the floor, but so that its edge rose high above the level of the room. I had declined the "honorable hot water," which is the Japanese necessity, and obtained cold, against protest. I had yet to learn the luxury and real advantage of the Japanese hot bath. I closed my door, but my window was open, and through its wooden bars I could see our opposite neighbors across the garden of the courtyard — a whole family, father, mother, children, and young daughter — file down to the big bath-room at the corner, whose windows were open to mine. I heard them romp and splash, and saw heads and naked arms shining through the steam. Meditating upon the differences which make propriety in various places, I joined my friends at dinner and listened to what the doctor had to say upon the Japanese indifference to nudity; how Japanese morals are not affected by the simplicity of their costumes, and that of course to the artist it seems a great pity that the new ideas should be changing these habits in a race so naturally law-abiding; for even the government is interfering, and enforcing dress within city limits. Then came the question whether this be a reminiscence of Polynesian ancestry and simplicity, or born of climate and cleanliness. And, indeed, all Japan spends most of its time washing, so that the very runners bathe more times a day than our fine ladies. Meanwhile the servant-girls were spreading for us the blue-green mosquito nettings, put together with bands of orange silk. They were slung by cords from the corners of the beams, which serve for a cornice, and made a good-sized square tent in the middle of the room. Inside, our beds

OUR RUNNER.

were made up on the floor, of well-wadded coverlets folded one upon another. One of these I took for a pillow. I have not yet dared to try the block of wood, hollowed out for the nape of the neck, which serves for a pillow in Japan, notwithstanding that it has a pad to relieve its severity — a pad of paper fastened on, and which you remove sheet by sheet as you want a clean pillow-slip. I can understand, however, how precious it must be in a country where the women keep, day and night, undisturbed, those coiffures of marvelous black hair, glistening with camellia oil, the name of which I like better than its perfume. From inside my netting I could see, as I was lying,—for the screens, which made our windows, remained wide open,— through the topmost branches of the trees of the garden, the Japanese family opposite, now ending their evening meal.

Laughter and chatter, clattering of cups, rap of pipes against boxes, a young man came in and bent over one of the women seated upon the floor; the girl repeated some prayer, with clapping hands outstretched; the lights were put out, all but the square "ando," or floor night-lantern, and they drew their screens. I fell asleep, to be waked with a start by the watchman, who, every hour, paced through the garden, striking a wooden clapper, and impertinently assured us of the hour.

THIS weary noise marked the intervals of a night of illness, made worse by nightmares of the cholera, from which we were flying. The earliest dawn was made hideous by the unbarring and rolling of the heavy *amados*,[1] the drawing back of the inside screens (*shojis*), and the clattering of clogs over pavement, through other parts of the house. Our Japanese family across the way I could hear at their ablutions, and, later, tumultuously departing for early trains, and at last I slept in broad daylight.

LATE in the morning we entered our friend the basha. In the daylight, I noticed that the horses wore something like a Dutch collar, and were harnessed with ropes. Two men, one the driver, the other the running groom, sat on the low front seat. Our trunks and bags and Japanese baskets encumbered the omnibus seats on which we stretched our sick and wearied bodies — for the doctor himself was ill, and smiled mechanically when I tortured him with questions. We left town at a full gallop, and at risk of life for every one in the streets; one of our drivers meanwhile blowing wildly through a horn, to the inspiriting of the horses and the frightening of the Japanese small boy. Soon one of our men plunged off his seat and began running by the horses in the old Japanese way — hereditary with him, for they follow the calling from generation to generation. Running without pause and without sweating, he threw his body back as if restraining his pace to that of the horses. At the limits of the town, in full run, he stripped his upper garments and showed himself tattooed at every visible point. Above the double strip of his breech-clout, a waterfall, a dragon, and a noble hero made a fine network of blue and pink on the moving muscles.

1 Rain-doors, outer wooden screens, which close the house at night, and roll in a groove.

Now the road became heavy, wet, and full of deep ruts; and our miserable ponies came to a stand-still—and balked. The Japanese mildness of our driver disappeared. He took to beating their poor backs with a heavy bamboo cane; while we remonstrated feebly, regretting that we had not sufficient strength to beat him too. Then he explained, deferentially, that confusion seized him at being unable to keep his promise of delivering us at Imaichi for the appointed hour; and I felt as if we had been put in the wrong. Imagine the difference had he been—any one but a Japanese. We turned aside from the main way into a little dry side-path, which led us into the hills and moors. As we got among them we left the annoying odors of the rice fields, and smelled for the first time the fragrance of wild roses, looking like ours, but a little paler. This was the first thing which reminded me of home—the roses that the Japanese do not seem to care for, do not seem to understand. With them the rose has no records, no associations as with us, for once on this farther side of the garden of Iran, the peony and the chrysanthemum, the lotus and the iris, the peach, the cherry, and the plum make up the flower poetry of the extreme East.

THEN, leaving the dry and sunny uplands, we entered a famous avenue, shaded for twenty miles by gigantic cryptomeria trees 60 to 120 feet high. They were planted, as an act of homage, some two centuries ago, by some mighty noble, when it was decided to place at Nikko the tomb of the great shōgun Iyéyasŭ. They rise on each side of the sunken road, from banks and mounds, over which steps lead, from time to time, to plantations and rice fields beyond, and to shrines peeping out among the trees. In side-roads above, on either hand, passed occasionally peasants and pack-horses laden with forage, or the bright shine of a peasant woman's red skirt. Where an occasional habitation, or two or three, are niched in some opening, the tall columns of the great trees are interrupted by spaces filled with crossed branches of the wilder pine, and behind these, outside, sometimes the light-green feathery mass of a bamboo grove.

IN THE GREAT AVENUE OF CRYPTOMERIA.

Against the bank stood low thatched buildings; near them, the great trees were often down, or sometimes dying; an occasional haystack, sliced off below by use, was fastened, in thick projection, around some smaller tree. Once, at a turn of the road, near a building with wide roof, pushed against the corner bank out of a basin fringed with iris, sprung into the air a little jet of water. Near by, a solitary ditcher had placed in a bamboo fence some bright red blossom, with its stem and leaves, apparently to cheer him at his work.

The heavy road was being ditched on each side to carry off the soaking waters, and our weary, miserable horses broke down again. A—— and I rested by going in advance, and I experienced the new sensation of walking among the bamboo stems, like an insect among the knotted stalks of a gigantic grass. The still heat of the sun burned in great smoky streaks across our way, spotted by the flight of many yellow butterflies. There was no sound of birds in the high spaces above; the few peasants that we met slipped past on their straw sandals, their noiseless horses also shod with straw; occasionally a shiver of the great spruces overhead, and far behind us the cries of our grooms to their horses.

It was two o'clock when we galloped bravely, as if with fresh horses, into the single long street which is Imaichi village. We were now on high ground, some two thousand feet above our point of departure, and could feel, but not see clearly, in the blaze of sunlight, great mountains lost in great wet clouds.

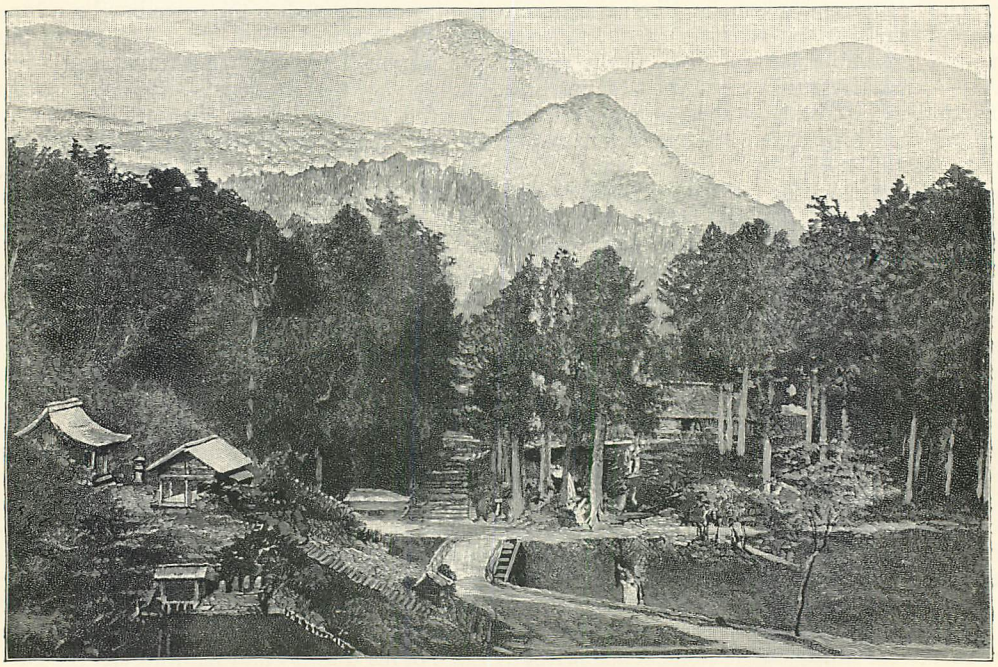
We stopped at the village inn; drivers and runners were sitting on the stone bench in front, drinking tea, when we drove up. We sat down on the straw-matted porch inside, the whole front of the building open, and drank miserable, herby tea, and tasted the usual sweet balls of sugary stuff.

Alongside the tea-house, in one of the recesses between the buildings, we could see the runners of kurumas being washed off and rubbed down, just as if they were horses in a livery stable. As they stood naked, their companions poured pails of water over them, its brown spread covering the stone slabs. Some of them, in the porch, lay on their backs, others prone, others on the side, all near a kettle, which hung over a charcoal fire, in which, perhaps, they were heating saké. One on his back, his neck on the wooden pillow, was smoking. The village itself lay in hot, clean repose,—not dusty,—the rows of buildings on each side of the street irregular, but all of the same appearance. Most of the fronts were open, the goods all displayed outside of the walls, or on the floors; innumerable pieces of paper hanging about everywhere. A few men sat about on the porches, their naked feet hanging off, their sandals on the ground below them, the inevitable umbrella by their side. Most of the village was asleep, in nakedness. The color of flesh glowed in the hot shade; brown and sallow in the men, ruddy on the breasts of the women and the entirely nude bodies of the children.

And here, now, we said good-by to the basha, and got into the two-wheeled baby-wagon, which they call a kuruma. One man ran between the shafts, and another, in front, was fastened to the cross-bar by a long strip of cloth tied about him. The file of our five wagons started off at a rapid trot — we had two for our baggage — with the doctor ahead, his white helmet dancing before us in the sun. From under my umbrella I tried to study and occasionally to draw the motions of the muscles of our runners, for most of them were naked, except for the complicated strip around the loins — a slight development of the early fig-leaf. The vague recall of the antique that is dear to artists — the distinctly rigid muscles of the legs and thighs, the rippling swellings of the backs — revived the excitement of professional study and seemed a godsend to a painter. The broad, curved hat, lifted by a pad over the head, was but an Eastern variation, not so far removed from the Greek πέτασος of Athenian riders. Some heads were bare; that is to say, their thick black thatch was bound with a long handkerchief, which otherwise hung on the shoulders or danced around their necks. Not all were naked. The youngest, a handsome fellow, had his tunic pulled up above the thighs, and the slope of his drapery and his wide sleeves gave him all the elegance of a medieval page. I found it easier now to struggle against heat and indolence, and to make my studies as our runners ran along, for we had entered again the avenue of the great cryptomeria. We had passed the entrance of another, which in old times was the road, traveled by the mikado's ambassador, in the fifth month, when he journeyed across the island to carry offerings to Iyéyasŭ in his tomb at Nikko. The big trees grow still taller in this higher air, their enormous roots spreading along the embankments in great horizontal lines and stages of buttresses. Prolonged wafts of cool air blew upon us from the west, to which we were hurrying. Above us spread a long avenue of shade, high up and pale in the blue. And so we got into Nikko as the sun was setting, with the delicious sensation that at last we were in coolness and in shade.

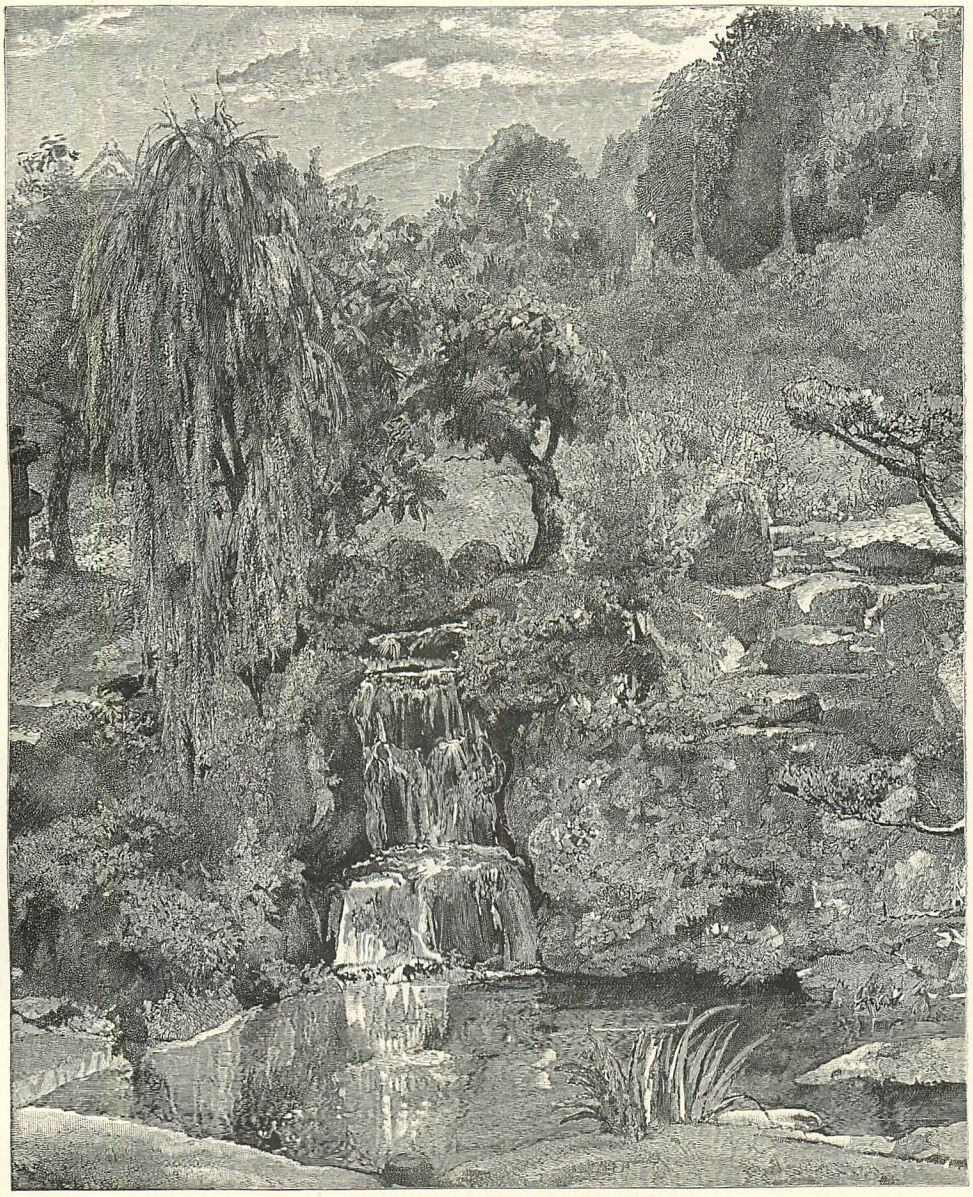
Right before us, crossing the setting sun, was the island mountain of Nikko-san; small

enough to be taken in by the eye, as it stood framed by greater mountains which were almost lost in the glittering of wet sunlight. The mountain threw its shade on the little village; down its one long street we rode to the bridge that spans the torrent, which, joining another stream, gives Nikko the look of an island. Alongside this bridge, at a distance of two hundred feet, crosses the red lacquer bridge, over which we are not allowed to pass. It is reserved for the family Tokugawa, the former shōguns of Japan, whose ancestors built the great shrines of Nikko, and for the emperor on his occasional visits. It stands supported on a gigantic framework of stone, imitating wood, the uprights being pierced to allow the crosspieces to run through, against all European constructional principles, but with a beauty which is Japanese, and a fitness proved by time.



NIKKO-SAN.

These great posts under the bridge lean against what seems the wall of the mountain; the rock foundation being supplemented, everywhere that a break occurs, by artificial work. Here and there cascades fall over natural and over artificial walls and glisten far up through the trees on the opposite side of the bridge. As we rattled over it, we looked down on the overflowing long wooden trough, which carried the pure waters of the mountain to the village that we had passed, and upon the torrent below, whose limpid clearness was made blue by mist, where the warmer air was chilled by a coldness drawn from far-up mountains. Before us steps of enormous width passed under the foliage and turned above in many directions, and there on the lowest step, her dainty feet on straw sandals, whose straps divided the toes of the close-fitting Japanese socks, with bare ankles, stood our hostess, in latest European dress, most graceful contrast to our own consciousness of being jaded and dirty, and to the nakedness of our runners. Panting with the last run, they stood at rest, and leaned forward against the cross-bar of the shafts, with muscles still trembling, clear streams of sweat varnishing their bronze nakedness, and every hair plastered with wet on forehead, chest, and body. Just before them rustled the unrumpled starched spread of the skirts of the fair American. She was summering at Nikko, and, friendly with the Buddhist clergy, had arranged that one of the priests should let us have his house, and kindly walked with us to it, a little way up in one of the first open spaces of the mountain. After passing the great outside fringe of trees we found a large clear opening, broken up by walled inclosures, the wall sometimes high and sometimes low, and edged by gutters through which the torrents ran. These were the former residences of princes, whom etiquette obliged to worship officially at Nikko. A quarter of a mile up we came to our own garden,— with an enormous wide wall or embankment of stone, some twenty feet deep,— which also had been a prince's, and now belongs to the little Buddhist priest who is our



THE WATERFALL IN OUR GARDEN.

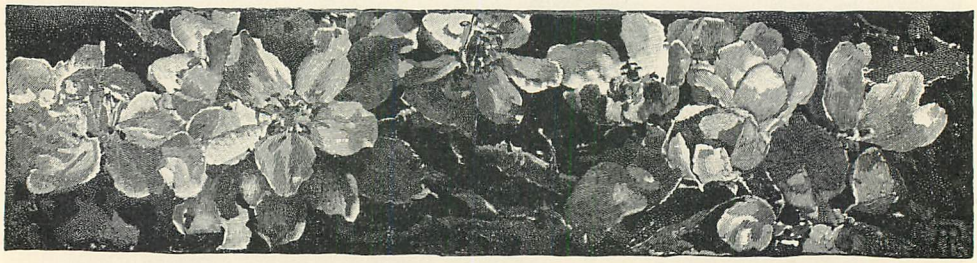
landlord. There are two houses in the inclosure, one of which he lets to us. Ours is brand-new and two stories high, while his is old and low, with an enormous roof, and an arbor built out from the eaves and connecting with his little garden. High behind his house rise rocks and wall; and on top of them are planted willows, pines, maples, and the paulonia, whose broad leaves are part of the imperial crest. A little waterfall tumbles over the rocks and gives us water for our garden and for our bath. In our house we made the acquaintance of Kato, who is to wait upon us. A few minutes later we were welcomed by our landlord, dressed for the occasion. He conducted us to our rooms, and leaving for a moment returned with a china bowl that was covered with a napkin, and contained sweetmeats which he told me are peculiar to Nikko.

Seeing that we were helpless with the language, he bowed low and left us to our bath and to a survey of our new quarters. We were tired, sick, miserable, weary travelers, having gone through a shipwreck of heat and fatigue, but there was a fascination in feeling that this baby-house is ours, that it is typical, that on entering

we left our shoes out on our own threshold and were walking on the soft clean mats, stocking-toed; that in a few minutes we should be stretched on these as on a bed, and that Kato would pour out our tea. Our lowest story, which has a veranda, can be divided so as to make a servant's room and a hall beyond. In an L behind stretches out a wash-room with a big dresser fixed to the wall, under which, through a trough, rolls a torrent from the waterfall; and, farther on, the little square bath-room with one side all open to the floor, when the wooden screen is drawn, through which we get light and air, and through which the box containing burning charcoal is brought from the priest's house to heat our bath. We have a little staircase — just the width of our trunk — which leads sharply up to the veranda above, from which we step into A——'s room and then into mine; they are separated by movable screens, so that we can be about as private as if the division were a chalk line. But outside we have a wealth of moving wall: first the paper screens, which, when we wish, can separate us from the veranda; then, lastly, on its edge, the amado, or wooden sliding doors, which are lying now in their corner box, but which later will be pulled out and linked together, and close the open house for the night.

Then, as we were about leaving, we solemnly placed a great ornamented revolver before the little god of Contentment who sits upon the Tokonoma — that mantelpiece which is at the level of my eye when I lie on the floor, and which is the Japanese ideal seat of honor, but never occupied. This revolver is left there to appease a Japanese conventional fear of robbers. We went down in the twilight to our friends, and had a very European supper, and sat on their veranda, looking through the trees towards the bridge, in a moonlight of mother-of-pearl; and we were so sleepy that I can only suppose we must have talked of home, and I can only remember our host clapping his hands for lanterns, and Kato leading us back, with the light held low, and the noise of the torrents running under the little stone bridges that we passed, and our taking off our shoes on our own door-step, and the thunder of the amados as Kato rolled them out for the night.

*John La Farge.*



## THE VOICE OF THE VOID.

I WARN, like the one drop of rain
On your face, ere the storm;
Or tremble in whispered refrain
With your blood, beating warm.
I am the presence that ever
Baffles your touch's endeavor,—
Gone like the glimmer of dust
Dispersed by a gust.
I am the absence that taunts you,
The fancy that haunts you;
The ever unsatisfied guess
That, questioning emptiness,
Wins a sigh for reply.
Nay; nothing am I,
But the flight of a breath —
For I am Death!

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

# GLASGOW: A MUNICIPAL STUDY.

THE people of Glasgow are accustomed to claim for their city the second place in the British Empire. If by the words "city," "burgh," or "borough" there is meant merely a populous place,— an aggregation of houses and people with a concentration of various commercial, industrial, and social interests,— then metropolitan London would assuredly rank first and without rival. But if by these words is meant a distinct and complete municipal organism, the people of Glasgow may claim not the second, but the first place among the communities of Great Britain. London as a municipal corporation is but a mile in extent and has only fifty thousand people; "larger London" having no unified corporate existence.[1] Glasgow in 1888 had a population of 560,000 within a compactly inhabited area of 6111 acres; and its vigorous development has caused so generous an overflow that the whole community, including the continuously built-up suburbs, now numbers little short of 800,000 souls. The annexation of 8000 additional acres is about to be accomplished by act of Parliament.

As a type of the modern city with highly developed and vigorous municipal life, and with complex, yet unified, industrial and social activities,— in short, as one of the most characteristic of the great urban communities in the English-speaking world of the nineteenth century,—Glasgow may well repay study. It combines in itself most remarkably all that is significant in the history of city government among peoples of British origin; that is to say, to study Glasgow is to study the progress of municipal institutions in every stage. Like all modern commercial cities Glasgow has exhibited the phenomenon of rapid growth, and has had to meet the various problems that rapid growth under new industrial and social conditions has forced upon the attention of all such cities. Indeed, Glasgow has grown quite as rapidly as the large towns of America. In 1750 the population was less than 25,000. In 1800 it was approximately 75,000. In 1811 it was 100,000; in 1831, 200,000; in 1851, 329,000; and in 1871 it was 478,000. In 1881 it had reached 488,000, with 186,000 more of overflow into the immediate suburbs, making a total of 674,000. And to bring the figures up to 1889, it is reasonably safe to estimate that within a district six or seven miles long and three or four miles wide, containing less than 15,000 acres, there is a population of 775,000.

Whether originally due in greater or less degree to the danger of raids from Highland clans and attacks from invading English armies, it has from a very early period been the custom of Scotch townsfolk to build compactly and to house the population in tenement-flats. Aberdeen, Dundee, and Leith illustrate this custom quite as well as do Edinburgh and Glasgow. The rapid growth of the present century has given most serious reality to all the latent and lurking evils of a tenement-house system, and Glasgow has been compelled to study and apply modern remedies — indeed to be a leader in the invention and trial of remedies — for the ills that spring from the overcrowding of the poor. The regulation of house building and occupancy; provision for domestic cleanliness; schemes of street cleansing, of garbage removal, of epidemic disease prevention, of improved "watching and lighting" arrangements, with a view to the lessening of crime; provision of shelter for floating population; a differentiated and adequate system of sanitary inspection; the establishment of baths and various conveniences to improve the health, comfort, and moral condition of the people: all these features of recent municipal activity may be studied to special advantage in Glasgow.

Like Liverpool in England, or Chicago in America, Glasgow is an excellent instance of what I may call the "self-made," or rather self-located, modern commercial city, as contrasted with great urban communities like London and New York, which have assumed vast proportions and importance in spite of themselves and without the application of any organic municipal energy. Glasgow more than a hundred years ago entered deliberately upon the herculean task of making itself an important port by deepening its shallow river into a harbor and an ocean highway. Following the gradual improvement of the Clyde navigation came first a large American trade, in tobacco, cotton, and other staples. The development of the coal and iron mines of the Clyde valley in the immediate neighborhood followed; and when the day of iron ships had its dawning,

[1] Larger London's new county council may, however, be regarded as the beginning of a central metropolitan government.

Glasgow was prepared to make them for the nations. Meanwhile its textile and chemical manufactures had been growing in importance, and the community found that its courage and energy had resulted in its expansion to the rank of one of the greatest centers of industry and commerce in the entire world.

In all this expansion Glasgow's character as an integral community has been exceptionally well sustained. The people have been disposed to live inside the circle of their work, and that must obviously signify a high degree of centralization; by which I mean something more than mere density of population. The same families send workers to the ship-yards, or iron works, and to the textile factories where women and children are employed. All the great industries belong essentially to the one working community. It is peculiarly interesting to observe a city which, having made itself prosperous and mighty by well-directed, organized municipal energy, at a later time applies that same energy to the solution of the dark social problems which seem the inevitable concomitant of the new material progress of communities.

## GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

THE present municipal organization of Glasgow is simple and easily understood in its main features, although somewhat anomalous and complex in certain minor respects. The whole government may be said to be exercised by a grand committee of fifty men chosen by the qualified electors. There are sixteen municipal wards, each of which elects three members of the town council. The election is for a term of three years, and one man from each ward retires annually. There are also two *ex-officio* members of the council, namely, the "Dean of Guild," who represents the venerable Merchants' House, and the "Deacon-Convener," or chairman of the associated trade guilds; these two functionaries representing the bodies which before the Scotch Municipal Reform Act of 1833 were in sole control of the municipal government. The perpetuation of this custom of allowing a small share in municipal government to the old-time trades' and crafts' corporations is not practically objectionable, and it unites the present with the past in a manner peculiarly British.

The municipal franchise before 1868 was, like the borough parliamentary franchise, in the hands only of rate-payers upon premises valued at £10 or more, and who, whether occupiers or owners, lived within seven miles of the borough. In 1868 the franchise was further extended to all occupiers of houses within the borough, however small their rent, provided they paid their poor-rates. This is known as the household franchise, and comes short of universal suffrage only in excluding lodgers. There is a special lodgers' franchise for those occupying rooms worth £10 a year, unfurnished, but unmarried workingmen are practically excluded. For the entire city of Glasgow there are only about a thousand names registered upon the lodgers' list. The municipal franchise now differs from the parliamentary only in the particular that women householders are admitted to the one and excluded from the other. The present number of men entitled to vote is 75,000 and of women 14,750—a total municipal electorate of 89,750.

In considering the effect of the franchise upon city government, it is to be borne in mind that not only is the mass of unmarried workingmen excluded, but also all others who have failed to pay their rates. This is a point of enormous importance; for I have ascertained that in Glasgow last year no less than 25,000 householders were disfranchised by reason of non-payment of assessments. The total number of houses is 121,722, of which number 86,089 are valued at less than £10 a year. It is estimated that nearly 5000 persons who are registered as Glasgow voters, by reason of ownership or occupancy of premises, live outside the corporation, within the seven-mile limit. The difference between the actual voting registration — which is made by the assessor and is complete — and the number of houses exceeds 30,000; and after making due allowance for unoccupied premises and other considerations, the fact remains that about one-third of the householders enfranchised by the act of 1868 fail to pay the rates and never vote. If it were possible to secure reinstatement by payments of arrears, as an election approaches, there would be a tempting field of activity opened up to corrupt politicians. But this cannot be done. The better class of workingmen in Glasgow of course pay their rates, take an active interest in public affairs, and do not fail to vote. But there is a very large population of the degraded poor which does not in fact participate in elections, and is not of the slightest service to "ward politicians"; a genus which, by the way, is rarely found in British cities. What I may call the self-disfranchisement of the slums is an important consideration in Glasgow's municipal government.

The councilors of Glasgow come chiefly from the ranks of men of business, and are upright, respected, and successful citizens. No salaries attach to such offices anywhere in the United Kingdom, and it is deemed an honor to be selected to represent one's ward. Party lines are seldom very sharply drawn in municipal elections. An efficient councilor may, in

general, expect reëlection for several terms if he is willing to serve. The seat of a satisfactory man who asks reëlection is in a majority of cases not contested at all. No other candidate will appear, and he will be awarded the seat without the actual holding of an election. It may be said that in the sixteen wards of Glasgow it is unusual to have more than five or six contests for seats in any one year.

From their own number the councilors choose a "provost," usually called the "Lord Provost," and ten "bailies" or magistrates. The provost in Scotch towns corresponds to the mayor in English towns, while the bailies are in some respects analogous to the English aldermen. The provost presides over the council, serves on council committees, and personifies the pomp and dignity of the municipality; but except in his capacity as a member of the council he has no important executive responsibility. He has no appointments to make and has no veto upon enactments of the council. Like the bailies, he is, however, a magistrate, and has his share of judicial work to do, mostly in the exercise of ordinary police jurisdiction. The bailies sit as citizen magistrates in certain districts of the city upon a plan of rotation, each being assisted by a paid legal adviser technically called an "assessor." To relieve them somewhat, there is now employed a "stipendiary," or salaried police judge, who sits constantly in the central district. The provost and bailies are designated for three years. It is important to make clear to American readers that the provost is in no sense an administrative head as the American mayors are, and that there is not in British cities any disposition whatever to concentrate appointing power and executive control in the hands of one man as an effective way to secure responsible administration. There is nothing in British organization or experience to sustain the proposition of certain American municipal reformers that good city government can be secured only by making the mayor a dictator. American conditions differ considerably, however, from English conditions; and the success of administration by town councils in Great Britain is not a conclusive argument against the theories of the American reformers.

All appointments, as I have said, are made by the council itself. Heads of departments are selected with great care and their places are practically permanent. In the minor appointments the responsible heads are allowed to use large liberty of suggestion, the council ratifying such selections as are agreed upon by the departmental head and the supervising council committee. Although the number of persons in the employ of the Glasgow departments is large, there is no examination system in use. The best men are selected from among the applicants, and there is little or no complaint of favoritism. Those conditions under which an examination system might be very desirable happily do not exist.

While the full government of the city is vested in the fifty members of town council constituting a body officially known as "the lord provost, magistrates, and council," they exercise their powers under various acts of Parliament which make them (1) water commissioners, (2) gas trustees, (3) market and slaughter-house commissioners, (4) parks and galleries trustees, (5) city improvement trustees, and (6) a board of police commissioners. These distinctions are chiefly matters of bookkeeping. The essential fact is that the powers are all vested in the common council. Each of these departments is organized separately, and its work is carried on under the supervision of a standing committee of the council.

The town clerk is the most important standing officer of all British towns. He is expected to hold his position for life. He is much more than simply the keeper of the records of the council and its committees. He attends its meetings also as its constant legal adviser. He drafts measures desired from Parliament, and takes charge of them while pending. He is the city's conveyancer, the custodian of its title-deeds and charters, and its attorney in all civil actions. The Glasgow clerk, James D. Marwick, LL.D., is a high authority upon questions of municipal history and law.

The chamberlain, whose office, like that of the town clerk, is very ancient, is the treasurer of the corporation proper; and the present incumbent has been appointed as the treasurer of several of the newer departments or "trusts." He has also, in Glasgow, gradually assumed the function of a compiler of municipal statistics. He joins the provost and town clerk in arranging for special occasions and "doing the honors" of the city to distinguished guests. The nominal treasurer of the city is a member of the council; but the chamberlain is actual custodian of the funds, while the cashier is still a different official.

The assessor has devolving upon him the important work of valuing "lands and heritages" from year to year for rating purposes, and also that of making the registration lists of parliamentary and municipal voters. Of other officials enough will be said in the descriptions of the working departments.

### THE SANITARY DEPARTMENT.

CONSIDERATIONS of the public health have been predominant in determining the most important lines of action entered upon within the

last quarter-century by municipal Glasgow. I shall find it convenient, therefore, to begin an account of the several departments with a sketch of the organization and work of the sanitary administration. These new municipal undertakings find their true center in the bureau of the medical officer of health, who furnishes the vital statistics — and the deductions from those statistics — which incite and direct municipal activity, and who gives constant advice and authoritative judgment as to general methods and particular cases. A council committee of eighteen supervises the entire sanitary administration of the city, with subcommittees on cleansing and on hospitals. The sanitary department is a model of good work and thorough organization. Its ultimate authority is the medical officer of health, while its executive head is the sanitary inspector. The department is in some sense double-headed; yet there is no conflict of authority, and the arrangement works admirably in practice. The medical officer is relieved from the details of administrative work. His office-room adjoins that of the sanitary inspector, and the two officials are in constant communication. The entire force of inspectors is at the service of the medical officer, yet he has no responsibility for their routine work.

The department was established in 1870 upon a broad and wise basis. It was at that time proposed by the new incumbent of the office of sanitary inspector: (1) that the city should be divided into five main districts for sanitary purposes; (2) that a sub-inspector should be appointed for each main district, having under him ordinary or "nuisance" inspectors, epidemic inspectors, a lodging-house inspector, and a lady visitor; and (3) that a central office should be established, with the necessary clerks. This plan was accepted by the council and went at once into operation. The population at that time was 450,000, and the average inhabitancy of the main districts was therefore 90,000. The work began with an out-of-door force of forty inspectors, of whom five were the district chiefs, five inspected lodging-houses, seven were occupied with the detection of infectious disease, eighteen were "nuisance" men, searching for ordinary unsanitary conditions in and about the houses of their districts, and five were "women house-to-house visitors." In essential features the organization is retained unaltered. There remain the five main districts in which sanitary inspection is carried on, although their boundary lines have been altered in order to make each one of them precisely inclusive of a certain number of the twenty-four areas into which, for purposes of vital statistics, the medical officer has divided the city. There are now employed eight epidemic inspectors, sixteen nuisance inspectors, and six female inspectors under the immediate supervision of five district inspectors. In addition to these there are six night inspectors, two food inspectors, a common lodging-house inspector, and a vaccinator. The sanitary wash-house and the fumigating staff, although a part of the health force, may be left for a separate description. There is also an indoor force of about twelve thoroughly competent men. All these officials are subject to the orders of the medical officer and the sanitary inspector, and are actively generaled by the latter, who holds conferences every morning with the district chiefs and the individual inspectors of all the other branches of the service.

It must be remembered that the prime necessity for all this vigilance grows out of the density of population, which is not equaled by that of any other British city except Liverpool. The present city bounds contain an area of 6111 acres and a population of decidedly more than half a million. The density of London, according to the census of 1881, was 51 to the acre, while that of Glasgow was 84. The average density of sixteen of the twenty-four sanitary districts, moreover, is above 200, and the average density of five districts is 300. Localities are not few where single acres contain a thousand or more people. The tenement-house is almost universal. The best as well as the worst of the laboring class, and the large majority of the middle class, live in the "flats" of stone buildings three or four stories high. In some cases two or three hundred people use a common staircase, and much greater numbers may be found using common passage-ways, or "closes," as they are called in Scotland. For no other English-speaking city, so far as I am aware, are the statistics of house room and inhabitancy so complete as for Glasgow. To quote Dr. Russell, the distinguished medical officer of the city, "25 (24.7) per cent. [of the inhabitants of Glasgow] live in houses of one apartment; 45 (44.7) per cent. in houses of two apartments; 16 per cent. in houses of three apartments; 6 per cent. (6.1) in houses of four apartments; and only 8 per cent. in houses of five apartments and upwards." This simply means that 126,000 of the people of Glasgow live in single-room tenements and 228,000 in two-room tenements. (In Scotland, however, the word "tenement" is usually applied to the entire building, and the word "house" to the one or more apartments arranged for the occupancy of a family; thus the ordinary "tenement" contains many "houses.") These population figures are those of 1881, and Glasgow has grown in numbers materially since that date; so that the number of people living in houses of one or two rooms is actually greater,

although probably a little less relatively. A population thus housed might well give employment to an army of sanitary inspectors. Glasgow's extraordinary rapidity of growth filled the tenements with Irish and Highland laborers from the huts of the rural districts, where they had known nothing of the relations of cleanliness to health, and where, moreover, their unsanitary modes of life were not a menace to thousands of other people. Their uncleanliness in the great city of Glasgow tempts epidemics and keeps the death-rate terribly high.

Among these overcrowded tenements the epidemic inspectors are constantly at work ferreting out cases of contagious disease. Last year they discovered 3769. As yet the law does not make it obligatory upon medical practitioners in Scotland to report cases of such disease, but their voluntary coöperation with the Glasgow department is quite general, and 5230 cases were reported at the office in 1887, making a total of 9000 cases registered. The epidemic inspectors are trained men who have usually served in the higher ranks of the police force. The nuisance inspectors are practical men who understand plumbing and the building trades, and who reported last year 21,886 "nuisances," practically all of which were in consequence remedied. These had to do with defective drains, matters of water-supply, garbage accumulations, offensive ash-pits, and all sorts of structural defects, decays, and unwholesome conditions.

The work of the night inspectors is done under the authority of a clause in the Glasgow police act which provides for the measurement of all houses and the ticketing of those which have less than 2000 cubic feet of space. The tickets posted on the doors show the maximum number who may occupy the house, and the night inspection is to prevent overcrowding. For, small as these abodes are, great numbers of them take lodgers in addition to the regular family. Fourteen per cent. of the one-room houses and 27 per cent. of the two-room houses take lodgers. In a recent public address, entitled "Life in One Room," Dr. Russell, the medical officer, remarked, "Nor must I permit you in noting down the tame average of fully three inmates in each of these one-apartment houses to remain ignorant of the fact that there are thousands of these houses which contain five, six, and seven inmates, and hundreds which are inhabited by from eight even to thirteen." The last report of the department shows 16,413 ticketed one-room houses, and 6617 ticketed two-room houses; and the total number of inspections made last year (1887) for overcrowding was 52,996. Of these one-room houses, 3285 contain less than 900 cubic feet of space. The average rent of one-room houses throughout Glasgow is almost exactly $2.00 per month, while that of two-room houses is about $2.60. The average cubical space of the two-room houses as compared with that of the single apartments is somewhat greater than the relative excess of rent. The inspection of these houses is of immense public benefit; but the undeviating enforcement, by the use of pains and penalties, of the rules regulating overcrowding, is obviously impossible. The inspectors and the police magistrates are obliged to use discrimination, and to deal leniently in one case and severely in another.

It is the business of the common lodging-house inspector to secure the registration of all establishments of the sort everywhere known as lodging-houses, to visit them frequently, and to enforce public regulations which have wholly transformed these places in Glasgow. There are one hundred and one of them now on the inspector's list. But I shall have occasion on a later page to refer again to lodging-houses.

The work of "female visitation," as it is called, among the poor families is doubtless productive of great good. The lady inspectors made more than 45,000 visits last year, and their suggestions as to cleanliness and household reform seem to carry weight by virtue of their official position. It is hardly necessary to say that in the selection of ladies for this work care is taken to obtain the services of those who have tact, discretion, and sympathy.

### EPIDEMIC HOSPITALS.

But I must pass on to a description of the means used by Glasgow for the isolation and treatment of infectious disease. For the health authorities long ago discovered, what some American cities seem so slow to learn, that epidemics are not inevitable visitations, but are preventable. Glasgow had suffered from typhus and small-pox and cholera and other plagues from time to time, and had depended upon the parochial authorities and the privately managed hospitals to make special provisions at such times for the epidemic cases. At length, in that series of health acts passed by Parliament, some for Scotland as a whole, and some for the local authorities of Glasgow, which began about 1855 and which is yet far from ideally complete, it was provided that the Privy Council might, by order, in special emergencies, confer upon the local authorities temporary powers for dealing with epidemics after their acknowledged outbreak; these powers including the right to provide "such medical aid and such accommodation as might be required." Serious prevalence of typhus in

1864 compelled the health officer to look to the authorities for accommodation; and a temporary pavilion hospital was accordingly opened. Its usefulness was so great that when, in 1866, the Glasgow police act was revised, a new clause compelled the local authorities to maintain the existing hospital and empowered them to open others for the reception of infectious cases and the protection of the public against epidemics. In 1869 typhus compelled the enlargement of the original hospital to 250 beds, and in the next year "relapsing" fever not only filled these quarters with patients, but forced the authorities to make additional provisions.

They acted with a most commendable wisdom. On the extreme eastern edge of the city was a private estate, called Belvidere, containing rather more than 30 acres, and sloping beautifully down to the Clyde. It was purchased, and the mansion-house was enlarged and transformed into quarters for the attendant physicians and nurses. Wards were hastily built of wood in the detached pavilion form. These have gradually been replaced by permanent pavilions of brick and stone, each containing two wards. The establishment is now the most attractive and complete in its appointments and in adaptation to its particular purposes, and the most satisfactorily administered, of any in the United Kingdom, if not in the world. As now used it has accommodations for from 500 to 600 patients, which can be increased to 1000 without any overcrowding of the spacious wards. A technical description of the arrangements of this establishment is not, however, compatible with the scope of my paper, and I must not digress in that direction. Thoroughly compatible, however, is a discussion of the policy of the Glasgow authorities in giving this place the semblance of a lovely village, with its trees and lawns, its playgrounds and beautiful flower-gardens, with its separate and home-like private apartments instead of common dormitories for the eighty nurses, and with convalescing-rooms and every convenience attached to each sick-ward — when it would have cost much less money to build a big, repulsive "pest-house" and inclose it with a grim wall, "a place for sick paupers to die."

I am not dealing with sentimental considerations when I commend this policy. The difference between popularity and unpopularity in a public hospital for infectious diseases may well mean all the difference between a terrible epidemic and its easy prevention. What, for instance, is the extra cost of a spacious and attractive hospital where it is actually a privilege for a poor child to be sick, compared with the frightful cost, direct and indirect, entailed upon a city by the prejudices which so frequently lead to the secretion of epidemic patients by the ignorant poor? In a densely populated city everything depends upon the discovery and isolation of such forms of disease at the earliest possible moment. An epidemic destroys valuable lives, and it also paralyzes trade and industry and causes immense pecuniary loss. It is the endeavor of Glasgow to treat contagious cases with such care and tenderness and such affluence of all that modern invention and science can suggest, as to secure ready coöperation from all classes in the work of isolating infection. The plan is growingly successful. After the average sojourn of six weeks at Belvidere patients are reluctant to leave, and they carry wonderful tales back to the tenement-rows. The Belvidere nurses are ladies, and the city gives them such accommodations as, in their arduous and necessarily secluded work, they might reasonably desire. The small-pox wards are built separately, and in fact the small-pox hospital is entirely distinct in all its departments; but when, as at present, there are no small-pox patients, some of the wards are used for scarlet fever, measles, or other diseases, and the whole group of buildings is administered as one great fever hospital. It should be said that the rich as well as the poor may, and do, avail themselves freely of the privileges of this hospital, especially for scarlet fever and measles. The average daily number of patients in 1887 was 332, and the total number received in the year was about 3000. The city's capital outlay in epidemic hospitals is half a million dollars. Dr. Allan, the accomplished medical superintendent, agrees with Dr. Russell, the health officer, in regarding the establishments at Belvidere as large enough for the highest efficiency; and when the extension of the municipal bounds is accomplished — a thing most urgently desirable for sanitary administration — it will be the city's policy to develop another hospital at the opposite end of the town.

### SANITARY WASH-HOUSE.

Not the least important feature of the health department's work in Glasgow is the Sanitary Wash-house. A similar establishment should be a part of the municipal economy of every large town. In 1864 the authorities found it necessary to superintend the disinfection of dwellings, and a small temporary wash-house was opened, with a few tubs for the cleansing of apparel, etc., removed from infected houses. For a time after the acquisition of Belvidere a part of the laundry of the hospital was used for the purpose of a general sanitary wash-house. But larger quarters being needed, a

separate establishment was built and opened in 1883, its cost being about $50,000. This place is so admirable in its system and its mechanical appointments that I am again tempted to digress with a technical description. The place is in constant communication with sanitary headquarters, and its collecting wagons are on the road early every morning. The larger part of the articles removed for disinfection and cleansing must be returned on the same day, to meet the necessities of poor families. I visited the house on a day when 1800 pieces, from 25 different families, had come in. In 1887, 6700 washings, aggregating 380,000 pieces, were done. The quantity, of course, varies from year to year with the amount of infectious disease in the city. The establishment has a crematory, to which all household articles whatsoever that are to be burned after a case of infectious disease must be brought by the vans of the sanitary department. The carpet-cleaning machinery and the arrangements for disinfection by steam, by chemicals, and by boiling I cannot here describe.

The department's disinfecting and whitewashing staff is operated from the wash-house as headquarters. A patient being removed to the hospital, the authorities at once take possession of the house for cleansing and disinfection. It is a point of interest also that the city has provided a comfortable "house of reception" of some ten rooms, with two or three permanent servants, where families may be entertained for a day or more as the city's guests if it is desirable to remove them from their homes during the progress of the disinfecting and clothes-washing operations. The house is kept in constant use, and it is found a very convenient thing for the department to have at its disposal.

As net results of the sanitary work of the Glasgow authorities may be mentioned the almost entire extinction of some of the worst forms of contagious disease, and a mastery of the situation which leaves comparatively little fear of widespread epidemics in the future, in spite of the fact that Glasgow is a great seaport, has an unfavorable climate, and has an extraordinarily dense and badly housed working population. The steady decline of the total death-rate, and its remarkably rapid decline as regards those diseases at which sanitary science more especially aims its weapons, are achievements which are a proper source of gratification to the town council and the officers of the health department.

### THE CLEANSING DEPARTMENT.

In close affiliation with the sanitary department, and under the superintendence of the same general committee of the common council, is the cleansing department. While for administrative purposes it is a distinct service, it seems to me important to make conspicuous the fact that the street-sweeping, garbage-disposal, street-watering, and other work of this important public department are a part of the sanitary government. Health considerations come first. It is the business of the superintendent of cleansing not merely to manage his department to the greatest possible economic advantage, but to manage it primarily in such a way as to satisfy a fastidious medical officer of health. Mr. John Young, for a number of years at the head of this department, has made it a model of efficiency. To use Mr. Young's own language, the work of the department "embraces (1) the scavenging of all courts and back yards forming a common access to lands and heritages separately occupied; (2) the scavenging and watering of all the streets and roads within the city; and (3) the collection, removal, and disposal of all night-soil, general domestic refuse, and detritus."

The propriety of cleansing private courts and passage-ways at public expense is better considered in the practical than in the theoretical aspects. Glasgow has a population of which more than 90 per cent. live in closely built "flatted" houses, and of which 70 per cent. live in houses of one or two rooms. Health demands that the common courts and stairs be kept clean. Experience shows that, if done properly, the owners would pay their private employees more than the small tax—one penny in the pound sterling of rental value—which is collected of them as a special rating for this purpose. There are 11,000 of these courts, etc. to be kept clean, some of which have to be cleansed two or even three times in a day, and all at least once a day. For this work the main cleansing districts are subdivided into sections, which are laid off into about 200 beats, each of which is cleansed by one man under the supervision of a section foreman.

The streets (181 miles) are swept nightly, most of the work being done by twenty-three horse machines which are followed by the department's removal carts. A good feature of this work are the iron boxes or bins, with hinged lids, sunk in the sidewalks next the curbing along the principal streets at intervals of forty yards. Men and boys are kept busy brushing up the day litter and depositing it in the boxes, the contents of which are removed by night with the sweepings.

The summer street sprinkling is also done by the cleansing department, and it is done with great economy, for the simple reason that the amount of the street cleansing work varies inversely to the amount of street sprinkling

required; and so the regular force of men and horses employed to keep the streets clean during the rest of the year is sufficient to do that work and the watering besides in the summer months. The sidewalks of Glasgow are left to be swept by owners and occupants, who are, of course, required to keep them clean. The system as a whole results in well-cleansed thoroughfares.

The third distinct portion of the work of the cleansing department is the collection and disposal of domestic refuse and night-soil; and this is more difficult and expensive than the other two portions combined. For this service the city is divided into several main districts, regard being had in this division to the points of outlet. The central or "business" part of the city is served by daily morning "dust-carts," each house being provided with a special form of covered bucket which facilitates collection. As regards the great bulk of the population, living in flatted tenement-houses, it has been found best to collect refuse, including such excrementitious matter as is not carried down the sewers, from improved "ash-bins" in the back courts. Each main district has a force of men engaged in emptying these bins and wheeling the contents out to meet the night-carts which ply between the district and the nearest "despatch station" of the department. It should be explained that each district is subdivided for this work into six sections, one section being cleansed every night, and the entire city being thus served once a week. As the use of the water-closet system is becoming more general, the amount of excrementitious matter to be collected by the department decreases. But many large factories, besides the numerous "public conveniences" on the streets, make use of the "pail-closet" system, the pails being very frequently exchanged and the removal to the despatch stations being in covered vans. This system of scavenging is as thorough in execution as it is methodical and complete in its plan.

There are two principal and three minor despatch stations. The most approved in its appointments is the one known as the "Crawford Street Works." Stated briefly, it is the policy of the department to send out as manure to the farms just as large a proportion, in bulk and weight, of the street sweepings and general refuse as can be made a marketable article. At Crawford street the carts drive across a weighing platform to a great dumping and sorting floor. Street sweepings, after a little raking to remove newspapers and large articles, are shoveled through hatchways, without further treatment, into railway wagons standing on the lowest floor. The contents of the ash-bins are passed through great revolving double riddles or separating machines. The larger cinders are sorted out and furnish fuel for the establishment's boilers. The finer ashes and cinders pass down to the floor below into the mixing machines, where they are met by the discharges from the tanks holding excrementa. The newspapers, old baskets, boots, bricks, broken furniture, etc. pass from the riddles to a sorting floor and thence down flumes to the crematory furnaces, where they burn furiously without the aid of any other fuel, a chimney two hundred and forty feet high making a strong air draught. The expense of a much closer cremation and of the drying and condensation of manure, which is necessary in the large English towns from lack of a market for bulky fertilizers, is avoided in Glasgow. The heavy, cold Scotch soil is improved by a coarse and ashy manure that could not be used in the Midland counties of England. The sweepings of the macadamized roads, which are not salable, are used by the city, on its own bog-redeemed farm of "Fulwood Moss," for filling, "top dressing," etc. The total quantity of material carted by the department last year was in excess of 231,000 tons, and the amount of manure sold was 195,000 tons; the difference being made up of snow, drainage of water from muddy sweepings, materials cremated, and macadam sweepings. This is a remarkable record. The manure is sold in fifteen counties, much of it going sixty or seventy miles. The city owns its railway wagons (seven hundred of them), and has an arrangement with all the roads by which the manure is carried for one halfpenny (one cent) per ton per mile, cars returned free. It would be for the obvious advantage of the city to send out the largest possible quantity even if nothing more than freight charges were received. The net proceeds are, however, from twenty-five to fifty cents a ton.

The operations of this department are a charge upon the general police rate (excepting the cleansing of private courts, which is paid for by the proprietors benefited by means of a special levy of one penny per pound of rental value). There were employed, on the average, throughout last year, 794 men—422 in domestic scavenging, 217 in private street and court cleaning, and 155 in public street scavenging and sprinkling. The city has invested nearly $600,000 in works and plant, and a little further outlay will suffice for the enlarged area and population when annexation is accomplished. The total ordinary expenditure of the department last year, including interest, was $370,000. Sales of manure brought in a revenue of $130,000, and after deducting the cost of the private court scavenging met by special assessment, there remained only $190,000 of general charge to be paid out of the rates for

an admirable and complete service of street-cleansing and watering and of domestic scavenging for a population of nearly 600,000 — a net cost *per capita* of only about thirty-five cents. And this economy is the more noteworthy from the fact that the ruling motive of the department is that of the health officer and sanitary engineer rather than that of the contractor. I am tempted to go into some details of the method used by Superintendent Young in buying supplies (horse feed, etc.) for his large operations, but other departments must have their due space.

### THE IMPROVEMENT TRUST.

SHORTLY after the extension of Glasgow's boundaries in 1846, and the consequent reorganization of the municipal government, public attention was forcibly drawn to the frightfully crowded and unsanitary condition of the central parts of the city. The success which had followed the city's brave efforts to enlarge and deepen the tiny Clyde into a great ocean highway had been attended with a most extraordinary development of industries in the Clyde valley, and growth of urban population. The more fortunate classes moved out of their old homes in the central district of the city to the handsome West End suburbs. The business core shifted somewhat also, and the old buildings were packed with an operative class which Glasgow's new prosperity had drawn by scores of thousands from the Highlands and from Ireland. The people lived for the most part in single-room apartments, and in unwholesome conditions which will not be readily comprehended by future generations. Epidemics, originating in these filthy and overcrowded quarters, invaded the homes of the better classes, and self-protection made some measures of reform a necessity. It was resolved by the town council to set aside $150,000 for the acquisition of property in some of the worst neighborhoods; but while a considerable investment was made in condemned tenement structures, the work of building others on the same bad models was going on apace. At length a committee was appointed to make inquiry and report to the council upon the sanitary laws and arrangements of the large cities and towns of the kingdom. Mr. John Carrick, who was a member of that committee, and is now the efficient city architect and master of public works, after nearly half a century of inestimably valuable service in the municipal government of Glasgow, is the principal source of my information upon this subject. The report was made in 1859. It observes:

> Originally the "closes" and lanes of the city were not at all objectionable. The houses were of moderate height, and unbuilt spaces were attached to many of the dwellings, and promoted ventilation; now, however, in those localities almost every spare inch of ground has been built upon, until room cannot be found to lay down an ash-pit. Houses, too, which were only intended to accommodate single families have been increased in height and are found tenanted by separate families in every apartment, until they appear to teem with inhabitants. . . . A worse state was disclosed by an inspection of some of the more recently erected houses for the working classes. Tenements of great height are ranged on either side of narrow lanes with no back-yard space, and are divided from top to bottom into numberless small dwellings all crowded with occupants. . . . Occupation of cellars and sunk flats as dwelling-houses is largely in the increase.

These quotations will show the nature of the evil. As remedial measures the committee advised that new police powers be obtained from Parliament to deal with the height of buildings, the size of apartments, the area and back-yard spaces, the lighting and ventilation, the provision of water-closet and ash-pit accommodations, and ample water-supply, and so on. It was further advised that the new legislation for Glasgow should increase the powers conferred on local authorities by the general nuisance removal act (Scotland) of 1856, and that specific authority should be obtained for the appointment of a competent medical officer and staff of nuisance inspectors; for the prevention of overcrowding apartments by regulating the maximum number of inmates on the basis of their air space; for the prevention of the use of sunk floors as dwellings; for compelling owners to cleanse and whitewash house property; and to prevent the discharge of refuse from certain factories and works into the common drains. It was still further recommended that all ashes and night-soil be made the property of the city, and that all proceedings under the new police act be taken summarily before the city magistrates. Special suggestions were added, to the effect that powers be obtained from Parliament to acquire property for the sake of sanitary improvement, upon payment to the proprietors of sums to be fixed in the last resort by competent tribunals, and that public baths and wash-houses be built and opened for the benefit of the working classes.

I have enumerated these propositions at some length because at that time, almost thirty years ago, they were so novel and so far in advance of prevailing notions. With great difficulty the desired legislation was secured, in 1862, for the brief and experimental term of five years. To shorten the story, let it be said that in 1866 the "Glasgow police act" was renewed, with amendments, and made permanent; and under its wise provisions have been developed those

admirable sanitary and cleansing services which I have already described. But in 1866 those parts of the earlier act which related to the purchase and improvement of property were made parts of another famous enactment of the same year, by which the town council was constituted an "Improvement Trust" for the carrying out of certain definite objects specified in the act. It had become constantly more apparent that drastic measures must be taken with the old part of the city. Nothing short of very extensive demolitions could remedy the evil. There were practically no streets at all; but only a system of "wynds, vennels, and closes," permeating an almost solid mass of tenement-houses.

Other large British towns have followed the example set by Glasgow; and demolition, street-widening, and improved construction under public auspices is no longer a novelty. But Glasgow, it should be remembered, had the courage to lead the way; and the Glasgow city improvements act furnished Lord Cross with the model upon which his improved dwellings act was constructed. Glasgow's action was hastened by the fact that several railway companies were seeking access to the heart of the city for great terminal grounds and buildings, and the time seemed especially opportune for a rearrangement and improvement of streets. As laid before Parliament, in 1865, the scheme covered an area of 88 acres, which then contained a population of 51,294; the average mortality of the area for some years past being 38.64, with epidemic diseases the cause of 36 per cent. of the deaths. The average density was nearly 600 to the acre, and in various parts of the district it exceeded 1000 — the total inhabitancy of the city then being 423,723, covering an area of 5063 acres, and showing therefore an average density of 83 as contrasted with 583 in the area to be dealt with. The financial side of the scheme looked plausible. The initial outlay was estimated at about $7,250,000, and it was expected that the re-sale of building-sites would pay back all but $750,000. A new park was to be made at a cost of $200,000, and the paving and sewering of three or four miles of new-made streets was estimated at $325,000. For all the advantages of improved streets, improved health, and improved general appearance of the town the rate-payers were not to be charged at all dearly.

The council committee which carried out the improvements acquired some further powers and did more than was originally contemplated. Besides purchasing the 88 acres and some other small areas in the crowded parts of the city, they acquired and laid out in streets and squares for workingmen's residences two estates known as "Overnewton" and "Oatlands." They also formed an important open space, the "Cathedral Square," in a densely populated neighborhood, and carried out other large enterprises not at first in the list. Their operations were very vigorous from 1869 to 1876, and were coincident with, if not directly the cause of, much house-building and real-estate speculation in Glasgow. A considerable amount of the property acquired by the trustees was disposed of on good terms; but there came a general reaction,—due in part to idle ship-yards,—a marked decline in the price of land, and a cessation of sales. For the past decade the improvement trust has been obliged to hold a large amount of property, at a reduced valuation. The total cost of all its purchases and improvements, not including interest charges, has been about $10,000,000. For lands sold there has been received approximately $5,000,000; and the property still held by the trust is valued, at present reduced prices, at nearly $3,400,000. The margin of shrinkage has, however, been practically covered by current taxation, so that the account now stands about even; *i. e.*, the assets and liabilities of the trust are at a balance. The act authorized an annual assessment of sixpence in the pound of rental valuation, but the trustees have steadily reduced the levy until it is now only a penny.

The principal improvement made is a system of modern streets in the center of the city that will be of advantage for centuries and will repay the cost hundreds of times over. Twenty-seven new streets have been formed and 24 old ones greatly widened and improved. The old unsanitary tenement property has not all been demolished. The plan was adopted of tearing out intermediate buildings, opening back courts, where none existed, and otherwise ameliorating such property as the new streets, and the wide swaths cut by the elevated tracks of the invading railways, left still inhabited. In fact the business depression which checked operations and discouraged and alarmed all Glasgow for the time being made the city improvement trust unpopular and obliged the council to proceed cautiously. The city is, therefore, to-day a landlord on a large scale, and is holding really unsanitary property for the sake of the rents, waiting for an opportunity to sell the sites before demolishing the buildings. Its rents now bring in annually about $100,000, which sum goes far towards offsetting the interest charge on the property held for sale. The improvement trust has given the city, among other things, the handsome new Alexandra Park.

It remains for me to speak of the model tenements and of the important series of model

lodging-houses which this department has ventured to erect and maintain.

MODEL TENEMENTS AND LODGING-HOUSES.

It was the original understanding that the city's work was to be that of demolition, and that private enterprise, regulated by the new sanitary rules and requirements, would suffice for proper reconstruction and would make due provision for the displaced population. Rather early in their operations, however, the committee found it advantageous to build one or two tenement-houses as a model and example of proper arrangements and construction; and it may be assumed that a good influence was thus exerted upon the character of the large amount of new house room that builders were at that time providing. These were, however, only incidental undertakings. Very recently the council committee has gone into improved tenement building on a larger scale, and, as it seems to me, with more doubtful propriety. On Saltmarket street, in a very central locality and on the site of old tenement-houses which have been removed, the improvements committee have just expended $50,000 in building a row of solid tenement-houses, with a dozen shop rooms on the ground floor; and the row is to be at once extended to at least twice its present length. The twofold object is avowed of bringing back population to a neighborhood now comparatively empty, and of getting some return for valuable property that has been lying unproductive vainly awaiting purchasers. But it would seem a mistake to attempt to draw population back to the heart of the city. It is the peculiarity of Glasgow that the laboring people live on the inner circle of their work; and this has been so frequently deplored that it would seem decidedly a reactionary move for the authorities themselves to build tenements with the view to bring back the very people whose dispersion to the suburbs has always been regarded as so important a desideratum. It is, however, the best class of working people for whom the city is providing these new houses, and the real motive seems to be the promotion of a market for the adjacent property. Whether wise or unwise, this experiment is not upon a sufficiently large scale to have very significant results.

Much more important and interesting is the experience of Glasgow in providing common lodging-houses. Every large city has a transient and shifting element that finds accommodation in the cheap lodging-houses, and these places are too frequently the haunts of vice and crime. They had been particularly bad in Glasgow until brought under strict regulation by the new police acts. There was also an almost irresistible tendency to overcrowd the smallest and most wretched tenement apartments with nightly lodgers of the abjectly poor class. Partly to relieve this pressure and to assist somewhat in the readjustments of population necessitated by the improvements scheme, and partly to institute a competition that would compel the private keepers of such houses to improve their establishments, the council committee in charge of the improvement works opened two model lodging-houses in 1870. So decidedly successful in every way were these institutions that another one, in temporary quarters, was opened in 1874, to be replaced by a large and permanent one in 1876. Three more large houses on the same plan were opened in 1878, and a seventh and last in 1879. They have continued to be an unqualified success. Their incidental advantages as a police measure, in promoting the good order of the city, can hardly be overestimated. The common lodging-house inspector has now 101 houses on his list, although the city's seven establishments provide about one-third of the total accommodation, having nearly 2000 beds out of a total 6273 reported by the inspector. It is a pleasure to visit these municipal hostelries and see for one's self how cleanly, comfortable, and decent they are. Every lodger is given a separate apartment, or stall, in one of the high and well-ventilated flats, and has the use of a large common sitting-room, of a locker for provisions, and of the long kitchen range for cooking his own food. The charge per night is 3½*d.* or 4½*d.* (7 or 9 cents), according to the lodger's choice of a bed with one sheet or with two. (In any case he rests on a woven-wire mattress.) Six of these houses are for men, and one is for women, the charge in the latter being only 3*d.* The regulations require of all the common lodging-houses of Glasgow that they shall be exclusively for one sex or the other. The success of the corporation's houses has had the good effect of leading private enterprise to open a few similarly improved establishments, with the same scale of prices and conducted on the same strict rules as regards good order and cleanliness. I find that the city's six houses for men, during the year ending May 31, 1888, entertained 647,681 nightly lodgers, and that the house for women, which is smaller than the others, entertained 33,986. The returns for the preceding year are about the same. The cost of the houses, which are substantially built, was about $450,000. After paying all running expenses and a due amount for deterioration of property, they yield a net return of from four to five per cent. on the investment. It costs about $6000 a year to

"run" one of the houses, and the receipts are from $8000 to $9000. They are, therefore, a source of actual profit to the city, although of course designed primarily to promote good order and the welfare of the unfortunate classes. So far as I am aware no other city has made an experiment of this kind, at least upon so large a scale, and Glasgow's experience has peculiar interest.

### PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES.

As a part of that large scheme of sanitary and social amelioration that I have thus far been describing are to be regarded the great public baths and wash-houses of Glasgow. Power to establish such places was obtained in the police acts of 1862–66; but it was not until 1878 that the first one was opened. Glasgow was not at that time at all well provided with baths; and if private capital had been disposed to embark extensively in the business, the common council would hardly have ventured to add this to its undertakings. But there was manifest need, and the authorities courageously proceeded to supply the facilities *pro bono publico*. They have now five large establishments in different parts of the city, the first of which was opened in 1878 and the last in 1884. Each includes under the same roof very capacious swimming-baths for men and for women and numerous small bath-rooms, every modern facility being provided; and also, as a distinct feature, an elaborate and extensive wash-house for the use of poor families that lack home conveniences for laundry-work. The substantial character of these institutions will appear when I state the fact that, although honestly and economically built, they have cost more than $600,000.

The swimming-baths are kept open through the entire year, at a uniform temperature, and the pure and soft Loch Katrine water makes them particularly inviting. Their establishment was an inestimable boon to the working classes, who needed them as a common decency of life, and who enjoy them as a luxury. They are in charge of competent swimming-masters, and there are swimming-clubs and frequent contests in connection with each of them. Glasgow affords the masses so little healthful recreation comparatively that this feature of the baths is the more appreciated. The number of bathers exceeds 400,000 a year, and there is reason to believe that it will increase rapidly; although the present average of 1300 per day the entire year through would seem to justify the city's outlay. The charges are of course small — twopence for use of swimming-bath, and a little more for the private baths.

Hardly less useful in the cause of public cleanliness and decency are the wash-houses. For the trifling sum of twopence an hour a woman is allowed the use of a stall containing an improved steam boiling arrangement and fixed tubs with hot and cold water faucets. The washing being quickly done, the clothes are deposited for two or three minutes in one of a row of centrifugal machine driers, after which they are hung on one of a series of sliding frames which retreat into a hot-air apartment. If she wishes, the housewife may then use a large roller mangle, operated, like all the rest of the machinery, by steam power; and she may at the end of the hour go home with her basket of clothes washed, dried, and ironed. To appreciate the convenience of all this, it must be remembered that the woman probably lives with her family in one small room of an upper tenement flat. The number of washings done in these houses increased from 76,718 in the year 1885–86 to 96,832 in the year 1887–88; and unquestionably this patronage is destined to have a very large future growth.

It would be a decided oversight not to mention the fact, in passing, for the sake of those interested in noting the advancing socialism of the day, that in each of these establishments the city also separately conducts a general laundry business, drawing its patronage from all classes of society. I observe by reference to one of the printed municipal wash-lists that its charges for shirts, skirts, etc. are at about the current Glasgow rates. This line of enterprise has doubtless been entered upon because the baths and wash-houses, while paying running expenses, do not as yet, at their low rates of charge, pay interest upon the investment. This rather undignified entrance of the municipal corporation into competition with the private laundries of the city can hardly find permanent favor; but this is merely incidental, and it detracts nothing from the praiseworthiness of the public services rendered by the baths and wash-houses.

### THE CORPORATION GAS WORKS.

HAVING made the municipal water-supply, dating from 1860, a grand success, having next begun a corporation park system and then a consolidated market system, and having entered vigorously and hopefully upon the sanitary and city improvement schemes already described, Glasgow was prepared in 1869 to undertake another large municipal enterprise. In that year, after much difficulty in adjusting the details of the arrangement, the gas-supply of the city was transferred from private hands to the corporation, to be managed by the council as an ordinary department. The

original cost exceeded $2,600,000. Twenty years of management by the authorities has given unmitigated satisfaction to all the citizens of Glasgow. The quantity of gas sold has increased from 1,026,000,000 feet in 1869–70, the corporation's first year, to 2,427,000,000 in 1887–88, an increase of 140 per cent., while the population has grown only 20 per cent. In 1869–70 the amount manufactured was 20 per cent. greater than the amount sold or accounted for. Careful management has reduced this amount of leakage to about 10 per cent. More than 130,000 meters are in use; and as it is not the policy of the corporation to charge its customers for more than they actually receive, it is inevitable that there should be a considerable percentage of loss in delivery. From $1.14 per thousand feet, which was charged consumers in 1869–70, the corporation has been able to make reductions year by year until for 1888–89 the price was fixed at sixty-six cents. No one will claim that a private company would have made these reductions while continuing to supply a satisfactory quality of gas.

Yet the department has been able to construct new works,— it now owns three large establishments,— pay its interest charges and running expenses, write off large sums every year for depreciation of works, pipes, and meters, and accumulate a sinking fund which now exceeds $1,000,000. Its total indebtedness was at the highest point in 1875, when it reached $5,330,000. The net debt is now reduced to about $2,400,000, which is very much more than covered, of course, by the value of the plant. Whatever competition gas as an illuminant may have to face in the future, the Glasgow corporation works have now reached a point of perfect financial security.

In the rather gloomy winter climate of Glasgow, which necessitates a large use of artificial light, cheap gas in all the tenements, however humble, and in every passage-way, is an inestimable blessing; and the more than doubling of the *per capita* use, under the city's management of the works, means a vast increase in comfort and happiness that defies statistical expression. Great wisdom and humanity has been shown, therefore, in the policy of smaller earnings and a less rapid debt-payment for the sake of a more rapid reduction of the charge to consumers and a more rapid growth of the total consumption. These considerations of the general good, which dominate the public control of such services as those of light and water, can have only small weight in the councils of a private money-making corporation; and herein lies perhaps the most fundamental reason for the municipal assumption of these functions.

It remains to speak of the recent experiment of the Glasgow gas department in supplying gas cooking-stoves, either selling them at about cost price, or renting them at a moderate charge by the year, half-year, or quarter. To understand the local application of this experiment, it is necessary to recur to the fact that fully 70 per cent. of the people of Glasgow live in houses of one or two rooms, using the same fire for cooking and heating, but spending as little as possible for mere heat during eight months of the year. All these houses are fitted with gas for illumination. An immense saving would be effected by the use of gas for cooking, besides the consideration of comfort in the summer months when fires for heating are not an object. And these same considerations apply to a majority of the families living in more than two rooms. The city recovers in rents a fair interest and depreciation charge on its investment in stoves, and is at the same time extending the market for its gas. For more than three years this business has gone on briskly, the city having from $60,000 to $70,000 invested in stoves. During the year 1887–88 there were sold 1193 heating and cooking appliances, and 1465 were rented. It can hardly be deemed a permanent feature of the gas department.

### THE CORPORATION'S STREET RAILWAY SYSTEM.

In all of Glasgow's municipal experiences I find nothing more likely to interest American city authorities than that which relates to street railways. It is an experience which may well make American cities blush for their own short-sightedness. Street railways, or "tram lines," as they are generally called in Great Britain, are an American invention, and the first ones in London and some other English towns were constructed by American companies. It was that enterprising American citizen George Francis Train who first proposed to build tram lines in Glasgow. Having laid a line in London and another in Birkenhead, Train undertook in 1861–62 to get parliamentary authority to begin operations in Glasgow. His bill was opposed by the city authorities, who "headed him off" by inserting in a bill, then pending for the increase of the city's powers in other directions, a clause giving the council power to lay tram lines. The new power was not utilized, however, and in 1869–70 two syndicates, one or both being of American origin, again promoted bills in Parliament for power to invade the Glasgow streets with a horse railway system. Again the authorities were aroused, and the result was a compromise all around. It was

agreed that the city should keep the control of its streets, any part of which it was so averse to surrendering; and that it should construct and own the tram lines, while the two syndicates were to unite in one company and work the lines on a lease. The first lines were opened in 1872, and the lease then made is to terminate in 1894. By its terms the company was required to pay to the corporation (1) the annual interest charge on the full amount of the city's investment; (2) a yearly sum for sinking fund large enough to clear the entire cost of the lines at the expiration of the lease; (3) a renewal fund of four per cent. per annum on the cost of the lines, out of which they were to be kept in condition and restored to the city, in perfect order and entirely as good as new, in 1894; and (4) a mileage rental of $750 per street mile. Such were the money conditions of the lease; and certainly the city's interests were well looked after. But meanwhile the interests of the public as passengers were equally well secured. First, it was provided that in no case the charges should exceed a penny per mile. This, it should be remembered, was at a time when fares were nowhere less than *2d.* Further, the parliamentary act described a number of important "runs,"— those most likely to be used by laboring men and large masses of population, and several of them considerably exceeding a mile,— and specified that one penny should be the charge for these, and that morning and evening cars should be run for workingmen at half price, equal to one American cent.

The company which secured these remarkable terms took advantage of a passing mania for investment in tramways, and sold the lease to a new company of local capitalists for a premium of about $750,000. This new company experienced hard times for two or three years; for besides running expenses, interest upon the capital invested in the business, and the heavy payments on the four accounts to the corporation, there was the burden of the enormous premium to carry. Not until 1875–76 did it begin to pay its stockholders dividends. Since 1880, however, the business has flourished, and dividends of from nine to eleven per cent. have been paid, after writing off each year a due proportion of the unfortunate premium charge.

The city is so compact — covering, as I have said, only 6111 acres of ground — that a large mileage of tramways was not to be expected. The present total of thirty-one miles serves the public very well, the system providing continuous lines across the city from north to south and from east to west, with convenient access from the center to almost every outlying neighborhood. In arranging the system originally, just at the time when the great improvement scheme was fairly begun, the authorities had in mind a service that would help them to relieve the central congestion of population and would aid in the symmetrical development of the city. To this end they wished to build certain additional lines that did not seem to the operating company to promise immediate profits. The system, as scheduled by the act of Parliament, embraced about seventeen miles of lines, and the city found that it had no authority under its lease to compel the company to work additional lines on the same conditions. A compromise was made by which the company agreed to pay the interest and the renewal cost upon the new lines and was relieved from rental and sinking-fund charges. This was perfectly fair under the circumstances.

The total capital investment of the city has been a little more than $1,700,000, interest charges upon which are paid by the company. On the 1st of June, 1894, the sinking fund provided by the company will have reached somewhat more than $1,000,000, which will pay the full cost of the original system. There will remain the cost of the newer lines, some fourteen miles in extent. The renewal fund will have left the system in perfect repair, and the city will have received in rental money a sum amounting to about $225,000. As for the company, it will have paid off its premium incubus, will have earned good dividends, and will have made due allowance for depreciation in the value of its working plant.

When the time comes for making a new arrangement the city will be in condition to demand still more favorable money terms. The mileage rental under the next lease will doubtless be much increased; and the moneys which under the present lease have gone to sinking-fund and interest charges will accrue to the corporation as clear revenue. After 1894, therefore, the tramways of Glasgow will yield the municipal treasury a large income and will not require a penny of public expenditure. It is expected that a new lease will be arranged with the present company, which has a large capital invested, is excellently managed, and has always been just and honorable in its dealings with the corporation. That the rentals may be arranged on a sliding scale, or in some manner to make them partly dependent upon results, is not improbable.

### VARIOUS OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

IT has been deemed best to dwell in detail upon those features of Glasgow's municipal government that are most distinctive and most likely to have interest for other communities. There are various other functions and under-

takings of this vigorous administration that I should discuss with some fullness but for the space limits necessarily assigned my article. Glasgow is not unique in having a good water-supply, but it was one of the first great cities in the world to construct water-works of an ideal and permanent character. It had been wretchedly supplied with unwholesome water at high rates by private companies pumping from the Clyde. More than thirty years ago the authorities bought out these companies, obtained exclusive control of Loch Katrine in the Highlands, and brought to the city through a great aqueduct a magnificent and inexhaustible supply of pure mountain water. The expense was great. No private company could have been induced to undertake such an enterprise. Yet the city has been able easily to make the works pay for their own maintenance and enlargement, and to accumulate large sinking funds for the liquidation of the original cost, while reducing the water-charges rapidly from year to year and providing the most bountiful quantities for everybody that any British city grants. Glasgow illustrates the indirect advantages that a city derives from a good municipal water-supply. The great pressure in the mains, due to the high sources whence the water comes, suffices to extinguish nearly all fires without the use of engines; and the annual saving in the fire department alone is more than enough to pay interest charges upon the cost of the water-works. Moreover, Glasgow statisticians have convinced me that the absence of mineral ingredients from the water effects a saving in the two items of tea and soap that more than meets the cost of the works. Further, the pure and soft water, cheaply furnished, has made it possible to develop in Glasgow various important lines of manufacture that otherwise would have been driven to rural districts.

Glasgow has had an interesting experience in the matter of public illumination. The municipal gas works have made it possible to light the streets well at a low cost. But the authorities were not satisfied with lighting the streets. I have explained the circumstances under which the population is massed in tenement buildings, and the frequency of private alleys and courts used by great numbers of people. The authorities some years ago entered upon the policy of lighting private courts and passages as well as public streets, and further undertook the lighting of all common stairs in tenement-houses. The stair-lighting alone costs the city more than the lighting of all the streets, counting wages and gas. But the measure is one of great humanity as well as a police precaution of the highest value. A light is equal to a constable. The illumination of the dark passages has had a most marked effect in diminishing crime. The presence of public lights on the tenement staircases has added to the comfort and security of the population, while facilitating the work of the ordinary police, of the night inspectors, and of the health officers. No other large city in the world, so far as I am aware, lights the staircases. Edinburgh has, however, lately resolved to follow Glasgow's example in this respect. It should be said that the expense of stair-lighting is partly met by a special assessment.

The municipal council, under acts which constitute a "market trust," manages the city's important market properties. All the wholesale marts for produce, meat, animals, and fish are in the city's own hands, and are so managed as to yield net revenue while facilitating the work of the public food inspectors and contributing to the healthfulness of the city. Belonging to this department are the great municipal slaughter-houses, which for many years have entirely superseded all private establishments, and which are admirably appointed.

It would be easy to devote several pages to the department of public works, under the control of Mr. John Carrick, who, as City Architect and Master of Works for more than forty years, is a mine of information upon every topic pertaining to street-making, bridge-building, sewering, and the construction of public buildings, and who knows more than any other man about the material and municipal development of Glasgow. Mr. Carrick's office is supplied with a corps of competent architects and engineers, and it supervises every kind of municipal construction. But the actual work in Glasgow, as in every other British city, is always done by private contractors. The sewerage of Glasgow is not to be commended. The mains empty at frequent intervals into the Clyde, with the most malodorous results. It is intended to construct intercepting sewers on each bank, which will carry the material to filtration works below the city, from which point the "sludge" will probably be barged out to sea.

Of parks, picture galleries, and libraries also much might be said; but summary statements may suffice. Within the period of the recent improvements that have been fully described a park system has been formed, and its cost has in large part been defrayed by the re-sale at advanced prices of portions of the tracts originally purchased for park purposes. Bequests of important collections of paintings, chiefly by the old masters, have given Glasgow a municipal gallery of importance, and it is expected that the early future will witness the completion of an adequate art building and the rapid accession of modern works of art. Although the Glasgow people have hitherto refused to

adopt the Free Libraries Act, which almost every other important town in Great Britain has availed itself of, bequests to the city have founded two libraries, which are open to all readers and are of considerable importance. The Mitchell Library, though but a few years old, will soon have a hundred thousand volumes. It has the best supplied periodical reading-room in Great Britain. Mr. Barrett, the accomplished librarian, with the help of the council committee on libraries, has performed wonders in building up this collection of books; and it is to be hoped that his ideal of a great central library with ten branches, each having reference, loan, news-room, and lecture-room departments, may be soon realized through the adoption of the Libraries Act with its penny rate.

Poor relief and public education are not in the United Kingdom made functions of municipal corporations, but are intrusted to distinct elective local bodies. None the less, but for the exigencies of space, it would be quite within the scope of this paper to state briefly how the people of Glasgow provide for these two extremely important objects. In a word let me say that Scotland, urban as well as rural, is divided into "parishes," each of which has an elective board that levies poor-rates, dispenses relief, and has entire charge of the indigent; while elementary education in Scotland is now universal and compulsory under the management of elective school boards, school taxes being collected by the several parish authorities, although the jurisdiction of the Glasgow school board extends over the entire city. A magnificent array of public school buildings has appeared in Glasgow since 1873, and admirable provision is made for technical education.

All municipal taxation in British cities takes the form of rates levied upon the rental value of occupied lands and buildings. In Glasgow the rates are divided between owners and occupiers in a manner which could not be described without going into much detail. The general financial position of the municipality is excellent. Its debt is not formidably large, and most of it is potentially covered by the growing sinking funds of prosperous and productive departments. The numerous undertakings of the municipality, far from imposing heavier burdens upon the rate-payers, promise in the years to come to yield an aggregate net income of growing proportions, to the relief of direct taxation. Glasgow has shown that a broad, bold, and enlightened policy as regards all things pertaining to the health, comfort, and advancement of the masses of the citizens may be compatible with sound economy and perfect solvency.

*Albert Shaw.*

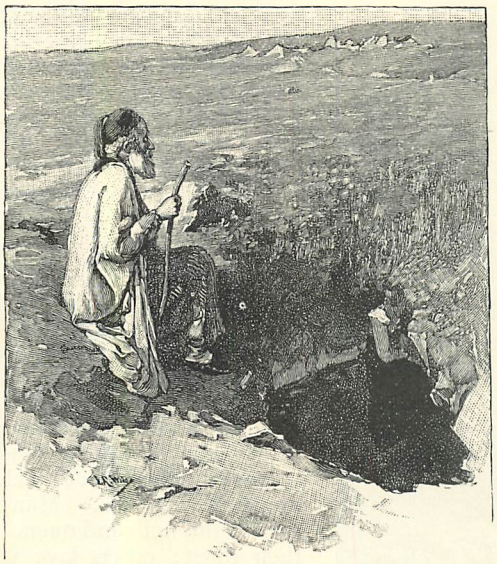
## ROBERT BROWNING.

(DECEMBER 12, 1889.)

SOFT falls the snow upon the fading year,
As death falls softly on the quiet face
By which we fain would stand a little space,
To drop the silent tribute of a tear,
And lay the laurel-wreath upon the bier,
Where sleeps in peace, as if in love's embrace,
He who so long hath held his lofty place,—
Our crownéd singer, our belovéd seer!
Who kept his faith undimmed in faithless days;
Whose witness for the *right* was stern and strong;
Whose life was true and earnest as his song;
Whose love was noble as his poet's bays.
What meed for him whose working-day is done?
Rest with his love,—and joy eternal won!

*Agnes Maule Machar.*

# SOME WAYSIDE PLACES IN PALESTINE.



JACOB'S WELL.

THE student of the Gospel according to St. Luke gathers the impression that in the time of Christ Palestine must have had a large number of thickly settled cities and villages. Such, indeed, was the fact. The district of Galilee alone, says Josephus, contained 204 places, each with an average of 15,000 inhabitants. That would give the 2000 square miles of Galilee a population of quite 3,000,000. What a number of people Jesus must have reached, then, in his short ministry, aided by "the twelve" and the chosen "seventy"; for Luke declares "that he went throughout every city and village, preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God."

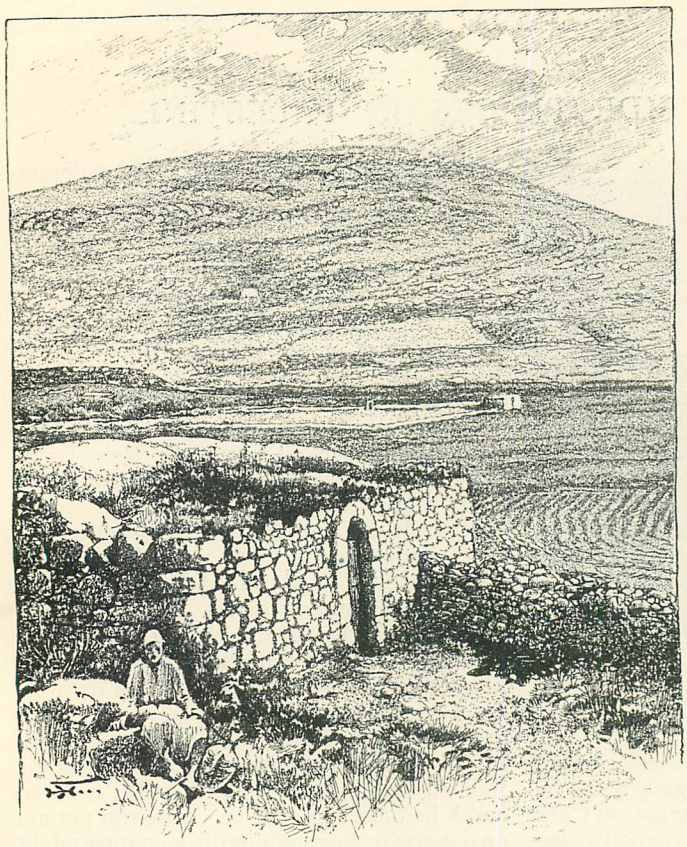
The modern visitor finds no little difficulty in verifying this record. All that I can hope to do is to round out the series of descriptive papers which have appeared in this magazine[1] by presenting notes and illustrations of some wayside places which have not had attention. Some of these gain fresh interest because they are involved in the Gospel record selected for this year's International Lessons.

In the time of Christ Samaria seems to have formed the southern border of the Plain of Esdraelon, extending all the way from the Carmel hills on the west to the Jordan depression on the east.

The district of Galilee covered all that lovely region which was apportioned to the tribes of Issachar, Zebulon, Asher, and Naphtali; and the little cluster of Galilean towns which we shall visit are, with one exception, located in lower Galilee, upper Galilee having already had our attention.

Coming up from Shiloh we soon cross the line which separates Judea from Samaria. After an invigorating climb along the shoulder of Mount Gerizim, a descending bridle-path appears, which leads down to the most sacred spot in all the Vale of Shechem — Jacob's Well. Not very far away, surely, must be the very spot where the Saviour held the conversation with the Samaritan woman. Beneath one of the ruined arches of the church which once stood here, a few feet below the surface and reached by rude steps, is the mouth of the well. Its sides are splendidly walled, and one can see his face reflected in the water sixty or seventy feet below. The original depth of the well was over a hundred feet, and it is seven and a half feet in diameter. A person not acquainted with the condition of the country might wonder why so much expense of time and money was undertaken in order to provide such a well, when a great abundance of water is supplied to the neighboring valley by the bordering mountains, Ebal and Gerizim. It was really a safeguard against marauders. It is also true that the custom of sinking wells on an estate began as far back as the time of Abraham and Isaac, and these old wells are still guarded with the most jealous care. While the photograph was being made my old Samaritan guide, Jacob es Shellaby, sat by the broken arch which covers the well, and then led me down to the great flat stone at the mouth. Through a circular hole in the stone the natives pass their skin vessels and bring up the water, which flows alike from the deep-sunken arteries of the mount of cursing (Ebal) and from the mount of blessing (Gerizim). The Jew, the Samaritan, the Christian, and the Mohammedan alike reverence it, and it is no uncommon thing to find them praying together near at hand; one with his face turned religiously towards Gerizim, another facing the east, a third gesticulating in the direction of the vale between the mountains,

1 "The Sea of Galilee," December, 1887; "From Dan to Beersheba," April, 1888; "Sinai and the Wilderness," July, 1888; "From Sinai to Shechem," December, 1888; "Round about Galilee," January, 1889; "Round about Jerusalem," May, 1889; "Three Jewish Kings," October, 1889.



JOSEPH'S TOMB.

while the fourth bows with his face turned towards the scattered ruins of the church which the Crusaders erected over the sacred site. The mountains are there just as Jacob, Joseph, Joshua, and Jesus saw them — Ebal northward, with its high terraces of prickly pear; Gerizim rising in the south from its rich grain fields and groves of walnut and sycamore.

About an eighth of a mile across the valley from Jacob's Well, and near the base of Mount Ebal, is the traditional tomb of Joseph. It is marked by a rude inclosure twenty feet square and twelve feet high. The interior of the structure is divided into two sections, of which the one to the south is the tomb. It is about six feet long and four feet high, and resembles the common tombs erected in all parts of the country in memory of Moslem saints. I do not remember any more enchanting walk in Palestine than the descent from Shechem down the valley to where it begins to widen and then northward to Joseph's sepulcher. The rugged peaks of Moab puncture the hanging mist and catch their share of color, and the rocky face of Ebal stands out in fine contrast to the splendid olive groves and the highly cultivated fields of the valley. Farther on, rising from a great mass of olive trees, is a picturesque old tower, half covered by clinging vines, called Jacob's Tower. It is said to have been the home of the patriarch when he sent Joseph over to Dothan to look after his brethren. The nearer we approach it the higher it seems to reach up the side of Mount Gerizim, near which it stands, and the great trees are dwarfed by it.

The present inhabitants of Shechem devote a great deal of time to their religion, and it is interesting and picturesque to see an assemblage form on a "religious day." The people come in from the neighborhood in companies, dressed in every variety of clothing, and moving along under the shade of the splendid trees without much apparent purpose. Many stop at the wells and quench their thirst; others lave in the stream or rest upon the rocks and grass. The scattered groups on the highway gradually become a dense throng and press onward to some designated place. As the multitude increases the excitement grows, and in all directions heated debates go on. At last a low, flat-roofed building, with a great open space near it, is reached, and the people halt. On the housetop, with green turban, stands the "holy man," who works his audience up to a frenzied condition, and then sends them away ready for any violence to which their fanaticism may lead them. Shechem is not a pleasant place for Christians.

The pride of Shechem is its olive groves. The olive, no matter how young, always looks old and care-worn when it stands alone. When cultivated in orchards or groves, however, nothing in the country is more beautiful. The bark seems to granulate and scab as soon as it becomes of any thickness, and the short stems hopelessly twist before they have any girth; but nature averages her favors, even with the olive, for an abundant foliage is supplied to hide all deformities. When the cool breeze disturbs the leaves they turn first their green and then their gray sides to the light, with the steady movement of the palm branch.

Just as the center of the town of Shechem is reached we notice that the water-shed no longer flows Jordanward, but begins to

meander westward on its journey to the Mediterranean. Soon after the mountains are left behind a wide basin opens to view. On each side of the river the terraced hills incline gently like the banks of the lower Rhine, and long lines of aqueducts, and now and then a vine-covered Roman arch, rise up and remind one of the Hauran. The clatter of mills is heard, and the tinkling of bells announces the near presence of flocks; repeatedly we see an adventurous sheep or goat, stationed on a protruding rock, lowering its head with threatening aspect and stamping its forefoot in anger at our audacious approach.

After an advance of about a mile and a half westward the glen narrows and the inclines on each side grow more precipitous. In a little time the dragoman leads northward up a steep and stony road. The sound of water is left behind, and the trees and flowers are exchanged for obtruding stones and rank thorn bushes. Journeying on, after a tough grapple with a bare, bald ridge, the fertile valley and the brook again are seen. The sides of the hills in all directions are dotted with fig, sycamore, and olive trees. Apples, pomegranates, and apricots also abound. Every knoll is crowned with a village, and life and prosperity are indicated by the sounds which come from them. The narrow bridle-path follows the valley, descends through splendid groves, and then, turning abruptly to the west, leads upward, say five hundred feet, to the summit of the oval hill upon which historic Samaria stands. Only the eastern side is approachable. In other directions the inclines are so regularly terraced and so thickly clad with verdure that they have the appearance of being under a high state of cultivation. The hills encircling Samaria cause the elevation on which the place stands to look like a cone rising from a great crater. Towards the sea is visible the top of Mount Carmel; towards Galilee, Mount Tabor; towards the Jordan, Hermon, Little Hermon, and Gilboa; and southward, Ebal and Gerizim; while in the north, like the light clouds above them, rise the snowy peaks of Mount Lebanon.

The usual camping-place of the sojourner is at the top of the hill near some fruit trees, and only a short distance from the ruins of the old Church of St. John. A requisition was made upon the camera there one morning, which resulted in a curious picture, showing examples of architecture representative of three periods in the checkered history of Samaria. The first is the black tent of the Arab, probably in no respect different from the ones inhabited by the patriarchs when they watched their flocks in the adjoining fields; the second is the squalid stone domicile of the permanent dweller in Samaria; and the third is a picturesque portion of that remarkable memorial of the indomitable energy and genius of the Crusader, joined perhaps with suggestions from the Saracen.

"WITHOUT PURSE AND SCRIP."

I am free to confess that I did not meet the proverbial good Samaritan as I journeyed through this much-favored country. If one meets a tiller of the soil he will sidle off as far as the narrow path will allow, and scowlingly watch the traveler's approach. The offer of a piaster will bring him to a standstill.

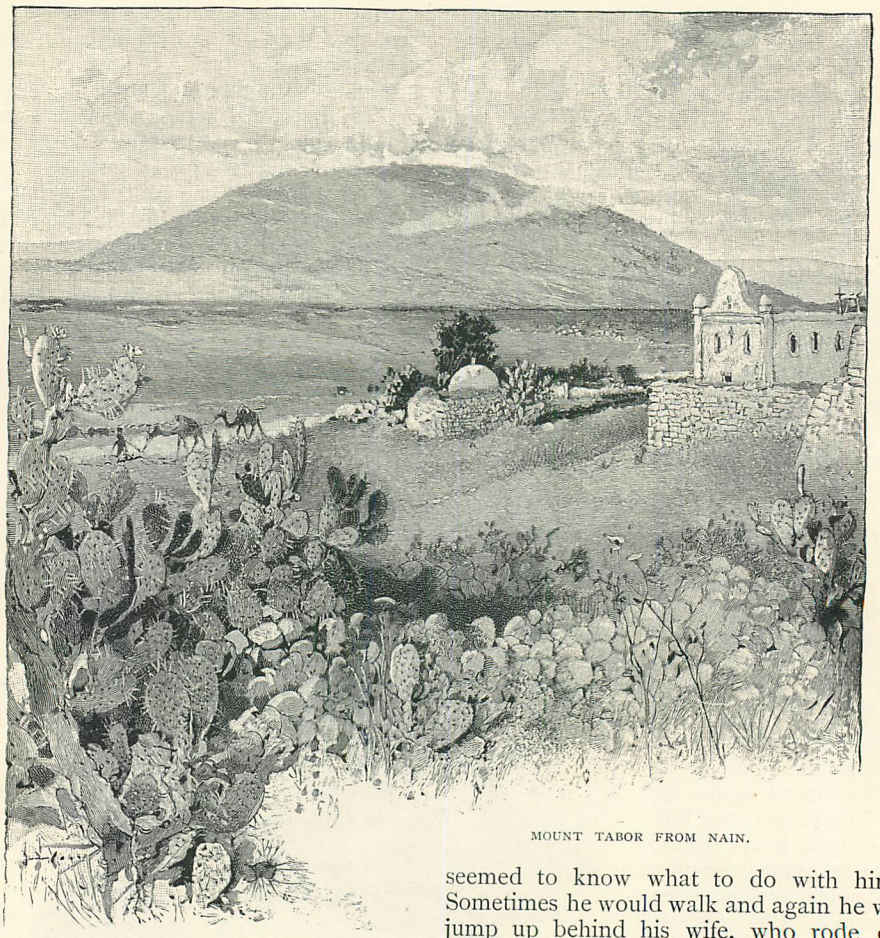
"How far is it to Nain?"

"God knows," comes the fervent answer.

"How long will it take to go there?"

"As long as God pleases," he answers, with a shrug of his shoulders and a pull at his pipe.

"Shall I reach there by noon?"



MOUNT TABOR FROM NAIN.

"If God permit."

"But may I hope to make the distance in an hour?"

"As God may direct," he answers, walking away.

"Is Nain distant, or is it very near?"

"There," he answers, moving his finger through a wide arc. If one extracts a more neighborly spirit than this from a Samaritan he must have the mysterious power of a dervish.

As I drove away from the Samaritan's country I heard rude music and the firing of guns. A wedding feast had been going on in the valley below, and the bride and the groom, with an attendant procession, were coming towards us. A crowd of young people accompanied the happy twain, with the intention of fulfilling the Bedouin idea of hospitality by seeing the guest a half-day's journey on his way. The groom was the guest. He had come over from Shechem for his bride, and was taking her home. He was a tall, well-built swain, but very awkward, and hardly seemed to know what to do with himself. Sometimes he would walk and again he would jump up behind his wife, who rode cross-legged on a mule. She was a pretty little creature, with merry, bright eyes. She and her still more merry attendants gave me a good opportunity of studying the faces of the Samaritan women, for their faces were not veiled. All were in holiday costume, and were singing as they went; the young men in front and at the rear taking up the song in responsive verses. The hills which rise right and left as one rides down from Samaria to Jenin are beautiful. Some of them are of considerable height; some are bare and rocky, though the greater number are verdure-clad. The surroundings of the homes on the mountains are sometimes very attractive, for the people have a way of winning their vineyards to grow where to a stranger's eye there seems but little soil. The tall and majestic date tree is much more frequently seen here than it is either south or north, and is always a sure sign of a neighboring habitation. Near a group of mulberry trees and lofty palms a roadside fountain was found. Around it, some beating their laundry with olive-wood clubs upon the stone water-troughs and some filling

their water-pitchers, were a number of girls. The faces of some of them were very pretty and bright. It was not surprising that in these days they should know the use of the camera; and no sooner had a chance shot been made at them than each particular water-jar stood on end and the unfortunate disciple of Daguerre was beset for bakshish, and almost belabored by the black-eyed water-carriers. One poor little girl had no jar, and had substituted a square tin can which had served originally to carry American kerosene.

It was just at sunset that my path led me across a plain and up the hill which brought me to the outskirts of the town of Jenin, close to the southern border of the Plain of Esdraelon. The departing sun gave its last touch of color to the head of the minaret of the little mosque which overtopped even the palm trees. Our Moslem attendants were all down upon their knees, with their faces towards Mecca, and the village fell asleep in the shadows.

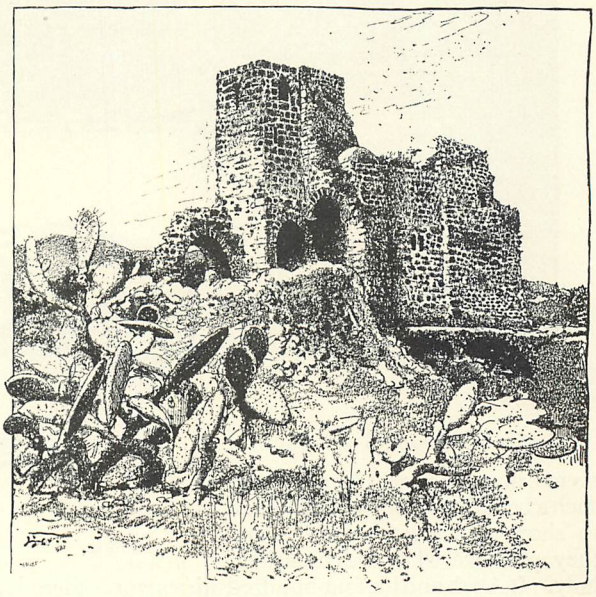
In Palestine one may choose his route but not his resting-place. His conductors have their "stations," where it is the custom to halt for the night, and they do not willingly change. Jenin is not a large town, but it is rather more attractive than the majority of its neighbors, not only on account of the beauty of its natural surroundings, but owing to the abundant water supply, which is brought by a covered aqueduct from the hills back of the town.

One of the first things that impress one, when he rides out from Jenin towards the north and overlooks the vast plain, is the fact that not a single tree appears to break the landscape.

For the ride from Jenin to Nazareth we took the road that led us around the shoulders of Mount Gilboa, and then along the red soil roads through the pleasant fields until we reached Shunem, the proper "station" for the noontide rest and lunch. The town is entered by a long avenue of monstrous prickly-pear plants, the horrid arms of which reach out on all sides, as if to conceal the ugliness of the unsightly town. It is not all ugliness at Shunem, however, for some pretty gardens are there. In one of them I saw a number of lemon trees as high as apple trees, with all stages of fruitage going on, from the fragrant blossoms to the ripe ovals of gold which hung from the sturdy branches in great abundance. Through the huge cacti the Arab women could be seen beating their clothing on stones at the brookside.

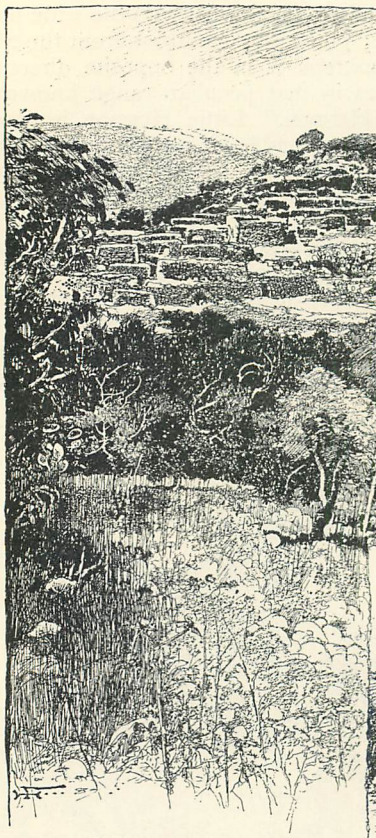
A glance to the northwest reveals the gray outlines of Mount Carmel with the wide plain between; but the best outlook from the Shunem housetops is in the opposite direction, and takes in that peculiar range known as "Little Hermon." Little Hermon is shapeless and barren and holds no historical interest, yet it provides an attractive feature in the landscape. It presents its best side towards Shunem.

None of the generosity which characterized the "great lady" of Shunem seems to mold the conduct of the modern Shunemite towards the stranger; for when I plucked a single lemon blossom from a tree overhead to send to America in a letter I had just written to a little girl, one of the nabobs of the town, who had stood watching my comrades and me, flew at me in a great rage and demanded bakshish. I had proved myself to be a thief as well as a trespasser, and it turned out to be one of those occasions where I found myself unable to dispense justice. I referred the case to my wise dragoman, who had quite an altercation in my defense.

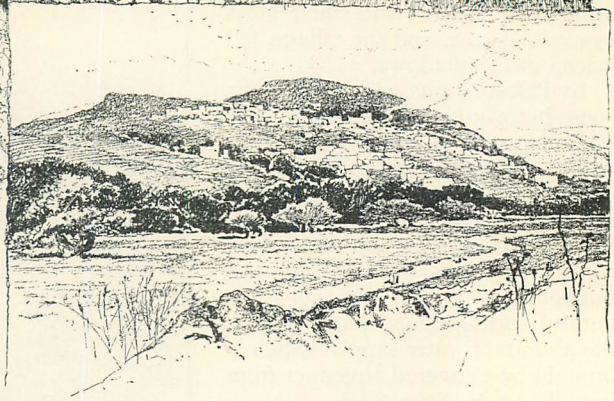


THE CASTLE OF JEZREEL.

Jezreel must also have received a Divine visit. Its location is central, and its position as a military stronghold admirable. Its approach is from the east. On the northeast there is a steep cliff, quite a hundred feet in height, from the top of which the view is grand. The Arabs call the town Zerin. Their houses are dreadfully humble and comfortless, and all the wealth of the town seems to have been used for the preservation of the ancient tower which stands among the houses. It



CANA IN GALILEE.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BONFILS.)



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE WEST. (DRAWN FROM NATURE.)

seems in a strange place among such a benighted people, and serves to show with what reverent care they preserve what they consider holy. If Ahab and his four hundred priests worshiped Astarte here, and Herod kept up the unholy rites, it is a holy place in the eyes of the present dwellers at Jezreel, but none the more holy because Jesus did missionary work among their predecessors. The same crescent moon that shone as the symbol of Astarte shines for Mohammed their prophet, and for this they honor and preserve Jezreel's tower.

From Jezreel to Nain is a ride of but an hour. The western base of Little Hermon is on one side, and the broad expanse of the valley of Jezreel is on the other. As soon as Little Hermon is passed Mount Tabor is seen, and the prospect widens; then, soon after, the gilt cross on the convent at Nain shines out. Few and poor enough are the houses of Nain. Heaps of rubbish and the rough-quarried debris of better days surround the memorable town. The nearest hillside abounds with rock-tombs, and a number of shrines and holy places are dotted about.

Not more than a dozen miles from Nain there is a hopelessly desolate little town which can be seen from half a dozen places already mentioned in these journeyings. It is almost north of Nain, and is well worth a visit. If one journey there early in the morning, his horse ought to carry him from Nain in less than three hours. It is the place where Christ met the rejoicing wedding party and performed his first miracle — Cana of Galilee. I do not know of a ride of its length in Palestine which is more lovely, or which presents so many points of interest as this does. Before one gets fairly down into the plain he may see the rosy light coming over the Anti-Lebanon range, tipping the minarets of Jezreel and Shunem. Gilboa and Little Hermon will also have their feathery, pink-hued caps. Before the first hour is gone he comes to the Fountain of Jezreel and begins to meet the modern young Gideons as they come back to the pastures with their flocks after watering them at the fountain. As we too stop to water our horses at the fountain we cast our eyes upward to see if we can

make out the outlines of the ruins on Mount Tabor. The fog is flying around the summit; but there, peering through it, looking five times their real height, their fine details brought out by the morning light and the blue background of the sky, are the gray towers and bastions placed there by the Crusaders. Fording the stream, we now push our horses up towards Tabor, and above the fog line. Nain and Shunem and Jezreel rise up behind in the distance. We soon place Mount Tabor between us, and hurry on.

In half an hour we see on the left a hill topped by a little village. It is Sefurieh, the ancient Sepphoris, and is all that remains of the old-time capital of Galilee. It was an important place until Herod Antipas came into power and made Tiberias the seat of government. The caravan tracks which cut across the country now bewilder us somewhat, for we are in doubt which one to choose. However, they all lead to the Mecca of the present expedition. If the face is kept well towards the northwest one comes out all right. Here and there we meet a group of women with bundles of twigs on their heads. Already they have been up the side of Mount Tabor, among the scrub oaks, where they gather the scraggy merchandise which they are now carrying to the wood market in Nazareth. Now the scene grows still more animated, for men and boys, and women too, are seen driving towards Nazareth long lines of asses laden with newly cut grass. In the proper season figs and olives take the place of grass, for the trees abound. The narrow plain is beautiful, and provides the space for a last gallop before reaching the almost deserted village of Cana of Galilee, known to the Arabs as Kefr Kenna. The chief entrance to the town resembles that of Shunem, a lane skirted by thickly set prickly-pear plants. The houses remind one of those at Magdala. They are of mud and stone, surrounded by the refuse of the stable, and have miserably constructed arbors of cane on their unsafe roofs. They appear to be in the last state of ruin, yet there are plenty of ruins of an earlier date and of a better grade lying around in every direction. An old sarcophagus serves as the public watertrough, and is kept supplied by a cheery little stream which comes from a neighboring spring. "Dutch" ovens smeared with mud are standing near some of the houses. They might be taken for tombs only they are not whitewashed. Down towards Nazareth and over in the direction of Mount Tabor the views are particularly fine. The hills are not so high, so steep, nor so bare as those in lower Galilee. They are usually wooded to their summits and fall gradually down to the valleys. There is not the appearance of thrift that there is about Nain and Shunem, for the reason, perhaps, that the neighborhood is infested more by wandering marauders, who care nothing for the cultivation of crops so long as they find pasture for their flocks.

*Edward L. Wilson.*

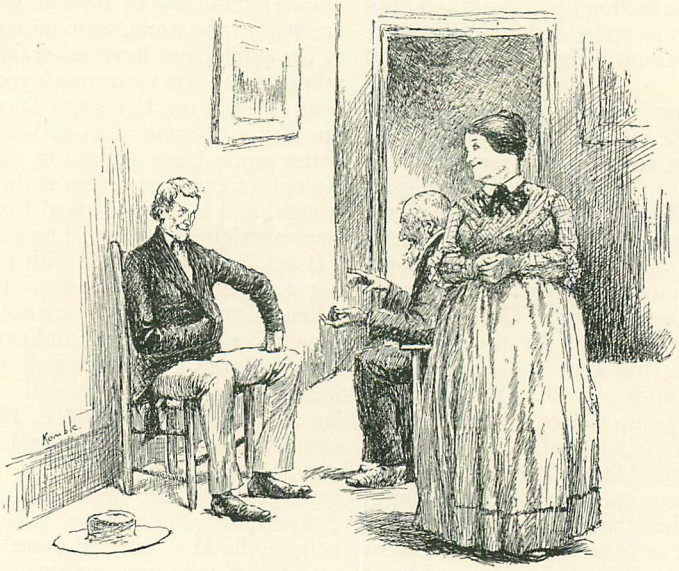
# THE SELF-PROTECTION OF MR. LITTLEBERRY ROACH.

IT used to seem curious to me that the poor make earlier marriages than the rich. Not reared to expect luxuries, knowing that two persons in entire accord can live more cheaply together than apart, usually they mate young. Having little besides themselves and their affections to give, they exchange these brief courtships, and go cheerfully to the work and to the enjoyment of their joined lives, in which there is scarcely anything to lose but much to hope for. The rich, contrariwise, often make delays from one and another cause, less seldom follow the promptings of their own hearts, are more concerned about the conveniences of such alliances, and sometimes are solicitous as to whether or not they may be made to give more than they receive.

Such always heretofore had been the matter with Mr. Littleberry Roach, who, although ever open-mouthed in praise of the other sex, was, at forty-five, still a bachelor. Unfortunately for any conjugal experience to him, he found himself, at twenty-one, the inheritor of six negroes and three hundred acres of well-stocked land—a fortune for those times. In spite of the gauntness of his long figure, the absence of smoothness from his visage and his manners, knowing that many a cap was to be set for the sake of other things that he had, he put himself upon his guard against feminine influences except such as were backed by property qualifications equal to his own. Yet he would admit freely his weakness in the presence of manifest beauty, even when undowered. Often had he been heard to say about thus:

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; when I see a putty girl it always warm me up, no matter what kind o' weather, and I feel like I were a kind o' breakin' out, like people does 'long o' heat, or the

measles. Yes, sir, that 's me, shore, and I can't he'p it. But you know how it is with a man that he have prop'ty; that he got to keep a' eye on hisself, and not liable to fling hisself away a jes accordin' to his time-bein' feelin's, a-givin' everythin' and a-gittin' nothin'. Yes, sir, 't wer' n't for that, they ain't no tellin' how many times I might 'a' got married, jes betwix' me and you."



"HE LOOKED AT THE LADY AND SMILED."

During the years passed since coming to his majority he had intimated to several ladies within, and above, and even somewhat below, his standard, his willingness, as he expressed it, to give and take; but all of these, when such hints became serious, had subdued their coquetries and intimated that they were not in the humor to make the exchange proposed. It never seemed to occur to him that his physical imperfections should be taken in abatement of his claims, and so those several disappointments availed not to hinder his keeping one eye upon himself in the midst of all unequal inveiglements, however tempting.

But now at forty-five he was beginning to ponder if his life, to some degree, had not been a mistake. Quite a number of women, whom he doubted not that he could have gotten, he now saw happy, prosperous mothers of families; while here was himself, grown wrinkled, and more and more gaunt with the drying up that had begun in him even when he was a boy. Conscious of always having wanted a wife, he must — indeed to himself it seemed that he positively must — do something that would clear away some of the gloom that was gathering over the future of his being.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; I got to positive must; and I wish I 'd 'a' done it long ago; and I would 'a' done it exceptin' I were afeard o' bein' tuck in. For jes lo and behold all this prop'ty round me which have been a-increasin' a constant ev'y sence my parents palmed it off on me; and if anybody in this whole section o' country have more kinfolks than me, and them all poor, I should like to know wharbout he live. In course, I know ev'y one o' 'em would be distrested in their mind ef I was to git married and in the courses of times have a lawful ar or ars, male or female, as the case might be, like the legislatur' say, and ev'y dad-fetchit one of 'em ruther see me at the bottom o' my grave than sech as that. Right thar, as the Scriptur' say, the shoe 's a-beginnin' to pinch. And it ain't that, exceptin' for the 'structions o' that Jim Sanky, I 'd be a reason'ble riconciled in my mind. I got to perteck myself somehow agin Jim Sanky; and, tell the truth, I feel the n'ces'ty o' perteckin' myself agin my kinfolks, who I wish to gracious some o' 'em had a been borned rich, or married rich, or got rich somehow, so all eyes would n't be on me and my deathbeds and dyin' hours."

The dwelling of Mr. Roach, not at all fine, but far too good for any old bachelor, was near the Ogeechee, four miles north of our village. His nearest neighbors were the Sankys, half a mile to his right as he stood in his front door, and the Harrells, a mile to his left. Mrs. Sanky, a widow, we will say of thirty-nine, tall, religious, somewhat demure during her married experience, but since the demise of her husband, a year or so back, seeming to notice

things theretofore regarded with indifference, had a snug plantation, a small but respectable bunch of negroes, all of whom and of which were encumbered by a twelve-year-old boy named Jim, who in this little story must have more prominence than he deserves.

"The said Jim Sanky," Mr. Roach often said confidentially to a large number of his neighbors, "yes, sir, I has cussed that boy a million o' times, more or less, and it have come to that I got to perteck myself agin him, even ef I have to fetch in the law, the deeficulty be-in' that Jim have nobody to give him the hick-'ry like Tommy Sanky done a endurin' o' his lifetime, and which, as for his poor widder, she don't seem adequate to the above, even if she were so disposed."

To the left the old man Harrell, survivor of his companion of forty-five years, dwelt with his daughter, Pheriby, of about the age of Mrs. Sanky, but fatter, comelier, and, though not confessedly less religious, much more vivacious. Twenty years ago Mr. Roach had sought her in his own ambiguous way; but she had married her cousin of the same name, and after the spending of all their joint property and the death of her husband she had come back to preside over the household of her father, prosperous, but old, and periodically extremely feeble.

Resolved on turning over a new leaf, Mr. Roach felt that it was fortunate there was an unencumbered widow, remanded, as it were, back to girlhood, and heir presumptive to an estate larger than his own, soon to devolve upon her by an aged father, and so he began to pay her the most pointed respects. It seemed to him well to begin with her by eliciting her sympathy for the trouble he endured in the case of Jim Sanky.

"Look like," he said, one early day, "the creetur' have a spite agin me, and the good Lord know for what it is, a exceptin' in his lifetime I got his pappy to give him the hick'ry for his oudacious. He a constant a-skearin' o' my mules, a-shootin' his gun at birds along the fence where they plowin' in my field anext to their'n, and it 'pear like, when his hounds jump a rabbit, he natchelly love for him and them to run over inter my cotton-patch. But his mother 's a female and she 's a widder, and it look like a man hate to fuss with them kind o' people, special when Jim got so big, it take more 'n a woman to handle him."

"If such a boy was my child," answered Mrs. Pheriby, "he 'd mighty soon find who was who betwixt me and him."

"Thar, now! I allays said it, that ef it have be'n Missis Pheriby Har'll's lot to have childern she 'd of learnt 'em to know how to behave theirself."



At that very moment crept in Mr. Harrell; so much more feeble than when last seen by Mr. Roach, that, the latter's spirits rising at the sight, he resolved to be as agreeable to the old man as he could.

"How 's your healths, Mr. Har'll? You look ruther feeble this mornin'."

"Yes, ruther feeble, Berry; but to them that has faith and their titles is cle'r death ain't the molloncholy it 's to them that has no God. How you, Berry? Time a-beginnin' to tell on you too. You may n't see it yourself, but you 're gittin' a heap stringier than what you was. You never was what a body might call fat, at no time; but you 're a-gittin' stringier a constant."

Mrs. Pheriby made some excuse and left the room. After some moments of preliminary talk, Mr. Harrell disclosed the occasion of his interruption of a chat that Mr. Roach had intended to make specially interesting.

"Berry, the membership in Jooksborough have got too big for the meetin'-house to hold all convenant, and so us all on this side the creek (in another county, to boot) be'n a-thinkin' o' puttin' up another over here if providin' the money can be raised, which is all put up exceptin' fifty dollars and shingles. I 'm a mighty anxious to have the meetin'-house put up befo' my departure is at hand, as the 'postle Paul say, and I be'n a-waitin' to see you and ask in a 'fectionate way, how much from you, a-'memberin' it 'd be a-lendin' to the Lord which he 's shore to pay back ag'in after many days. What you say?"

Something like a shudder ran all through Mr. Roach, long as he was. He had been persuading himself that, for a worldling, his contribution of two, sometimes three dollars a year, which was fully up to the average, ought to compound for his shortcomings, which mainly had been on the line of profane swearing. Having heard of the scheme, something of neighborhood pride had induced him to resolve to give four dollars, possibly — according to the character of the solicitor — as much as five. Now, looking upon the feeble condition of Mr. Harrell, a feeling of liberality was rising in his breast, and in a moment more he would have announced, in as generous tones as he knew how to employ, ten dollars. But at that moment Mrs. Pheriby returned, and said:

"Now, Pa, I thought *I* was to have the asking of Mr. Roach about our new church, which I have but very little doubts he 'll make up the balance, a-expecting to git his rewards in various ways."

Mr. Roach, believing that he understood the meaning in her eyes, rapidly going over in his mind the silent clamors of his relatives, feeling that now was the time, and Mrs.

Pheriby the person, drew a long breath and answered:

"I 'll do it."

He looked at the lady and smiled. She looked at him and smiled. Her father, too far gone to notice such things, said:

"Now, Berry Roach, I know you feel good, jes as well as if I was inside o' you, and my hopes is it may all be blest to your conviction and your conversion from your many folds o' sin and temptation, and not keep on a constant a-gittin' older and older and stringier and stringier, and not a-layin' holt o' the plan o' salvation, which a man like you that 's got no wife it may be hopin' agin hope, because then *her* pra'ars, if she was a Christian woman, they ain't no tellin' what they might 'a' done in the salvation of your immorchal soul."

It relieved Mr. Roach of some of the embarrassment at these words that in their midst Mrs. Pheriby, with handkerchief to her face, again rose and left the room. Just as he was about to go, she came back and said:

"Good-by, Mr. Roach. I 'm ever so much obliged."

Her intelligent smile as she withdrew her hand from his light, affectionate squeeze made him feel that he never would wish to look upon a lovelier female. When he returned home they told him that Jim Sanky and his hounds had been running rabbits up and down all over the cotton-patch, destroying unknown quantities of cotton; and that two of the men even had to leave their work in the field in order to protect the sheep in the pasture into which these marauders had entered, after their previous destruction.

"Consarn the creetur'!" said he; and but for the pleasant memories of his recent visit he would have employed yet stronger words. Mrs. Sanky being a neighbor, and a widow at that, he felt that he ought, in a neighborly way, to ride over, and through her send to Jim a warning more serious than any yet conveyed to him. Although she had the reputation of being a person with a temper of her own, he had never been witness to its exhibitions. Then Mr. Roach was a man as gallant in feeling as he was long and stringy in bodily shape, and he would have borne far greater outrages from Jim rather than inflict any punishment of which his mother might have just cause to complain.

Seeing his approach, Mrs. Sanky had shifted herself into her next best Sunday frock, and in her haste threw over her shoulders a white cape, looking in the contrast more attractive than Mr. Roach remembered to have noticed for quite a time.

"My!" thought he; but he did n't say so in words.

"Why, the good Lord help my soul, Mr. Roach," she said, when informed of the object of the visit, "what is a body to do in such a case? The poor boy have got no fathers, and I 'm nobody but a lone widow, which it seem a'most right hard as young a female as I am should be left in them conditions; and not only will not her own and ownlest son let her keep peace and friendship with neighbors that he know, as well as he know his name is Jeems Sanky, his father always set store by as friends and good neighbors, which it could be did 't was n't for that boy; and which if ever a boy did miss a person that were strong enough to manage him, it were Jeems Sanky sence he be'n feelin' like he were his own man."

Then she wept, and she did so with such good taste that Mr. Roach was obliged to say that of course boys would be boys, and he had no doubt that as Jim got older, as he must do in the course of time, more or less, he would be another sort of a boy altogether.

"I 'm afraid not, Mr. Roach," she answered candidly. "I have talked and pleaded with that boy, and once I took down the hickory, but he looked at me so much like a pitiful orphan, that I had n't the heart. Yit, yit," taking down her handkerchief, and looking at her visitor with moistest, saddest eyes, "I has faith that the promises will not be without effect to the widow, and that the good Lord will provide for her somehow as may seemeth him meet. Have anybody asked you to help us out with our new meetin'-house, Mr. Roach?"

When Mr. Roach, not without some embarrassment, told what he had agreed to do in these premises, she seemed disappointed, and said:

"Pheriby Harrell! I would n't have treated her that way. She know I had you down on my paper as my favorite name whensomever I could catch up with you accidental, and a-living the closetest to you at that. But I s'pose Pheriby know she could git more out o' you than I could, and of course the meetin'-house want all it can git."

"It were her pa that name it first to me, Missis Sanky."

"Ah! then that 's deffer'nt. And as for Brer Harrell, he know he might have put up that buildin' by his lone self, er at leastways give that last fifty dollars which he squeezed out o' you. But Brer Harrell, good man as he is, he were always one to push up t' other people and hold back hisself to make up the last—if they was any last to make up, and which sometimes they ain't. Why, Mr. Roach, don't I remember when it come to movin' poor Patsy Daniel and her orphan childern 'way over into Jasper County, whar her old aunt sent words that if the neighbors would make up and send her thar, she 'd settle 'em on a

piece o' her land, and Brer Harrell he tuck it in hand, and he went round in his 'flicted way he have in sech times, a-sayin' to people it were cheaper to palm 'em all off that way on that old 'oman, than have to keep 'em here and support 'em, and he actuil' got ten dollars out o' Mr. Sanky and the lendin' o' our kyart and steers for one blessed, solid week, and me a-scoldin' about it all the time, and come to find out that Brer Harrell his very self did n't give but three dollars and seventy-five cent, which it lack jes that much to make up; and then he git out by sayin' that Pheriby and her husband have been so much expense to him he can't afford more 'n to go round and raise money from people and charge for his time! People say if Brer Harrell had put up a'cordin' to his prop'ty, the meetin'-house would have been up by now, and the worship in it done begun a'cordin' to the commandment. And nobody know how much he 's a-goin' to put up, and they won't know now, special' sence you 've put up the last fifty dollars, and they ain't nothin' left but shingles; because why, Brer Harrell have appointed hisself his own committee, and he have got everythin' in his own hands."

"The old man look very feeble, Missis Sanky, and he acknowledge that he ain't much time left to go on."

Mrs. Sanky laughed.

"Ah, Mr. Roach, that ain't no sign, nor it don't mean anythin' here nor there. I used to think it did, when I 've heard him acknowledge the same time and time again, special' when he want people to do somethin', and when they done done it, next time you see him, more 'n probable, you 'll hear him braggin' about his father a-livin' to ninety, and him only thes seb'nty his last birthday, or sixty-nine, or seb'nty-one, as the case might be. That 's Brer Harrell, a notwithstandin' he 's a righteous good man, and he expect to be deac'n o' our new meetin'-house, which somehow the brothrin and sisters would n't make him deac'n over there in Dukesborough; but which he say his time ain't come yit, but it 's a-comin'. If ever Brer Harrell *do* die, and which poor Mr. Sanky used to laugh and say he doubted it, but Pheriby will change things over there, onlest he tie her up in his will, which he threaten to do sometimes when Pheriby buy things he think is too fine, but which poor Mr. Sanky used to say Brer Harrell ought to be 'shamed of hisself for holdin' back his own-lest child in that unuseless way. But it all go to show that no person can have everythin' to their likes nor dislikes, as I know by my own expeunce by Jeems Sanky that he, a-havin' of no fathers, will keep on pesterin' the best neighbors any lone and lonesome widow ever did have in a world where it seem to me everybody have friends exceptin' of widows; but I am thankful to say that I have been able to lay up some money, and I am willin' to pay for all the damage of Jeems Sanky for this one time; but I shall tell Jeems Sanky plain that hereafter the law must take its courses, alsobeit that I can't but be sorry that the poor boy have no fathers."

Mr. Roach, while drawing a long, sympathetic breath preparatory to his reply to these words, was thus intercepted:

"And if you won't let me pay you, Mr. Roach, which there 's the money in sideboard drawer, please you let the cotton that Jeems Sanky and his hounds have knocked out go on my paper for the meetin'-house, so I may n't be disapp'inted complete, out and out."

"I never felt like I were so complete overtook, not endurin' o' my whole lifetime," Mr. Roach afterwards used to say. A feeling even rather majestic came over him as he answered:

"Missis Sanky, I shall not take the money you be'n a-layin' up, which I am thankful to hear of it. And, madam, jes to show you what sort a man I am, I will make it my business to have got out the shingles for the aforesaid meetin'-house and no questions asked. That is me, if I understand myself."

"O Mr. Roach! *Mister* Roach!"

But a prudent, bashful widow like Mrs. Sanky would rather have died, she thought, than to go very far beyond the length of these words.

"You say," asked Mr. Roach, with some sternness, "that you think the old man Har-r'll's healths is better than what he call for?"

For a lady almost entirely in black, with an only son who having no fathers was such a varlet, Mrs. Sanky laughed with surprising heartiness. Then she said:

"Why, laws o' me, Mr. Roach! Mr. Sanky used to say that Brer Harrell got his livin' out o' his complainin's about his healths, and it were to his opinions that he 'd outlive *him* and many another person in the neighborhood; and you see how it all come true in poor Mr. Sanky's case, to go no further, although I has heard him say somethin' about Berry Roach as it 'pear like he ruther name you by name."

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Roach, with confident strength, "I should hopes not, not by a long shot; for a person that has the healths I has and no incumbents o' no sort, sech as that would seem like a pity and entire onexpected."

As he rode along home Mr. Roach pondered much. Here was Mrs. Sanky, during her married life a home-staying and, so far as the outside world knew, a few-worded woman, whom people had been wont to call plain, solemn, penurious, and all such, yet now spruce, chatty, not excusing her own son's pernicious practices, not ashamed of having laid up money for hard times and rainy days, and

showing that if you gave her something to laugh about she could laugh as heartily as the best. All this. Then he asked himself how it was that the old man Harrell, at his time of life, should be fooling people about the pretended near approach of death. As for the tying up his property by will in a way that would hinder any husband whom Mrs. Pheriby might elect from getting lawful control of it, he was loath to believe that a man like Mr. Harrell, always a stickler for masculine rights, would ignore them at the last. Still, there was no telling how long some old people could live, and what notions they might take up when old age had made them childish. Mr. Roach concluded that he would think of all these things.

II.

WHEN it was noised abroad that the last fifty of the three hundred dollars needed for the new meeting-house had been subscribed by Mr. Roach, *and* shingles, people were happy. Passages of Scripture were quoted, and hopes were had that Mr. Roach soon might feel it his duty to walk down into the water and come up out of it a new man. The gentleman himself, extravagant neither in hopes nor in wishes, except in so far as deliverance from Jim Sanky was concerned, indulged the kind of consolation that any honorable man must feel when he has been doing more than his duty. As for Jim Sanky, the cotton was about gathered anyhow, the sheep were removed to another pasture, the hogs would make about as good meat as if they never had been dogged, and the pigeons—well, as for pigeons, they in some respects were not unlike Jim Sanky in going to places where they were not wanted; and so, upon the whole, Mr. Roach believed that he was feeling reasonably contented in his mind, barring an incertitude which, owing to its vagueness, was rather unsatisfactory.

It was surprising to the general public, to the members gratifying, that the new meeting-house went up so rapidly. Mr. Harrell, whose rejuvenility was disgusting to Mr. Roach, had examined every stick of lumber, seen to its kiln-drying, inspected every paper of nails, and, what everybody said he ought not to have done, counted and sighted every shingle. Long before anybody had expected, the building was up, and was named Bethel.

Claiming all the honors of the new Babylon that had been founded, yet Mr. Harrell, in view of the fact that hereafter it might require to be ceiled and painted, saw fit to divide with Mr. Roach the honors of its first opening, which was appointed on a Saturday. The flooring, waiting for shrinkage, had not yet been nailed, and the cracks indulged in unrestricted yawnings. A moderately large congregation assembled, and all occupied the benches except Mr. Swinney, the preacher, Mr. Harrell, and Mr. Roach. The first ascended the pulpit, and the other two were seated in front upon splint-bottom chairs, which Mr. Harrell had provided. Mr. Roach took his seat with becoming solemnity, careful to place the rounds at safe distances between the gapings of the floor beneath. Never having occupied so prominent a place in a house of worship, in spite of some embarrassment he felt a pleasant sense of quietude like what he conceived it might be in heaven, which destination he could not but hope that without much further expense he, in good time, would realize. He had not offered any remonstrance against being put so prominently forth, because he honestly believed himself entitled to the distinction. It was understood that the preacher, during the course of the sermon, would pay his respects to the most liberal and the next most distinguished among the contributors to the pious undertaking; and it was deemed nothing but right that the recipient of such praise should be in position where he could see and be seen by everybody. The hymn was sung, the prayer said, and then the reverend gentleman, taking an apposite text, put forth. Nobody, not even Mr. Harrell, when allusion was made to walls of any kind, whether in the ancient temple of Jerusalem or those around them, could keep his or her eyes off Mr. Roach. The preacher noticed the dissipation, and decided to stop short his hammering upon knotty theological points and rise into the panegyric for which all evidently were impatient. Mr. Roach, aware that this was coming, took out his huge bandana and spread it on his lap in preparation for all embarrassing contingencies.

"Brethren and sisters," said the speaker, "there is a person in this house."

He paused for several moments, looking the while hard at Mr. Roach.

"Yes," he continued, "and I will not name his name, although he is settin' in a cheer alongside o' Brer Harrell, and not a thousand mile from the foot o' this pulpit."

He paused again, and there was almost ferocity in the gaze which he fastened upon Mr. Roach. The latter, for a few moments, steadily returned the speaker's look. Then, as if satisfied that he was the person alluded to, he turned his eyes benignantly upon the congregation, lingering somewhat first upon Mrs. Pheriby, then upon Mrs. Sanky. To make himself entirely comfortable and more presentable to observation, he leaned his chair far back, sat upon its very edge, and extended his legs to their full length, resting his heels firmly in the cracks of the floor. Never before in his life, if his recollection was not at fault, had he felt as sweet.

"A BOY HAVE JOBBED THIS HERE PIN INTO MR. ROACH."

"Yes, brethren and sisters," continued Mr. Swinney; "and the astonishest thing about the whole business is that that same person (and I shall not even name his seck, a-owin' to his presence, which everybody can see for theirself), even ef he ain't a professor o' religion, he have been as lib'l, and he have made hisself a' example to — the good Lord have mercy on us all!"

This ejaculatory finale to the panegyric was not inopportune; for, half a second before its utterance, Mr. Roach, suddenly lifting his right leg, gave a scream, loud, terrific as ever was poured from throat of Indian or of wolf. The women echoed. Mr. Roach rose instantly, clapped a hand beneath his thigh, looked momentarily down through the yawnings of the floor; then, lifting his eyes and surveying the congregation, loudly exclaimed:

"Gentlemen and ladies, I has be'n stobbed; and that d-d-dangnation bad!"

"O my laws!" shouted a hundred female voices. All the men, except the preacher — who, taking a step backward, leaned one eye over the pulpit — and young Mr. Hammick, who had been booked for one of the deacons, crowded around the assailed. The last named rushed out, and peering under the house observed a pair of legs that just having emerged on the opposite side were making off with all possible speed. Quickly passing around, he saw those legs as they sought a hiding-place behind a huge red oak that stood some fifty yards distant. In his run thither Mr. Hammick picked up a pine stick, to one end of which, with point projecting, had been fastened a stout brass pin. Approaching softly the oak, he reached around to seize the culprit; but the latter, his coat-tails drawn over his head, eluded the grasp and was fleeing amain.

"Nobody but Jim Sanky! Oh, you may hide yourself with them coat-tails, but you can't fool me, you sarpent! Well! if that were n't a skene in the first openin'. Bethel start herself quare, no doubts about that."

Bringing himself back to proper solemnity, he returned to the house, where the scene had continued interesting. Some young women, in expectation of the sight of streams of blood upon the sacred floor, prepared to faint; and when none appeared they decided to faint notwithstanding. Mr. Roach was overwhelmed with sympathetic questions and dolefully comforting assurances.

"Ef," said Mr. Harrell — "ef you feel your time have come, Berry, my advices is to do

your level best at prayin' to be forgive' for your sins. Them 's my advices."

Looking behind as well as he could, feeling for the murderous gash, finding none, and seeing no blood, Mr. Roach looked up and seemed vaguely vibrating between relief and disappointment. At that moment the young man came in, and, holding aloft the weapon, said aloud:

"A boy have jobbed this here pin into Mr. Roach, and then runned away a-kiverin' his head with his coat-tails so a body could n't see how to sw'ar to him."

What else could he say, when there was the mother among the most cordial sympathizers?

"The varmint!" said Mr. Harrell. "'Pears like you got more of a rimnant left than we supposened, Berry; but it 's to be hoped you 'll take warnin' before it 's everlastin' too late."

In the midst of titterings that vainly strove to be repressed the preacher called all to their knees, and, after jerking out some sort of prayer, dismissed the meeting. When the greater part had dispersed, Mr. Hammick, having awaited the opportunity, gave information to Mrs. Sanky of Jim's misconduct.

"I was afraid it was him, Brer Hammick. Please go and tell Mr. Roach I 'd like to see him for jes one minute."

"Well, now, Sister Sanky, I ain't quite shore; at leastways for a little while, if I was in your place —"

"Please go and send him here, Brer Hammick."

When Mr. Roach approached her, pale, with tremulous tone, she said:

"Mr. Roach, it were Jeems Sanky that run that pin into you, and if I had my ruthers, I don't know but I 'd o' ruther somebody have run a knife into my heart! I see nothin' but for you to pertect yourself and let the law take its course; but I hope you 'll tell the judge, and the jury, and the sheriff, and the man that keep the jail, to try to 'member that the poor boy have no fathers, and that they 'll all be no harder on him than the law 'll allow. If the poor child have got to be hung, the good Lord know I don't want to live to see it."

"I 'm sorry, truly sorry, Missis Sanky," he answered, with unaffected sympathy. "'Pear like I 'm sorry for you as I am for myself. In course, I has to try to pertect myself agin Jim, but I shall make it my business to study and try to be leeniwent along o' Jim as I possible can be."

"Thanky! thanky! Poor Mr. Sanky before he died always said you was a good man down at the bottom of your hearts, and now what he say have come true. I can't but hope you 'll get your rewards. Good-by, Mr. Roach."

As Mr. Roach turned he was met by Mr. Harrell and Mrs. Pheriby. The former laughingly said:

"I were powerful glad you was skeert a heap worse than you was hurted, Berry. My! my! but did n't you jump and tell the news! But even *me*, *I* even jumped a little bit; for, says I, who know but me next, a-settin' right thar by you? You did n't know I could jump so, did you? Oh, yes, sence the new meetin'-house been put up I feel like a colt just weaned. But," assuming vast threatenings in his looks, "I should spar' no time nor no money to find out who that boy were that he have the imp'dence to interrup' public worship in that kind a style, and ef his parents did n't let me take his hide off'n him, nor they did n't do it theirself, I should put the law onto him to the extents she mind to take him for his oudaciousness at a solemcholy time that were. I 'm glad it were n't me; but the boy that done that, whomsoever he is, he knowed better than to be a-jobbin' o' pins inter me in that kind o' style. Good-by. Come 'long, Pheriby."

"Mr. Roach," lingering, she said, "I was very much frightened at first, and I am very glad indeed that you was hurt no worse. Good-by. I 'm coming, Pa."

The feelings of Mr. Roach during the remainder of that day and night, and for another day and night, he used afterwards to characterize as "prob'ble the schupendousest egzitement any man in the whole State o' Georgia ever drapped into for the time a bein'." He pondered and pondered till bedtime, and after that could n't sleep for a long, long time; and when he awoke next morning found that he had been dreaming about pondering all night. Several poor relatives came there the next day, full of apprehension, anger, vengeance. All of them he dismissed as soon as decency would allow, some of them perhaps rather sooner, comforting them with the assurance that in his body, and even in both of his legs, he had never felt better; and then he went to pondering again. His purpose on the forenoon of Saturday had been formed to ride home with Mrs. Pheriby after service, and feel, and allow Mrs. Pheriby to feel, their ways among matters that possibly would be interesting to both; but he had been disgusted with her father's behavior, particularly the deception of which he had been guilty regarding the condition of his health and strength of body. Just as soon as the Bethel business had been made secure here was old man Harrell going about kicking up his heels like a young man. From the number of times that man had seemed to be about to drop right into the grave, then suddenly turning his back upon it and gone to prancing, it did appear that he was destined, if not to be restored to his youth, at least, as poor Mr. Sanky had prophesied, to survive many a man, even Littleberry Roach, now in the full

vigor of manhood. No, sir; no, sir; not to-day, at all events. Mr. Harrell may be a professor, and Littleberry Roach a mere worldling; but Littleberry Roach would n't treat people that way, old nor young. No, sir; no, sir.

But of course the subject on which Mr. Roach had been pondering the most during these two days and nights was the pressing need of his being protected against Jim Sanky. That boy had to be dealt with in a summary way that would stop his destructive practices. Still he was the son of a widow, and she had acted so honorably throughout, that he believed that, as a man, a neighbor, and a friend, he should give her notice of his intention, so that her scapegrace, if so minded, might abscond. How best to do this was not perfectly clear to his mind, but it was a thing that could not be delayed, he felt; and so on Monday morning, in a state of some incertitude, he dressed himself uncommonly well for a week-day, and mounted his horse. As he rode along the lane between a fine field of cotton on one side and one of corn as good on the other, in the midst of other thoughts he, in brief parentheses, contemplated how the widow Sanky, who was a better manager than her late husband had been, was making tell the work she was putting on that rather small but excellent plantation.

Mrs. Sanky, made aware of his slow, apparently thoughtful approach, downcast as she was in heart, felt it not entirely amiss to add another narrow streak of white, and so to dispose her long hair that it might contribute its own portion of help, however inconsiderable, to the suppliant she was about to become. When the visitor entered the house, received the friendly greeting, looked upon the patient face that sorrow, tasteful gear, and a most abundant, well-arranged suit of hair made strikingly interesting, after a few moments, turning his eyes, he surveyed some bright, new furniture, which had been received there since his last visit, a month ago.

THE PROPOSAL.

"Nice," he said; "all very nice."

"I 'm glad you think so," answered the lady; then sighed, with great heaviness.

Mr. Roach, startled, said, or tried to say:

"Law bless my — Missis Sanky! I — I can't do anything — in this case a — along o' Jim."

"Oh, can't you, Mr. Roach? Bless your dear — there now! I no business a-usin' that word; but — I forgot myself at the minute." And how she did blush!

"As for puttin' the law onto Jim, like the neighbors advises, I hain't the hearts to do it. And yit, Missis Sanky, a man in my sitooation o' life he owe it to hisself to pertect hisself ef he can."

"Of course he do, Mr. Roach; of course."

"I has took in consideration that, as I 've freckwent heered you say with your own mouth, that Jim Sanky have no fathers, at least for the present time a bein'; and I goes on to say

that fathers, or at leastways some of 'em, is what Jim Sanky need, ef any can be found suitable to riggerlate him. Ahem, madam!"

Mrs. Sanky stared up at him, who was now standing, as if he were a ghost; and if not a very awful, at least a very tall one, at that.

"Yes, madam, Missis Sanky, them is who Jim Sanky need, and if it 's your consents and your wishes, I 'm willin' to be them very them, and only them tell death shall me and you do part."

He had heard somewhere that when a man was discussing with a woman a subject of importance it assisted much to use words of solemn import.

As it was inconvenient to faint with satisfaction in a sitting position, Mrs. Sanky arose, tottered, looked weakly at Mr. Roach, fell into his arms, and after remaining there a few minutes said beseechingly:

"O Mr. Roach! dear Mr. Roach! do, please, let me loose!"

He did so promptly; and when she resumed her seat she said, "Mr. Roach, *Mister* Roach, I thought all this time—upon my soul, I thought it was Pheriby."

If he was embarrassed by this remark he determined not to seem so. Smiling in a pleasant disdain, he was silent for a few moments, then said:

"Ah, ha! I knewed it! Polly,—as I will call you in a' affectionate way,—does you 'member a-tellin' me what—what cert'n people said in their lifetime about old man Har'll, and him a-outlivin' cert'n various people? Well, I found out that that is a constant a-comin' true; people of var'ous age a-dyin' and a-droppin' off on all side, and him a-frolickin' around, and a-callin' hisself a colt and that not even broke, but jes weaned! No, madam; old man Har'll may 'pose on t' other people, but not on Berry Roach. I ain't a-denyin' that he got out o' me fifty dollars when he make out like he were on his last laigs; but any man is liable to sech as that when he think it 's a' old person's dyin' hour. No, Polly," taking her hand, "you hit me a toler'ble sizable lick that day when I come over to see you about Jim, and you had on that same cape you got on now, and I smelt your hankercher, and you talk so fa'r and squar' about Jim, and I has already begun to feel lonesome thar at home by myself, and all that sot me to thinkin'. And but now, last Sadday, after all that rumpus, and you sent for me, and me not a even a-dreamin' who it were jobbed my laig with that pin, and the very boy's very mother told me herself who it were, and I see you was yit fa'rer and squarer, and which I 'll not deny that I have notussed that cape and them white ruffles round your wrists, a-lookin' like they would if they could, modest as they was, and you drawed out your Sunday hankercher which I could smell it out thar in the very ar, and it make me feel solemn and good all over in great big spots, ontwell as I rid on back home I says to myself, what Jim Sanky need for me to pertect myself agin him is *fathers;* and then, when that have got stuck fa'r and squar' in my mind, I jes had to add on to myself that I 'd be them fathers myself ef so be it 's the good Lord's will and the boy's mother's to boot. Now that is every single blessed thing they is in it."

Tears came to Mrs. Sanky's eyes, and nothing could have been sweeter to the nostrils of Mr. Roach than the perfume of the handkerchief with which she dried them so pitifully. A woman of delicate feelings would not be willing for it to be understood that she could be won so suddenly, as it appeared, by even such a man as Mr. Littleberry Roach, and so she said:

"Berry, up to the time when you come over here about Jeems a-knockin' out your cotton with his hounds, and a-skearin' of your sheep in the pastur', and a-doggin' your hogs in the low grounds, my mind have never not even *dwelt* on any man person since the widow I 've been. But somehow, on that present occasion, when you have come over here, a actuil' *dreaned* o' fifty dollars by Brer Harrell, and Pheriby to boot, and instid of takin' damages for Jeems and his hounds, you put down and added the actuil shingles for our meetin'-house, then I says to myself, as a dilicate female is obleeged to say to herself, alsobe she may n't be nothin' but a lone widow, but yit I says to myself, my hopes is, Berry Roach will never ask me to jind him in the banes o' mattermony; cause *if* he do, I shall be obleeged to give my consents. Oh, me! but I hope them words—Berry, I do hope they excuse me on the awful occasion!"

"'Umph, humph! Yes; I 'm glad to hear it. 'Pears like we was ruther nunanimous on them p'ints. Whar 's Jim, Polly?"

"Jeems he got uneasy in his mind, and he have went across the river to Cousin Sookey Brazzle's."

"'Umph, humph! Well, Polly, I 'm a-gwine on to town; and by as yearly in the atternoon as I can 'tend to the business and git back I shall be here, and I shall fetch the married license, and I shall fetch along also other Squire Buck Peek, or the old man Swinney, whichsomever you may perfers, ef it ain't too ill-conwenant."

"*Mister* Roach!"

"You heerd me what I said."

"You are so hasty and—and I may say, perfect, actuil' vi'lent."

"Mayby so, mayby so; but a man at my time o' life that he have been a-waitin' this long, he don't feel like he ought natchul' to be made wait no longer. Which do you say, Buck Peek, or the old man Swinney?"

"Why, Brer Swinney in course, if—if it ain't too inconvenient. Berry Roach, you actuil' astonish me, and you mighty nigh take away a body's breath with your hurry and—vi'lence, I call it. Go 'long off!"

It was a union happy for all. Mr. Roach used with a thankful heart to refer to these last scenes.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; when my mind were made up, she were made up. Polly she said I were vi'lent, same as a harrikane, and mayby I were. But you see, a-lettin' alone o' that cape, and that smellin' hankercher, and that ha'r, the sleekest and the mostest I ever see hung on top o' a female head, and then thar were Jim, which I have knowed I were jes obleeged to pertect myself somehow agin Jim Sanky, and it come on me all of a suddent that the best way to do that were to git possessions of his mother. And when Jim come back from his cousin Sookey Brazzle's and found me thar at the head o' things, it cowed him to that, that as everybody know, he whirled in and he made a man o' hisself; nor not even his mother is prouder than what I am o' Jeems Sanky. And it all go to show that not ontwell a man's time come to git married he a-gwine to do it; but when the time do come, he may wring and twist and squirm, but he 's jes as certain as a shot is to roll out a shovel when she 's tilted. And as for me, when I come back thar that evenin' along o' Buck Peek, and Polly were lookin' beautifuller and gorgerouser than I ever see her befo', I felt that good and peaceable in my mind that I were glad I never got married befo'; dad-fetchit, if I did n't."

*Richard Malcolm Johnston.*

# THE SUN-DANCE OF THE SIOUX.

GOING TO THE DANCE.

A FEW years ago it was the good fortune of the writer to witness, at the Spotted Tail Indian Agency, on Beaver Creek, Nebraska, the ceremony of the great sun-dance of the Sioux. Perhaps eight thousand Brulé Sioux were quartered at the agency at that time, and about forty miles to the west, near the head of the White River, there was another reservation of Sioux, numbering probably a thousand or fifteen hundred less. Ordinarily each tribe or reservation has its own celebration of the sun-dance; but owing to the nearness of these two

agencies it was this year thought best to join forces and celebrate the savage rites with unwonted splendor and barbarity. Nearly half way between the reservations the two forks of the Chadron (or Shadron) creek form a wide plain, which was chosen as the site of the great sun-dance.

In general it is almost impossible for a white man to gain permission to view this ceremony in all its details; but I had in Spotted Tail, the chief, and in Standing Elk, the head warrior, two very warm friends, and their promise that I should behold the rites in part slowly widened and allowed me to obtain full view of the entire proceedings.

It was in June that the celebration was to be held, and for many days before the first ceremonies took place the children of the prairies began to assemble, not only from the two agencies most interested, but from many distant bands of Sioux to which rumors of the importance of this meeting had gone. Everywhere upon the plains were picturesque little caravans moving towards the level stretch between the branches of the Chadron—ponies dragging the lodge-poles of the tepees, with roughly constructed willow baskets hanging from the poles and filled with a confusion of pots and puppies, babies and drums, scalps and kindling-wood and rolls of jerked buffalo meat, with old hags urging on the ponies, and gay young warriors riding. Fully twenty thousand Sioux were present, the half-breeds and the "squaw-men" of the two agencies said, when the opening day arrived. Probably fifteen thousand would be more correct. It was easier to believe the statement of the Indians that it was the grandest sun-dance within the memory of the oldest warriors; and as I became fully convinced of this assertion, I left no stone unturned that would keep me fast in the good graces of my friends, Spotted Tail and Standing Elk.

When all had assembled and the medicine-men had set the day for the beginning of the great dance dedicated to the sun, the "sun-pole" was selected. A handsome young pine or fir, forty or fifty feet high, with the straightest and most uniformly tapering trunk that could be found within a reasonable distance, was chosen. The selection is always made by some old woman, generally the oldest one in the camp, if there is any way of determining, who leads a number of maidens gaily dressed in the beautiful beaded buckskin gowns they wear on state occasions; the part of the maidens is to strip the tree of its limbs as high as is possible without felling it. Woe to the girl who claims to be a maiden, and joins the procession the old squaw forms, against whose claims any reputable warrior or squaw may publicly proclaim. Her punishment is swift and sure, and her degradation more cruel than interesting.

The selection of the tree is the only special feature of the first day's celebration. After it has been stripped of its branches nearly to the top, the brushwood and trees for a considerable distance about it are removed, and it is left standing for the ceremony of the second day.

Long before sunrise the eager participants in the next great step were preparing themselves for the ordeal; and a quarter of an hour before the sun rose above the broken hills of white clay a long line of naked young warriors, in gorgeous war-paint and feathers, with rifles, bows and arrows, and war-lances in hand, faced the east and the sun-pole, which was from five to six hundred yards away. Ordinarily this group of warriors numbers from fifty to possibly two hundred men. An interpreter near me estimated the line I beheld as from a thousand to twelve hundred strong. Not far away, on a high hill overlooking the barbaric scene, was an old warrior, a medicine-man of the tribe, I think, whose solemn duty it was to announce by a shout that could be heard by every one of the expectant throng the exact moment when the tip of the morning sun appeared above the eastern hills. Perfect quiet rested upon the line of young warriors and upon the great throng of savage spectators that blacked the green hills overlooking the arena. Suddenly the old warrior, who had been kneeling on one knee, with his extended palm shading his scraggy eyebrows, arose to his full height, and in a slow, dignified manner waved his blanketed arm above his head. The few warriors who were still unmounted now jumped hurriedly upon their ponies; the broken, wavering line rapidly took on a more regular appearance; and then the old man, who had gathered himself for the great effort, hurled forth a yell that could be heard to the uttermost limits of the great throng. The morning sun had sent its commands to its warriors on earth to charge.

The shout from the hill was reëchoed by the thousand men in the valley; it was caught up by the spectators on the hills as the long line of warriors hurled themselves forward towards the sun-pole, the objective point of every armed and naked savage in the yelling line. As they converged towards it the slower ponies dropped out, and the weaker ones were crushed to the rear. Nearer and nearer they came, the long line becoming massed until it was but a surging crowd of plunging horses and yelling, gesticulating riders. When the leading warriors had reached a point within a hundred yards of the sun-pole, a sharp report of rifles sounded along the line, and a

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE CHARGE ON THE SUN-POLE.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

moment later the rushing mass was a sheet of flame, and the rattle of rifle-shots was like the rapid beat of a drum resounding among the hills. Every shot, every arrow, and every lance was directed at the pole, and bark and chips were flying from its sides like shavings from the rotary bit of a planer. When every bullet had been discharged, and every arrow and lance had been hurled, the riders crowded around the pole and shouted as only excited savages can shout.

Had it fallen in this onslaught, another pole would have been chosen and another morning devoted to this performance. Though this seldom happens, it was thought that the numerous assailants of this pole might bring it to the ground. They did not, however, although it looked like a ragged scarecrow, with chips and bark hanging from its mutilated sides.

That such a vast, tumultuous throng could escape accident in all that wild charging, firing of shots, hurling of lances and arrows, and great excitement would be bordering on a miracle, and no miracle happened. One of the great warriors was trampled upon in the charge and died late that evening, and another Indian was shot. The bruises, sprains, and cuts that might have been spoken of in lesser affairs were here unnoticed, and nothing was heard of them.

Later in the day the sun-pole was cut down and taken to the center of the great plain between the two forks of the Chadron, about a mile away. Here a slight excavation was made, and into it the butt of the sun-pole was put, and the tree, the bushy top having now disappeared, was held upright by a number of ropes made of buffalo thongs diverging from its top. At their outer ends, probably from seventy to eighty feet away from the sun-pole, they were fastened to the tops of stakes seven or eight feet in length. These, with a large number of stakes of similar size driven in close together, formed a circular cordon around the sun-pole, and over these stakes were stretched elk-skins and buffalo-robes, canvas and blankets, and a wattling of willows and brush. Sometimes canvas, blankets, and light elk-skins are thrown over the supporting ropes to ward off in a slight way the fierce rays of the noonday sun. To one approaching by the road that led over the winding hills which hem in the broad plain between the two forks of the Chadron the affair looked not unlike a circus tent, the top of which has been ruthlessly torn away by a cyclone.

All day, from the closing of the ceremony of shooting at the sun-pole, the attention of the Indians was occupied in constructing this inclosure, where, within a day or two after its completion, they performed those barbarous rites and ceremonies of cruelty and self-torture that have placed the sun-dance of the Sioux on a level with the barbarisms of any of the far more famed devotees of Juggernaut.

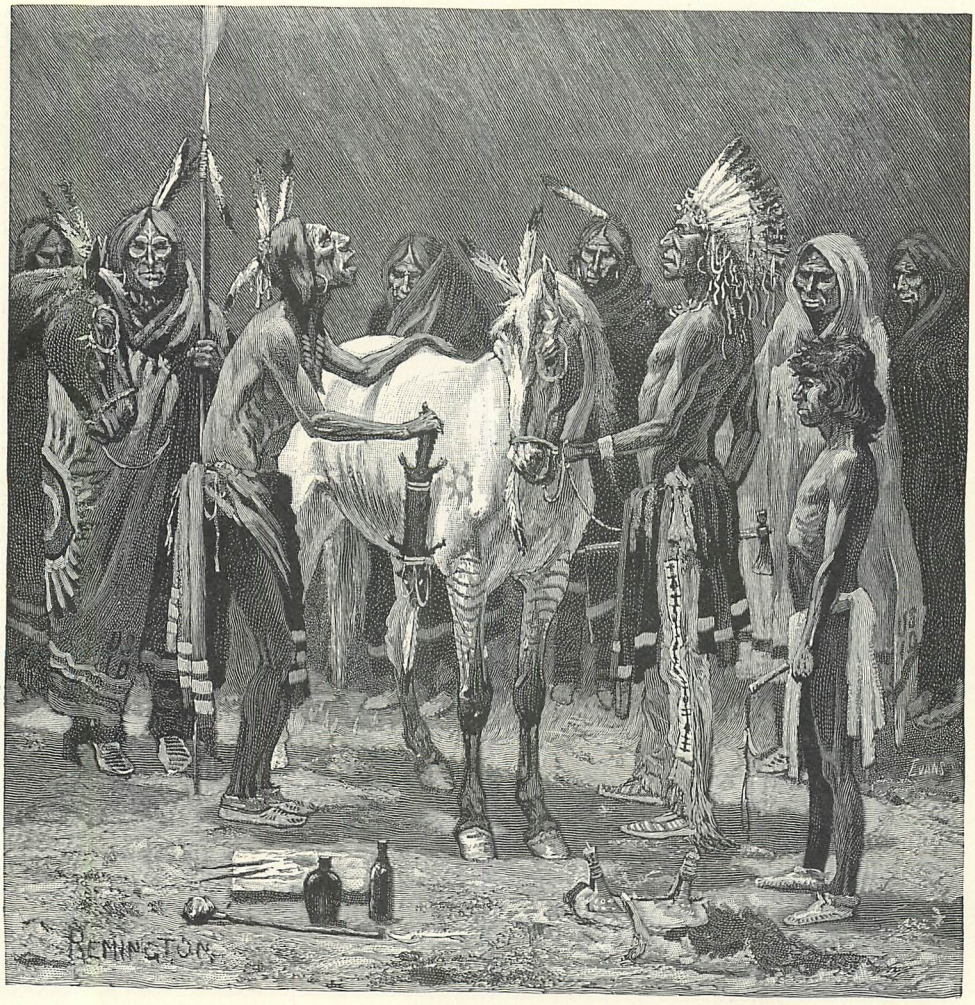
Early on the morning of the third or fourth day the true worship of the sun, if it can be strictly so called, was begun. So far all that that luminary had done was to signal the charge of the young warriors on the sun-pole. It now entered into the calculation of every minute, almost of every second, of the barbarous proceedings. Those who were to torture themselves, probably forty or fifty in a sun-dance of this size, were, as near as I could judge, young warriors from twenty to twenty-five years of age, all of them the very finest specimens of savage manhood in the great tribe.

I was told that these fine fellows fast for a number of days before they go through the self-torture, one informant saying that before the ordeal takes place it is required of them to abstain from food for seven days and from water for two. While their condition did not indicate such abstemiousness as this, I think it true that some fasting precedes the more barbarous ceremonies.

The third day was mostly consumed in dancing and in exercises that did not vary greatly from the dances and exercises usually seen at any time in large Indian villages. On this day, however, the sun-dance began. Within the arena were from six to twelve young warriors, still in war-costume of paint and feathers, standing in a row, and always facing the sun, however brightly it shone in their eyes; with fists clenched across the breast, like a foot racer in a contest of speed, they jumped up and down in measured leaps to the monotonous beating of the tom-toms and the accompanying yi-yi-yi-yis of the assembled throng. The dancers occasionally vary the proceedings with savage music or with whistles made of bone. Now and then a similar row of young maidens would appear in another part of the arena, and their soprano voices would break in pleasantly on the harsher voices of the men. The dancing continued for intervals of from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour, broken by rests of about equal length, and lasted from sunrise to sunset.

Many trifling ceremonies took place while the important ones were proceeding. Horses and ponies were brought into the arena, and the medicine-men, with incantations, dipped their hands into colored earth and besmeared the sides of the animals with it. As these animals were evidently the best war-ponies, the ceremony was doubtless a blessing or a consecration to war.

On the fourth day of the Chadron sun-dance the self-torture began, and I was told that those who were to submit themselves to the great




MAKING MEDICINE-PONIES.

ordeal were the same young warriors who had been dancing the day before. Those who began the dance on the fourth day took the final ordeal on the fifth, and so for four or five days the dancers of one day became the sufferers of the tortures of the next.

The row of dancers took their places promptly at sunrise, but it was not before nine or ten that the tortures began.

Then each one of the young men presented himself to a medicine-man, who took between his thumb and forefinger a fold of the loose skin of the breast, about half way between the nipple and the collar-bone, lifted it as high as possible, and then ran a very narrow-bladed but sharp knife through the skin underneath the hand. In the aperture thus made, and before the knife was withdrawn, a stronger skewer of bone, about the size of a carpenter's pencil, was inserted. Then the knife-blade was taken out, and over the projections of this skewer, backwards and forwards, alternately right and left, was thrown a figure-of-eight noose with a strong thong of dressed skin. This was tied to a long skin rope fastened, at its other extremity, to the top of the sun-pole in the center of the arena. Both breasts are similarly punctured, the thongs from each converging and joining the rope which hangs from the pole. The whole object of the devotee is to break loose from these fetters. To liberate himself he must tear the skewers through the skin, a horrible task that even with the most resolute may require many hours of torture. His first attempts are very easy, and seem intended to get him used to the horrible pain he must yet endure before he breaks loose from the thongs. As he increases his efforts his shouts increase, huge drops of perspiration pour down his greasy, painted skin, and every muscle stands out on his body in tortuous ridges, his swaying frame, as he throws his whole weight wildly against the

FACING THE SETTING SUN.

fearful fetters, being convulsed with shudders. All the while the beating of the tom-toms and the wild, weird chanting of the singers near him continue. The wonderful strength and extensibility of the human skin is most forcibly and fearfully displayed in the strong struggles of the quivering victims. I have seen these bloody pieces of bone stretched to such a length from the devotee that his outstretched arms in front of him would barely allow his fingers to touch them.

I know it is not pleasant to dwell long upon this cruel spectacle. Generally in two or three hours the victim is free, but there are many cases where double and even triple that time is required. Oftentimes there are half a dozen swinging wildly from the pole, running towards it and then moving backwards with the swiftness of a war-horse and the fierceness of a lion in their attempts to tear the accursed skewers from their wounded flesh. Occasionally some over-ambitious youth will erect four stakes within the arena, and fastening skewers to both breasts and to both shoulders will throw himself backwards and forwards against the four ropes that hold the skewers to the stakes.

Faintings are not uncommon even among these sturdy savages; but no forfeit, opprobrium, censure, or loss of respect in any way seems to follow. The victim is cut loose and placed on the floor of some lodge near by and left in charge of his nurses. The only attempt I saw to break loose from double skewers in front and behind terminated in this manner. Whether the men ever afterwards enter the cruel contest after having thus failed I do not know. It may be possible that some exceedingly ambitious warrior may enter the lists year after year to show his prowess, but I understand that it is supposed to be done but once in a lifetime. It is not obligatory, and by far

the greater number grow up sensibly abstaining from such savage luxuries. When the day is almost over, and the solar deity is nearly down in the west, the self-tortured warriors file from the inclosed arena, one by one, and just outside the doors, deeply covered with handsomely painted buffalo-robes, they kneel, and with arms crossed over their bloody breasts and with bowed heads face the setting sun and rise only when it has disappeared.

Many other horrible variations have been reported to me; such as tying a saddle or a buffalo's skull to the end of the long rope fastened to the skewer and running over the prairie and through the timber, the saddle or skull bounding after the victim until he liberates himself; or, when fainting, to draw the tortured man clear of the ground by the ropes until his weight overcame the strength of the distended skin. My informants told me that no two of the ceremonies were alike, the self-torture in some form being the one common link in all. The consecration of the sun-pole, much of the dancing and singing, the double efforts of ambitious youths, and other ceremonies might be left out entirely or others substituted. I describe it only as I saw it. I will add that this sun-dance was called the greatest the Sioux had ever held; the greatest self-sacrifice of the greatest native nation within our boundaries. Within a year they had checked, at the Rosebud Hills in Montana, the largest army we had ever launched against the American Indians in a single fight; had retired successfully to the Little Big Horn, a few miles away, and there, a week later, had wiped Custer's fine command from the face of the earth; had held Reno for two days upon a hill; had never lost a battle worthy of the name in the war which led to their subjugation; and had proved the utter worthlessness of victory to a savage race contending against civilization.

HERALDING THE SUNRISE.

*Frederick Schwatka.*

## THE DESERTED CITY.

THERE lies a little city leagues away.
Its wharves the green sea washes all day long.
Its busy, sun-bright wharves with sailors' song
And clamor of trade ring loud the livelong day.
Into the happy harbor hastening, gay
With press of snowy canvas, tall ships throng.
The peopled streets to blithe-eyed Peace belong,
Glad housed beneath these crowding roofs of gray.

'T was long ago this city prospered so,—
For yesterday a woman died therein;
Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,
And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din;
The thronging ships have been, the songs have been;
Since yesterday it is so long ago!

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

# THE LAST MARCHBANKS.

"IF YOU will just step over there to Miss Addington's desk she will talk with you, madam," I heard the managing editor say in tones a little more gentle than were usual to him.

I looked up from my half-finished sentence and saw coming towards me, as if propelled by the wave of the editorial hand, a little, shabby, dainty, delicate old lady. She was dressed in black, and her white withered face was charmingly pretty in those fundamental lines upon which time has least effect.

Resentment swelled within me. The managing editor always put it off on me to deal with the piteous feminine non-competents continually trickling in and out of the office.

"I 'm afraid I 'm taking up your time, when you are very busy," said the lady, with a gracious little "society" manner, in which, nevertheless, a tremor of timidity and anxiety was all too evident.

Lo, she was a Southerner; there was no mistaking that gentle drawl on the vowels and suppression of the consonants. I shall not try to reproduce the peculiarity of her speech; the written letters cannot convey what it was, except as you know it already, and they seem to coarsen it.

She had a manuscript with her that she hoped might be adapted to the columns of the "Evening Appeal"; she always enjoyed the "Appeal" so very much.

Her manuscript was devoted to picturing details of life on a Southern plantation in the autumn. She had tried to make it timely; she had heard that that was desirable for daily papers. It was not about the far South, but told of things as they might be in Tennessee or Kentucky, the sorghum pressing, and sweet-potato digging, and hog-killing —

"Oh, I know it all so well," I broke forth.

"You, do you? Why, my dear child, are you from the South?"

How can I tell you all she put into those words?— the glad recognition of a matter-of-course friend and ally; the faint, half-tender reproach that I was so demoralized that she did not know me at once for a compatriot; and the surprise at finding a Southern girl there in that office, surrounded by men, and working away as one of them.

She who had shown no consciousness of anything anomalous in my position before now glanced about the ugly place, even at the upturned desk drawer I was using for a footstool, and put out a little, crooked old hand to pat me pityingly and reassuringly.

When she found I was from Tennessee, and that my name was Addington, we were straightway launched on a tide of interchange and reminiscence.

I was not surprised to find we knew all about each other's families: I had dimly supposed we did when I heard her speak. All Southerners do know, or know of, all the rest, and I had been given of late years rather to escaping than seeking those kindly intimacies they establish as a matter of course when they meet away from home. The exigencies of life had forced me to appreciate them more in the abstract than the concrete.

But only a brute could have withheld a cordial response from this little gentlewoman, and moreover her name stood for a good deal to my imagination. It was, she told me, Fanny Marchbanks Overman.

I suppose she had been Mrs. Overman nearly forty years; but, being a Southerner, she was still to herself and her friends Fanny Marchbanks as well.

The Marchbanks part was what interested me. My grandfather's most intimate friend, and his partner for many years, had been Judge Marchbanks; and even in my half-foreign bringing up I had learned the traditions of that stout old Whig's loyalty and shrewdness and eccentricity. I had heard too of his daughter; had heard of her as the brilliant young belle who had been my mother's childish ideal of beauty; and now, after all these years and generations and upheavals, here were Fanny Marchbanks and I meeting in the office of the New York "Evening Appeal," and she was a poor old woman wanting to sell an unmarketable manuscript.

That manuscript — the thought of it fell upon me like a pall. The worst was her confidence

in me, in my acceptance of it; I had been stealing glances at it while she told me what a "polished gentleman" my grandfather was, and how smooth my mother wore her hair when she was a little girl.

I saw it would be as much as my position was worth to hand it to the managing editor.

I asked her if she had been doing much writing in New York.

Yes, she had been writing here for a year and a half. She had written some stories for one of the dying, old fashion magazines; she had had a Southern sketch in a good weekly; she had sent some letters to her Church paper in the South; she had even had some negro anecdotes published in one of the "comic" journals!

I could guess what that dear, simple, girl-like old thing had gone through; the struggle and the poverty and the heart-straining anxiety it had cost to achieve this much. Now she wanted to do more: she wanted to get into other lines of writing, and she thought there must be a great field in the daily papers; and she looked up at me with the light of hope and the waver of fear in her faded, pretty old eyes.

A bright thought came to save me from despair — if only she could be made to share it. A Tennessee senator had just made some kind of sensation in Congress. I said: "You know Senator Lawton, don't you? Then why can't you take this paper and fix it all up as happening on Senator Lawton's place — you 've been there? You can easily make it accurate then. You see that if you can make it fit in with something that is going on, that the papers are full of just now, it will go; it is hardly enough to make it simply about the present season, though that is well; but if you show what the Lawtons' home is like, I am sure you can sell it to 'The Earth,' and they will pay you better than this paper will."

She looked pitifully dubious. "You don't think it would be infringing on the laws of hospitality?" she said.

"SHE WILL TALK WITH YOU, MADAM."

"You don't need to be personal and Jenkinsy," I hastened to assure her; "and you might write to Colonel Lawton for permission to tell about his sorghum presses."

She smiled in a relieved, reassured way. She listened with deep attention to all I had to say. She had a wonderful adaptability; she caught a new idea as to what was wanted in a way that was highly encouraging.

"I know what you mean," she said, "about the new, curt, quick way of writing. I have noticed it in the papers, only I thought perhaps it was because they could n't write any other way. But I can try to do it too, if that is what they like up here in the North. And I 'll tell

anything about the Lawton place that seems unobjectionable. I 'm glad you think he won't dislike it. And now, my dear, I 'll take myself away. I 'm sure you are giving me far too much time; but you can just tell them, my child, that you don't see any one every day up here who knows all about you for three generations. Dear, dear, it does seem too bad to leave you here all by yourself so, and you so young. What would your grandfather th— But then your grandfather would be very proud of your talents, Adelene, and he was a man who knew that we have to adapt ourselves to circumstances; and I 'm sure these — gentlemen all seem very — very inoffensive." And she overlooked the hard-working, scribbling crowd bent over their desks.

Softly fluttering over me in this fashion to the very elevator door, she finally took her leave.

I soon learned what seemed all the main facts of her little story; her great, tragic human story, filled, as everybody's story is, with experiences at once terrible and commonplace.

She had been left a widow, with two little children, while still a young woman; the children, boys, had both died only a few years later, and she had spent most of her life as a childless widow in her widowed father's house. She was his only child. He had died near the beginning of the war; most of their property had been lost. Mrs. Overman had since then made what shift she could; and now, in her old age, with a courage that had root in inborn gallantry of soul, and also in ignorance of this rough world, she had come to this strange land "the North" to try to make her living by writing.

How foreign and far away this part of our common country seemed to her probably only a Southerner could realize. Fundamental ideas affect many ramifications of feeling as well as thought, and the weakness of the idea of nationality at the South sharpens many a homesick pang in many a traveler and exile who would not understand the phrase.

That Mrs. Overman succeeded as well as she did was a continual marvel to me. There was a dauntlessness about the frail, delicate, lady-bred old woman that made me proud of the civilization — if you will permit the word — that had produced her.

I sympathize with the point of view that finds Southern aristocratic pretensions humorous; they certainly had far less basis of material splendor than the simple-minded aristocrats themselves imagined: and I doubt not that there is and will be in the future something better in this world than any kind of aristocracy; but for the blessings of a commercial democracy we pay a good deal, and my provincial little old woman exemplified the high-hearted virtues of the old régime in her union of fine pride, courage, cheerfulness, and gentleness as nobly as if her claims to blue blood were based on something more imposing than an ancestry of two or three generations of backwoods dignitaries; the obligations of an aristocracy were strong upon her.

I a little dreaded visiting her in her boarding-house. I thought I knew what it would be like, and I felt that it would be rather wretched to see her in the midst of its cheap frivolities and poor pretensions; but I found she had discovered for herself a place very different from my imagination — not vulgar, though offering hardships enough to such a one as Miss Fanny, as we must now in common friendliness begin to call her.

"It is a woman's boarding-house, dear; a business woman's house," she explained to me as we sat side by side on an immense hair-cloth sofa in the clean, mournful, self-respecting parlor.

"Miss Mary Barnwell told me about it before I came on here. You never saw Miss Mary, did you? Your mother knew her; she is a lovely woman; she was Timothy Barnwell's daughter, that endowed the college in Wexville, and Miss Mary teaches there; she comes on to New York in the summer sometimes, and she stops here. It made me feel so much more at home to come to a place I 'd heard Mary tell about, and I think it is very sheltered and protected to be in a house without gentlemen — when one is quite alone so."

It was a big, old-fashioned house, and the large rooms were divided up into small ones by wooden partitions; these were long and narrow sections of the original apartment, and each contained two little iron bedsteads. The inhabitants of the business woman's boarding-house were united as room-mates without reference to anything but a rigidly inspected respectability all around (surely none but the most respectable of women ever wanted to live there), but each was given a bed to herself.

Miss Fanny found it a little painful to explain these things to me, and a faint red spot came in each withered, delicate old cheek as she said: "It seems a little like what they call an institution up here, does n't it? But it is n't. The landlady is a New England woman; her name is Martin, and you see she has planned to have the cheapest place that — that — a nice person can live in; and you see it is n't so bad, for it is clean, and it is quite comfortable, I assure you; and you know you are sure that your room-mate is respectable, and everything is arranged for it, so you have a great deal more privacy than you would think. I must take you to my room," she went

on, "to show you my father's portrait. Oh, yes, I always have that with me; and you must be able to say you know how Judge Marchbanks looked."

"Of course," she said, on the stairs, "these Northerners are very strange. The lady I am with is named Miss Boggs. You 'd think she was — well, rather a common sort of person, from very plain people, you know, on first meeting her; but she is very highly educated; she is studying medicine. She has n't the polish one finds in our people, but I am sure she has a very fine character, and she is religious, and — and settled in her views; not in the least like we used to be apt to imagine at the South."

She was interrupted by arriving at her door. Miss Boggs was not in. Looking very large, upon the walls of the cell-like little place, hung the portrait in its dingy gilt frame,— you know the kind, — the clothing like solidified smoke, the linen as if molded out of vapor, and the flesh suggesting painted wood; yet the creature who painted it had not succeeded in evading his subject altogether, ample as were his incapacities, and something of the man, the large-minded, able, romantic man that I had heard of, was in it. I even thought I could see in it qualities I already knew in Miss Fanny, especially the receptivity, the openness to new ideas that made her seem so young, and made it possible for her to wage such battle as she had entered upon.

"MISS FANNY FLECKED AT THE FRAME WITH HER HANDKERCHIEF."

I could imagine, as I looked at the picture, that the Judge, if put down alive in the queer room, would make some sort of intelligent effort to comprehend the conditions around him.

Miss Fanny flecked at the frame with her pocket-handkerchief, she carried me to one side and the other to see the picture, and she impressively told me the name of the poor soul who painted it. Then she sat herself down in front of it, and told me about the Polk and Clay campaign in which Judge Marchbanks and my grandfather had "stumped" the State together — trying politely but fruitlessly to remember as many instances of triumph and adulation for my ancestor as for hers. That both gentlemen were on the losing side in that contest had never occurred to her as dimming their honors.

I always remember her as she looked that day, like some quaint little priestess before a shrine. She sat in a chair close against the wall, that in the narrow room she might be able to see the picture opposite; her white hair was crimped a little and drawn softly back in a very good compromise between old styles and new,— Miss Fanny was not the person to cling to the old for its own sake,— and at her wrists and neck were, of all things, bits of "thread" lace. Her figure was girlish

rather than otherwise, and pretty too, with its nice flat back; but the old black gown was skimpy and shabby, and that made me sorry, because I knew the little woman was not and never would be indifferent to her dress. As she talked away so proudly, so feelingly of "my father," I wondered what place in memory had all the rest of her long past; the wifehood and widowhood and motherhood, the common, blessed warm joys, and common, crushing griefs that fate had bestowed upon her, and which, good and ill alike, she — so little and tender still — had survived. All seemed to have sunk out of sight, to be buried, and only the first ties to be still active and operative despite time and death. I reflected that after all she had spent most of her life with her father, that it was as his daughter she had chiefly found her title to existence, but I did not know at that time the thing that really explained her special devotion to him — the fact that she was then spending herself in his service, for his good name. The filial tie was reënforced now by one yet stronger, by perhaps the firmest of human bonds, that which binds the server to the served, and at last something like a mother's love mingled with the daughter's loyal adoration of the long-dead man.

I staid to dinner with her — supper she called it, and in fact the bald little meal might as well be termed the one as the other; but she was unapologetically hospitable and graceful over it.

It was not till I came to go home that Miss Fanny's adaptability failed her. "O my child, I cannot let you go out into the street alone. It is bad enough for me; but you, I can't think of it at all."

"Very well, then, Miss Fanny; I 'll ring for a messenger boy."

"What for, dear?"

"To go home with me."

"A messenger boy?"

"Why, yes; that is what we do when we are too proper to go alone."

"Mercy on me! My lamb, it is to save you from messenger boys and their like that I 'm going with you myself."

"It is perfectly safe anywhere in this part of the town," volunteered Miss Boggs, a big-boned, dust-colored young woman reading a calf-bound volume at a drop-light.

"Yes, Miss Boggs, I know, I suppose it is, and I think it is lovely to see you Northern girls so strongminded and independent. You could go anywhere; but you see Adelene was not brought up to take care of herself as you were, and I feel a sense of responsibility for her. I ought to be a fairy godmother to her, but I can at least take care of her when she is my guest." And she went on getting out her shawl, and settling her bonnet, with the cheery decision of a dear, damaged old canary bird.

Miss Boggs looked at me with curiosity; she had not recognized me as a fragile young Southern blossom before.

Let me give myself the pleasure of saying that I sent my protectress home in a cab, a form of luxury which in the course of our acquaintance I found she particularly appreciated. She never became accustomed to the city streets, she went about always in a flutter of fear and nervousness; yet she must have done a deal of "going" to get together her little articles and sell them. I saw her down town sometimes picking her way about among the rushing crowds and cars and trucks; going through the great buildings, with their incoming and outgoing streams of humanity eddying around the rows of elevator doors; and in the grimy newspaper offices, where the air was tense with silent activities; and as I looked at the quaint figure, the gentle, half-frightened, high-bred old face, I wondered why she was there. She must have lived some way since the war; why did she not go on now as she had before, and satisfy her ambitions, if she had them, by such lady-like efforts with genteel journals as she had made in the past, which had brought her much neighborhood consideration and a little money, and which did not tear her away from the dingy, dignified, green old home where she was born, and the simple, fixed, old-time life in which she was surrounded by friendliness, albeit most of the friends were gone?

It was gallant, yes, surely there was something to stir the blood in seeing so frail, so unarmed a creature take up the gage of battle against such odds; but it was painful, too. I all but resented the pangs she gave me. One day I said to myself, "This is worse than living one's own struggle over again," and that was a bitter saying. I was standing in one room of a newspaper office when I saw her enter an adjoining one. She went up to the managing editor's desk with her little soft, unbusiness-like manner, and seemed to be asking something. The man did not look up: if he had he surely would have spoken differently; but he was desperately busy, and he simply put his hand in a pigeon-hole and drew out a package of manuscript, saying irritably, as he gave it a shove along the desk, "Not a thing there that 's worth a cent to us."

Oh, just the most ordinary business incident in the world; but poor little Fanny Marchbanks Overman! She took up her papers — I noticed again how old her hands looked — and moved away as if she did not quite see where she was going. I drew back out of sight. There are some pains that sympathy can only double.

I often had Miss Fanny at the little flat I kept with a friend, a girl who painted and taught. She never came to regard our establishment as a normal one, and she always hovered about me with a futile overflow of maternal care that was not in the least checked because it reversed the facts of our relationship.

"My baby child," she exclaimed beneath her breath, as she first sat down in our microscopic reception-room and looked about her, "to think of your trying to live in all these Yankee ways. I hope you take good care of her," she said to Amy, patting me softly. Amy looked blank for an instant.

She had an air of relief as well as pleasure when she found me one night dressing for a reception. All her innate love of the decorative and romantic came bubbling forth. "Ah, how becoming that is to you!" she exclaimed. "My father used to say that it was a test of blood and raising for people to dress up; that if there was anything common in them it would come out when they were in their best clothes. And shall you see any of the gentlemen of your office?" she asked, in an elaborately incidental way; and disappointment was in her face when I said I hardly thought I should.

"And they don't any of them come to see you," she went on. "I suppose you don't let them."

"Dear Miss Fanny, it has never come up. I don't think any of them ever thought of coming to see me."

"Dear me! Well, these Northern men are beyond me. I never knew of any gentlemen before who did not think of paying some attention to a charming girl whom they had the privilege of knowing."

Amy, who was standing behind Miss Fanny's chair, turned her eyes and hands to heaven, and then for one instant placed her palms in an attitude of benediction above Miss Fanny's infantine old head.

"I suppose you have to have your meals according to these New York ways, with your dinner in the evening, on Miss Amy's account," she said.

"Yes," I replied, "Amy prefers it so." It was a safe assertion, though I had never heard her express herself on the subject. Like the true Southerner she was, Miss Fanny never ceased to regard New York as the outside, phenomenal thing, and the standards of Wexville as the normal and accepted ones, although in her writing she flexibly enough assumed the other tone. That was mental; the maintenance of ancient standards personally was inarticulately felt to be a matter of loyalty and character.

Miss Fanny and I each experienced some good luck about the same time.

The "Evening Appeal" found occasion to send me abroad, and Miss Fanny obtained a little regular work — the superintendence of the correspondents' column on a weekly paper. This brought her in only the most trivial sum, four or five dollars a week; but it did not take much time, and I knew from experience how happy was the change from total uncertainty to even this sum assured.

I hoped to see her make herself a little more comfortable and treat herself to a new gown. But when I sailed she came to see me off in the same overbrushed little outfit of rusty black that she had worn the day I first saw her.

A number of people visited me at the dock that day, and it has been a bitterly intruding thought since that I did not give Miss Fanny all the attention that God knows was in my heart for her; and it does not soften that reflection, but brings the keener pang, to remember that she was too much absorbed and delighted by my momentary social importance to have any thought of herself.

She went about giving my acquaintances disjointed bits of my history, personal and ancestral; and telling them with tears in her eyes how brave I was living here in New York, away from everything I 'd been used to, and starting off now all alone on this voyage, though I was naturally of the most shrinking and feminine disposition. Dear Miss Fanny!

I did very little letter-writing during the eight months I was gone. I heard from Miss Fanny only once; but she was one of those who had urged that I spend none of my precious time reading or writing letters, so I was not surprised at her silence.

When I came back I went to the "business woman's boarding-house" the day after landing to look her up. Amy had just returned from a four months' absence herself — this was in September — and could give me no news of her.

The square was dusty and deserted; the house as I went in seemed peculiarly desolate in its orderly gloom. The servant was a new one; she had never heard of Mrs. Overman, and an indefinite dread began to gather around me. I sent for Mrs. Martin.

She came in colorless, sad dignity, and stood silently before me.

"Tell me," I said.

"She died in this house three months ago."

She sat down.

"I am sorry you were not here. It was a beautiful, easy death. She was not sick. We just found her lying on her bed one day with a letter in her hand, dead."

In the midst of all the formless thoughts and feelings crowding upon me I was pierced by a foolish grief that my little woman should die

on one of those prison-like cots, so strange and unhomely to her.

"The letter," Mrs. Martin went steadily on, after a moment's silence, "I had buried with her, but I kept a copy of it. This is it."

I half hesitated.

"I don't think you need mind reading it," she said.

It was very brief. In half a dozen lines Anthony Stottman acknowledged the receipt of a final payment of fifty dollars as wiping out the principal and interest of a debt of three thousand dollars left unpaid in the settling up of Judge Marchbanks's estate.

Ah, it was brief, but to what years of pinching and struggle, and high and tender purpose, that awkward paper testified. I saw all those years in a heart-bursting moment's glance. It was love as much as honor that had sustained little Fanny Marchbanks through that long task, so little in itself, so Titanic for her; no stain must rest on the great name her father left behind him. Through more years than I had lived every hour must have been colored to her by this heroic resolution. It had become her reason for living. When she had accomplished this end, the shock of revolution in her outlook, the withdrawal of the great motive, had been too much; the light that had been sustained so long ceased. Mrs. Martin told me that Mrs. Overman had been restless, had almost ceased to write for two weeks before her death, although she seemed well.

Yes, I knew, I knew how, as with a child, the thought of her great achievement had absorbed her, and how she could not be at ease till the sensible testimony of it was in her hand. That brought her ease indeed. Truly it was a beautiful way to die.

"Where — where did you bury her?" I forced myself to ask.

"I was at my wit's ends, Miss Addington. Those I might have learned something from about her relatives were out of town, and I did n't know which way to turn; but at last I put her in my own plot, where I shall lie some day myself. I thought you would come after a while and tell me what to do. She left nothing but a few dollars, seven or eight, but I had things done decently. I know Mrs. Overman was a lady, and that letter showed she was something more, Miss Addington. I was glad to pay her respect." Mrs. Martin concluded with firm downright reflections, "God bless her!"

Miss Fanny had won for herself, in her last strange need, hospitality instead of charity, and with her letter on her bosom she might well be an honored guest.

*Viola Roseboro'.*

# THE IRRIGABLE LANDS OF THE ARID REGION.

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL, DIRECTOR OF THE U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

NEARLY half of the lands of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, are arid. By this characterization it is meant that the rainfall is insufficient to fertilize crops from year to year. In favorable seasons some of these lands receive sufficient rains during the months of growing vegetation to produce fair crops, but the years are infrequent when such conditions prevail, and the areas thus favored are not of great extent. That arid lands may be available to agriculture it is necessary that they be artificially supplied with water; and this is called irrigation. Every farm, orchard, vineyard, and garden is dependent upon an artificial supply of water. The tree on the lawn, the rose on the parterre, and the violet on the baby's grave must have some loving hand to feed it with the water of heaven or it withers and dies.

When the farmer sows his field and waits for the rains of heaven to fertilize it, if the clouds are kind and come with gentle showers, he reaps a bountiful harvest; but when the heavens are as brass, famine stalks abroad, and when storms desolate the land, he plants in vain. But in the western half of the United States physical conditions like those of ancient Egypt and Assyria prevail. The clouds no longer fructify the fields with their showers. They rarely hover over the valleys and plains where the fields and gardens lie, but they gather about the mountains and hurl their storms against the rocks and feed the rivers. The dweller in the valley waits not for showers, or waits in vain; for the service of his fields rivers must be controlled.

But will not the hills of New England, the mountains and plains of the sunny South, and the prairies of the middle region be sufficient for the agricultural industries of the United States? The area is vast, the soil is bountiful, and the heavens kindly give their rains; why should the naked plains and the desert val-

PRINCIPAL DRAINAGE DISTRICTS OF THE ARID REGION.

leys of the far West be redeemed? Why should our civilization enter into a contest with nature to subdue the rivers of the West when the clouds of the East are ready servants?

Gold is found in the gravels of the West; silver abounds in the cliffs; copper is found in the mountains; iron, coal, petroleum, and gas are supplied by nature. The mountains and plateaus are covered with stately forests; the climate is salubrious and wonderfully alluring. So the tide of migration rolls westward and the arid region is being carved into States. The people are building cities and towns, erecting factories, and constructing railroads, and great industries of many kinds are already developed. The merchant and his clerk, the banker and his bookkeeper, the superintendent and his operative, the conductor and his brakeman, must be fed; and the men of the West are too enterprising and too industrious to beg bread from the farms of the East. Already they have redeemed more than six million acres of this land; already they are engaged in warfare with the rivers, and have won the first battles. An army of men is enlisted and trained, and they march on a campaign — not for blood, but for bounty; not for plunder, but for prosperity.

But arid lands are not lands of famine, and the sunny sky is not a firmament of devastation. Conquered rivers are better servants than wild clouds. The valleys and plains of the far West have all the elements of fertility that soil can have. As the blood in the body is the stream which supplies the elements of its growth, so the water in the plant is its source of increase. As the body must have more than blood, so the plant must have more than water for its vigorous growth. These conditions of plant growth are light and heat. While the roots of the plant are properly supplied with water and other elements of plant growth, the leaves must be supplied with air and sunshine. The light of a cloudless sky is more invigorating to plants than the gloom of storm. Abundant water and abundant sunshine are the chief conditions for vigorous plant growth, and that agriculture is the most successful which best secures these twin primal conditions; and they are obtained in the highest degree in lands watered by streams and domed

by clear skies. For these reasons arid lands are more productive under high cultivation than humid lands. The wheatfields of the desert, the cornfields, the vineyards, the orchards, and the gardens of the far West, far surpass those of the East in luxuriance and productiveness. In the East the field may pine for delayed rains and the green of prosperity fade into sickly saffron, or the vegetation may be beaten down by storms and be drowned by floods; while in the more favored lands of the arid region there is a constant and perfect supply of water by the hand of man, and a constant and perfect supply of sunshine by the economy of nature. The arid lands of the West, last to be redeemed by methods first discovered in civilization, are the best agricultural lands of the continent. Not only must these lands be redeemed because of the wants of the population of that country, they must be redeemed because they are our best lands. All this is demonstrated by the history of the far West, and is abundantly proved by the history of civilized agriculture. All of the nations of Egypt were fed by the bounty of one river. In the arid region of the United States are four great rivers like the Nile, and scores of lesser rivers, thousands of creeks, and millions of springs and artesian fountains, and all are to be utilized in the near future for the hosts of men who are repairing to those sunny lands.

There are nearly 1,000,000,000 acres of these arid lands in the United States, of which nearly 120,000,000 acres can be irrigated when all such waters are used. Already more than 6,000,000 acres are cultivated through the agency of canals. Thus the experiment has been tried, and doubt no longer rests upon the practicability of western irrigation. It is fully demonstrated that the redemption of these lands is profitable to capital and labor. An acre of western land, practically worthless without irrigation, when the works are constructed to supply it with water at once acquires a value marvelous to the men of the East. In new California, settled but yesterday, cultivated lands command better prices than in Massachusetts or Maryland, and this is because an acre of land there will produce two or three fold the quantity of food for man or beast that an acre will here, for the average year. We of the East must recognize that while the lands of the West are limited in quantity to comparatively small and level tracts in the valleys and plains which can be served with water by canals, yet the limit in quantity has compensation in quality.

To accomplish the redemption of the arid region capital in large amounts is needed. Some lands can be reclaimed at a cost of two or three dollars an acre; others, ten or twelve; while in some cases, where lands are of great value by reason of their proximity to cities, hundreds of dollars per acre will be expended to bring waters from distant springs or from the depths of the earth. A rough estimate may be made that 100,000,000 acres can be redeemed at the rate of ten dollars per acre—that is, for 1,000,000,000 dollars. In this work vast engineering enterprises must be undertaken. To take the water from the streams and pour them upon the lands, diverting-dams must be constructed and canals dug.

With most streams the water is insufficient to serve the lands, and a selection must be made. The conditions which should govern this selection, though somewhat complex, are of grave importance. The rains fall chiefly on the mountains and high plateaus, where the lands are nearly or quite valueless for agriculture. Cliffs, gorges, and steep declivities are not attractive features to the farmer. At great elevations snows fall and accumulate in vast fields, deep drifts, and icy glaciers, and linger long through the spring, sometimes remaining all summer. On these elevated lands late June and early September frosts come, and the days of July and August are not wholly exempt from their ravages. Thus the elevated lands are not attractive to agriculture. The farms, hamlets, towns, and cities have their sites away below on the sunny lands. Here and there mines of gold and silver attract a population and induce men to build homes in the upper region of snow. But their supply of food must come mainly from below. The mountain streams while yet small, as brooks and creeks, cannot be used to advantage, and when they leave the mountains they are in most cases already great creeks or rivers. A mountain stream flows in a deep, narrow gorge, down which torrents of water roll in mad energy. Such is the crystal river of the mountains. When it strikes the plain it is suddenly transformed. The steep declivity is changed to one of low degree, and a deep, narrow stream spreads into a broad sheet of water ten, twenty, fifty times as wide as above. When the river is thus transformed it undergoes another change; on the plains below it gathers the sands and dust, and the deep, crystal stream becomes a shallow river of mud. Such are the characteristics of the greater number of streams of all the arid region.

The place of transformation, where the mountain stream of pure water is degraded into a lowland stream of mud, is an important point when the stream is to be used in irrigation. If the waters are turned out in the valleys above, they are used where they will perform the least service, for the climate is unfavorable to agriculture. Such lands are chiefly valuable as pasturage. Grass, potatoes, and rye, and in

general the crops of Norway and southern Alaska, may be cultivated with some success; but, in sight of the sunny plains below, it is a waste of water to use the rivers in these regions of ice. On the other hand, the streams cannot be used with the greatest advantage far down their course and distant from the mountains. The storm-waters and fierce winds of the low plains and valleys, that are arid and dusty for most days of the year, fill the valleys and shallow channels of the mud-bearing rivers with vast accumulations of sand. In these broad stretches the waters spread and are largely lost by evaporation. Very many of the streams of the arid regions, perhaps two out of three, are thus swallowed up by the sands, and are called "lost" rivers or creeks. Others have a sufficient supply from the mountains during seasons of flood to enable them to cross the hungry sands and deliver a part of their volume to lower channels in more humid lands, through which they find their way to the sea. They die in seasons of drought and live in seasons of storm. Still other rivers flow perennially but dwindle on their course over the dry plains. The "lost" streams must be used near to the mountains or not at all. The intermittent streams and the diminishing rivers should be used near to the mountains before a large part of their waters is lost. A stream that will irrigate a million acres of land near the mountains would be sufficient to serve only two or three hundred thousand acres a hundred miles away. There are other reasons why the river should be taken out from its channel where it emerges from the mountains. At that point diverting-dams can be constructed with the least expense and maintained at the least cost, and be made to command lands to the greatest advantage in the construction of minor canals; while the waters below, when charged with great quantities of sand, speedily destroy the works of irrigation, and the sands injure the fields.

Most irrigated lands ultimately require drainage. The bottom lands of the great rivers soon become filled with water, and are transformed into swamps and destroyed for the best agriculture. The low plateaus are ultimately far superior to them for all agricultural purposes. Thus it is that the higher lands away from the rivers and near to the mountains should be first served. Only a part of the water poured upon lands for their irrigation is evaporated to the heavens; another, and perhaps larger, part returns to the river. The irrigation of the upland creates many springs, which unite to form brooks and creeks, and the waters can thus be used again and again, but in diminishing quantities. A proper system of drainage not only improves the land drained, but conserves the water to be used again. It is thus that with every system of supply-canals a related system of drainage-channels and canals must be planned for the benefit of the fields first irrigated and for the increase of the area of irrigation.

The season of irrigation is short, varying in different latitudes and altitudes from two to five months. In some regions of country the season of flood precedes and extends into the first part of the season of irrigation; in other regions flood-time comes late, when the time for supplying water is nearly past. In a few cases maximum supply and maximum want are coincident in time. In all cases where they are not synchronous the excess runs to waste; the unused waters are lost in the sea. During all the months when irrigation is not in progress the entire volume is unused, if the only structures are diverting-dams and canals. To save this water reservoirs are needed. In their construction and the selection of their sites many interesting problems are involved. Some of the conditions which govern the selection of sites are of great importance. Evaporation from the surface of water varies, under different climatic conditions, from thirty to one hundred inches. A reservoir most favorably located may lose less than three feet of water during the year, while, under most unfavorable conditions, the loss may be more than eight feet annually. Evaporation is greater in the hot, dry lands below and less in the cold, humid lands above. The law of diminution is complex, having many factors, and is not yet very well known, but the general statement made is substantially correct. For this reason storage-reservoirs should be constructed in the mountains. In many of the northern ranges of the West favorable sites are found. Already many mountain lakes exist that can be used for this purpose by deepening their outlets and constructing gateways, so as to permit the lakes to be filled when the waters are not needed and to be tapped when a supply is demanded. There are many mountain valleys that are morainal basins admirably adapted to this purpose, and where reservoirs can be constructed at small cost. The mountain regions of the West have many lakes of cold, emerald waters, and these are to be multiplied by the art of man and made to hold the waters needed to refresh the arid plains below — treasure-houses where the clouds are stored.

The mountain ranges of the western portion of the United States differ very greatly in their topographic characteristics. Sometimes advantageous reservoir sites can be found in the upper regions; sometimes low valleys, or parks, are found nearly inclosed by mountains

and foothills, while there are many ranges which have such steep declivities and terminate so abruptly on the plains that sites are infrequent. For such reasons not all of the mountain waters can be stored in mountain lakes, and it becomes necessary to construct reservoirs on the plains below. Here the stream-beds cannot be utilized, because of the difficulty of maintaining works on broad flood-plain lands composed of incoherent sands, and because the muddy waters below discharge their silt and fill the reservoirs with great rapidity, so that the life of such a reservoir is too short to warrant the expense of its building. Under such circumstances a river should be turned from its natural course into a canal near the point of transformation, and be conducted into some lateral valley which has been excavated by storm-waters. In general, favorable sites of this character are frequent. The valley is utilized by selecting some point where the inclosing hills converge, and there constructing a retaining-dam.

When all the perennial waters of springs, brooks, creeks, and rivers are used by canals and reservoirs, the total supply of available water for irrigation is not exhausted. All of the arid lands below have some rainfall, varying from three to twenty inches, from year to year, and from region to region. The rains which fall upon these thirsty lands are in part absorbed and ultimately evaporated, but often the storms come with great violence, and local floods arise therefrom. These storm-waters can be caught and stored in basins among the hills and used for agricultural purposes. The amount of water that can thus be saved is no mean quantity. But it must often be stored in small reservoirs of a few acres each; and this means the construction of ponds on farms, scattered here and there among the hills where sites are favorable; and the waters will thus be used on small tracts of land distributed far and wide over the arid plains and valleys. Ultimately the whole region will be covered with a mosaic of ponds fringed with a rich vegetation; and crystal waters, and green fields, and blooming gardens will be dotted over all the burning, naked lands, and sand dunes, alkali stretches, and naked hills will be decked with beautiful tracts of verdure. Not all the storm-waters will thus be caught; much will still fall into the great sand valleys and flood-plains, and there disappear in the sands; but such valleys have a floor of solid rock; and so the waters are stored in the silt of ancient floods, where they may be brought to the surface again by pumps and other hydraulic devices, and be made to irrigate many a stretch of farm land.

There is one more source of water. In the flexing of the strata of the earth through geologic agencies subterranean basins are formed, where rocks below, impervious to water, are separated by water-bearing strata from the rocks above through which the water will not pass. Into these water-bearing strata wells may be sunk, and the water will often flow to the surface. Such artesian wells are often used in irrigation, and they will be used to a much larger extent in the future. Artesian waters are not found everywhere in the country, but only in geologic basins, and to select sites for them a knowledge of the geologic structure is necessary.

By the use of all the perennial streams during the season of irrigation, by the storage of the surplus water that runs to waste in seasons when irrigation is not practiced, by the impounding of the storm-waters, by the recovery of the floods accumulated in valley sands, and by the utilization of the artesian fountains, a vast area of the arid lands will ultimately be reclaimed, and millions of men, women, and children will find happy rural homes in the sunny lands.

From the brief account given it will be seen that in order to redeem the arid lands it becomes necessary: first, to select properly the lands to be redeemed; secondly, to select the reservoir sites where the water is to be stored; thirdly, to select canal sites,—and these should be dedicated to public use, so that individuals may not acquire title to the lands for the purpose of selling them to the farmers when the irrigating works are to be constructed, and thus entailing upon agriculture an unnecessary expense; fourthly, the extent and method of utilizing the flood-waters stored in the sands must be determined; fifthly, the artesian basins must be discovered and their extent and value revealed.

For this purpose there are necessary:

(*a*) A topographic survey, that the mountains, hills, and valleys may be outlined and their relative levels determined, and the whole represented on appropriate maps.

(*b*) A hydrographic survey. The waters of the streams must be gauged, in order to determine the volume which they carry through the different seasons of the year. Then the rainfall must be determined, for the amount of water to be supplied by canals is supplementary to this. Where the rainfall is twenty inches a small artificial supply serves the land; if it be but five inches a large supply is necessary. Then the amount of precipitation for various sites of reservoirs must be determined, to discover the amount which can be saved. And finally, it becomes necessary to determine the amount of water which is needed to serve an acre of land. This is called the "duty" of

water, and in the United States it varies widely. In some regions of country, where the rainfall is great and the soil favorable, the duty of water is large: a given amount of water will irrigate a broad tract of land. But where aridity is excessive and the soils are unfavorable, such given amount of water will irrigate but a small tract. For the purpose of measuring stored water many engineers have come to use an "acre foot" as a unit, which means an acre of water one foot in depth. In some portions of the United States an acre foot of water will irrigate two or three acres of land for one season; in other regions two acre feet are necessary to the acre; but these are extreme conditions. The general average, which largely prevails, may be stated as an acre foot of water to an acre of land; and a lake which contains 100,000 acre feet of water will serve 100,000 acres of land for one year. In the practice of irrigation it is found that it takes two or more years properly to fill the ground with water, and for these first years a much larger supply than has been indicated is necessary. Where a supply has been secured for 100,000 acres by reservoir or canal, the lands which it will ultimately serve can be redeemed only through a course of years. Perhaps a third or a half of the land can be supplied for the first year, and to this new areas can be added, from season to season, until at last the whole duty of water is secured.

(*c*) An engineering survey. The reservoirs, canals, and ancillary appliances must be planned and their cost estimated.

(*d*) Finally, a geologic survey, to utilize the waters of the sand reservoirs and artesian wells.

Such are the scientific problems involved in the redemption of the arid lands.

A brief survey of some of the more important irrigable districts of the West will serve to set forth other interesting facts relating to this subject. In central Colorado the "Continental Divide" is a wilderness of desolate peaks that rise far above the timber line into regions of rime and naked rock. Here, with other rivers, springs the Arkansas, in deep cañons and narrow rocky valleys. Many silver creeks, with water flashing in cascades, unite to form a river which plunges down a steep mountain valley until it passes the foothills and spreads in a broad, turbid stream at the head of the great valley of the Arkansas. Then it creeps over the sands in tawny ripples, down the incline of the plains, becoming less in volume by evaporation and the absorption of the waters in the sands, but growing in size from the accession of smaller tributaries that come from distant mountains on either hand. After crossing the Colorado line it grows perceptibly smaller until a more humid region is reached, where other tributaries join it, and it soon becomes a great river. In the stretch that begins just above the State line and extends across Kansas its channel often becomes dry, and the sands drift in the winds from bank to bank. But in seasons of flood a broad, shallow torrent rolls across Kansas into the State of Arkansas and bears along to the lower region vast loads of mud, choking the navigable stretch below with "sand-bars," that act as dams, by which the floods are turned over the valley, and the fields are ofttimes destroyed. Already the farmers of Colorado have taken the water on their lands, and the river is made to do duty to its utmost capacity in seasons of drought. But the surplus waters yet run to the sea. Some of them can be stored on the plains; but the land available for irrigation is far in excess of the amount which the river can serve. Where shall this water be used? If in the mountain valleys, it will largely be wasted; if in the great valley below, how shall it be divided between Colorado and Kansas? It is worth millions of dollars annually. To whom shall it be granted? If the larger part is to be used in Colorado, how shall it be divided between the several districts through which it passes? The law is practically silent on the subject. Heretofore every man might help himself; but at last the question has arisen, controversies have sprung up, and the States are almost at war.

The Rio Grande flows through San Luis Park, where there is a great body of comparatively level land. Here the waters have been taken out and many hundred thousand acres irrigated. Neglecting the tributaries, let us follow the river across the line into New Mexico. Again the water is taken out to irrigate valley stretches until the White Cañon in the Tewan Mountains is reached and the river rolls through a deep, rocky gorge for more than forty miles. Emerging, its waters are again taken out upon the land from point to point until the entire territory is traversed, and the river passes out of New Mexico and becomes the boundary line between Texas and Mexico. From its source to the mouth of the Chama above the White Cañon it is a clear, deep river; below, it is a shallow river of mud. In this valley irrigation was practiced by the aboriginal village Indians centuries before the discovery of America. Prior to 1600 it was populated by Spanish peoples coming up from Mexico. So the gardens and fields of the territory and the region along the river from El Paso to the Gulf are old. Since the acquisition of the territory by the Government of the United States irrigation has greatly developed in Colorado and New Mexico, along the river itself in part, but mainly on the tributaries. No waters have yet been stored in

reservoirs, but the seasonal flow in dry years is now wholly utilized; and more: the river for hundreds of miles along its lower course is entirely cut off from a supply, and the gardens and farms are now lying desolate and the winds are drifting the sands over vineyard and field. During the past year more new works have been projected than now exist in the valley. How are they to be supplied in scant years? Who owns the water? Shall the men of Colorado take all that falls in their State? and if so, shall the settlements in the valley of the Rio Grande be destroyed by the new settlements on the tributaries? Just across the line of New Mexico the town of El Paso, in Texas, is found; and the town of Juarez lies on the opposite side of the river, in Mexico. Here large areas have been irrigated and many thousand people are engaged in agriculture; but they had little water last year, and the next dry season they will have none. Shall the people who have cultivated the land for more than a century be driven away?

The Green River heads in the Wind River Mountains, and, rolling over elevated cold plains, it at last reaches the Unita Mountains, and plunges through cañons to the mouth of the Grand. At its source the Grand inosculates with the Arkansas and the Rio Grande del Norte and rolls through a succession of cañons to the Green. Then the two rivers, joining in wedlock, become one indeed, and assume a new name, the Colorado of the West, which rolls into the Gulf of California. Its way for nearly 500 miles is through a succession of deep cañons, where it flows from 100 to 6000 feet below the general surface of the land. At last it emerges from the gloom of the Grand Cañon and runs in a valley through the lower portion of its course, now and then interrupted by a low range of volcanic mountains, through which it cuts its way in deep, black gorges. The region drained by the cañon portion of the Colorado and its tributaries and the region drained by the Grand and Green and their affluents are in the main inhospitable. All the streams flow through deep cañons between great blocks of naked rock, which are plateaus with cliff escarpments. Sometimes cañons widen into narrow valleys, and others are found at the foot of the mountains on the east and west, while far to the north are broad valleys inclosed by mountains; but these are cold and desolate. Some agriculture can be practiced by means of irrigation in the broad cold valleys above and the narrow warm valleys below, but a very small portion of the water of the Colorado will thus be used. A mighty river will ever flow from the mouth of the Grand Cañon. The region below the cañon on each side of the Colorado is one of great aridity, with an annual rainfall of not more than three or four inches. It is also a region of high temperature in summer, and it has almost a frostless winter. Here date palms flourish with a luxuriance never known in Egypt. Oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and figs grow and bear in abundance, and the lands are well adapted to sugar and cotton. On the west lie Nevada and California. On the east Arizona stretches away to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The lands to which the waters can be taken greatly exceed the area that can be served. How shall they be divided? The low flood-plain along the river is narrow, and only small tracts within it can be redeemed. If the waters are to be used, great works must be constructed costing millions of dollars, and then ultimately a region of country can be irrigated larger than was ever cultivated along the Nile, and all the products of Egypt will flourish therein.

The northern third of Arizona is a lofty table-land; the southern part is a stretch of desert valley over which desert mountains rise. The descent from the table-lands to the lowlands is marvelously abrupt, for it is marked by a line of cliffs, the escarpment of a geologic fault. Along this fault there is a fracture in the rocks below, and the table-land side has been uplifted several thousand feet. Through the fissure of the fracture lavas have poured in some places, so that here and there the escarpment is masked by volcanic rocks. All of the perennial streams of the territory, that run to join the sea, head on the table-land or in the Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. The rainfall of the lowlands is insufficient to create ever-living waters. The land has never a carpet of verdure, but a few scattered desert plants are found, many of which belong to the cactus family. Everywhere the landscape is weird and strange. Most of the mountains are naked of vegetation or bear dwarfed gnarled trees of pine and cedar, with aloe and cactus. The flood-waters that pour down these mountains sweep the disintegrated rocks into the valley below, and much of the region is filled to a considerable depth with sand and gravel. The storm-waters that come from the mountains sink into these valley sands and disappear; and the problem of this country is to gather the mountain waters into reservoirs at the foothills, and to recover them from the sands by artesian wells and pumps.

In southern California there is another drop of the land from San Bernardino Mountains to the coast, but its line is not so clearly marked as that of Arizona. From this southward to San Diego and from the coast eastward but a few score miles there is a land

of beauty. It is forever fanned with mild breezes from the Pacific, and thus cooled in summer and warmed in winter. When the rainy season comes its billowing hills are covered with green, and when the dry season comes the hills are covered with gold. The rainfall is almost sufficient for agricultural purposes; springs burst from the hills, and creeks meander to the sea. The little valleys open into broader marshes near the shore that are hardly above the tide, but they are often leveed by the waves of the sea, and wave-formed embankments beat back the high tides and protect the meadows that are inclosed by hills. Among the hills natural basins abound, into which the clouds may be enticed as they fall upon the ground, and into which the fountains may pour their waters. It is a region of country singularly well adapted to lakelet-reservoirs, where every man may construct one or more on his own farm. Little artificial supply is needed, and this can be easily secured; and a region of country about the size of Italy, with the climate of Italy, is rapidly becoming covered with the gardens of Italy.

The Sierra Nevada culminates in altitude near its eastern margin. It is a great plateau declining westward, and carved into transverse ridges and valleys, that extend from the high eastern summit of the system to the low warm valley of California. Between the valley and the sea the Coast Range rises. The San Joaquin River heads in the heights of the south, and runs northward. The Sacramento heads far to the northward, where volcanic mountains stand. The rains and snows that fall on these peaks sink away into the scoria and sands of volcanic cones, and the mountains where the clouds gather and the storms rage are yet streamless; but away from the mountains, where volcanic sands disappear, the mountain waters burst out in mammoth springs, and creeks and rivers are born full grown. The Sacramento and the San Joaquin unite to flow through the Golden Gate. In the southern or San Joaquin valley irrigation is already practiced, and the streams are partly or wholly used during the season of growing crops. The chief development of the area of agricultural lands in this region is to come from the construction of reservoirs for river and storm waters, and through the development of drainage systems, so that the water may be compelled to do double or treble duty. In the Sacramento valley irrigation has been practiced to a very limited extent, for the rainfall is considerable, and the people until the last year or two have been proud to affirm that their climate was humid; but they are now beginning to learn that even with them irrigation is highly advantageous, and that the product of the field may be multiplied more than threefold through the agency of rivers.

It is in the valley of the Sacramento and its tributaries that the great deposits of gold gravels are chiefly found, and that extensive hydraulic mining has been carried on. The rivers of the Sierras were turned into reservoirs, and their waters, under high pressure, through the agency of monitors, were set to tearing down the hills of gravel and washing them away into the Sacramento. But these operations soon choked the stream and caused it to overflow the adjacent lands, and the sands and gravel brought down were deposited over the lands, and thus fields and towns were buried and populous regions were temporarily destroyed. Then the farmers of the valleys, through the legislature and the courts, stopped the mining operations; but strife still rages. The greed for gold and the hunger for fruit and wheat still spur the miners and farmers, and the conflict is irrepressible. Some day or other, when the madness has subsided, they will quietly discover that both parties are equally interested in the control of the rivers; that all of the waters of these regions can be stored in reservoirs and used at will, and that the valley of the Sacramento can be irrigated to multiply its agricultural products and its gold mines worked by the same agency, and that the miners and the farmers have common and harmonious interests in the hydraulic problems of the fairest land under the sun.

In geologic times, not long ago as speaks the scientific man, but very long ago indeed as speaks the chronicler of human follies, there was a deep valley on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada at the headwaters of the Truckee River. About this valley towered granite mountains. But earthquakes came, and rents were formed in the rocks, and out of the fissures poured monstrous streams of lava. One of these fissures crossed the lower end of our mountain valley, and through it poured floods of molten rock. Stream after stream issued, to cool in solid sheets and blocks, until a wall was built across the valley two or three thousand feet in height, and above it was a deep basin five or six hundred square miles in area. The storms that fell on the granite and volcanic mountains rolled in rivers to fill the basin, and Lake Tahoe was created. When filled, at last, its waters overflowed the rim of lava, and the Truckee River now springs from the Tahoe fountain. Its deep waters are dark with profundity, like the clouds of a stormy sky, but about its shores a few shallow bays are found, and emerald waters, like festoons of beauty, encircle the deeper and more somber lake. Back from the waters forest-clad slopes rise

towards the heavens, and above are seen naked crags and domes of granite. Farther to the north, Donner, Independence, and other mountain lakes discharge their waters into creeks that join the Truckee. It is thus that a large hydrographic basin is formed in the mountains where torrential rains fall and deep snows accumulate in winter months, and in which the waters are collected to form the Truckee, which leaves the mountains in a dance of delight and with a never-ending song of laughing waters. Sweet valleys are found below, for the people have in many places reclaimed the desert and encircled their homes with verdant fields. But the waters are all caught in California, while the irrigated lands are in Nevada; so the farmers of the Silver State must go to the lands of the Golden State to construct their reservoirs. The water of the lake can be partly discharged each year by deepening its outlet and the water used for irrigation in Nevada, and after the irrigating season is over the gates may be closed and the lake permitted to refill; but this perhaps will mar a pleasure resort. Who shall judge between the States? A very large part of all perennial waters to be used in Nevada have their sources in California. Who shall judge between the States?

In southern Utah a bold escarpment or cliff of rocks two thousand feet in height is presented towards Arizona. This is the edge of a plateau which extends far northward into central Utah. It is cut in two by a river which heads a little back from the brink of the cliffs and runs to the north; and so, except at the very southern extremity, two plateaus are found, which unite between the head of the river and the verge of the cliffs. This one-two plateau lies high and is covered with great forests, where rains and snows fall in abundance, and the waters gather to form the Sevier River. Along its upper course and beside some of its tributaries there are small valleys that are high and cold; yet grass, rye, oats, and potatoes can be raised in the short summer. Forty miles from its source the river enters a deep cañon, and when it emerges a broad and beautiful valley is found. Down this the stream meanders, and then turns westward and vanishes in the sand. It is a lost river. Just above the sink and along the valley through which the river meanders there is good and abundant land—much more than the river will serve; and here the Mormon people, who have institutions and customs like nations of the Oriental world in more than one respect, cultivate the soil by irrigation in the same manner. There are lands above the central cañon and lands below; but the river cannot serve them all. The earliest settlements were below. Later settlements have been planted above, in the sub-arctic lands, and they are taking the waters away from the older towns and farms. And how is justice to be rendered between these conflicting interests?

North of Mt. Nebo lies Utah Lake, which is fed by the Provo River and a number of beautiful creeks. About the lake and along the streams the people are cultivating the land by irrigation. But the surplus water is still discharged into the lake, which constitutes a great reservoir. From the lower end of the lake the river Jordan flows on to the Dead Sea of Utah, the Great Salt Lake, on whose shore the Mormon Temple stands. Large areas in the valley are watered from the river. The Utah Lake divides a hydrographic basin. On the Provo and streams above there are favorable sites for reservoirs, and there are areas of land that can yet be irrigated; but if the waters are used in the upper valley they cannot be used along the banks of the Jordan. All increase of the irrigated area above will decrease the irrigated area below. Who shall divide the waters and relegate them to the best lands in the interest of the greatest number of people?

Bear River has its sources partly in Idaho and partly in Wyoming. Where its upper affluent creeks are assembled it runs northward across the Utah-Idaho line. At this point it expands into a broad sheet of water known as Bear Lake, which is divided into two nearly equal parts by the territorial line. The surface of the lake is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The river, after leaving the lake below, runs northward for a long course into Idaho, and then turns upon itself and recrosses the territorial line into Utah. The course of this great curve is through cañons and cañon valleys, but at two or three points the valleys expand so as to present small areas of irrigable land. In general, above the Utah line, the region drained is mountainous. From this point the river flows through a steadily expanding valley until it empties into Great Salt Lake. Now it is possible to use much of the water of this stream in the upper region on mountain valley lands, where hay can be cultivated and some other of the crops of cold climates. Another portion can be used in Idaho, while the great valley along the whole stretch of the river is admirably adapted to irrigation. Bear Lake itself, which lies in two Territories, is ultimately to become the chief reservoir, but others can be constructed above, and still others below. Thus the reservoir system must be distributed between the two political divisions, while the great body of the lands to be redeemed are in Utah. How these lands are to be selected, and water-rights relegated to such lands, is a serious problem which demands immediate solution, for the people are already

in conflict. Angry passions have been kindled, and war would ensue were it an international instead of an interstate problem.

The Snake or Shoshone River heads in the great forest-clad mountains of Wyoming and runs across the line into Idaho, then passes quite across the Territory until it becomes the boundary line between Idaho and Oregon. Passing the northeastern corner of the last mentioned State, it enters the State of Washington, and runs westward for a long reach until it debouches into the Columbia. The Shoshone River is one of great volume, second only to the Colorado. Reservoir sites along its course in Wyoming and Idaho have already been revealed by the surveys, and it is shown that in the upper region water can be stored to an amount of more than 2,000,000 acre feet. This will irrigate at the first usage at least 2,000,000 acres of land; and if they be properly selected, so that the waters can be collected again and again after serving the land, the area redeemed will be more than 4,000,000 acres. There are many other tributaries below that have not yet been examined, and it is safe to say that the waters of the Shoshone with its tributaries may ultimately serve from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres. In its utilization three classes of problems are involved. If the waters are taken out in small canals near to the river and the lowlands served first, and prior rights and interests established on such lands, then but a small part of the stream can be used, and the greater part will run away to the Pacific Ocean; and subsequently the region of irrigation can be enlarged only by buying out vested water-rights scattered along the course of the river. But if at the very beginning the water can be taken out high up the river and carried in great canals to either side and there distributed to the higher lands, and used over and over again on its return, a complete utilization can be secured, and the cost of the construction of the system of irrigation by reservoirs and canals will be greatly reduced per acre. To irrigate 2,000,000 acres of land near to the river by short canals taken out along its course here and there will cost more than half as much as the construction of hydraulic works that will serve from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000; while the scattered minor works will be forever subject to destruction by the floods, and the agriculture secured will be of less value per acre, because the best lands will not be served, and only imperfect drainage will be secured.

The valley of the Shoshone has an interesting structure. In late geologic times it has been the site of great volcanic activity. The eruptions have not produced cones and mountains, but fissures have been opened and broad sheets of lava have been poured out over the region. It is a valley of volcanic mesas or low table-lands. On the basaltic rocks thus poured out a peculiar surface is developed. The floods of cooling lava roll down in waves and bubble up in domes, which often crumble and fall in, leaving many pits, and the general surface is thus exceedingly irregular; but the irregularities are not on a great scale so as to produce high hills and mountains. The process of degradation by frost and heat, by wind and rain, smooth out these irregularities; the higher points are degraded and the lower places are filled. Many of the eruptions in this valley are of such age that their surface has been smoothed out in this manner; but there are many others so irregular that the mesas are covered with pits and naked rocks, and are thus wholly worthless for agricultural purposes. The second great problem is properly to select the mesa lands to which the waters shall be distributed. A part of the storage of the water must be in Wyoming, while the lands to be served must be in Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. These are interests over which nations would speedily be at war; in this country they involve interstate questions, and must be settled by the General Government.

Space fails me to describe the beautiful lands of the Columbia and its tributaries, but interstate and international problems are involved. The Columbia comes from British territory. One of its affluents, the Kootenay, heads in British territory, passes into Montana, and returns to British territory. Passing over to the Missouri, some of its waters head in foreign lands, and Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Nebraska are interested.

Along the hundredth meridian from Manitoba to Mexico there is a zone of semi-arid land. Years ago, when the writer first began investigations into the agricultural prospects of the far West, he abandoned the designation "desert" and adopted the term "arid," as more properly characteristic of the country. For the one hundredth meridian zone he at first adopted the term "sub-arid," but it gave great offense, and the suggestion that irrigation was necessary to its successful cultivation was received with denial and denunciation, for at that time the advantage of artificially supplying water to cultivated lands was generally unknown. Seeing that the term "sub-arid" was a red flag to kindle anger, it was dropped, and the term "sub-humid" was adopted; and now the hundredth meridian zone is generally known as the "sub-humid" region. The average rainfall, which varies much from year to year, is about eighteen inches on its western margin, and increases to about twenty-four on its eastern edge. Passing from east to west across this belt a wonderful transformation is ob-

served. On the east a luxuriant growth of grass is seen, and the gaudy flowers of the order *Compositæ* make the prairie landscape beautiful. Passing westward, species after species of luxuriant grass and brilliant flowering plants disappear; the ground gradually becomes naked, with "bunch" grasses here and there; now and then a thorny cactus is seen, and the yucca thrusts out its sharp bayonets. At the western margin of the zone the arid lands proper are reached. The winds, in their grand system of circulation from west to east, climb the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and as they rise they are relieved of pressure and lose their specific heat, and at the same time discharge their moisture, and so the mountains are covered with snow. The winds thus dried roll down the eastern slope into lower altitudes, when the pressure increases and they are heated again. But now they are dry. Thus it is that hot, dry winds come, now and then, and here and there, to devastate the sub-humid lands, searing the vegetation and parching the soil. From causes not well understood the rainfall often descends in fierce torrents. So storms and siroccos alternately play over the land. Here critical climatic conditions prevail. In seasons of plenteous rain rich crops can be raised without irrigation. In seasons of drought the fields are desert. It is thus that irrigation, not always a necessity, is still an absolute condition of continued prosperity. The rainfall is almost sufficient, and the artificial supply needed is small —perhaps the crop will rarely need more than one irrigation. A small supply for this can be obtained from the sands of the river valleys that cross the belt. In some regions artesian waters are abundant; but the great supply must come from the storage of storm-waters. The hills and mesas of the region are well adapted to this end. Under such conditions farming cannot be carried on in large continuous tracts.

Small areas, dependent on wells, sand-fountains, and ponds, must be cultivated. It is a region of country adapted to gardens, vineyards, and orchards. The hardier fruits can be cultivated at the north, and sub-tropical fruits at the south. From this region the towns and cities of the great valley and the capitals of trade in the East will be supplied with fruit and vegetables. It is the region of irrigation nearest to them, where gardens and fields produce richer, sweeter products than those of humid lands. Already the people are coming to a knowledge of this fact and are turning their industries in the right direction. The earliest settlements have been planted in seasons of maximum of rain, and the people who came had dreams of wealth to be gathered from vast wheatfields. Now wholesale farming is almost wholly abandoned. In the last twenty years, during which the writer has been familiar with the sub-humid zone, having crossed it many times and traversed it in many ways, he has seen in different portions two or three tides of emigration, each ultimately disastrous, wholly or in part, and settled regions have become unsettled by migration to other districts. But from each inflow a few wiser men have remained and conquered prosperity; and now that the conditions of success are known, he is willing to prophesy — not from occult wisdom, but from a basis of fact — that the sub-humid region will soon become prosperous and wealthy.

The Arid Land is a vast region. Its mountains gleam in crystal rime, its forests are stately, and its valleys are beautiful; its cañons are made glad with the music of falling waters, its skies are clear, its air is salubrious, and it is already the home of millions of the most energetic men the world has ever known.

*J. W. Powell.*

# MEMORY.

SOME years since, Francis Galton, in a most worthy-to-be-read essay upon twins, showed how the original fiber of the human individual asserts itself against training and environment. Nevertheless training and habit are potent factors in determining not only the action, but also the characters of individuals. This is so chiefly because the nervous system has been endowed with a faculty or attribute commonly spoken of as memory. To the consideration of this faculty the present article is devoted.

In entering upon the discussion of any subject it is essential first clearly to define the terms which are to be used. The big-headed, shaggy-locked founder of the English dictionary, Dr. Johnson, defines memory as the power of retaining and recollecting things past, and consciousness as the power of knowing one's own thoughts and actions. Probably he was in accord with the majority of mankind in associating consciousness and memory as two functions of the brain which are so inseparable that without consciousness there is no memory, and without memory there is no consciousness. This is, however, a mistaken idea.

Memory is really a function entirely apart from consciousness, and consciousness is distinct from memory; the two faculties dwell over against each other, but have no necessary connection.

If the spinal cord of a frog has been cut in the neck and its brain destroyed, its hind legs are of course separated from the brain in which consciousness exists. If one of the feet now be dipped into a dilute acid, the legs are immediately drawn up. This so-called reflex action is produced by the traveling of the irritation from the leg up the nerve to the spinal cord and the consequent excitement of the ganglionic or nerve cells in the spinal cord, which give rise to an outgoing impulse that travels back along the nerve and causes the muscles to contract. If now a little acid be dropped upon the end of the back, the frog will try to brush it off with the foot handiest to the position. If this foot be cut off, the animal will endeavor to brush off the irritating acid with the stump, and failing to reach the part will remove the irritant with the other foot. There is no consciousness in the frog. If it be put in a vessel of water, the liquid may be gradually brought to the boiling point without any sign of life or feeling being manifested. The brainless frog moves its foot because in successive generations whenever consciousness has recognized the existence of some irritant upon the back frogs have taken the leg and brushed off the irritant; in this way a habit of action has been formed, and in the fullness of time it has happened that whenever there is a point of irritation upon the back of the frog the leg responds to the irritation in a reflex manner through the spinal cord without the brain of necessity consciously recognizing the irritation. In other words, successive actions have registered themselves in the lower nerve centers, so that a peculiar irritation converts itself into apparently purposive muscular movement without the intervention of consciousness. The little spinal cell, whose power is manifested only in motion, has unconsciously remembered that in times past whenever a certain impulse has reached it from the surface of the body and passed upwards to be felt in the brain, it has in obedience to consciousness directly sent out certain nervous forces which have produced motion; and as the result of such unconscious recollection on the part of the spinal cell, motion is produced whenever the originating impulse is received by the cell, although consciousness has been abolished.

If the section of the nerve centers of the frog be made at such a position that it cuts off only the higher portions of the brain, in which consciousness resides, the frog is converted into an extraordinary automaton. If the foot of the frog be irritated, it moves it out of the way; if the frog be thrown into water, it rushes in blind haste to and fro; if the water be heated, the frog crawls out up the side of the vessel in order to escape. There is every appearance of purposive action. If the frog be placed on the table and its back be gently stroked, there seems to come to it memories of happy courtship hours spent in swamp or bog, and it breaks forth into the love song so admirably paraphrased by Aristophanes as βρεκεκεκὲξ κοὰξ κοάξ. Yet the frog has not real consciousness. If food be placed before it, it pays no heed; though starving, it eats not, but dies of hunger in the midst of plenty. Unlike Tantalus, it is not tormented by ungratified desires, but perishes because it has no desires to gratify. If the food be put far back into its mouth so as to reach the gullet, the muscle contracts upon it and the morsel is swallowed, because the gullet has the unconscious memory of having swallowed when in the past food has been put into it. Once swallowed the food is digested, and the animal lives on. Put in the air and let alone, the frog is as a clod, until the sun withers it, and the wind blows it away. Without power to recall the past or to recognize the present, it sits motionless and mysterious as the Sphinx, buried not in the profundity of its thoughts, but in the abyss of its thoughtlessness. The movements of such a frog, whether those of swimming, climbing, or swallowing, are parallel with the simpler movements which occur in the frog whose cord has been cut lower down. The love song which it sings when stroked is the mechanical repetition of the expressions of its feelings through generations when replying to the caresses of its mate. The only difference between the two frogs is that in the second frog, in which the upper brain alone has been destroyed, the impulse traveling from the surface is able to pass a little higher up and reach not only the lower centers, but also those higher nerve centers which preside over more complicated movements.

In a similar way men and animals may walk on during sleep. A cavalry officer, speaking of one of the raids around Richmond during the Rebellion, said to me: "Successive days and nights we had been in the saddle, until from sheer exhaustion the whole regiment was asleep. The horses slept as they staggered on, the men slept in their saddles; but with the rebels behind and hope in front the whole command steadily marched onward." At every turn in the road it was necessary to station sentinels to waken horses and riders, who otherwise would have gone straight onward into fences, ditches, or mayhap over a precipice. "Indeed," said the officer, "I had a friend whose horse did walk with him into an abrupt abyss."

There was no upper brain memory of the past, no consciousness of the present, in that automatic mass of man and horse, which, though sleeping, walked forward by virtue of the recollection which lay in the lower nerve centers.

Memory is, then, entirely apart from consciousness. It is a function of nervous matter to be impressed with its own actions. If a nerve cell has once acted, it has a tendency to act again in a similar manner. If this action has been sufficiently repeated, the memory of it becomes stamped upon the little cell, and that stamp remains and dominates that cell. As a result of the influence exerted upon the cell, there has been formed, so to speak, a mold of that influence, by virtue of which, when the stimulation again comes, the cell reacts as it formerly had done. It is this fact which makes the training of children possible, and it is this that makes the responsibility of training children so terrible. Fixed habits are but the expression of organic form in nerve cells. We see this in disease as well as in health. A child receives a blow upon the head, and notwithstanding the healing of the cut there is still irritation of a peripheral nerve by a piece of stone or other foreign body left in the wound. Epileptiform convulsions result. The surgeon fails to recognize the cause of the trouble, and the convulsions are frequently repeated, until perhaps a wiser doctor sees and removes the irritating matter. Yet the convulsions go on. If the operation had been done early the child would have been saved, but it is too late. The nerve cells have had the convulsive stamp impressed upon them, and there is no power given to man to fill up the deep places or plane down the projecting corners of the mold.

If the sciatic or big leg-nerve of a guinea-pig be cut, the skin of a certain region of the face sensibly alters in structure, and epileptiform convulsions occur whenever any of this altered skin is irritated. If the affected skin be now cut out, the convulsions cease; but if the convulsions be allowed to continue, the habit is stamped not only on the mother guinea-pig on whom the original operation was performed, but on generation after generation of guinea-pigs. The memory of the nervous tissue for disease has been so terribly true that it has transmitted itself through successive generations.

A case which occurred some years ago in Philadelphia further illustrates the separateness of the higher intellectual memory from consciousness. A very old woman was dying; as the shadows of death gathered about her, she sat propped up in bed, holding her hands extended in front of her as though reading from a book, and speaking a jargon of words which no one could understand. At last one well versed in languages came and said, "She is repeating the Portuguese Bible." When her history was inquired into it was learned that until the age of five or six years she had lived in Rio Janeiro, and no doubt had frequently heard the Portuguese Bible read; but during the many decades which she had resided in Philadelphia she had neither spoken nor read Portuguese. Yet when the veil was being torn off, when consciousness had already gone, and the lower nerve cells had power to assert themselves, there came forth, clear and sharp, the words that had been read in her presence when, a little toddling girl, she had haunted the streets and houses of Rio Janeiro. The sound had left its impress on the nerve cells as the type does upon the paper. Thus it is that in the presence of death a panorama of the past flashes with the velocity of thought before the consciousness. All persons are consciously and unconsciously molding in their brain cells records innumerable. Things that we reck not of leave their impress there; stamp comes upon stamp like the various writings in an old palimpsest, in which the lower writings seem entirely obliterated until they are revealed by the processes of the antiquarian. So when the vision of the higher centers is sharpest it can see through the maze, and it may be in a moment decipher the records of a lifetime; or, when the restraining influence of the higher centers has been removed during delirious unconsciousness, muttered words, broken sentences, or clearly spoken periods, and mayhap even acts, give to bystanders glimpses of the passing visions.

Recently there has come to my notice the case of a man who under the influence of disease has recurrent visions of various character. Among these is a crescent of burnished silver from which dangle faces in great number; some unknown, some recognized by consciousness as those of acquaintances who had long passed out of recollection. As some of the faces were recognized only with difficulty, it is more than probable that the strange countenances were those of persons who had been previously seen, but the connection of whose impression upon the lower centers with consciousness was originally so faint or had been so long neglected that the thread could not be reunited. This case surely shows that physical shapes stamp their finest impression upon nerve centers, and that such stamp may be widely separated from conscious recollection and yet be firmly held through the years.

A little while ago I met a Quaker gentleman whom I had known in youth and I said to him, "Good morning." He gave me no answer. I said again, "Good morning, Mr. Jones!" He then said, "Horatio, excuse me,

I did not hear thee the first time." I asked him, "If you did not hear me the first time, how did you know that I had spoken?" What had happened was exactly this: there had been an impress made on the lower centers of that man's brain by my first salutation, but the impress had not been sufficiently strong to attract his attention. When his consciousness was awakened by my second salutation it looked down and saw the faint impression made upon the lower centers a moment before. That impress had been left permanently, although unnoted.

When we are trying to recollect a thing, we are simply searching here and there among the records in the brain to see if by chance we can find the leaf that we want to read.

What an index catalogue is to the searchers in a library, that to the searcher of brain records are the laws of association; and precisely as a purely alphabetical or arbitrary catalogue may assist the student, so may an artificial system of mnemonics assist the brain-delver.

The separateness of memory and consciousness is also illustrated by some of the extraordinary phenomena which are connected with the so-called local memories. Among the local or isolated memories the most distinct and sharply cut is the memory for words. It is entirely separate from the memory for things. As an instance showing this, I may cite the case of my own daughter, who when learning to read would recollect words as things, but not as words. She would say "b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l —handsome, pretty, good-looking." The meaning of this congregation of letters she could remember, but not the name of it. It is curious to note that this failure to remember names is in this case a clearly inherited mental defect.

When disease affects the brain these alterations of word-memory are something very strange. In the most complete form of this so-called aphasia the person cannot understand words, he cannot think in words, and cannot talk words. Usually, however, words are remembered sufficiently to be recognized when heard or seen, but although the idea is there, the person cannot speak in words. I recall the case of an old German woman who had aphasia. When asked how old she was, she would indicate sixty with her fingers. If asked how many children she had had, she would indicate seven. If two of the fingers were turned down she would get angry and insist on the seven. She was able to understand questions. She knew what the figure "7" meant, but had not the power to say the word "seven." It is a very curious fact that in these forms of aphasia the language of the emotions may be preserved while the language of the intellect is destroyed. Very often a profane man, when he has aphasia, is able to swear. This German woman, when excited, could say "Gott in himmel!" Besides this there was left to her but one little fragment of each of the two languages which she had known. She could not say the English "no," but could say the German "nein"; she could not say the German "yah," but could splutter out the English "yes."

The forms of aphasia known as word-blindness and word-deafness are very strange. The sufferer from word-blindness can write and will understand what is said to him; he will talk to you and perhaps talk you to death; but hand him a book, a newspaper, or even the letter he himself has written, and he cannot read a word. Thus an active man of business having written a letter, giving directions for an important matter, attempted to read it, in order to see if it was correct, but was astounded to find that he could not make out a single word; he had been suddenly stricken with word-blindness. The sounds of the words and the words themselves had remained to him, but the recollection of the written forms of the words was gone.

In a case of word-deafness the person can talk and can write, but although his hearing is perfect he cannot recognize the spoken words. The sound of the voice is plain to his sense, but conveys no thought to him.

The records of the past — the unconscious memory, so to speak — exist in the brain; but for conscious recognition these must be dragged out before the consciousness. It is doubtful whether there is such a thing as a bad memory, *i. e.*, as a badly kept brain record. The difference in individuals as to the power of recollecting probably consists in the relation between consciousness and memory. One man has the power of going into the library in his brain and picking up at once the leaf he wants, and glories in his good memory. Another cannot in a moment find what he desires, but when the floods of disease come, then spontaneously float up those things which he had thought were gone forever.

*H. C. Wood.*

# THE NATURE AND METHOD OF REVELATION.

## IV.—REVELATION AND FAITH.

THE term "revelation" is commonly used to denote religious truth, supernaturally communicated, as distinguished from the knowledge of God obtained by natural means. In this use of terms, revealed religion stands in contrast with natural religion. But all our knowledge of God, through whatever medium derived, is from one ultimate source. That source is a revelation, or disclosure, which God makes of himself. And all truth respecting things divine and supernatural is apprehended by faith. Faith is the word descriptive of the mind's reception of it. Hence, in speaking of faith, and illustrating its nature, we may fitly take into view the fundamental truths of natural theology as well as Christianity.

It is often said, and the same thing is more often insinuated, that faith is something independent of evidence. It is looked upon as belief for which no reasons — that is to say, no valid reasons — are to be assigned. The individual himself, such is the implication, may perhaps be fully persuaded, but nothing that he can say constitutes an adequate ground of conviction for other minds than his own.

One occasion of this impression is the failure to distinguish between the sources and the proofs of religion. The genesis of religion as a fact of experience is one thing; the proofs of its reasonableness and the vindication of faith against skepticism are another. The genesis of religion is primarily from within, and not from without. As Aristotle styled man a political animal, it may be affirmed with even more emphasis that man is a religious being. Religion is not something foreign to his nature, imported into it from the external world, inculcated as a piece of information by his elders; nor is it, in its origin, an inference from the marks of design stamped upon things about him. The roots of religion are not in any process of the understanding. The idea that religious faith is a delusion of the imagination, a superstition engendered by dreams or by the fancied sight of ghosts of the dead, is disproved by history and philosophy. Religion is too deeply embedded in human nature, it is too powerful a factor in the history of mankind, to be accounted for by any of these superficial conjectures. Faith in the Being above us, the Author of our being, springs out of the sense of dependence and the feeling of obligation and of law,—law felt as the manifested will of another, even the Infinite Spirit in whom we live,—and it is born of that yearning for a higher fellowship with him which alone can fill the soul with peace and joy. This primal revelation of God in the soul is the fountain-head of religion. However vague this impression may be in the beginning, however obscure the perception, and however dim it is rendered by the absorbing quest for earthly pleasure, it is the light of all our seeing. There is a *nisus* in the souls of men — a tendency to "seek God, if haply they might feel after him, and find him." This implied recognition of the existence of God is that from which — as John Calvin, in unison with the most profound philosophers of all ages, expresses it — "the propensity to religion proceeds." Here is the germ of our distinct and defined religious convictions. The latent anticipations of our nature are met and matched by the manifestation of God in the material world, in history, or the providential succession of events, and in Christ. These manifestations constitute the objective proofs of religion. They are real proofs. Drawn out into explicit statements, they constitute the arguments for Christian theism. It is true that no constraining efficacy belongs to them. But the same is to be said of all reasoning that is not strictly demonstrative. No other interpretation of the phenomena is so satisfactory to the unbiased reason of thoughtful inquirers. At the same time, another interpretation of the phenomena is always *possible*. Here it is that the primal disclosure of God in consciousness, the native "propensity to religion," when it is not dulled or stifled, avails to banish doubt. Let it be noticed, also, that this very religious constitution, by which we are inwardly drawn to God, correlated as it is to objective manifestations, constitutes an argument for the verity to which it points.

The great church historian Neander, whose living experience of religion opened to his mind its true philosophy, has these noble words respecting Socrates: "Socrates stands at the head of those men of supreme distinction in the world's history who, in the times when faith in anything divine and in objective truth has been shaken and shattered by the sophistry of an understanding that disintegrates all things and the power of an all-embracing spirit of denial, have led men back into the depths of

their soul which is akin to God, and have caused them to find in the immediate consciousness of the true and the divine an assurance lifted above all doubts. From the speculative questions, in answering which the spirit ever anew tires itself out, he turned their glance within upon their own moral nature. From the external world he called the spirit back to its own inner being, that it might there find its whereabout and learn to be at home. It is the weighty 'know thyself' which the oracle at Delphi praised as the characteristic merit of Socrates. The great impulse that went forth from him worked on for centuries, and in later times was continually renewed by the agency of men who carried down his spirit to after ages; and this influence it was which directed attention to that in man which is immediately related to God and to the moral element in the human soul, as well as from this, as the starting-point, to the religious." What skeptical minds need in this age, as in every other, is to remember that man has a soul as well as an understanding. Conscience, sensibility, affection, aspiration are a deep and indestructible part of human nature. As there is a soul, there is a life of the soul. There are presages and inchoate beliefs native to human beings, existing by their own right, entitled to respect, needing, it may be, light and direction, but too sacred to be ignored. To surrender them is to fling away that which is most precious in man. In the depths of the spirit religion has its birth. It is a flame kindled in the soul by its divine Author.

Keeping in mind that the grounds of faith are in the connection of the subjective and objective manifestations of God, each throwing light upon the other and each serving to corroborate the other, we may glance at certain leading proofs of theism which thus address us from without.

Nature is pervaded by an intellectual element. That nature is intelligible is the prime assumption in all study of natural phenomena. As Professor Huxley remarks, in substance, at the beginning of a recent essay on the progress of science in the last half-century, to discern the rationality of nature is the comprehensive aim of science. This affinity of nature with our own minds, this mind in nature, implies an intelligent author of nature. It is *possible* to conclude otherwise, but not reasonable or natural.

Materialistic atheism must begin with the impossible task of resolving the human mind into a machine, and identifying consciousness and thought with the molecular movements of the brain. It must build a bridge which can never be built. The doctrine of the conservation of energy affords no help in this direction. Clerk Maxwell, one of its most authoritative expounders, says: "There is action and reaction between body and soul, but it is not of a kind in which energy passes from one to the other — as, when a man pulls a trigger, it is the gunpowder that projects the bullet, or when a pointsman shunts a train, it is the rails that bear the thrust." "The conservation of energy, when applied to living beings, leads to the conclusion that the soul of an animal is not, like the mainspring of a watch, the motive power of the body, but that its function is rather that of a steersman of a vessel — not to produce, but to regulate and direct the animal powers."

No modern discoveries have weakened the force of the argument from design, which in all ages has impressed alike the philosopher and the peasant. Evolution is a method, not a cause. It does nothing to account for the origin of things or the energy exerted in all progressive development. "It is plain," says Mr. Sully, "that every doctrine of evolution must assume some definite initial arrangement, which is supposed to contain the possibilities of the order which we find to be evolved, and no other possibility." Until that initial arrangement, involving all that issues out of it, is accounted for, not a step is taken towards explaining the world. The outcome of all the past history of nature is undeniably an orderly system — a cosmos. To introduce an element of "chance" in the succession of steps leading to it is a philosophical absurdity. Such a meaningless notion might seem to be countenanced in the terms used to describe the promiscuous variation which was a part of Mr. Darwin's theory. But even Mr. Darwin had no thought of denying that there are *laws* of variability. "Our ignorance," he says, "of the laws of variation is profound." This, of course, implies that there are such laws. The constitution of the being that varies is an essential factor, and, with Mr. Darwin, the prime factor in producing the variations which constitute the materials on which the so-called selective agency of nature acts. But according to many evolutionists, like Asa Gray, variation moves along definite lines and its range is limited. If this were not the fact, as the physiologist Dr. W. B. Carpenter cogently argues, the chances to be overcome in building up an organized species are infinite. "On the hypothesis of 'natural selection' among aimless variations," says Dr. Carpenter, "I think that it could be shown that the probability is infinitely small that the progressive modifications required in the structure of each individual organ to convert a reptile into a bird could have taken place without disturbing the required harmony in their combined action; nothing but intentional variations being competent to bring such a result." The proof of this pre-arrangement is furnished

"by the orderly sequence of variations following definite lines of advance. The evidence of final causes is not impaired. 'We simply,' to use the language of Whewell, 'transfer the notion of design and end from the region of facts to that of laws'; that is, from the particular cases to the general plan. In this general plan the production of man is comprehended. In him, the final product, the meaning and aim of the entire scheme of creation are fully discovered."

There are naturalists, among them Mr. Wallace, who are in more full accord with Darwin's particular view, and ascribe more to "natural selection." Generally speaking, even these are not so rash as to undertake to rule out teleology, and to explain the phenomena of vegetable and animal life on a mechanical theory which excludes design. How inadequate the mechanical view is, regarded as an explanation of nature, has been demonstrated by Lotze and other philosophers, who are not in the least averse to the doctrine of a genetic relation of animal species to one another, or even to a wider extension of evolutionary theory. It is easy for naturalists to become absorbed in the search after the links of causal connection which bind together the phenomena of nature. There is an exposure, the antipode of that false use of the idea of final causes which stifled inductive investigation, and against which Bacon protested. But even to naturalists of the present day, who are chargeable with this error, the teleological aspect of nature, the design that runs through all, will at times come home with an irresistible force of impression. Darwin is himself an example. The Duke of Argyll, speaking of the phenomena of nature, which "our mind recognizes as mental," writes as follows: "I have the best reason to know that Darwin himself was very far from being insensible to the evidence of this truth. In the year preceding his death he did me the honor to call upon me in London; and in the course of our conversation, I said to him that to me it seemed wholly impossible to separate many of the adjustments which he had so laboriously traced and described to any other agency than that of mind. His reply was one which has left an ineffaceable impression upon me; not from its words only, but from the tone and manner in which it was given. 'Well,' he said, 'that impression has often come upon me with overpowering force. But then, at other times, it all seems —'; and then he passed his hands across his eyes, as if to indicate the passing of a vision out of sight."

The admission of a first cause — that is, of a cause which is not itself an effect — is unavoidable unless the principle of causation is to be utterly discredited. The agnostic theory of an "Unknowable" is self-destructive. To ascribe to the infinite being *power* is open to whatever objection is imagined to lie against the ascription to that being of intelligence. It is assumed that there is a revelation of *power:* because of this revelation the existence of that being is assumed. But the revelation of *intelligence* is every whit as clear.

How shall we be assured of the moral attributes of God, of his holiness and love? We are in a world that abounds in suffering. How shall this be reconciled with benevolence in the Creator? Much weight is to be given to the consideration of the effects flowing of necessity from a system of general laws, notwithstanding the advantages of such a system. The suggestions relative to the occasions and beneficent offices of pain and death, which are presented by such writers as James Martineau, in his recent work, "A Study of Religion," are helpful. Especially is the fact of moral evil to be taken into the account when a solution is sought for the problem of physical evil, its concomitant and so often its consequence. Let it be freely granted, however, that no explanations that man can devise avail to clear up altogether the mystery of evil. It is only a small part of the system of things that falls under our observation in the present stage of our being. It is not by an inductive argument, by showing a preponderance of good over evil in the arrangements of nature, that the mind is set at rest. There is no need of an argument of this kind. There is need of faith, but that faith is rational. We find in our own moral constitution a direct and full attestation of the goodness of God. Our moral constitution is affirmed, by a class of evolutionists, to be a gradual growth from a foundation of animal instincts. Let this speculation go for what it may be worth. The same theory is advanced respecting the human intellect. Yet the intellect is assumed to be an organ of knowledge. There is no avoiding this conclusion; else all science, evolutionary science included, is a castle in the air. If the intellect is entitled to trust, so equally is the moral nature. Are the righteousness and goodness of God called in question on the ground of perplexing facts observed in the structure and course of the world? Where do we get the qualifications for raising such inquiries or rendering an answer to them? It must be from ideals of character which we find within ourselves, and from the supreme place accorded to the moral law which is written on the heart. But whence come these moral ideals? Who enthroned the law of righteousness in the heart? Who inscribed on the tablets of the soul the assertion of the inviolable authority of right and the absolute worth of love as a motive of action? In a

word, our moral constitution is itself given us of God, and if it be not the reflection of his character, it is, for aught we can say, a false light; in which case all the verdicts resting upon it, with all the queries of skepticism as to the goodness of God, may be illusive. The arraignment of the character of God on the ground of alleged imperfections in nature, or of seemingly harsh and unjust occurrences in the course of events, is therefore suicidal. The revelation of God's character is in our moral constitution. The voice within us, which is uttered in the sacred impulse of duty and in the law of love, is his voice. There we learn what he approves, what he requires, what he rewards. When this proposition is denied, we lose our footing. We cut away the ground for trust in our own capacity for moral criticism.

Man has not one originating cause and the world another. The existence and supreme authority of conscience imply that in the ongoing of the world righteousness holds sway. If there is a moral purpose underlying the course of things, then a righteous being is at the helm. What confusion, worse than chaos, in the idea that while man himself is bound to be actuated by a moral purpose, the universe in which he is to act his part exists for no moral end, and that through the course of things no moral purpose runs!

It is not my object in these remarks to draw out in full the proofs of the existence and the moral attributes of God. It is rather to illustrate the relation in which these proofs stand to those perceptions, inchoate and spontaneous in the experiences of the soul, which are the ultimate subjective source of religion, and on which the living appreciation of the revelation of God in external nature is contingent. Let it be observed, moreover, that these native spiritual experiences of dependence, of obligation, and accountableness, of hunger for fellowship with the Infinite One, wherein religion takes its rise and has its root, are themselves to be counted as proofs of the reality of the object implied in them. They are significant of the end for which man was made. They presuppose God.

It is true that all our knowledge rests ultimately on an act of faith which finds no warrant in any process of reasoning. We cannot climb to this trust on the steps of a syllogism. We are obliged to start with a confidence in the veracity of our intellectual faculties; and this we have to assume persistently in the whole work of acquiring knowledge. Without this assumption we can no more infer anything or know anything than a bird can fly in a vacuum. All science reposes on this faith in our own minds, which implies and includes faith in the Author of the mind. This primitive faith in ourselves is moral in its nature. So of all that truth which is justly called self-evident. No arguments are to be adduced for it. In every process of reasoning it is presupposed. We can prove nothing except on the basis of propositions that admit of no proof. But if we leave out of account the domain of self-evident truth, which is ground common to both religion and science, religious beliefs, as far as they are sound, are based on adequate evidence. It may be well, however, to explain somewhat more definitely what is denoted by faith; to say enough, at least, to guard against certain misconceptions. At the opening of one of the noblest passages in the New Testament, faith is defined as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." A more correct rendering of the verse would be, "The firm assurance of things hoped for, the being convinced of things not seen"— that is, of their reality. Faith makes real to the mind objects of hope; things in the future; it makes real, also, things not cognizable by the senses. It takes these things out of a kind of dreamland; and, further, it gives to them a substantial being, so that they exercise a due control in the shaping of conduct.

It is superfluous to remark that faith creates nothing; makes nothing different from what it is already. This is evident of that sort of faith which is exercised in relation to mundane affairs. I believe in the virtue of a medicine; but, if my faith is well founded, the virtue is in the medicine quite independently of any idea or feeling of mine in regard to it. I believe in a physician; but my belief does not give him the knowledge and the tact in which I confide. He is just the same — just as competent, or incompetent, as the case may be — whether I trust in him or not. Or, take for an illustration the faith of a discoverer. Columbus believed that he could reach a continent by sailing westward on a path which Europeans had never taken. His faith urged him onward, week after week, and month after month, never turning his prow, regardless of the discontent of his men, until faith was rewarded by sight. He descried at last the green shores and heard the singing of the birds. The poet Schiller, indeed, referring to the ardor of his faith, says that had Columbus not found a continent he would have created one. In truth, if he had not found the land, had there been no real object answering to his belief, his faith would have been merely a fancy.

It is equally obvious that nothing is added to the sum of religious truth by believing in it; nothing is subtracted by indifference or disbelief. As well might one think of creating or destroying the visible universe by opening or shutting the organ of vision. When a per-

son comes to believe in God, he adds not a single quality to the nature of that being with whom "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He simply discerns that which he had failed to see before: he finds God. No one imagines that the Prodigal Son created his father by returning to him. The forsaken father was always there, waiting for him. Faith in the gospel is simply the practical acknowledgment of a fact. The Apostle Paul reminds his readers that they have not to climb into heaven and bring Christ down, or to descend into the grave and bring him up. He has already lived among men, and he has risen. The victory of Jesus Christ over sin and over death is a finished achievement. Faith is that recognition of the fact which carries in it appropriate fruits in feeling and conduct. No one has understood better what faith is than Martin Luther, himself a great believer. "By faith," says Luther, "man sees into the heart of God." "God," says Luther, "is the God of the humble, the miserable, the afflicted, the oppressed, and the desperate, and of those that are brought even to nothing; and his nature is to exalt the humble, to feed the hungry, to give sight to the blind, to comfort the miserable, the afflicted, the bruised, the broken-hearted, to justify sinners, to quicken the dead, and to save the very desperate and damned. For he is an almighty Creator, and maketh all things of nothing."

Luther was not wrong in considering that the one essential thing in religion is faith. For without faith there is no real approach to God; and what is religion but converse or communion with God? Religion is a relation of person to person. The reveries of Pantheism are not religion in the proper sense of the word. He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of those who seek after him. To speak to a being in whose existence one has no belief is little short of lunacy. To pour out gratitude, or to address a petition, to something held to be void of consciousness, incapable of hearing, is to bid farewell to common sense. So of the character of God; it has no practical influence on a man's thoughts or conduct except as he believes in it. Luther, moreover, was right, and only followed the Scriptures when he insisted that the source of all wrong-doing as well as of irreligion is the lack of faith. If men believed in God and in a hereafter as truly and as vividly as they believe in the reality of material things around them, temptations would be stripped of their power, sinful pleasure would have no chance as a rival of the higher good. Men sin because they mistake shadow for substance, and substance for shadow. They deify creatures of God, believing in them with an idolatrous faith. Not seeing them in contrast with an equally clear view of things of imperishable value, they magnify their worth. They are drawn to them by an irresistible attraction, because they are cut off from the influence of the counter-force. They seek to slake the thirst of the spirit for the moment, striving to forget that "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

We started with the thesis that the truths of religion rest upon good and sufficient evidence. Comparing these truths with well-grounded beliefs of a different species, where the things believed are within the circle of every-day life, we shall find that the first difference is in the *kind* of proofs presented, not in the comparative degree of weight that belongs to them in the two cases. As regards religious truth the proofs are not experimental. We cannot apply to them the tests of the measuring-rod and the crucible, and other criteria, of a tangible kind, which appeal to the senses. The evidence is, to say the least, equally weighty, but is not of the same sort. Among recent theological writers no one has set forth this not unfamiliar distinction with more force and originality than Mozley. Even in astronomy, not only is the reasoning in great part of a demonstrative kind, being mathematical in its nature, but it has the advantage of being verified by the observed fulfillment of prediction. The eclipse draws a curtain over the disk of the sun at the very moment set down in the almanac. The comet makes its appearance, fulfilling with absolute punctuality a prophecy recorded centuries before. It may be doubted whether astronomical truth — truth so amazing and almost bewildering in its nature — would gain the assent of the common mind were it not verified to everybody in this visible and astonishing way. Now the only thing in religion analogous to these external tests is the miracle, including prophecy, which is one form of miracle. The miracle is a sign, a kind of experimental proof, an appeal to the senses as an aid to faith. Jesus wrought miracles only where there was already a germinant faith. He said to Thomas, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Jesus manifested himself to the senses of the doubting disciple and that disciple believed. It is a higher thing to believe when there is nothing but testimony, and when the internal probability of the fact is thrown into the scale and avails to carry the mind's assent.

It is therefore an error, either undesigned or intentional, of skeptical writers to describe faith as an arbitrary, groundless acceptance of doctrines in behalf of which no proof is possible. This is to confound faith and credulity. It makes religion the equivalent of superstition. Mon-

taigne, in his "Essays," in his genial way of avoiding whatever might give offense or raise a dispute, affords an example of this practice of relegating faith to a province quite apart from reason. The open rejection of religious truth is avoided by this urbane method of remanding the creed to a department where it is presumptuous for plain mortals to intrude. Hume, in his "Essays," Gibbon, in his history, following a common practice of freethinkers in the last century, in an ironical or sarcastic vein, not unfrequently refer to faith as something too sacred to rest on proof. Thus religious beliefs are made to appear to hang in mid-air, without any support. But the foundation of these beliefs is no less solid for the reason that empirical tests are not applicable to them. The data on which they rest are real, and the inferences from the data are fairly drawn.

The first peculiarity of the truth accepted by faith is, then, the absence of the external or experimental sort of proof in confirmation of it. In addition to this peculiarity, the truths of religion, while they are of the character just described, summon the mind to a forth-putting of energy in an extraordinary degree. An exertion of will is requisite. Take the fundamental truth of religion, the existence of a personal God. The proofs of the being of God are so strong that they would suffice to produce conviction in every reasonable mind if the proposition were not one so amazing in its nature. To accept it and rest in it requires a certain energy of trust. "This principle of trust," says Mozley, "is faith — the same principle by which we repose in a witness of good character who informs us of a marvelous occurrence — so marvelous that the trust in his testimony has to be sustained by a certain effort of the reasonable will." The timidity of reason has to be overcome by a courageous exercise of will. In appropriating, or making our own, the things of faith, there is a venture to be made on the ground of the evidence, without the stimulus and support of an appeal to the senses. In matters of the highest moment, which affect our destiny, we have to go upon trust; a reasonable trust, to be sure, yet requiring to be maintained even in the face of impressions, seemingly adverse to it, which come in through the senses. Now, unless the phenomena which are the reasonable ground of faith, and which pertain on the one side to our moral and spiritual experience, are vividly apprehended, the soul will be too timid to make the venture. The stake is too great, the issue too momentous. We are called upon to take a leap in the dark, without seeing what our feet are to touch. There is proof enough, but there is a seeming conflict with the senses. The elements of uncertainty are at once exaggerated. Courage gives way. Many people are afraid in the dark, out of doors and in their own homes, even when they know that there is no rational ground for apprehension. Infidelity is a species of cowardice.

In a charming passage of the Phædo, Socrates, after much wise talk about the future life, says: "To affirm positively that all is exactly as I have described would not befit a man of sense. But, since the soul is evidently immortal, that this or something like it is true of our souls and their future habitations — this I think it does befit him to believe, and it is worth risking his faith upon, for the risk is a glorious one indeed." And then, later, when Crito inquires, "'How do you wish us to bury you?' 'Just as you please,' he answered, 'if you only get hold of me and do not let me escape you.' And quietly laughing and glancing at us, he said: 'I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that this Socrates who is now talking with you and laying down each one of these propositions is my very self; for his mind is full of the thought that I am he whom he is to see in a little while as a corpse; and so he asks how he shall bury me.'"

The eleventh chapter of Hebrews enumerates a list of heroes of faith — Abraham, Moses, and the others. Their faith nerved them to risk everything without fear as to the result. It was not an irrational confidence. Had it been a groundless trust, their bravery would have been mere foolhardiness. Their distinction was that they had the energy to act upon an expectation which, though reasonable in its character, ran counter to all the appearances. Not without truth has it been said of heroism in general, that it partakes of a supernatural quality.

A number of years ago I read an account of a visit made by the Prince of Wales, in company with an eminent man of science, to a great iron foundry. They stood together by a stream of red-hot iron, flowing slowly out of the smelting furnace. "Do you believe in science?" said his companion to the Prince. "I do," was the reply. "Then thrust your moistened finger into that stream." The Prince at once divided the stream with his finger, and the finger was not harmed. Whether this particular incident occurred or not, the same thing is not unfrequently done by workmen in foundries. On the instant of the contact of the hand with the fiery liquid there ensues what the scientific men call the "spheroidal state." The sudden evaporation is somehow attended by a repellency that perfectly shields the flesh, for the moment, from contact with the burning substance through which it passes. A learned professor has related to me that having had occasion to refer, in a popular lecture, to the principle of the spheroidal state, and to ex-

plain how a stream of molten iron could be thus parted by the naked hand with impunity, a lad among his hearers informed him that his father, a workman in a foundry near by, had often done it. The lecturer repaired to the place, and the workman repeated the experiment in his presence, but, in reply to an inquiry, informed him that the other workmen were afraid to do it. The professor to whom I refer has more than once cut with his finger the glowing stream as it flowed out in a slow current from the heated furnace.

We may suppose a person to understand the principle of the spheroidal state, and how it is that the hand, with only the ordinary amount of natural moisture upon it, can be safely passed through such a current. Nevertheless, he might shrink from making the experiment. The sight of the red-hot liquid might induce a recoil which his faith in the principle would not suffice to overcome. Even in the case to which I have referred, the workmen who saw one of their companions try the experiment again and again were kept back by a certain timidity from following his example. An unwonted energy, an unwonted boldness, are requisite to neutralize the impression made on the mind through the senses, let reason say what it will.

It follows that there are grades of faith. We read in the Gospel of Mark that a father who had brought his poor diseased child to Christ "said with tears, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'" The Evangelist Luke records the fact that the disciples of Jesus came to him with the prayer, "Increase our faith." The petition implies that there is a difficulty in believing. Many Christian disciples of later times have found it to be so, both in respect to that general faith in God's presence, power, and love which the Apostles then had specially in mind, and in respect to trust in the revelation of his mercy through Christ. Where there is intellectual assent, another element must be mixed with it to constitute faith. Why do we not *feel* that God is near us and with us; that not a sparrow falls to the ground without him; that he really pities and cares for us; that he will provide for us; that he loves us even when he makes us suffer; that he can make all things which occur to work together for our good; that nations, like individuals, are in his hand? Why do we not feel that if we are stripped of all earthly good, he can more than make up the loss to us; that in his favor there is life in the highest sense — true joy? In a word — why is not God more real to us? How near is the power on which we depend for life and breath and all things! How narrow, after all, is the space that is open to the action of our wills! Its boundaries are close upon us, and on every side is God! The place and time of our birth, our personal characteristics, the outward circumstances of our life, the results of our plans and endeavors, the length of our days, all — save the limited effects left contingent upon our choice — are determined by God. Man proposes, but God disposes. He is without us, ordering the course of events. He is within, speaking through conscience. He hems us in on every side, and confronts us at every turn. Why should he be to us as if he were not?

No doubt the considerations already brought forward may suggest a partial answer to the question. We live in a world of sense and the world of sense abides with us, early and late. We live in the midst of things seen and temporal. The material aspect of human existence is constantly before us. On every hand is the appalling spectacle of human decay and death. The generations come and go — carried away "as by a flood." After all, however, this explanation of the dullness of faith appears inadequate. It does not go to the root. We believe in a thousand things that we do not see. The past history of the world I did not myself witness. I believe in the existence of a million stars which I have never beheld. But these, it may be said, are in their own nature visible. But heat is invisible; the force of gravity is invisible. Yet we believe in these. We believe that the men and women about us have souls, although we have never seen them, nor are they capable of being seen; for

> We are spirits clad in veils,
> Man by man was never seen;
> All our deep communing fails
> To remove the shadowy screen.

Why should the visible scene around us intercept the view of God instead of manifesting him? When we look within, when in a truthful spirit we inquire before the bar of our own judgment in what spirit we have lived, and when we contemplate mankind earnestly, in their present condition and their past history, we have to confess that human nature is afflicted with a malady; which yet is not properly called a malady, since men accuse themselves and blame themselves on account of it and on account of the multiform types of wrong-doing that spring out of it, as fruits from a tree. We may leave it, if we choose, to philosophers and to theologians to discuss the origin of sin, how it spread, and the grounds of personal responsibility for it. Of the fact of sin there can be no question. In one of Professor Huxley's recent excursions into the field of theology he drops for a moment from his usually confident and almost hilarious mood into a more pensive strain. I quote the para-

graph, printing, however, two or three words in a type that will call to them special attention:

I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses, which as often as not lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions, which make his mental existence a terror and a burden and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He retains a degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable theory of life, in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia and of Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years, struggles with varying fortunes, attended by INFINITE WICKEDNESS, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and the ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to step yet farther. And the best men of the best epochs are simply those who make the fewest blunders and commit the fewest sins.

How much truth there is in this vivid picture of the past of mankind is plain to all thoughtful persons. What is worthy of note is that along with what is said of the "evolution of humanity," and notwithstanding the apparent sanction given to that unproved type of evolutionary theory which makes man at the start nothing but an intelligent brute, there is still a perception that his career is something more than a chapter in natural history. That is, moral history is not completely metamorphosed into natural history. There has been "INFINITE WICKEDNESS." Nay, more; the most that can be claimed for the "best" of men is that they "commit the fewest sins." Has the brilliant naturalist ever pondered what is involved in these unquestioned facts? Has he ever grasped them in their full purport, and sought to understand what they presuppose respecting the race of mankind? Is he wise enough to be sure that the solution of them in the Scriptures, and the Christian explanation of the radical source of the "bloodshed and misery," the "greed and the ambition," the "endless illusions" on which he dwells so pathetically, is not, after all, the most philosophical and satisfactory of all solutions? Grant that sin, in its origin and diffusion, and the union of individual responsibility and guilt with a common moral depravity coextensive with the race, involves mystery. May it not be, as Coleridge has said, the one mystery that makes all things else clear? Grant that even when sin is perceived to be the root of misery, it is hard fully to explain the slowness of the divine process of recovery and redemption, yet the gravest difficulty is taken out of the way. A dark shadow is removed from the character of God and his administration.

The paragraph which I have quoted from Professor Huxley recalls a striking passage from the pen of a most gifted man, but a man quite different in the cast of his thoughts from the distinguished naturalist. The passage which follows is extracted from the "Apologia" of John Henry Newman. After speaking of the certainty which he has of the being of God, on the ground of the inward testimonies of heart and conscience, he adds:

Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God drawn from the general facts of human society; but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations and mourning and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienations, their conflicts; . . . the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity; the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, moral anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries; the dreary, hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so perfectly yet exactly described in the Apostle's words (having no hope and without God in the world) — all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? . . . Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace, his family connections, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. . . . And so I argue about the world; if there be a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact; a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

I have not quoted the whole of these impressive paragraphs of Newman, but I have quoted enough to show the points of strong resemblance between this description of the feelings excited by a calm survey of men and their history, and that given in the citation

from Professor Huxley. If Newman inserts in the dark catalogue "the prevalence and intensity of sin," the phrase is equivalent to the "infinite wickedness," the contemplation of which saddens the mind of Huxley. But the difference is that the theologian does not suffer that most terrible fact of evil involving guilt, which exhibits itself everywhere in human history — a fact in its very nature abnormal; the abnormal character of which cannot be denied without a denial of the fact itself — to be lightly passed by. He sees in it, in the universality of transgression, proof that in some inscrutable way the race has made shipwreck of itself. There is a source — however incapable it may be of full explication — of this corruption, which, be it never forgotten, is not physical, but is moral and culpable. There must be a *fons et origo malorum*. Writers of the class of Professor Huxley can see and acknowledge the "infinite wickedness" of the world, and designate it by its right name. They can see that the only merit of "the best men of the best epochs" is that they "commit the fewest sins." They call them "SINS" and distinguish them from "blunders." They confess with pain that immoralities and crimes make up a great part of the annals of mankind. Theorizing about "the evolution of humanity" has to reconcile itself, somehow or other, with human responsibility and with the appalling moral depravity which has spread over the race. It is seen clearly enough that to seek to turn, by any hocus-pocus of speculation, whether physical or metaphysical, evil into good, to transmute sin into something not base or blameworthy, is to undertake to paralyze conscience and to undermine the moral basis of society. So here remains the awful fact of sin, and of a common sin, or of sin that is common. Here is the fact which Professor Huxley terms the "*infinite wickedness*" that is and has been in the world since men began to exist in it. Here is the reason why Professor Huxley, and every other man who honestly goes through an act of self-judgment, is obliged to bow his head like the publican in the parable.

Sin being an undeniable fact, and being in its nature an element of disorder, that our perception of God and of things spiritual should be to a certain degree darkened by the perversion of the will in its inmost inclination, by the "infinite wickedness" which Professor Huxley deplores, and of which he truly says that the "best men of the best epochs" partake, is what might naturally be expected.

Light is thus thrown on the psychology of doubt and disbelief. We have to take account of the fact that we have fallen into a habit of mind discordant with our nature,—that better nature which is affiliated to God,—and one effect of this perversion is to obscure the discernment of things supernatural. The life of self which we lead, and which Christ undertook to destroy,—the habit of living to the world and of placing our chief good, and seeking the satisfaction of the spirit, within the bounds of created nature,—is the radical source of unbelief. We have not liked to retain God in our knowledge. Herschel remarks of the cosmic system as revealed by astronomy, that it is directly opposed to the ordinary conception of men. To them the earth is the center; the sun moves in a circle around it; the starry heavens are a canopy stretched over it. Science contradicts and upsets this natural view of things. But not more than the truth of religion subverts that habit of thought in which the soul is self-centered and the world is looked upon as tributary to its gratification. It is a dictum of common sense, as well as a word of the Lord, that the heart will be where its treasure is. Can it be considered strange that the course of our mental life — the currents of thought and feeling — should be adjusted to the natural order within which, exclusively, our affections find their chosen objects, and above which our desires and aspirations do not rise? The laws of association by which the process of our thoughts is determined keep the attention upon the object of the heart's love. As to all that lies beyond, the vividness of our ideas, and, eventually, even our beliefs, are subject to the same influence. The perceptions that engender faith are wanting. The sense of dependence, humility in the room of self-assertion, the craving for something higher than earthly good, the sharp rebukes of conscience, are absent. Faith is a plant that cannot spring up in so barren a soil. One might as well hope to impart science to one void of curiosity and without any true sense of the value of knowledge. Receptivity of one kind or another is the door of access for all higher good.

If there be such a hindrance to the exercise of faith in general, a peculiar obstacle interferes with trust in the revelation of the love of God in the religion of the gospel. In this branch of the discussion it is pertinent to refer to the well-known phenomena of Christian experience. There is an abundance of testimony, in the history of the Church and in Christian biography, to sustain the remarks which are to follow. To facts of this nature the class whom Newman somewhere denominates "mere men of letters" may think it beneath them to attend. Not so will judge wise and candid students of human nature, be their creed what it may.

It often happens that when the habit of worldliness is partly broken up, and self-reproach is awakened, the feeling of unworthiness makes it hard to look upon God in any

other light than that of a judge. Like Luther, in his earlier days, we are inclined to think of Christ as having come into the world to condemn rather than to save. He seems to be a second Moses; only tenfold more rigid and austere than the first. We read the Sermon on the Mount, and find no difficulty in believing what he says of the rigor of the law, the ideal of obligation — penetrating to the inmost thought of the heart — finding in unrighteous anger the seed-principle of murder. We believe all this; but we do not so easily believe in the assurance that he is meek and lowly in heart; that "the bruised reed he will not break." The invitation to come unto him and find rest is heard with a kind of distrust. There is a common saying that it is hard to forgive those whom we have injured. Certainly we are apt to imagine them to feel unkindly towards us. A sense of ill-desert banishes men from God the more effectually because they know it to be a true and right feeling, and know that if they condemn their sin God condemns it even more. Such is the effect of the moral ideal, brought within the pale of consciousness. But the law reveals man to himself; it does not reveal God to man save partially and in one relation. He is more than law and justice and holiness. There is a mercifulness deeper than all. He loves his enemies; and we are exhorted in the Sermon on the Mount to copy his example by doing good to those who treat us ill. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Yet, notwithstanding this manifestation of the love of God, and of his willingness to forgive the ill-deserving, the sense of guilt and of shame at the lives we have led may hinder us from believing in him. The Prodigal Son, when he resolved to go back to his father, only thought to apply for the place of a servant. "Make me as one of thy hired servants," that should be his prayer. That was the extent of his hope. But when, weary, footsore, and famished, he caught sight of his father, hastening to meet him, and saw that his heart was full of love and pity, he forgot this part of his intended petition. He did not beg to be made a servant. All his dread was dispelled.

Now that we have glanced at the principal hindrances in the way of believing, it will not be wandering from our subject to inquire by what means faith may be increased.

Not by the mere exercise of the understanding — the inquisitive and reasoning faculty. The understanding, it has been all along implied, has its rights in matters of religion. We cannot be required to believe anything in conflict with the dictates of sound reason. But when men talk of reason and of a supposed conflict between Christianity and reason, it is important to inquire what precisely is signified by the term. Whose reason is meant? Is it the reason of an immature mind? Is it reason warped by prejudice, heated by passion, or blinded by conceit and self-admiration? A conflict between reason as thus described and the Christian system is of no significance in opposition to the latter. When we speak of the accordance of Christianity with reason, we mean the reason of a right-minded man whose intellectual vision is purified. We mean reason regenerated. The Christian cause need not shrink from answering to a tribunal thus qualified for passing judgment. In the case of an historical religion like Christianity we have a right to examine the testimony to the facts offered to our credence. To attribute all sorts of doubt and questioning to an evil heart is quite unwarrantable. To condemn dissent from the tenets or interpretations of a particular sect or school, as if it were infallible, is arrogant. At the same time our convictions of religious truth do not take their rise in the understanding. Define it as you will, there is such a thing as spiritual discernment. A quickened receptivity develops an insight analogous to higher perceptions in the domain of poetry and art. There are truths which shine in their own light. They impress the soul directly with the evidence of their reality. They will sometimes flash on the mind after long waiting and fruitless groping in the dark. Christ did not say: Blessed are men of talents; blessed are those who have the ability and leisure for investigation; blessed are the keen logicians. But he said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit"; "Blessed are the pure in heart"; "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." He took a little child, and placed him in the midst of his Disciples, as an example of the humility required for admission into his kingdom. His first followers were not distinguished for their intellectual powers. They were unlearned men. It is found in these days, not unfrequently, that men eminent for their intellectual powers and acquirements are unbelievers. Numerous examples, to be sure, of faith on the part of men equally eminent, men like Kepler, Leibnitz, Newton, Faraday, are not wanting. But apart from numerous examples of the power of Christianity to convince the most powerful minds, no Christian believer has any occasion to be disquieted for the reason that men excelling in science or scholarship stand aloof from the gospel, or even if they profess atheism. If the secret of unbelief, or its inmost source, be the alienation of the heart from God, what is there in mere intellectual culture to furnish a remedy? A man may not be cured of a moral distemper by getting knowledge, any more than by getting fame, or getting money.

Two things are to be borne in mind. In the first place, there is abundant evidence that an awakening of conscience, or a quickening of moral sensibility in any form, will often dissipate doubt, and create an inward assurance in another way than by the solving of intellectual problems. It is frequently seen, also, that the understanding, even when its path is made smooth, its difficulties cleared up, its hard questions answered, does not engender faith. A negative work is accomplished, but perhaps nothing more. The bark is all ready to move on the waters, the sails are spread, but there is no breeze to fill them. To break through the bonds of nature, and lay hold of the supernatural — that all our reasonings do not lend us the power to do. Fetters have been shaken off which held us to the earth, but no wings have been given on which to soar aloft. Light has come, but not life.

Logic alone cannot develop faith. But more is to be hoped from that kind of thoughtfulness which tends to detach the heart from earthly good. He who learns how insufficient the world is for the soul will be prepared to turn to something higher. For this reason, in a multitude of instances, trouble has proved to be a school of faith. One who has trusted in riches, but who is despoiled of them and reduced to poverty, looks about for something more substantial to rest upon. One who has made a god of reputation, but becomes, either with or without his fault, unpopular and odious, or obscure and forgotten, is naturally prompted to seek for a good more satisfying and more lasting than the breath of human praise. How many have learned more of God in one hour of bitter sorrow, when bereaved of those who made a part of their life, than they had learned in years of study! They open the Bible, and hear there messages from the Unseen which before had fallen on listless ears. Bowed down with grief, they hear the sweet and majestic words, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." When the light goes out on the hearthstone, when nothing meets the eye but tokens left behind by those gone from us, no more to return, then, perchance, we lift our eyes from the darkened earth, and lo! like the patriarch of old, we see the heavens radiant with stars not seen in the glare of day. Out of anguish that seemed unbearable, out of paroxysms of grief, out of the long hours of dull pain, are plucked fruits precious enough to outweigh the suffering which they cost. The soul is brought a little nearer to God. Saints there have been who have welcomed pain. Pascal prayed: "If the world filled up the affections of my heart while I was in bodily vigor, let that vigor be laid low if my spiritual good require it!" "Dispose of me altogether as thou shalt see best! Replenish or impoverish me as thou wilt! But conform my will to thine; and enable me, in an humble and entire submission, and a holy confidence, to wait thy providential guidance, and to acquiesce in thy gracious disposal!"

It is sometimes made a reproach to religion that it is the refuge of the weak, the disappointed, the desponding. But the question is whether the realities of existence are not more truly discerned from the point of view gained by such — whether the mental vision is not clearer.

Not long after the death of his wife, Thomas Carlyle wrote to his friend Erskine of Linlathen as follows: "'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done'—what else can we say? The other night, in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis, as if written and shining for me in mild pure splendor on the black bosom of the night there; when I, as it were, read them, word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure that was most unexpected. Not perhaps for thirty or forty years had I ever formally repeated that prayer; nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an 'After this manner pray ye.'" How did Carlyle come to see what he had never seen before, and to feel what he had never before felt? Have the teachers of the Church in all ages been so far astray, when, following Christ and the Apostles, they have talked of a blindness of mind and of spiritual light?

Another effective mode of promoting faith is obedience, even if, owing to the dullness of the organ of hearing, one hears but faintly the voice of him who commands. With obedience there begins a rectification of the will, and a quickening of the power of discernment will follow. We are then steering by the right star, albeit we dimly perceive it. No man has any assurance that he will discover religious truth unless he has first made up his mind to live by it. It is ordained that we shall feel our way in religion. The truth of religion is bread for the hungry; we must "taste and see" that the Lord is good. Even more important is it to bear in mind that the gates of light are shut to him who is not bent upon walking in the light. "If any man will [or rather, willeth to] do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Here not thinking, but doing, is made the road to knowledge.

Another means of increasing faith is the contemplation of Christ. Wherever men are to be lifted above the ordinary plane of character and achievement there is need of the inspiration of personal leadership. The history of every nation's deliverance from peril or from degradation illustrates this truth. The highest of all illustrations is afforded in Christianity. Christ came to draw men out of the life of unbelief into a fellowship with himself; a fellowship in his own spiritual life of communion with the Father. Here on earth he himself lived by faith. We are invited to look to him as the Author and Finisher of our faith. The word here rendered "Author" is the same as that which stands for "Captain" where he is called "the Captain of their salvation," and means both example and forerunner. He is the "Author" or forerunner in faith, since, by looking forward to the joy set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame. His victory on the cross was by faith; a faith which he would fain impart to us. He replied to the Tempter that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word of God. He thanked the Father for choosing humble men to be his disciples, because it seemed good in the Father's sight. Faith upheld him in the garden when he said, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt"; and on the cross when he said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He is the vine, we are the branches. By looking to him we become partakers of his inward life; the life of faith as well as of holiness and peace. If his communion with God was a real thing and not a mockery and a delusion, then all that is presupposed in that communion is also real. He inspires with faith by his own example.

The last and principal means of deepening faith to be adverted to is prayer. The Disciples came to Jesus with the supplication, "Increase our faith." Mere thinking and striving will not avail. Christ thanked the Father for the faith of the Disciples, because it was the Father who had hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. Of Peter's fervent avowal of faith in him as the Son of God he said, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Whoever seeks to enliven his own faith, or the faith of others in whom he is interested, finds out by experiment that thought and argument and entreaty do not suffice. Light must come from the source of light. Nothing is left but to resort directly to God.

> No help but prayer,
> A breath that fleets beyond this iron world
> And touches him that made it.

And here there is a well-founded assurance that none apply to God in vain. There is one prayer that may be offered with an absolute certainty that the very thing sought for will be granted. With respect to everything else, in our limited knowledge of what is best for us, we have to connect with each petition an acknowledgment of submission to the divine will and wisdom. We implore God to give—but to withhold, should it seem to him best. But to the prayer for the enlightening Spirit of God no proviso need be appended. The doctrine of a divine influence even the most enlightened heathen have found no difficulty in accepting. It is declared without qualification in the Scriptures that God is willing to give his Spirit to them who ask. We can apply to him, if there be in us faith enough to go to him at all, confident that we shall receive the very thing that we desire for ourselves. He can open the eyes of the blind. He can touch the soul with his own mysterious, life-giving Spirit, and quicken it to a perception of realities now dim and shadowy. He is willing to do that: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Whoever is baffled by mysteries that he cannot unravel, and confused by problems that he cannot solve, can approach God as a child, and ask the Father to teach him.

Poor Hartley Coleridge wrote these lines, out of a heart surcharged with suffering:

> Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
> Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
> Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
> Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
> Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
> But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
> Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

The truly great poets are the profoundest preachers. These are words of Tennyson:

> More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

*George P. Fisher.*

THE END.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### An Object Lesson in Municipal Government.

THERE is much to interest thoughtful Americans in the article upon the city of Glasgow and its government which we publish in this number of THE CENTURY. A graphic picture is given therein of a model municipality, ruled and guided by its highest intelligence and morality for the health and benefit of all its members. It is scarcely necessary to say that this method of government is diametrically opposite to that which prevails in the large cities of America. Municipal misrule in the United States is a byword the world over, chiefly because intelligence and morality as guiding forces give place to political chicanery, cupidity, and ignorance. Our cities are not ruled wisely and economically for the benefit of all their inhabitants, but unwisely and extravagantly for the benefit of the politicians and political organizations. We can hope for no municipal reform which shall be radical and lasting till we change our leadership to the European models.

Mr. Shaw gives the explanation of all the benefits which Glasgow has reaped from her many years of Town Council rule when he says early in his paper that the "councilors come chiefly from the ranks of men of business, and are upright, respected, and successful citizens"; that "party lines are seldom very sharply drawn in municipal elections"; and that "an efficient councilor may, in general, expect reëlection for several terms if he is willing to serve." What American city would fail to prosper under the rule of a body of fifty of its citizens of like character? The Glasgow council of fifty have absolute control of all branches of the city government, the streets, water-supply, sanitary arrangements, police, fire department, markets, gas-supply, street railways — everything. They manage all upon strict business principles, with precisely the same results which competent business men everywhere secure in the management of their private concerns. The streets are cleaned every night, and the private courts of the thickly settled quarters are cleaned once and sometimes three times a day. The care and paving of the streets, the construction and regulation of sewers, and public construction of all kinds have been for forty years in charge of one of the most distinguished of British architects and civil engineers. The health department has for nearly or quite as long a period been in charge of an equally distinguished member of the medical profession. The clerk of the town, who occupies much the same position as city attorney or corporation counsel in an American city, has held the office for many years, and is a high authority upon all questions of municipal history and law. So it runs all through the municipal organization. From top to bottom there is intelligence and character in every party. The result is the model city which Mr. Shaw describes.

The primary results set forth by him are similar to those attained in other British cities, like Manchester and Birmingham, in which rule by Town Council has proved so beneficial, and in Berlin, whose affairs are managed by a municipal assembly of 126 of its most eminent statesmen, scholars, and merchants. In each case the rights and welfare of the citizen are protected and advanced in every possible way. He has clean and well-paved streets, cheap gas, excellent public schools for his children, every precaution taken to preserve his health and that of his family, public libraries and picture galleries for his education and delight, perfect police protection at all hours of the day and night — all secured for him at the lowest possible cost. In fact, the poorest citizen of Glasgow, or Birmingham, or Manchester, or Berlin is as well guarded and his interests are as well protected as if the city were his club whose officers and servants had no other duty than to minister to his best welfare and comfort. His expenses are reduced in every direction; his burdens from taxation are put at the minimum point; his house-rent is not only thus reduced, but the character of his dwelling is improved at the public expense; and the streets are straightened and widened, also at the public expense, to give him better air and light.

The contrast is striking between this situation and that of the average inhabitant of an American city. The latter, instead of having all his rights protected, comes in most cases very near to being in the position of having no rights which the municipal authorities are willing to respect. He is ruled by ignorance and cupidity, and he pays heavily for this rule. There can be no relief till the character of the rulers can be changed, and how to secure that change has been a problem for discussion for many years and will continue to be for many more. Our greatest obstacle is the enormous influx of European immigration, which puts our proportion of ignorant voters immeasurably beyond that of any of the European cities whose model governments we have been considering. Next to it is the pernicious habit of intermingling State and national politics with municipal affairs, thus dividing the intelligent portion of the voters into two nearly equal parts and giving the balance of power to the ignorant elements. There is no city in the United States in which the intelligent and upright voters do not outnumber the others, and in which they could not by uniting secure and maintain complete control of the municipal government. Sooner or later such union will be effected, for the instinct of self-preservation, aroused finally by constantly increasing public scandals, by insufficiently punished crime, and by the accumulation of municipal indebtedness, will compel it.

### Our Sins against France.

AT the breakfast given in New York by American authors, artists, and publishers to the Count de Kératry, as a representative of the sentiment of French literary and artistic societies in favor of international copyright, and at which Bishop Potter presided, Dr. Edward Eggleston, after some preliminary remarks, spoke as follows, referring to the address of the Count:

"A more admirable and dignified presentment of the right of the author to the product of his own labor is hardly to be imagined. A nation engaged in wholesale highway robbery was never before rebuked for its sins with so much politeness. The address of our guest was couched in terms so courteous as almost to reconcile one to the fate of being an American; for an American may well blush to confess his nationality when he considers that ours is the only nation of the civilized world that permits the foreign man of letters to be plundered with the sanction of its laws.

"We are here presented with a novel phase of the copyright question. We have been so intent heretofore on the evils of our copyright legislation with reference to English literature that it is with a shock of surprise that we hear ourselves charged with robbing our ancient ally, France. The Count de Kératry has reminded us of the fact that the French language resounded on the battlefields of our Revolution. But our debt to France goes back of that. The very seeds of our democratic institutions were sown by French thinkers in the eighteenth century. If our first great group of statesmen had not been readers of French literature our institutions would not have been what they are. And now comes French literature to remind us that we have repaid all our obligations by a legalized pillage of French authors. The French nation, to whom we owe so much,— the nation which in civilization, refinement, and artistic power leads the world,— reproaches us for our long-continued injustice. We have praised France without stint. But I am reminded of a scene in a comedy of Racine. It is more than thirty years since I read it, but if I misquote it, I shall hope that you, gentlemen, do not remember your Racine any better than I do. In this comedy there is a little lad employed to carry the document-bag of a great advocate. As he enters the court-room at the heels of the lawyer, he laments the fact that his wages are not paid. 'Nevertheless,' he reflects, 'I have the honor of carrying papers for a famous advocate.' But he quickly adds, 'Mais, l'honneur sans argent, c'est une bagatelle.' I ought to translate that, not for the benefit of the Americans present, who all know French, doubtless, but I fear that some natives of France who are here may not understand French as spoken in America. I will render it not into English, but into American. For I fancy that what France says to us to-day is what the lawyer's errand-boy says in 'Les Plaideurs,' which, in modern American, is about as follows: 'A little less taffy and a little more honest pay, if you please!'"

Beneath the pleasantry of the speaker in these words there resounds a profound sense of national shame and degradation in the wretched state of the copyright laws which has permitted the appropriation, without compensation, of the results of the labors of foreign men of letters. And though Dr. Eggleston proceeded to show why we had lagged behind other nations, and to break the force of our national reproach, as far as possible, the United States stands to-day the last of all civilized nations to refuse justice to brain-workers.

It is all very well for American authors to spend their days in trying to remove this reproach. But it is really the affair of the whole people. Every man and woman interested in literature to any degree ought to write a letter to his or her congressman, begging him to exert himself to correct this great wrong by the passage of a law in keeping with the intelligence and honesty of our people. For Americans, as a mass, are not in love with dishonesty, and are not insensible to national dishonor. We protest against the leaving of this whole movement to the people interested in book-making. Every American shares in this disgrace, and we are glad that the movement for its abolition has come more and more to be a movement of the intelligent people of the whole country.

### University Extension.

"A REPUBLIC has no need of *savants*," said the French terrorist Fouquier-Tinville; and agreeably to this theory the revolutionary government abolished the Sorbonne, and degraded the Collége de France into a mere high school — and a poor high school at that. Much as this declaration has been decried, it was dictated by a sound instinct. The ancient universities were hostile to the spirit of democracy. In Germany, as in England and France, the predilection for feudal institutions and the half-sentimental bias in favor of the medieval spirit of caste have always found their ablest spokesmen at the universities. The great institutions of learning, glorying in their scholarly seclusion, have been wont to gather up their garments carefully, for fear of being contaminated by contact with the unlearned herd — the *ignobile vulgus*.

No one who is familiar with the history of such institutions as Oxford and Cambridge will deny that this has until recently been the dominant spirit. But the leaven of democracy, which is causing a mighty ferment in all strata of English society, has now actually reached these venerable seats of learning. About five years ago a movement was started, known by the name of University Extension, the object of which was to extend the usefulness of the universities — to utilize for the benefit of the people at large the vast intellectual capital which was then lying idle. The fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge, or at least the great majority of them, had until then been virtual sinecures. The fellows drew a certain sum of money annually, with the understanding that they were to devote themselves to scholarly pursuits and keep the lamp of learning brightly burning. But most of them rendered no actual service in return for their stipends. When the idea had once found lodgment that it was a desirable thing to "make learning common" — to arouse the interest of the public at large in the work of the faculties — the great body of fellows was at once found to be available for this mission of the democratization of the higher knowledge. The governing bodies of the various colleges put themselves in communication with committees of responsible citizens in the different cities who were willing to guarantee the expenses of the lecturer and a modest compensation for his labors. A representative of the college, usually a fellow of distinguished ability, was then sent to Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, or Liverpool, or wherever his services were demanded; and in almost every instance the interest aroused and the financial success of the lectures exceeded the expectations of the committee. University Extension is now fairly well established in England, and the results of the work so far are conceded to have been beneficial.

This ought not to surprise any one. In the first

place it is a wholesome thing for a young scholar — who is prone to ossify in his learning, and to lose touch with humanity and all practical concerns — to come in contact with people whose sphere of thought and action is widely different from his own ; and to be compelled to put himself *en rapport* with them and communicate with them, not in the learned jargon of the specialist, but in common human language, intelligible to all. Secondly, whatever may be said to the contrary, a smattering of knowledge (to adopt an odious phrase) is not such a bad thing after all. To the vast majority of the human race, to whom the mere rudiments of knowledge are accessible, it is not a question between superficiality and thoroughness, but between superficial learning or no learning at all. In spite of all that has been said and written against the popularization of science, science is still being popularized ; and it would be a hazardous thing to dispute the great benefits which have resulted from this admirable tendency. The improved sanitation of our cities, the more intelligent regard for health in diet and clothing, the increased comfort, and the diminished waste of human life and energy, are largely due to this general diffusion of scientific knowledge.

An intellectual interest of any kind dignifies life — makes it better worth living. And to the vast multitude, scattered in hamlets and crowded in city tenements, absorbed in soul-crippling drudgery, the mere lifting out of the ordinary rut of toil for bread is a wholesome and beneficial experience. The extraordinary success of the Chautauqua movement in this country amply demonstrates this. Those of us who have had exceptional advantages of education are apt to underestimate the intelligence of those whose circumstances in early life have debarred them from the blessings which we have enjoyed. A summer's experience at Chautauqua would be apt to convince any skeptic on this point that average Americans — the great American people — are possessed of an intellectual alertness which enables them to profit by any kind of vital and intelligible discourse. They have little patience with learned conceit and assumption ; but they have an admirable appreciation of manly worth coupled with sound scholarly acquirements.

It was a natural thing that the University Extension idea should strike root and find enthusiastic advocates at Chautauqua ; and, as a matter of fact, the movement took definite shape there last summer, and is making rapid headway. But previous to this a number of gentlemen, mostly teachers in the public schools of New York, Brooklyn, and the cities of New Jersey, had undertaken a similar movement in this State, and have now begun active operations. Prominent professors and tutors of Columbia and other colleges have been invited to deliver lectures on literary and scientific subjects, and their experience so far has been most gratifying. The attendance is large and increasing, and a most intelligent interest is manifested by their audiences. The credit for what has so far been accomplished in New York and vicinity is largely due to Mr. Seth Stewart, the energetic secretary of the University and School Extension, and the prime mover in the enterprise. At a recent dinner, attended by two hundred and fifty gentlemen vitally interested in this work, speeches were made by President Eliot of Harvard and President Seth Low of Columbia, expressing their approval of the idea of University Extension and promising their valuable coöperation.

# OPEN LETTERS.

### Henrik Ibsen.

THE Norwegian dramatist's fame has, at last, reached England and crossed the Atlantic. A society has even been formed in London for the purpose of furthering the study of his works and their representation upon the stage. "A Doll's House," apart from its merits as a play, has produced a profound impression, and occasioned spirited polemics between the admirers of the author and his detractors, in the press. Mr. William Archer on one side and Mr. Andrew Lang on the other have sustained the solo parts, and more or less the discordant choruses have amplified their theme and given a multitudinous resonance to their voices. It is not necessary to take sides in that controversy. Liking or disliking Ibsen is largely a matter of temperament. The optimist, who takes life as he finds it and satisfies himself with the reflection that everything has been wisely ordained, will have no patience with the corrosive criticism to which Ibsen subjects the fundamental institutions of civilized society. A certain philosophic discontent is a prerequisite for understanding him. He persists in seeing problems of universal application where most of us see only annoyances, or, perhaps, misfortunes affecting our individual lot. To judge him as a mere playwright is absurd. Though by no means contemptible as to technique, each of his plays — with the exception of the early historical ones — is a dramatized piece of philosophy. Each preaches more or less incisively a moral lesson, lays bare a social canker, diagnoses a social disease. But what distinguishes Ibsen above all others who have hitherto dealt in this species of morbid anatomy is the fine surgical precision with which he handles the scalpel and the cool audacity with which he cuts.

It is not the obvious vices he attacks; it is the hidden subtle defects. As Dr. Brandes has said in his masterly essay, "It became a passion with him to tap with his finger whatever looked like genuine metal, and to detect with a kind of painful satisfaction the ring of hollowness which grated on his ear and at the same time confirmed his expectation." He admits nothing to be sound until he has tested it, and so keen and searching is his test that no hidden flaw escapes his scrutiny. It is as often in the virtues of society, its vaunted perfections, as in its foibles that he finds the evidences of its unsoundness. Society enters at his door as a man, imagining himself in vigorous health, enters the office of the physician who is to examine him for life insurance. But it comes out crestfallen,

with tottering step. An unsuspected disease is lurking in its vitals. Something is wrong with the heart, or the brain, or the circulation of the blood.

Naturally, the man who has the penetration to make and the courage to trumpet abroad these unpleasant discoveries can never be popular. Though he is widely read both in Germany and in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and his plays are frequently produced, it has always been a limited minority of the public to whom he has appealed. But this minority makes reputations; and its influence is all out of proportion to its numbers. And Ibsen cherishes so profound a distrust of the popular verdict, whether it be in art, literature, or politics, that I verily believe he would begin to doubt the soundness of his own convictions, provided they received anything like a popular indorsement. In his opinion, the many are sure to be wrong; and a democracy, governed by the many, is therefore, in the present state of humanity, the absurdest form of government conceivable. The foolish are in every community in an overwhelming majority; the wise, the truly cultivated and intellectual, capable of exact thought, are a vanishing minority. Democracy means, therefore, the government of the wise by the foolish.

In his very first play, "Catiline," written before he was twenty-two years old, this view of life is fully matured. *Catiline's* plot against Rome is the corrupt individual's legitimate vengeance upon the society responsible for its corruption. *Catiline's* greatness is his curse. He cannot stoop, as Cicero does, to flatter the multitudes whom he despises, and by utilizing their folly rise upon their shoulders to civic eminence. He is compelled by his noble scorn of political trickery and petty arts to fling down his gauntlet to Rome; to wage war single handed against the world-empire. That Rome in the end proved too strong, in Ibsen's opinion detracts nothing from the sublimity of the challenge.

The same sympathy with extreme types, who loom in dusky grandeur above the heads of the throng, is manifest in the four historical dramas, "The Wassail at Solhaug," "Mistress Inger of Oestraat," "The Warriors of Helgoland," and "The Pretenders," which for fineness and force of characterization and dramatic intensity and power are unsurpassed in Scandinavian literature. In 1862, Ibsen, without entirely abandoning the field of historical drama, made his first essay as a satirist of contemporaneous manners. "The Comedy of Love" ridicules the tuning down of the poetry of love into the prose of an engagement. The man of high beliefs, capable of heroism, is, by regard for his *fiancée* and family relations, transformed into a timid Philistine. Society holds it to be legitimate for a married or an engaged man to be unfaithful to the ideals of his youth, to apologize for that which was noblest and best in him as youthful folly. Nay, it nurses the lurking cowardice in his nature and praises his surrender to Mammon as practical, and justified by family considerations. Ibsen is brimming over with scorn for this kind of marriage, which means a pusillanimous compromise with a sordid reality, the harnessing of the winged Pegasus to the plow of necessity (where he soon degenerates into a sorry family nag); the sobering of the high dithyrambics of untrammeled youth, by conjugal affection, into the spiritless jog-trot of matrimony.

Ibsen's next work, "Brand," a dramatic poem, deals with a kindred theme, though one of much larger dimension. It is the most original work which ever has been produced in the Scandinavian countries, and the most profoundly philosophical. Brand is a clergyman who is resolved to live in absolute conformity with Christ's command, without compromises or concessions. He interprets, literally, the injunction "thou shalt," and the prohibition "thou shalt not." The ideal demand is the absolute demand, which admits of no adaptation to circumstance, no bargaining or half-way fulfilments or splitting of the difference. "If any man come to me," says Christ, "and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Brand, in his effort to embody in his every action this heroic gospel, wrecks his own life and that of every one who is dear to him. When the physician declares that his only child must die unless he moves away from the fierce, sunless mountain region in which he is pastor, he refuses, though it wrings his heart, and lets the child die. Heartrending in its tragic force is the scene where he compels Agnes, his wife, to give the dead boy's clothes — which she worships with a bereaved mother's idolatry — to a wandering gipsy woman; as also the scene where he closes the shutters on Christmas Eve, and forbids her to stare out into the graveyard and shudder at the thought of her child lying under the snow. This kind of Christianity in a society built upon half-way measures and compromises leads necessarily to destruction.

Merely as the expression of a vigorous soul who fashions his God in his own heroic image, and scorns all weak popularizing of the sublime, this is full of interest. Christianity has, in his opinion, been vulgarized by its adaptation to average, commonplace men, and its demand of absolute purity, uprightness, and saintliness has been compromised at thirty or fifty per cent., according to the ability of imperfect human nature. The idea pervades all his writings that civilization has dwarfed the human race. Paganism, with its enormous social inequalities, and the untrammeled liberty granted to him who was strong enough to conquer it, created heroes and pygmies, while Christianity in its practical effects has raised the small at the expense of the great, or reduced the great for the benefit of the small. There are few now who will sympathize with this complaint, and even in Norway Ibsen's is a solitary voice crying in the wilderness. In English literature Thomas Carlyle represented a kindred tendency and intoned a similar lament. But he was far less consistent than Ibsen, and with all his scorn of the Philistine was less audacious in his arraignment of the paltriness and pusillanimity of the modern democratic state.

Of Ibsen's later works, which are all in dramatic form, I will now refer only to the most conspicuous. In "Peer Gynt" he lashes the boastful Norwegian patriotism, which finds consolation in a heroic past for the impotence of the present. *Peer Gynt*, who is intended as the type of the race,—if the expression be permissible,—"lies himself great." His grand intentions reconcile him to his paltry performance. He lives a heroic dream-life, and deludes himself with visions of glory which are far removed from the realm of fact. His mendacity acts as a safety valve for his pent-up spirit. The unheroic present affords him no field of action for the greatness that is in him, and his restless

energy finds a refuge in a realm of fancy, where he performs all the fabulous deeds for which reality denies him the opportunity. He is psychologically comprehensible even when he cuts the sorriest figure; for it is a fact, and by no means an uncommon one, that the paltriest lives may be irradiated with the fantastic light of wonderland, without being at all, as far as the world is concerned, redeemed from their paltriness.

It is not a grateful task to tell people unpleasant truths, and Ibsen had to pay the penalty of his sincerity. Though it is an exaggeration to say that he was forced to leave his country, it is true that he lives in voluntary exile. He is of a solitary nature, reserved, almost shy, though not from lack of self-confidence. He always reminds me of a great solitary creature of prey, prowling, with a suspicious feline watchfulness, upon the outskirts of society. Having selected and silently spotted his prey, he makes his spring, pouncing now upon this foible, or vice, or imagined virtue, now upon that. First it was love he assailed, striking a set of pitiless claws into its delicate body; then it was patriotism, matrimony, hypocrisy, etc. In "The Pillars of Society" the theme is the inner rottenness which an outward respectability may cover. Every one bows to the standard of virtue which society has set up for its own protection and imposes upon its members. When a character in which the barbaric strain of passion is too strong for control breaks through its barriers, it has to do so secretly and still continue to pay homage to virtue and wear its mask. If we are to believe Ibsen, this imposition of the virtuous mask is an odious tyranny which entails a worse degradation than an open avowal of vice. Society needs an airing out now and then, a grand *exposé* of its hidden crimes and wrongs, as a preliminary to a healthier condition.

"A Doll's House"—or literally "A Doll-Home"—deals with matrimony; but it may as well be admitted that, as a social satire, it has less application on this side of the ocean than in Europe. Wives are not here, as a rule, the playthings of their husbands. Nor are they usually lacking in individuality. Girls are, to be sure, brought up with far less reference to their individual character and proclivities than are boys; and as long as the chief object of the great majority is to become wives and mothers, they have to be trained with a view, not primarily to their own development, but to make them pleasing to men. As long as this is the case, the situation in "A Doll's House" may well find its counterpart anywhere. *Nora* has been petted and spoiled, first by her father, and then by her husband, and no one has taken pains to make her acquainted with the machinery of the society in which she lives. She has been shielded from contact with the rough realities of life. She has so little idea of business relations and the ethics which govern them, that she forges her father's name for the purpose of saving her husband's life, and has not the remotest idea of the enormity of the act she has committed. She cannot comprehend it; her feelings tell her that she has acted from the noblest motives, and she declares that the laws are unjust if they forbid a wife to save her husband's life.

This reasoning is essentially womanly, and is not confined to one side of the Atlantic. Her glib mendacity, too, which is almost purposeless, is not a sign of depravity, but of lack of development. It is the mendacity of a child. It is a kind of mendacity which is far more common among women than among men; because, though women are not ignorant of the wrong of lying, they are not, from their very nature and education, so strongly convinced of the binding character of social ethics, when they conflict with individual feeling. When *Nora* expects "the wondrous thing" to happen, namely, that *Helmer* shall shield her by declaring himself guilty of the forgery, she has really no conception of what such a sacrifice would involve. She only sees what effect it would have upon her; how it would forever unite her to her husband with a deep and abiding love. But she reasons again like a child, even when she finds her real self, and is resolved to go forth alone, abandoning her children, and not return to them until she has developed, by the experience of the world, into a definite and individual being. A marriage cannot exist except between two human beings, two coördinate persons, each contributing a definite character and developed personality to the union. But *Nora* is little more than a personification of her sex, and she feels how much more she might have been if opportunities for development had been afforded her. Her dormant human soul awakes and demands its rights. It will no longer consent to effacement. She declares that her first duties are not to husband and child, but to herself. And this declaration is profoundly characteristic of Ibsen. He utterly repudiates social obligations if they involve detriment to the individual character. He would, no doubt, agree with Herbert Spencer, who states in substance that the most perfect marriage is that which provides the highest development for the offspring compatible with the individual well-being and development of the parents.

It is contrary to the tendency of modern thought to emphasize individual rights *versus* social obligation. But Ibsen represents wholly this contrary tendency. Others have pointed out our gain by the social compact, he never loses an opportunity to emphasize the loss; and he says, in "An Enemy of the People," "The strongest man is he who stands alone."

*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*

### Bloodhounds and Slaves.

AN interesting article on the English bloodhound, by Mr. Edwin Brough, in the June, 1889, number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, reminded me of the long-standing slander that the Southern master formerly used the bloodhound to run down his runaway slaves. Mr. Brough says that the English bloodhound "is quite different . . . from the Cuban bloodhound of slave-hunting notoriety." We look at the article "Bloodhound," in "Chambers's Encyclopædia" (J. B. Lippincott & Co., editions of 1884 and 1887). I find the following statements: "The Cuban bloodhound, which is much employed in the pursuit of felons and fugitive slaves in Cuba, differs considerably from the true bloodhound of Britain and continent of Europe, being more fierce and having more resemblance to the bull-dog. . . . It is this kind of bloodhound which was formerly employed in the United States for the recapture of fugitive slaves." It is not surprising that Englishmen should believe all this, as it is what we told them of ourselves. Laying aside the brutality, one would hardly think that an ordinarily sensible man would

purposely select so ferocious a brute as the Cuban bloodhound is reputed to be to tear to pieces or maim a valuable chattel worth $1000 or $1200, especially as this animal, "resembling the bull-dog," is very deficient in nose. This simple statement ought to show the absurdity of the slander. As to this Cuban bloodhound — so terrible to the morbid imagination — and its use in the Southern States, I have lived for many years in Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama, and I can count on the fingers of one hand every one I ever saw. They were said to be fierce, and were used as guard dogs when used at all.

The dog used in the Southern States for tracking criminals and fugitives was the ordinary little foxhound of the country, familiar to everybody. His nose is all but infallible, but he is very timid about attacking man. Consequently, while it was next to impossible to escape him, the master of the colored fugitive knew that his property was in no sort of danger.

To illustrate this: when I was a boy living in Georgia I was fond of talking with an intelligent colored man who belonged to a neighbor. On one occasion he "took to the woods." Trained foxhounds were put on his trail with the usual result. I asked him after he was brought home if he had not been frightened when the dogs came up with him. He laughed at the question and said: "I knew when they found me there was no use running, as they would follow; but they won't trouble anybody. I just took up a little stick, and they stood off twenty or thirty yards barking." The first time I ever knew of dogs being used to track any one illustrates their disregard for color or condition. A wealthy and respected man who lived near a Southern city took a fancy to increase his wealth by setting fire to his barn, which was insured. About daybreak the hounds were produced to find the criminal. To the surprise of everybody, the trail was carried to his front door by the dogs. No one prosecuted him for burning his own barn, but the canine evidence destroyed his standing in the community and prevented his getting the coveted security.

I suppose it will hardly be believed, but, as a fact, dogs were rarely used in the South for tracking human beings. I never knew of a case where they were used in Virginia, and I lived several years in the black belt of that State. I saw but one pack in Georgia, where I lived many years, and I never heard of a pack in Alabama, where I spent a good deal of my youth in a planting community where the colored people predominated largely in numbers.

*William N. Nelson.*

### The Evolution of the Educator.

A LETTER lately printed in THE CENTURY reveals a grievance that is truly refreshing. The best teachers, it seems, are taken out of the school-rooms and put into offices, there to be "educators," but no longer teachers.

You may be sure that those teachers, thus placed, perforce, in office, do not stay there long at a time; they get, by an irresistible attraction, back into the school-rooms, and they scatter through a hundred schools the bright ideas and the cheerful magnetism that made their own work so successful. Of course there must be leaders in any well-conducted business; no one could desire that the great educational army of this country should degenerate into a mere headless mob. Now, in most places it is considered wise to pick out those who show the greatest ability in a given work and place them at the head of that work; the best spinner in a room is placed in charge of all the others, and he spins no more; the best player in the band becomes the leader, and plays but little thereafter; the best lawyers are chosen judges — it is hoped. In all these cases it is believed that the work as a whole distinctly gains by taking out the very best worker and placing him in authority over the rest, his brethren. Why does not the same rule hold good in teaching?

And finally, look, for instance, at the city of Boston: there are nearly fifteen hundred teachers, and there are six supervisors; the number of officers seems hardly to indicate a complete rendering of the "army idea." The supervisors hold office until they die, being likewise mightily encouraged unto long life; and it can hardly occur oftener than once in half a dozen years that the school committee can choose a successful teacher from the school-room to make into that suspicious creature, an "educator." Are the ranks in immediate danger of being depleted?

HINGHAM, MASS. *L. P. Nash.*

### The Pardoning Power.

THE Cronin verdict in Chicago will be of great value to the world if it shall awaken the consciousness of the people to the evils resulting from vesting the power of pardon in the executive.

While life imprisonment in theory is more to be dreaded than capital punishment, it is in reality less dreaded, for the simple reason that a prisoner under life sentence always hopes for pardon, and the history of the use, or abuse, of the pardoning power in this country justifies the hope.

Why not abolish the pardoning power? Experience has shown that certainty of punishment, even if the punishment be moderate, is a greater check upon crime than the mere possibility of the severest punishment. Criminals are notorious gamblers in risks.

If we violate the laws of nature there is no escape; the very day we eat the forbidden fruit, we shall surely die.

What more effectual deterrent from crime can we present to weak or wicked humanity than a knowledge of the fact that no guilty man once convicted of a violation of the law can escape the full penalty for his crime? Let us have a court of revision to whom applicants for release on the ground of wrongful conviction may come. And if a convicted man shall be able to produce new evidence tending to show that he was wrongfully convicted, let this court give a rehearing of the cause, and if his innocence be established let the court vindicate, not pardon, him.

The innocent man wrongfully convicted wants justice, not mercy or pardon. Why compel him longer to be classed with those who have escaped the punishment of their crimes through political or social influence?

MOLINE, ILL. *Eugene Lewis.*

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SURGEON C. S. TAFT and Alex. Williamson (tutor at the White House) write to say that their names were omitted from the list, in the January CENTURY, of persons present at the deathbed of President Lincoln.

# MEMORANDUM ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### The Builders of the First Monitor.

THE story of the creation of the first *Monitor* has not as yet been fully told. The papers on the subject in THE CENTURY and in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," filled as they are with facts of interest and importance, are marked by a serious omission of other facts essential to a just award of credit among the builders of the *Monitor*.

Colonel Church, in his paper on John Ericsson, in this magazine for April, 1879, mentions the fact that "there were associated with him [Captain Ericsson] three men of practical experience, great energy, and wealth." Colonel Church names but one of the three, Mr. C. S. Bushnell, though the other two had much the larger share of the practical experience and wealth, and constituted in fact the financial backbone of the enterprise.

Mr. Bushnell, in his letter printed in "Battles and Leaders" (Vol. I., p. 748), names his "two wise and able associates," but omits to mention the facts that his mission at Washington in behalf of Ericsson's battery had failed, and that only after these associates of his brought their experience, energy, and wealth to its aid did that invention stand any chance for adoption by the Government.

Captain Ericsson, in his paper on "The Building of the *Monitor*," discloses his theory that it was his personal argument and explanations before the Naval Board that secured the assent of the Board to a trial of his battery. But it is a demonstrable fact that the assent of the Board had been gained, and a memorandum or preliminary contract for the construction of a floating battery on his plan had been secured by his associates, before Captain Ericsson appeared on the scene at Washington, and before his two leading associates in the construction of the *Monitor* had ever met him.

The salient facts of this transaction, set in the proper order of time, are as follows: Roused by the national emergency, Ericsson had devised his impregnable "cheese-box on a raft." But he was crippled as to means, and out of favor with the Navy Department, and he had felt so outraged by the refusal of the department to pay him for his services in the construction of the United States frigate *Princeton*, that he would not approach the department, nor so much as visit Washington. So his design for a floating battery lay unknown in his office till his friend C. S. Bushnell saw it, approved it, and took it to Washington. Mr. Bushnell secured the attention of Secretary Welles, with whom he was on terms of personal acquaintance, but found a tremendous obstacle in the Naval Board, charged by Congress with the decision of all matters relating to ironclads.

Days lengthened into weeks while Bushnell labored ineffectually to remove the prejudices and obtain the approval of the Board, till he at last desisted under distinct notice from one of the Board that it was perfectly useless for him to haunt the department further on any such errand. His own efforts having proved thus unavailing, Bushnell applied to John F. Winslow of the Albany Iron Works of Troy, N. Y., who, with John A. Griswold of the Rensselaer Iron Works of the same city, was in Washington on business connected with the iron plating of the United States ship-of-war *Galena*. Mr. Winslow was struck by the ingenuity and merits of Ericsson's design. He took it to Mr. Griswold and secured his coöperation in an effort to have it adopted by the Government.

These new factors simplified the problem. Winslow and Griswold were leading ironmasters. They had capital, of which Ericsson had none and Bushnell little. They had political as well as personal standing and influence. Backed by such men, the project took on the character of a responsible undertaking, and men who had hitherto turned a deaf ear began to listen.

For obvious reasons, Winslow and Griswold decided to take the scheme past the Naval Board, directly to the head of the nation. Bearing a letter of introduction from their friend Secretary Seward, they secured an interview with President Lincoln, laid the drawings before him, and explained the strong points of the plan. When they ceased speaking Mr. Lincoln asked, "Why do you not take this to the Board which has charge of these matters?"

"Because it has been there to no purpose," was the reply. "Nevertheless, we believe it solves a problem of vast importance to the national cause; and not as ship-builders, for we are not such, but as loyal citizens, we appeal to you to give it a trial."

Impressed by the earnestness of the men, Mr. Lincoln meditated, and then said: "Well, gentlemen, I don't know much about ships, though I once contrived a canal-boat, the model of which is over there in the Patent Office, the merit of which was that it could run where there was no water. But this plan of Ericsson's seems to me to have something in it. Meet me tomorrow morning at Commodore Smith's office in the Navy Department."

That meeting at the Navy Department has been heretofore described. Commodores Smith, Paulding, and Davis, of the Naval Board, Captain Fox, and other officers of the navy were present. Mr. Winslow was the spokesman, and laying out the drawings, he explained the plan of the battery, and urged its adoption with powerful earnestness. The meeting ended with Mr. Lincoln's blunt expression of opinion that there was "something in the thing," emphasized by his quaint remark about the girl's stocking, which has become historical.

Mr. Lincoln's obvious approval had its effect, and next morning Commodore Smith expressed to Mr. Winslow a willingness to authorize him and his associates to construct a floating battery on Ericsson's plan, provided they would assume all the risks of the experiment.

This condition, which the Board possibly supposed would end the whole matter, was accepted, and a memorandum covering the main points of the proposed contract was drawn up and agreed upon. The Naval Board having some doubts, however, in regard to the sufficiency of the strange craft as a sea-going vessel, Captain Ericsson was next called to Washington. He found no difficulty in demonstrating the stability of the proposed vessel, and the contract was perfected without delay.

The contractors of the first part were four in number, named in the instrument in the following order: John Ericsson, John F. Winslow, John A. Griswold, and C. S. Bushnell. In addition to other rigid conditions, the contract contained a provision that in case the said vessel should fail in performance of speed for sea service, or in the successful working of the turret and guns, with safety to the men in the turret, or in her buoyancy to float and carry her battery, the party of the first part should refund to the United States the amount of money advanced to them on said vessel, within thirty days after such failure should have been declared by the party of the second part, and that the vessel should be held by the United States as collateral security until the money so advanced should be refunded.

Only men of strong patriotism and strong faith would have assumed obligations involving so large an outlay, to be expended upon a novel device distrusted by experienced naval officers, and upon terms which threw upon them all the risks, even though failure might be due to insufficient skill on the part of a commander and crew in the selection of whom they had no voice.

Mr. Bushnell says that this condition was never an embarrassment to Captain Ericsson and himself. If so, may it not have been because their pecuniary risk was so much less than that of their associates? If the *Monitor* had failed in performance, Winslow and Griswold would have lost three-fourths of all the money expended in her construction, Bushnell, or his financial backer, would have lost one-fourth, and Captain Ericsson would have lost his time and labor. But Colonel Church intimates, in a way which amounts to a statement of a fact, that after his experience with the *Princeton*, Captain Ericsson would not have accepted this condition had he known it in advance. However this may be, Winslow and Griswold accepted this hard condition and signed the contract before it was taken to Captain Ericsson for his signature.

My space in these pages does not permit me to cite documents; but I have made no statement above that cannot be sustained by documentary proof or by the evidence of an unimpeachable living witness in the person of John F. Winslow. I submit that these facts show that two names which have had but the barest mention in THE CENTURY articles on the *Monitor* should be brought to the front. For the men who bear them were both at the front and the back of the enterprise. They took the lead when others had failed. They secured President Lincoln's approval. They argued the question before the Naval Board. They brought to the project the personal and financial responsibility indispensable to its acceptance by the Navy Department. They advanced all the money expended on the *Monitor* up to a comparatively late stage in her construction, and they furnished large quantities of iron and materials. Without their resources the contract could not have been executed by their associates. They made no money and cared to make none on the first *Monitor;* but without their capital the first *Monitor* probably never would have been built; and without their earnest and powerful efforts in forwarding the work of construction the *Monitor* certainly would not have been ready in time to meet the emergency in Hampton Roads, and thus save the credit of the United States as a naval power, prevent the dissolution of the blockade, and defeat the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. These men were John F. Winslow, still living in honored retirement in his home on the Hudson, and the late Hon. John A. Griswold of Troy.

Other names also deserve mention. That of Thomas F. Rowland of Greenpoint, L. I., who as a sub-contractor built the hull of the *Monitor*, has been printed in THE CENTURY. Other sub-contractors were the Delamater Iron Works of New York, who made the engine, machinery, and propeller, and Abbott of Baltimore, who supplied the turret plates.

One fact more. The man who is popularly credited with the invention of the revolving turret was not the original inventor of that distinguishing feature of the *Monitor*. Of this he was well aware. In Captain Ericsson's paper on "The Building of the *Monitor*" he refers to a revolving tower invented by Theodore R. Timby, describing it as a device for warfare on land. This is an insufficient description. The records of the United States Patent Office show that Timby's device was a revolving tower or turret, for use on land *or water*. It was protected by a caveat, issued in 1843, eleven years before Captain Ericsson submitted to Napoleon III. his plan for a floating battery with a revolving dome. A patent for it was issued to Mr. Timby in September, 1862, and Captain Ericsson and his associates in the building of the *Monitor* paid Mr. Timby, for the use of his patent, a royalty of $5,000 on each of the monitors constructed by them subsequent to the first. Is not this circumstance of interest enough to be comprised in the history of the *Monitor* as related in this magazine? John Ericsson was a great inventor. His fame is secure. Certainly I would not lessen by a jot the credit which is his due. Let others also have the credit which is theirs.

*G. G. Benedict.*

BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

# BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Dorothy.

THEY tell me 't is foolish to prate of love
In the sweet and olden way;
They say I should sing of loftier things,
For Love has had his day.
But when Dorothy comes
I cannot choose,
I must follow her
Though the world I lose;
My very soul
Pours forth in song
When dainty Dorothy
Trips along.

It is all very well to say to me
That Browning's noble strain
Rises and swells with the tide of thought
Or throbs with the pulse of pain;
But if Dorothy once
Had crossed his path,
Her radiance such
A witchery hath
That across the world
Would not seem long
To follow Dorothy
With his song.

*Charles Henry Phelps.*

### When a Smokin'-car is 'Tached.

SOMETIMES when I 'm on the way
Into town on market-day,
'T hurts like sixty fer to see
Folks 'at 's better dressed than me
Scrouge up tighter when I sit
Down beside 'em — 's if I bit.
But my heart don't git so scratched
When a smokin'-car is 'tached.

When a smokin'-car is 'tached
Then 's the time yer comfort 's catched,
When you give yer pipe a poke
And lay back and watch the smoke
Till it makes yer old eyes itch,
While you 're dreamin' you was rich.
Folks don't see yer coat is patched
When a smokin'-car is 'tached.

When a smokin'-car is 'tached
Then 's the time yer dreams are snatched,
*Then* you 're rid of Jen's old marm,
*Then* the mortgage 's off the farm,
*Then* the old peach-orchard pays—
I vum I could spend whole days
Countin' chickens 'fore they 're hatched
When the smokin'-car is 'tached.

*S. Walter Norris.*

### At the Concert.

YES, I s'pose it 's real music — it 's a mighty heap o' sound,
With the treble way up yonder an' the bass down underground,
With the demi-semiquavers an' the tinklin' o' the keys,
An' a fuss like wind a-roarin' through the branches o' the trees.
An' ye say that Wagner wrote it, an' ter hear it is a boon?
But, somehow, the feller never seems ter overtake the chune,
Though his fingers run like lightnin' an' he twists upon his stool,
An' ruffles up his ha'r untel he looks a orful fool:
An' somehow I miss the feelin' that I allers uster feel,
That was sweet untel it hurt me f'om mer head down ter mer heel,—
That 'u'd make mer eyes git misty an' mer mouth ter twitch an' smile,—
When I listened ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

Why, ter hear Mirandy playin' was ter see the water run
Like a streak o' shinin' silver jes a-sparklin' in the sun,
An' up above the medder ye could hear a thousan' birds
A-singin' jes as easy as ye hear me talk these words;
Ye could fa'rly smell the early blooms upon the apple trees,
An' ye owned a fine plantation an' much money as ye please.
Lord, how ye loved yer neighbor, an' never wisht no harm
Ter him about the lawin' 'cause his fence run on yer farm;
An' the milk o' human kindness kep' a-flowin' far an' free,
An' eve'ythin' about the world was like it ought ter be,
Tell ye kinder seemed in heaven, peart an' happy, all the while
That ye listened ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

Well, I s'pose I am ole-fashioned, an' it would n' hardly do
Fer him ter play the music that I useter cotton to.
These town-folks would n' keer ter hear about the "hunter's horn,"
Nor 'bout the mavis singin' out "his love-song ter the morn";
So I 'll set an' listen quiet while the feller bangs away,
An' I 'll 'low that his pianner beats a injine any day;
But it ain't mer style o' music — an' with all mer due respex
Ye can say ter Mister Wagner, when ye chance ter see him nex',
That the loudes' fuss ain't allers what is certain sho ter please,
Nor the bes' musicianer the one that tries ter bust the keys;
An' though I have no doubt but he 's a social sort o' man,
I would n' walk a squar' ter hear the bes' thing f'om his han';
But oh, if she was livin' yit, I 'd foot it forty mile
Jes ter listen ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

*James Lindsay Gordon.*

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

MADONNA AND CHILD, BY GIOVANNI BELLINI.

(DETAIL OF ALTARPIECE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CHURCH OF S. ZACCARIA, VENICE.)

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX. APRIL, 1890. No. 6.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

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### SOME REMARKS ON GUYING.

AMONG the well-remembered characters of my dramatic life was an actor named Salisbury. The only influence that he exerted upon the stage during his career was, I regret to say, anything but a good one. "Guying" was formerly a slang term, but it has of late years become a technical one for trifling with a part upon the stage. The art of guying was Mr. Salisbury's forte, and it was the only thing that he did well. Life was one huge joke to him: he treated nothing seriously. He was the delight of actors and the bane of managers. It is related of him that he once sent a telegram to Mr. Rice of the Chicago Theater applying for an engagement. The manager sent back this answer: "I would not engage you if you would come for nothing"; to which Salisbury replied: "Terms accepted. Will be with you to-morrow."

This man's memory was so wonderful that it was almost impossible to ask him a question without getting a Shaksperean quotation in reply. If he was imperfect in his part, which was generally the case with him, he would interpolate speeches from other characters, talking the most absurd nonsense, and turning a serious scene into ridicule. Sometimes the audience, detecting this impertinence, would hiss. This rebuke was the only thing that would check him, for any slight put upon himself was keenly felt; but the next night the chastisement would be forgotten, and he would repeat his indiscretion. It was said of him that he was generous to a fault; and I think he must have been, for he never paid his washerwoman. One morning the poor old laundress was dunning him for her hard earnings. He was standing at the stage door, surrounded by a circle of admirers, and turning furiously upon the old woman, he paraphrased *Macbeth's* speech to the ghost of *Banquo* in the following words: "Avaunt, and quit my sight! Thy tubs are marrowless; there is no starch in my fine shirts that thou didst glare withal! Approach thou like the Russian manager, the Hyrcan critic, or the 'Old Rye whisky-us'; or, be alive again, and make it salary day. If, trembling then, I do inhibit thee, confess me but a babe of a Salisbury." The laundress fled in despair, only too glad to escape unpaid from the supposed lunatic.

Innocent mirth is most desirable, but not mirth expended at the cost of another's feelings; and Salisbury's unfortunate career, terminating as it did in sickness and poverty, is an example of a handsome man, possessed of fair ability, who, by utter disregard of loyalty to his manager and of respect for the public, gradually lost the confidence of all who knew him, and became a neglected wreck. The practice of guying is unpardonable, and the indulgence in it unworthy of an artist or a gentleman. The leisure hours passed in the dressing-room or the greenroom afford ample time for an actor's amusement without inflicting the exuberance of his personal humor upon the audience. The rehearsals and subsequent performances of a play are not his property, and he has no right to mutilate them. Managers and leading actors are altogether too lax in their rebuke of this senseless and ruinous practice. They should neither commit the outrage themselves nor permit it in others. "Where example leads the way" the multitude will follow, and no leader can rightly claim the respect of his company unless he shows it to them and the public. I have a suspicion that guying begins where ability leaves off, and that many actors exhibit this trifling to conceal their own shortcomings.

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ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

"VERE IS DAT VAT YOU READ?"

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

I believe it is the ostrich that runs his head in the sand, thinking that if he does n't see his pursuer his pursuer can't see him: I wish, for the sake of simile, that it were the goose. Actors are often under the erroneous impression that their auditors do not observe these little bits of trifling. They not only observe them, but they resent them in a quiet and dangerous way — they do not come again. Having paid their money, and perhaps foregone the pleasure they could have enjoyed somewhere else, it suddenly comes upon them that they have been taken in, and are sitting in front of the theater only to witness the enjoyment of the actors, who are reveling in some private joke and refuse to let them into the secret; and as they walk home, pondering on their experience, they determine within themselves never to risk a repetition of the occurrence.

An actor, perhaps a good one, too, comes gaily on the stage. The audience like him and give him a hearty welcome; an evening's enjoyment has been promised, and they are in high expectation of the compact being fulfilled. Ah! who are those young fellows in the private box? Quite a jolly party, I declare. They know the comedian, too; see, he recognizes them. Now the comedian — just for fun, you know; he does n't mean any harm by it — introduces some joke: foreign to the play, to be sure; but then the private box recognize it at once as some allusion to their last merry-making. How they do enjoy it! Now a friendly wink, they laugh again; it 's delightful. But how about the audience all this time? What are they doing while all this sport is going on? I will tell you. They are not hissing, to be sure,— well-bred American audiences

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

"I BELIEVE I VAS!"

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

seldom forget themselves so far, for they feel this breach of decorum would interfere with the enjoyment of others,—but they are determining within their minds that they are insulted, and that they will never come again to see that actor. He has taken a liberty with them that they will neither forget nor forgive.

I will not say that in my youth I never indulged in what I am now condemning. I did so, but I never obtained the position I coveted until I abandoned the pernicious habit. There is no other profession in which honest and serious attention to the matter in hand is so promptly rewarded as ours.

Suppose, for an example of the harm that might be done, we take a case like this: An actor has worked for weeks patiently to study or perhaps create a character, and his success in it may prove the turning-point of his life. He is poor, and has a large family to support. If he but hit the part, his fortune is made, and he will not only serve the manager, the author, and the public, but be enabled to provide comforts for his home and an education for his children. Now, with all this at stake, some

wanton actor deliberately "guys" his part and overturns the patient care of his comrade, undermining the foundation and causing the whole structure to fall to the ground. See what a wreck we have here! Think of a poor artist before a picture upon which he has spent days of toil and nights of thought. It is just ready for the Academy, and now some comrade steals up behind the easel and pours a pot of paint over the canvas, ruining the work. What shall be said of him? And yet he may have done no more harm than the actor who has ruined the bright prospects of his brother actor.

I do not say that guying is always the result of cruel mischief. A man may be really good-hearted and yet do all this damage; but whether it be from design or thoughtlessness, the result is the same, and the habit should be frowned down and checked by every honest actor. In making these assertions I do not put them forth as an argument. This subject does not admit of argument, for nothing can be said in defense. There is no other side to the question. But the actor who guys is as much to be pitied as condemned, for the crime carries the punishment along with it.

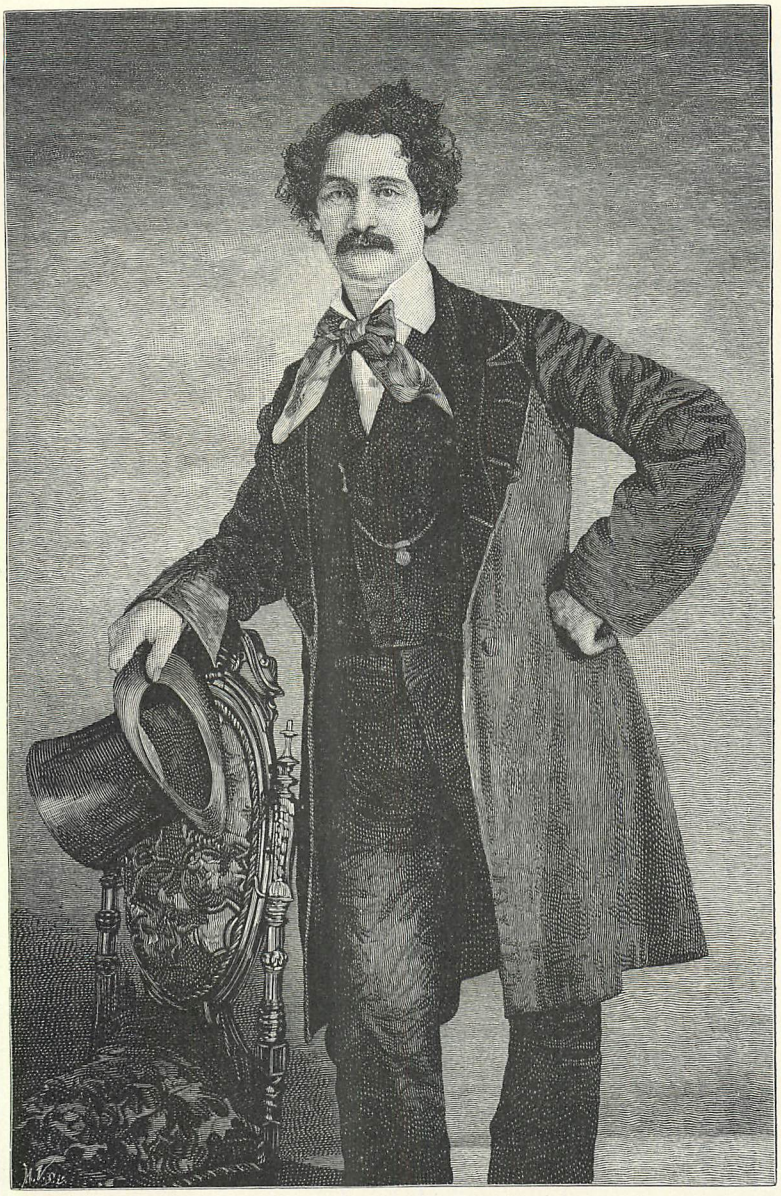
### THE COMEDIAN'S DISADVANTAGE.

THE repertory that naturally falls to a tragic actor gives him an immeasurable advantage over a comedian. Nearly all of the tragedies or serious plays, both of ancient and modern structure, have for their heroes one conspicuous and central figure, who is in a marked degree superior to the surrounding characters that support him, whereas the comedies, with but few exceptions, have been constructed with the view of displaying a group of actors.

If the starring system, as it is called, be an evil, then Shakspere is undoubtedly responsible for its existence, as his tragedies almost without exception contain one great character on whom the interest of the play turns, and upon whom the attention of the audience is centered. When he introduces two figures for this purpose, as shown in the attitudes of *Othello* and *Iago*, and *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*, they are so closely knit together that the double light shines only with a single ray. In the play of "Romeo and Juliet" it is supposed that *Mercutio* was killed early in the drama lest his brilliancy should dim the luster of the lovers. There are undoubtedly other splendid characters in the tragedies of Shakspere, but when brought in contrast with the magnitude of his heroes they are comparatively subordinate. In his comedies the characters are formed in groups, and are generally so arranged that they may be in some measure of equal value. *Falstaff* would seem to be an exception, yet even here the historical drama of "Henry IV.," in which the fat knight figures so conspicuously, is a play, not a comedy. Under these conditions the comedians of the olden time, though great favorites with the public, and in many instances superb actors, as individual attractions never drew large audiences. Possibly Sam Foote, who acted during Garrick's time, and later the elder Mathews, were notable exceptions; but even these actors, the legitimate comedians, were forced to abandon the old comedies and arrange special entertainments of their own in which they gave imitations of popular and easily recognized public characters.

### THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL STAR COMEDIAN.

THE first to command universal attention as a single magnet was Tyrone Power. Possibly he was no greater than the comedians that preceded him, but Irish comedy up to the time of his advent had been confined to characters that were less important. Fortunately for Power, a number of rollicking and effective plays were written for him, through which his own unique character shone with special brilliancy. Besides this, he was not a mushroom. His professional growth had been gradual and healthy. As the leading juvenile actor and light comedian of the Theater Royal, Dublin, he had been for four years the prime favorite of the city, and afterwards, as a leader in legitimate plays at the Haymarket Theater, in London, he held a no less important position. This career was a firm foundation upon which to build his lighter, but to the public more valued, work; so that his long theatrical experience, added to his new and effective repertory, ranked him as the greatest and most successful Irish comedian of his time. I am not aware what effect Power's success as a star had upon the English stage,—it is more conservative than our own,—but his achievements here stirred up a new ambition among the comedians of America, and with national energy they immediately set to work developing their especial gifts; and these in many instances qualified them for becoming distinct features. Casting aside the old comedies, they came forward with novel and effective, if not legitimate, plays. Dramatic portraits of Dutchmen, Yankees, Frenchmen, together with the Western and local characters of our own country, were speedily and vigorously exhibited, many of them commanding immediate attention. Among the most successful comedians may be mentioned Hackett, Hill, Marble, Burke, Chanfrau, Williams, and, later on,



HARRY A. PERRY. (SEE PAGE 811.) (FROM A PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE.)

Owens, Sothern, Florence, Raymond, and a host of others.

For myself, like some of those already mentioned, I had always been, more or less, a legitimate actor, and the hope of entering the race for dramatic fame as an individual and single attraction never came into my head until, in 1858, I acted *Asa Trenchard* in "Our American Cousin"; but as the curtain descended the first night on that remarkably successful play, visions of large type, foreign countries, and increased remuneration floated before me, and I resolved to be a star if I could. A resolution to this effect is easily made; its accomplishment is quite another matter.

Art has always been my sweetheart, and I have loved her for herself alone. I had fancied that our affection was mutual, so that when I failed as a star, which I certainly did, I thought she had jilted me. Not so. I wronged her. She only reminded me that I had taken too great a liberty, and that if I expected to win her I must press my suit with more patience. Checked, but undaunted in the resolve, my mind dwelt upon my vision, and I still indulged in day-dreams of the future.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALKER & SONS.

"IS DAT THE VILLAGE OF FALLING VATER?"

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

HOW I CAME TO PLAY "RIP VAN WINKLE."

DURING these delightful reveries it came up before me that in acting *Asa Trenchard* I had, for the first time in my life on the stage, spoken a pathetic speech; and though I did not look at the audience during the time I was acting, — for that is dreadful,— I felt that they both laughed and cried. I had before this often made my audience smile, but never until now had I moved them to tears. This to me novel accomplishment was delightful, and in casting about for a new character my mind was ever dwelling on reproducing an effect where humor would be so closely allied to pathos that smiles and tears should mingle with each other. Where could I get one? There had been many written, and as I looked back into the dramatic history of the past a long line of lovely ghosts loomed up before me, passing as in a procession: *Job Thornberry*, *Bob Tyke*, *Frank Oatland*, *Zekiel Homespun*, and a host of departed heroes "with martial stalk went by my watch." Charming fellows all, but not for me. I felt I could not do them justice. Besides, they were too human. I was looking for a myth — something intangible and impossible. But he would not come. Time went on, and still with no result.

During the summer of 1859 I arranged to board with my family at a queer old Dutch farmhouse in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania. A ridge of hills covered with tall hemlocks surrounds the vale, and numerous trout-streams wind through the meadows and tumble over the rocks. Stray farms are scattered through the valley, and the few old Dutchmen and their families who till the soil were born upon it; there and only there they have ever lived. The valley harmonized with me and our resources. The scene was wild, the air was fresh, and the board was cheap. What could the light heart and purse of a poor actor ask for more than this?

On one of those long rainy days that always render the country so dull I had climbed to the loft of the barn, and lying upon the hay was reading that delightful book "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." I had gotten well into the volume, and was much interested in it, when to my surprise I came upon a passage which said that he had seen me at Laura Keene's theater as *Goldfinch* in Holcroft's comedy of "The Road to Ruin," and that I reminded him of my father "in look, gesture, size, and make." Till then I was not aware that he had ever seen me. I was comparatively obscure, and to find myself remembered and written of by such a man gave me a thrill of pleasure I can never forget. I put down the book, and lay there thinking how proud I was, and ought to be, at the revelation of this compliment. What an incentive to a youngster like me to go on.

And so I thought to myself, "Washington Irving, the author of 'The Sketch-Book,' in which is the quaint story of Rip Van Winkle." Rip Van Winkle! There was to me magic in the sound of the name as I repeated it. Why, was not this the very character I wanted? An American story by an American author was surely just the theme suited to an American actor.

In ten minutes I had gone to the house and returned to the barn with "The Sketch-Book." I had not read the story since I was a boy. I was disappointed with it; not as a story, of course, but the tale was purely a narrative. The theme was interesting, but not dramatic. The silver Hudson stretches out before you as you read, the quaint red roofs and queer gables of the old Dutch cottages stand out against the mist upon the mountains; but all this is descriptive. The character of *Rip* does not speak ten lines. What could be done dramatically with so simple a sketch? How could it be turned into an effective play?

Three or four bad dramatizations of the story had already been acted, but without marked success. Yates of London had given one in which the hero dies, one had been acted by my father, one by Hackett, and another by Burke. Some of these versions I had remembered when I was a boy, and I should say that Burke's play and performance were the best, but nothing that I remembered gave me the slightest encouragement that I could get a good play out of any of the existing materials. Still I was so bent upon acting the part that I started for the city, and in less than a week, by industriously ransacking the theatrical wardrobe establishments for old leather and mildewed cloth, and by personally superintending the making of the wigs, each article of my costume was completed; and all this too before I had written a line of the play or studied a word of the part.

This is working in an opposite direction from all the conventional methods in the study and elaboration of a dramatic character, and certainly not following the course I would advise any one to pursue. I merely mention the out-of-the-way, upside-down manner of going to work as an illustration of the impatience and enthusiasm with which I entered upon the task. I can only account for my getting the dress ready before I studied the part to the vain desire I had of witnessing myself in the glass, decked out and equipped as the hero of the Catskills.

I got together the three old printed versions of the drama and the story itself. The plays were all in two acts. I thought it would be an improvement in the drama to arrange it in three, making the scene with the specter crew an act by itself. This would separate the poet-

ical from the domestic side of the story. But by far the most important alteration was in the interview with the spirits. In the old versions they spoke and sang. I remembered that the effect of this ghostly dialogue was dreadfully human, so I arranged that no voice but *Rip's* should be heard. This is the only act on the stage in which but one person speaks while all the others merely gesticulate, and I was quite sure that the silence of the crew would give a lonely and desolate character to the scene and add to its supernatural weirdness. By this means, too, a strong contrast with the single voice of *Rip* was obtained by the deathlike stillness of the "demons" as they glided about the stage in solemn silence. It required some thought to hit upon just the best questions that could be answered by a nod and shake of the head, and to arrange that at times even *Rip* should propound a query to himself and answer it; but I had availed myself of so much of the old material that in a few days after I had begun my work it was finished.

In the seclusion of the barn I studied and rehearsed the part, and by the end of summer I was prepared to transplant it from the rustic realms of an old farmhouse to a cosmopolitan audience in the city of Washington, where I opened at Carusi's Hall under the management of John T. Raymond. I had gone over the play so thoroughly that each situation was fairly engraved on my mind. The rehearsals were therefore not tedious to the actors; no one was delayed that I might consider how he or she should be disposed in the scene. I had by repeated experiments so saturated myself with the action of the play that a few days seemed to perfect the rehearsals. I acted on these occasions with all the point and feeling that I could muster. This answered the double purpose of giving me freedom and of observing the effect of what I was doing on the actors. They seemed to be watching me closely, and I could tell by little nods of approval where and when the points hit.

I became each day more and more interested in the work; there was in the subject and the part much scope for novel and fanciful treatment. If the sleep of twenty years was merely incongruous, there would be room for argument pro and con; but as it is an impossibility, I felt that the audience would accept it at once, not because it was an impossibility, but from a desire to know in what condition a man's mind would be if such an event could happen. Would he be thus changed? His identity being denied both by strangers, friends, and family, would he at last almost accept the verdict and exclaim, "Then I am dead, and that is a fact"? This was the strange and original attitude of the character that attracted me.

In acting such a part what to do was simple enough, but what not to do was the important and difficult point to determine. As the earlier scenes of the play were of a natural and domestic character, I had only to draw upon my experience for their effect, or employ such conventional methods as myself and others had used before in characters of that ilk. But from the moment *Rip* meets the spirits of Hendrik Hudson and his crew I felt that all colloquial dialogue and commonplace pantomime should cease. It is at this point in the story that the supernatural element begins, and henceforth the character must be raised from the domestic plane and lifted into the realms of the ideal.

To be brief, the play was acted with a result that was to me both satisfactory and disappointing. I was quite sure that the character was what I had been seeking, and I was equally satisfied that the play was not. The action had neither the body nor the strength to carry the hero; the spiritual quality was there, but the human interest was wanting. The final alterations and additions were made five years later by Dion Boucicault, and will be referred to in their place.

### FAILURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

AT the death of my wife, which occurred in March, 1861, I broke up my household in New York, and, leaving three of my children at school, left home with my eldest son for California.

Through the act of an overzealous agent, my engagement in San Francisco was an unmistakable failure. Before my arrival I had been "overbilled," as it is technically termed. If a circus had been coming the placards could hardly have been more numerous. Those fatal documents known as the "opinions of the press" had been so freely circulated that every one was aware not only of what I could do but what I had done, and must therefore take for granted what I was going to do. All power of judging for themselves had been denied both to the public and the local press. I felt that I should fail, and I did fail.

One of the first actors I met on my arrival was Harry Perry. I had known him years before, and we had acted together in our youth. He was standing in front of the theater reading, rather quizzically I fancy, one of the many cards on which were printed the previously mentioned, and, I think, always to be avoided, "opinions of the press." After we had shaken hands, he looked at me with the same old twinkle of mischief in his eye that I had remembered years ago, and said, pointing to the "opinions," "You must have improved greatly since we last met."

HARRY PERRY.

HARRY PERRY was one of the handsomest men on the stage, and a capital actor too. His animal spirits and personal magnetism, however, were the raw materials out of which his popularity was manufactured. In those parts that belonged to a farce light comedian he was quite unequaled. Youth, vivacity, and a ringing laugh made him altogether one of the most captivating fellows in his line. His figure was lithe and graceful, and, as was said of one of the old light comedians years ago, he had a five-act comedy in each eye. On the occasion I speak of he was quite intoxicated with happiness, being in the height of a honeymoon. His bride was Miss Agnes Land,—now Mrs. Agnes Booth,—a young lady who had lately arrived from Australia, and whose talent and beauty combined with his own made them valuable members of the theatrical profession.

(To be continued.)

*Joseph Jefferson.*

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

# FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

## X.

A MEETING. (Continued.)

TO Nathaniel and Olivia it was a charmed journey. The slow rumbling of the wheels in the wagon ruts, the ring of the whetstone sharpening the haymakers' scythes, the call of the crake in the meadows, the never-ceasing murmur of running water—all these simple sounds made distinct impressions, and yet blended with their own whispered speech as perfectly as if Nature was composing a piece for six voices, and doing it with that delightful perfection of imperfection which charms all discords into sweetest harmony.

Who can blame them if they lingered on their way—if they did not reach Sandys until the sun was westering low on the horizon? Never could hours with just the same bliss come back to them. For love must have the flavor of its circumstances, and these continually change. This afternoon there was the parting with Jenifer Waring, and the expected meeting with Hannah Mettelane, and the long unbroken companionship of their happy journey; and, not without its influence, though unspoken of, the meeting with Anastasia de Burg. Unconsciously, even this had drawn them closer together. Anastasia was a bitter element in herself, but the very act of eluding her special notice turned the bitterness into that sense of elation which is the result of escape from anything evil. Perhaps, indeed, when the light of heaven shows us clearly the pitfalls and dangers of the earth road which led us to the Holy City our sweetest songs of gratitude will be not for the troubles we have conquered, but for those which we have escaped.

When they reached Sandys Olivia was pleasantly surprised. She had expected the house to express by many outward tokens of neglect the anxiety and loss which was in its owner's heart. But Hannah Mettelane was not a woman who delighted in ceremonious and mournful symbols of sorrow. Joy in the Lord, and doing her duty in it, was the cheerful law of her life. In all troublous events she could find some comfort, though it was only the negative admission that things might have been worse. She had no children, and Olivia was dear to her. Indeed, the girl had spent much of her life in the low, wide-spreading Mettelane farmhouse under the almost motherly care of Hannah Mettelane.

She was at the open door of Sandys to meet them, her broad beaming face one general smile of welcome; and it fully included Nathaniel, although she had never seen him before. But her woman's heart told her that he was Olivia's lover, and a true love affair was to Hannah Mettelane a true delight.

The house had its usual atmosphere of peace and content and spotless cleanliness. They went into the parlor. The basil pot in the window diffused its restorative aroma, and great nosegays of roses gave a delightful freshness and fragrance to the handsome old room. A cold capon, a dish of curds and cream, some delicate Christ Church tarts, and a bowl of ripe cherries were spread upon the whitest of linen. Red Rhine wine stood by Nathaniel's side, and Aunt Hannah brought with her own hands a foaming pitcher of delicious new milk. She understood also their desire to be everything to each other, and she invented a number of house duties in order to leave Olivia the pleasant task of entertaining her lover.

Nathaniel had told himself that he would not remain many minutes, but he could not resist the enchantment of the hour and the love which glorified it. He remembered his lonely mother affectionately, but yet he lingered until the twilight lost every tinge of color and

lay like a gray veil over the face of sleeping nature. Then he rose to say good-by, and at the same moment Hannah Mettelane entered the room with a letter in her hand. It was from her brother Roger, and the bearer of it was waiting to carry back the answer.

"You see, both of you," she said, "that things are a long way better than we thought for. Roger says he has got a little room, out of the main room, for himself and Asa, and maybe they are n't so bad off after all. Prisons can't be homes, and we must n't expect it of them. Roger is well and having a good conscience, and what is there better than that? There is only one bit of strange news that I can see, and perhaps now it is the best news of all: it 's about a young man called John Whitehead; he is got out of prison and bonds of all kinds."

"Free?"

"Ay, my dear lad, free! Set free by God Almighty's own hand."

"Dead?"

"Nay, then, we had better say 'living forever.'"

"Poor John!"

"Not 'poor,' Olivia. No, indeed! Your father writes that the young man was happy to enter death land, and went away in a great state of love and rapture."

"Of what did he die?"

"Of jail fever, and want of all earthly comforts. Roger says his body was worn to ruin and ready to let drop the soul when they reached Appleby."

"He was Mary Whitehead's last son. Her eldest perished in Colchester jail, her second on Bristol common. How I wish I could comfort her! Poor, poor mother!"

"Rich is the mother of holy martyrs, Olivia! It is a great thing to have had three sons with such white consciences. I think she got a better portion for them than the mother of Zebedee's children asked for her sons. And Roger says John Whitehead preached 'the truth' to his fellow-prisoners until his voice failed him, and he could only whisper, softer and softer, 'Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!'"

"He has found the way to rest, to rest forever," said Nathaniel; "and, oh, how glad he must have been when to him the weary controversies of earth suddenly became silent!"

Then Hannah Mettelane, softly weeping, went out of the room, and Olivia lifted her star-like eyes to Nathaniel. Never had the sympathy between them been so sweet and strong. Speechless with emotion, he led her to the open casement. The night incense of the rose beds was wafted across her flower-like face; the ineffable joy of a pure and perfect love made her tremble beneath his light touch. He whispered her name and drew her close to his heart.

Still softer was her answer, "My soul! My soul! I will love thee forever!"

This confession, spontaneous as the perfume of the roses or the song of the nightingale singing by his nest in the sycamore tree, filled Nathaniel with a rapture beyond words. He stood silently gazing into Olivia's eyes, seeing in the duskish gloom her face, white as a lily, shining with the love behind it. Their souls had met before; now they spoke to each other; were as truly one as "the sound in the echo or the thought in the word."

What did they say in that wondrous interval which was but moments yet seemed to stretch infinitely backward and forward? They said everything! though the only audible expression was the long sigh with which the mysterious communing ended.

It blended with the stir of the rising wind in the tree tops and the twittering of some birds in the ivy above the window. Then they were aware of quick footsteps, of voices faintly familiar, of the near and actual invasion of earth into their transient heaven. They looked towards the door and saw Hannah Mettelane enter. She had a lighted candle in her hand, and she was speaking with some one who was close behind her. It was George Fox.

He came forward and took the hands of Nathaniel and Olivia and clasped them together in his own hands. "I am come to put you asunder, children," he said; "but only for a little while. Olivia, thou must go to London and plead with Cromwell himself for thy father's life. There is no lawyer for him but thee. Judge and jury are bought and sold. In this corner of Westmoreland De Burg is stronger than justice; yea, even than thy father's gold."

"George Fox—"

"Nay, Nathaniel, in this matter I will hear no dissent from thee. Verily, I have considered all, and I see that there is no other way."

"At thy word I will go to London, friend George."

"And I will go with thee, friend Olivia. On the third day, early in the morning, be ready." Then, turning to Hannah Mettelane: "I can neither eat nor drink, dear neighbor. I must cross the sands to Ulverstone to-night, and thou knowest the tide will flow at its own time."

"How shall we go, George?"

"Thou must take thy own coach, Olivia. Horses can be changed at all the post-houses, and the hurry is not so great as to cause thee weariness."

"Thou wilt surely go with me, George?"

"Yea; and also friend Jacob Willis and his wife, who are under a constraint of the Spirit to visit the persecuted Friends in the Plymouth colony. Their ship sails from London in two

weeks; so then thou canst help them so far on their journey, and have the while the comfort of their presence."

Then, being pressed by the rising tide, he hurried away, and Nathaniel and Olivia watched him fade into the gray distance. His coming had been like the call of a bugle or the clash of a bell. The fighting, wrestling world was again pressing them hard, and Nathaniel felt it with a special resentment.

"Though the good man rides hard," said Hannah Mettelane, going to the window, "'t will be hurry all if he get across the sands ere the tide catch him."

"George Fox knows the way that he takes. Here is matter of more importance, Mistress Mettelane. It is not fit that Olivia should go to London without me, and in that case it is most fit she goes as my wife."

"I am of your mind, Captain Kelder; and why not?"

"There are two sufficient reasons 'why not,' Aunt Hannah. How can I marry while my father is in prison? 'T would indeed be a great occasion for people to speak ill of me. And, also, I know not if I should be welcome to Nathaniel's people. Indeed, I fear I should bring contention among them."

"You are to marry me, and not my people, Olivia."

"Nay, but I will not marry thee without the good-will of thy people. I will neither go to thy home, nor take thee into my home, without their liking."

From this opinion Olivia could not be persuaded. Although she made no complaint of Lady Kelder's neglect, she was keenly sensitive to it. She was aware that Nathaniel had informed his parents of their intention to marry, and she looked at least for some courteous social recognition of the intention. At this hour Nathaniel also felt it. He found it impossible to make excuses for his mother; and when he arrived at home he had thought over his supposed wrong until his heart was hot within him, and it gave him a certain satisfaction to say bluntly:

"I asked Olivia Prideaux to marry me to-morrow, and she refused. That is because you have not given her the welcome due to my intended wife."

"You must be moon-struck! Or love-struck! Midsummer madness! Marry to-morrow! What are you dreaming about?"

"She goes to London on her father's business, and I wish to go with her."

"I dare be bound you do. Well?"

"Mother, you are cruel. I never knew you so before. If you love me, go and see Olivia to-morrow and tell her she is welcome in Kelderby."

"Shall I tell a lie to pleasure Mistress Prideaux? As to Kelderby, how do you know that it is mine, or yours, to offer? The selfishness of youth passes my patience! While all Kelderby — house and lands — hangs in the balance; while your father is fighting for his and your rights in a world now strange and hard to him; while I watch and pray, neither sleeping nor eating, weary to fainting with the restless walk that alone relieves my anxious heart, you are dawdling after that Quakeress, who has made us all this sorrow. And then, to crown your injustice, I am cruel because I humble not myself to her. Nathaniel, you are cruel! And I never knew you so before."

She began to weep bitterly, and Nathaniel was not able to endure that spectacle. He soothed her as best he could; he mingled his tears with hers; he found that his brave intention to insist upon Olivia's rights had ended in a reconciliation which left his mother decidedly the gainer. But who can blame him? Brutal is the son who is not vanquished by his mother's tears!

He went to his room utterly worn out with feeling. And yet he could not sleep. The face, the voice, the touch, the influence of Olivia, dominated him. He whispered her name continually. He felt all the bitterness and the sweetness of a love debarred and crossed, and yet potential above and beyond all reasonings. It was unfortunate that he had spoken to his mother at that time. She was miserable in the absence of the baron and in the danger of Kelderby. Indeed, suspense fretted every one; for no word had yet come back from Baron Kelder, nor was any just yet to be expected.

Meanwhile the baron was nearing the end of his journey. He had changed his horse frequently, but never his steady gallop, until he came to the long brick streets of London. For as soon as Odinel Kelder accepted the duty of rescuing his inheritance he forgot his years, and felt not the infirmities belonging to them. In the calm regularity of his late life he had accumulated a reserve of strength which now answered all his demands upon it, and he arrived at his journey's end not more weary than a man in the prime of life might have been. The sun was setting, and he went to an inn at Charing Cross and rested there all night.

Oliver Cromwell was still at Hampton Court, and Kelder's intention was to rise early and try to obtain an audience before the business of the day began. But he fell into a sleep so profound that nothing wakened him until the morning was far advanced. Indeed the business of the day was over when his name was given to the Protector. So little ceremony was then in vogue that the officer in waiting left the door open between the rooms, and Kelder could see his old general walking with a weary, sorrow-laden face in the long gallery.

His name broke Oliver's reverie in two. He

stood still and let it call back to his memory the man who bore it. The recognition came with a smile, and he walked towards the entrance and said: "Is it thou indeed? Come in then, for thou art right welcome." Kelder loved the man, and these friendly, honest words made his heart burn. And as they walked up and down the long gallery, hung with pictures representing the triumphs of Cæsar, they began to talk of the triumphs of the Puritan host, and of the days when they had fought side by side.

"Thy heart was then plain to me, Kelder; but now there are such jealousies and such a spirit of calumny among us, that my condition as to flesh and blood is very hard. Oh, I say so, I do truly."

"I love thee, and thou hast done great things for England."

"Through God. He blessed me therein as it pleased him. For I raised round me such men as thou art, Kelder, who had the fear of God, and made some conscience of what they did."

"We were never beaten—never!"

"That is a matter of praise to God, and it hath this instruction in it—to own men who are religious and godly. Oh, I love men that keep their integrity! men who have a single eye and a whole body full of light." And then Kelder's face answered the face at his side—the strong scarred face, threatening fierceness and rigors to the unfaithful, but tremulous with sensibility and full of love and sadness to those whom he trusted.

After some further discourse they heard the sound of music and singing, and Oliver, still talking, led Kelder into the great hall, where there were two fine organs. Mr. John Milton was playing on the larger, and a choir of boys sang to his music that fine canon, by Ben Jonson:

Look how the winds upon the waves grow tame,
Take up land sounds upon their purple wings,
And catching each from other bear the same,
To every angle of their sacred springs.
So will we take his praise and hurl his name
About the globe in thousand airy rings.

Cromwell was passionately fond of noble music, and it was but a few moments before the mounting joyful strains made him forget speech. He listened with pleased attention until they died away in low wandering symphonies. Then he turned suddenly to Kelder and asked what business in special had brought him to London so soon after his son's visit.

"To undo the business about which my son came"; and, beginning at Nathaniel's visit to De Burg, Kelder told Oliver the whole story precisely as the events of it had happened.

Cromwell's answer was delayed long enough to show a trifle of hesitation. "I like not," he said, "to fasten and to unloose; to say 'yea' and 'nay' as it were with the same breath. But if a mistake hath been made, then it is the part of wisdom to unmake it with all the speed that may be. And in this matter it is evident that De Burg is without common gratitude and without principle. He will go to Charles Stuart, will he? Yea, if he can. We must look to that; indeed we must."

The wistful, speculative look called into his eyes by revealing music was all gone. He was mentally regarding the man, insensible to the kindness of kindred and the clemency of his country, who would defraud the one and betray the other. The implements of writing were at hand, and in fifteen minutes he had penned a private order to Secretary Thurloe concerning Kelderby, and sent a command to General Selden regarding De Burg.

Dinner waited while he completed this business; but as soon as the letters had been intrusted to the officer in waiting he turned pleasantly to the domestic rite, taking Kelder's company as a matter beyond the necessity of a formal request. The table was, as Nathaniel had described it, plainer and less delicately laid than the table at Kelderby. Wealthy burghers, all over England, dined with as much ceremony and plenty; and excepting the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, none of the party were dressed with any extravagance of material or fashion. Music in an adjoining room filled the pauses in conversation, and doubtless there were times when Cromwell, both from private and public causes, was glad of such excuse as it made for his silence.

But not so with Odinel Kelder. They had too many great and merciful events to recall to each other, and the Lady Elizabeth listened with a wife's interest and delight to Kelder's unaffected praises of her lord. No one could doubt his honesty; and Cromwell, weary of double-dealers, looked with pleasure in the clear face of this true friend. Even Bridget, his spiritually minded daughter, "a woman breathing after Christ, acquainted with temptations, humbled, and not exalted by her father's greatness," could not refrain acknowledging by a kind smile the genuine affection of this single-hearted adherent.

Music and singing passed the time after dinner; a madrigal, by Mr. Lock, being repeated several times to pleasure Kelder, who was able ever afterwards to recall some of its most taking falls. Then there was a psalm sung, which the Protector gave out from the small black psalm-book he had carried through all his campaigns; and after it the ladies retired to their own privacy. But Cromwell and Kelder drew closer to each other. They had a pipe of the Virginian weed, and then walked on the terrace. And as the stars grew larger and brighter they spoke of those sacred personal aspects of religion which are the secret strength of that "spiritual confidence" we are commanded to "restrain not."

The following day Kelder received back his bond, and with it the assurance of the Protector that Kelderby was freely in his own power again. He called for a taper and they burned the parchment silently upon the hearth; but when the blaze was dead and the bond was a shriveled band of gray ashes Cromwell spoke in a low, warning voice:

"Take it not ill what I say,—I know you will not,—or else you will be ruined yet. And truly 't is not I that say it; it is the counsel of the wisest man. 'He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it: and he that hateth suretiship is sure.'"

But though his affairs were thus comfortably settled, Kelder did not immediately leave London. Cromwell clung to him with a simple regard he found it hard to resist; and nearly every night for three weeks the two men walked the terrace at Hampton Court and talked together of the things which both loved,—"the wisdom of God in a mystery,"—all those extreme thoughts which men seldom care to reach, beyond which no man can go. Perhaps neither had an intellect trained for subtle disputing, nor did they even try to measure with the foot-rule of their understanding the immutable wisdom of God. But in religious matters both had a child's heart, and both were seeking to enter the kingdom of heaven by the gate of spiritual wistfulness.

## XI.

### OLIVIA AND CROMWELL.

"Prosperity and adversity, life and death, poverty and riches, come of the Lord. . . . Love, and the way of good works, are from him."

. . . "the constant change and transmutation
Of action and of contemplation,
Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,
Upward, exalted again to the sky;
Downward, the literal interpretation,
Upward, the vision and mystery."

LADY KELDER had won a victory over her son, but she had no sense of triumph. What if she got her wish about Olivia, and lost it about Kelderby? The God whom she served was a jealous God, balancing his favors according to the service given. She could not expect too much from him. To clear Kelderby of all its obligations to De Burg, to clear Nathaniel of his obligations to Olivia, was perhaps beyond her desert. Of two evils she must choose the lesser. After hours of restless anxiety she resolved to sacrifice her personal feelings to the more permanent good. If only Kelderby were saved she would try — yes, she would try to accept Olivia.

The mysterious travail of sleep brought her only visions of confusion and anxiety. When the morning came she resolved to call upon Olivia, and judge with her own eyes and intelligence as to the capabilities of the girl for the honor Nathaniel designed her. The concession was a great one; how great Nathaniel could not understand, because the way to Sandys, so hard for his mother, was just the way he liked best of all to go.

"'T is the greatest trial of my life, I believe," she said to herself; and she honestly felt it to be so. On the contrary, Nathaniel was eager to accompany her; but she refused his attendance with a sharpness that had something of reproach in it.

"No, sir! I will take my woman with me. I have no mind to be audience to your veiled sweethearting. Simon, the shrimp-fisher, was here yesterday about his cottage. Give a little of your time to the necessities of the people until your father returns. And to-day there may be a letter from him. 'T is fit surely that either you or I be here to receive it."

Do women dress for men? Never as they do for their own sex. Lady Kelder took from their manifold scented wrappings her very finest garments—an overdress of dark violet velvet, with a quilted satin petticoat of the color of old ivory. A thick gold chain held her pomander case, the case itself being of fretted Moorish work studded with gems. She put it to her nostrils, and with a wretched little laugh said to Jael: "Faith! I shall need the camphor, I know! My heart hath a strange fainting sickness already. And give me my fan, Jael—the one of foreign feathers with the silver handle; and my headdress of ivory satin edged with Flemish point.

She stood a moment before her mirror looking steadily at the woman reflected there—a handsome, resolute woman, tenacious of her own opinions, and finding out for them warranty of Holy Scripture or holy men. When she turned away, Jael gave her a long mantle of black Genoa velvet, and gloves of Spanish leather, richly embroidered and perfumed with orange flowers. Nathaniel was taken with a heartache when he saw her. He understood that the visit, undertaken with so much ceremony, intended little kindness. Yet he felt himself the influence of such royal apparel, and conducted his mother to her coach with a deferential affection which would not be reasoned with.

That morning Olivia was strangely sad and fearful. A journey to London was as great an event then as a journey across oceans is now; and the very necessity for it implied a danger for her father that she had not apprehended. She was employed in preparations for it when

Lady Kelder's step upon the stone passage arrested her attention. Although it was a firm, slow step, Olivia knew at once that it was the step of a woman. She lifted her head and listened, for Hannah Mettelane had gone into Kendal to make some purchases, and she knew that the reception of any stranger must devolve upon her. As the visitor approached she laid down her work and stood up to meet her.

At the same time Gideon threw wide the door, and with some circumstance announced, "Lady Kelder." The two women looked steadily at each other — Olivia's face expectant, indeterminate, ready to reflect instantly a smile or a pleasant light; Lady Kelder's intent, curious, critical, for as yet she had seen Olivia only in a very hurried and cursory manner. Once they had passed each other on Kendal streets, and once, when Lady Kelder called upon Jane D'Acre, Olivia was just taking leave of her friend. She had therefore but a slight remembrance of the girl; now, however, she regarded her with a distinct purpose of examination.

She saw a tall, slender, girlish figure in a white linen dress, with a square collar of English lace encircling her throat. She saw an oval face, delicately rounded; eyes soft, deep, heavenly, with large and solemn gaze; a sweet mouth, rosy and tender; a steady round chin; a color like a wild rose; and a great abundance of soft brown hair. She felt also something of the unknown and unseen in her very simplicity, in the look and air of the girl, which checked every impulse towards what was trifling or disrespectful.

But what the tongue or pen stumblingly or slowly expresses, the eyes see in a moment; and Olivia's appearance and manner was flashed upon Lady Kelder's consciousness as she walked with stately grace from the door to the center of the room. There Olivia met her. Lady Kelder courtesied slightly, expecting from Olivia the deeper reverence due from youth to age. But Olivia's self-respecting creed forbade her to bend her knee to mortal man or woman. She simply extended her hand and said, "Thou art very welcome."

There was then a momentary pause; but Lady Kelder was not a woman who hesitated, or who advanced to the expression of her opinions by roundabout ways. She took the seat offered, and said:

"Mistress Prideaux, I ask you seriously, and I pray you resolve me truly, if 't is your purpose to make a marriage with Captain Kelder?"

"I have promised to marry him — if God will."

"Oh, indeed! I observe that young people usually make God's will fit their own desires."

"My conscience is a swift witness. I desire only what God wills."

"My son wished to marry you to-day. In such a hurry of self-pleasing, wherein will you discover any will higher than your own?"

"I willed not to marry thy son to-day. 'T was out of a sudden great fear and love that he spoke. If thou knowest the circumstances, thou must understand his desire."

"Indeed, mistress, I do not need you to explain my son to me. And I am agreeably pleased to find that you have so much sense as to put the bridle on an offer so beyond all reason. I must tell you that Kelderby itself stands in the 'nay' or 'yea' of the Protector, or else, in a case still worse, the honor of the De Burgs. It is inconceivable that Nathaniel should be wife-seeking when his inheritance, and his home, and the honor of his name stand in such jeopardy."

"Thou must know that my father's honor and my father's estate stand in still more perilous conditions. How then could I take the thought of marriage into my heart at this time?"

"'T is indeed a time laden with strange things, and you must see how inconvenient marrying and giving in marriage must be in the press and hurry of so many great events."

"I think not of it. My heart is wholly set upon my father's peril."

"Nathaniel says that you come not to Kelderby because I ask you not."

"Nathaniel puts my love and his own below what fits their right when he says so. Truly I will not come to Kelderby without thy welcome; but I marry not Kelderby, but Nathaniel Kelder."

"'T is an unnecessary pride that you show. A mother has some rights in the son she has borne."

"A true wife will never wrong them. I seek not Nathaniel Kelder; he seeks me."

"Ah! I thought surely that you loved Nathaniel."

"Thou must not conceive different, and put wrong words in my mouth. But I love him not better than duty and honor and truth. If thou art afraid I am going to wrong thy son in any respect, put all thy fears away. I love not Nathaniel Kelder for myself, but beyond myself. When thou understandest that, thou wilt have a true welcome for me; and perhaps, if God will, I may then come to Kelderby."

"What will you — "

"I will not at all. God wills."

"You must know that the Kelders are a very old family. 'T is indeed a trial when they mate not with their equals. I say nothing against Master Prideaux, who is doubtless an excellent and respectable man."

"I count the probity and sagacity of my

father so much higher than the traditional glory of dead men as living virtue is higher than dead virtue."

"Dead virtues are honorable, mistress."

"Yea, for the dead."

"On this matter truly we may have divided opinions, but if it comes to giving occasion for evil-speaking, we must be at one. There hath been talk and gossip about you and Captain Kelder, and the tongues of others are not in our control. Would it not be better to give the public assurance in regard to your position?"

"If I suffered talk and gossip to move me I should fear the tongue of man more than the eye of God."

"As you like, mistress. For myself, I have ever found my misfortunes more supportable than the comments of my friends on them. To be sure, if you heed not the words said of you—"

"If people speak ill of me, I ask what kind of people they admire, and then it often happens that I am quite consoled. Thou wilt find it in general a comfortable answer. Wilt thou eat and drink with me?"

"I am neither hungry nor thirsty, and my servants and horses wait."

Olivia had risen as she spoke, and Lady Kelder involuntarily followed her example. Young and slight as the girl looked, she carried herself with great dignity. In Sandys the mistress of Sandys was the equal of the mistress of Kelderby. For in her home a woman has immeasurable though intangible advantages. She stands on her own ground, and thereby acquires a moral right which prejudices any antagonist.

The interview was evidently over, and Lady Kelder felt that she had gained nothing from it. The serenity of Olivia had been proof against every little wind of passion or ill-will. She had not lost an inch of ground. She had made no concessions and no promises, and she had told Lady Kelder nothing but what she already knew.

"She has a thousand virtues. If she had a single vice she would be more endurable," said Lady Kelder, as soon as her coach drove away. "Take my fan, Jael, and give me a breath of air. I never thought so well, and so ill, of my sex."

"She hath a name beyond all praise."

"A dowdy, Jael; a very dowdy, in a linen frock. It passes my comprehension. Nathaniel hath seen some of the finest women of the day."

"Well, my Lady, you looked like a queen, and I dare say she was a bit flustered at the meeting with you."

"Flustered! She had the composure of a goddess — I mean, of a saint."

"Was there any falling out with her, my Lady?"

"You might as well try to fall out with a prayer-book, Jael. But I would she had spoken the temper I saw in her eyes."

They were riding swiftly through the estate of Sandys, and Lady Kelder could not but notice the fine order in which park and meadows and cornfields were kept.

"I believe the old goldsmith weeds them as carefully as he dusted his shop and wares. I dare be bound he enters every furrow in his ledger. But 't is a grand old place, that is beyond denying. And 't is possible the proud little maid may have the grace to take nurture. They who live in Kelderby grow Kelder-like. What hinders?"

"That is but a fluffment of talk, my Lady. Everything hinders. I never heard tell in my time of nurture being stronger than nature. The cuckoo lays in the sparrow's nest, and the bird hatched is cuckoo to its last feather. The cuckoo lays in the thrush's nest, but no upbringing will make it sing the thrush's song. It will cry 'cuckoo' to the long end of its life. The Quakeress may come to the Kelders' nest, but she 'll never change her nature with her name."

"By troth and faith! you are right, Jael. For I came out of Singleton Seat, and though I be married to Kelder's name, I shall be Joan Singleton till I be no more on earth."

Then she was silent awhile, and Jael watched her fingering her pomander chain or the sheath of her fan, and saw how her handsome face grew more and more fretful and disappointed. For Lady Kelder was upright enough with her own heart to be aware that her dislike to Olivia sprang from the girl's trifling peculiarities jarring her own antagonistic peculiarities. She knew quite well that these were a thousand times overbalanced by Olivia's excellences, and that she ought to conquer her unreasonable antipathy; but she did not; she could not.

She had two regrets in regard to her visit: first, that she had worn her best clothing, for Olivia had not seemed to notice it — certainly she had shown no symptom of being in any way subjugated by its splendor; second, that she had been neither as kind nor as disagreeable as she had intended. The sense of failure was with her. She had not conquered Olivia; neither had she irritated her.

When she returned home Nathaniel's face made her still more angry. It hoped and asked so much. The longing curiosity on it was almost painful, and she instantly reflected that it was "that girl" he was anxious and curious about. She spoke of the heat, of the dust, of the weight of her dress, and went to her room

to change it, without a word or a sign which could enable Nathaniel to interpret her. Of course it was cruel, but she felt as if at that hour she did well to be cruel.

Truly she pitied herself as she looked in her mirror and thought of the unpleasant and unprofitable journey she had taken. And Nathaniel's depressed and injured air did not tend to make her at all sorry for him. It was beyond reason that he should add this care to her anxieties about her husband and her home. So when at length he asked, "Did you see Olivia, mother?" she was rather glad to answer gloomily:

"Indeed I saw her."

"I am afraid—dear mother, I hope you have not quarreled with her."

She was standing with her back to him, at the open door of the china closet. She turned round in a passion. "God's mercy on me!" she cried. "May not the girl just as likely have quarreled with me? I will not talk with you about her. If you have no other subject, I will pity myself so far as to be silent."

Then Nathaniel suddenly rose and took a letter from the chimneypiece. "I had forgotten," he said. "'T is from my father, as you may see. The bearer is in the servants' hall."

"And you could think of any other thing or person? You are unworthy of your father, Nathaniel. But I wonder not! I wonder not!"

She was breaking the seal with trembling fingers as she spoke, and after a few moments' consideration of its contents she said, in a low, intense voice: "Kelderby is saved! Kelderby is saved!" And in the moment of her joy she forgot Olivia and fully forgave Nathaniel.

Privately, also, she was now quite reconciled to the events of the morning visit. She was glad there had been no nearer sympathy between Olivia and herself. If she had ever been weak enough to contemplate accepting Olivia as a compromise with the Almighty's sense of her deserts, she had now a double gratification in feeling that both her desires had been granted her. Kelderby was saved, and she had been saved from any promises regarding Olivia. Her home had been given back to her without any mortifying concession on her part. Was she made gentle and kindly by this favor? No! She was human enough to experience immediately one of those heart-hardenings which too often follow a lifted anxiety or a desire granted.

The animus of this unhappy meeting affected Olivia in a manner still more personal and profound. For though she went with Lady Kelder to her coach, and preserved a quiet civility of manner to the last moment of their interview, she was quivering with controlled emotion. And in the solitude of her room the conflict was renewed. Her enemy was still with her. The battle had only been carried from the outward court to the inner sanctuary of life.

She stood silent, with her hands dropped and clasped before her, and her eyes dilating, as though looking far, far down into the depths of her soul. Lady Kelder had wounded her in every sense. Her love had been questioned, her pride humbled, she had been made to feel that she was the troubler of Nathaniel's house. She had been subjected to a criticism judicially cold; forced suddenly to meet a trial for which she was quite unprepared, and which in her present circumstances appeared a gratuitous sting added to sorrow strange and unavoidable.

At first she could hardly help blaming Nathaniel. He ought to have prevented Lady Kelder's visit; or, if that was impossible, he ought to have accompanied his mother. It was cruel to leave her to face alone the imperious discontent of the disappointed woman. A tumult of outraged feeling made spiritual anarchy in her usually reasonable soul, and sudden flashes of resentment, ending in spontaneous thoughts and plans of revenge, made her cheeks burn and her mouth quiver.

The struggle was harder and longer because her reverent spirit did not suffer her to press into God's presence while under such angry influences. There is a veil between the holiest part of our nature and the Divinity, even as in the visible temple there was a veil before the Shekinah; and Olivia did not dare, with an impatient heart, to pass beyond it. She stood silent until her will had conquered; until pride, anger, hate, revenge, and wounded self-love were lost in that wondrous depth out of which grows the love of God; till she heard the tender question that besought her complaint:

"Thou, then? Who art Thou?"

With streaming eyes and swelling heart she bowed herself, and answered, "Thou knowest me, and all my sorrows."

And yet how sweet it was to tell them over, and to feel in the telling the infinite sympathy of the Divine heart! Then what serene amazement took the place of all fears and of all conclusions! Her trouble grew lighter than a grasshopper, and she rose up from the internal revelation joyfully resigned to all that God willed.

Lady Kelder had passed beyond her horizon, and she looked outward with far-seeing gaze. A glory that never was on sea or land transfigured her face; a contagious warmth, a thrill of positive faith, radiated from her lovely form. For the most real of all splendors, the most wonderful of all miracles, is within us. And those who doubt must consider that the

human soul is the place where two worlds meet —where the Infinite touches the finite.

The reflex influence of this spiritual communion did not desert Olivia for many days. It gave to her final interviews with her lover a delightful peace. She passed over Lady Kelder's visit with a serene indifference that made it hard for Nathaniel to talk of the subject. And yet he understood from Olivia's reticence that the meeting had not been a pleasant one.

On the morning of her departure they stood together in the embrasure of a large window in the parlor. The lower casements were open to catch the dewy perfumes of the garden, and Nathaniel clasped her left hand between his own hands. She was very pale, and the hurry of the preparations for the journey moved her so much that he felt it slightly flutter in his grasp.

Jacob and Jane Willis both sat silent. With heads thrown slightly backward and closed eyes they communed with their own souls, seeking an assurance for their unusual journey. Fox was walking in the garden. He had his hat in his hand, and the sunshine brightened his long fair hair. His meditations were doubtless holy and happy, for his face was calm and reverent, though his eyes were towards the boxwood and the flowers. Hannah Mettelane was ordering the breakfast, and the servants were packing the luggage of the travelers in the boot of the coach. No one was regarding the lovers; they were practically alone.

"My father will doubtless be home in a day or two, beloved; then I shall make every haste to overtake you."

"Thou must not put me before thy duty; but if thou canst wisely come"—and she turned slightly, and raised her eyes to him.

He could not resist the something he saw in them. "You hope, Olivia! You are happy!" And he lifted her face in his hands and kissed it.

"I love thee, Nathaniel. Love always hopes. I will keep thy memory to make my happiness with, dear one. And thou must not doubt. I think true love is a promise, and surely it is God's good pleasure to give what he has promised."

"My soul, I love you! I will love you forever."

"Thou knowest I love thee truly."

"We have chosen each other out of all the world."

"I have chosen thee."

"You will be my wife?"

"I have told thee so."

"But when?"

"That I know not. The rose blooms at its own hour; wouldst thou tear its beauty out of the bud? Love will grow to marriage, dear one; but shall not love have the glory of its perfect hour?"

"Can I love you more perfectly?"

"I think thou canst—or thou couldst wait with more patience. If thou lovest me for eternity, there is all eternity to love me in. And this time is my father's time. He asks me for the first and best of it. George Fox thinks that I may save his life. Few daughters have such honor given them. When my dear father is out of all trouble—"

"Then you will marry me?"

"When thy father and mother are willing for our happiness, then I will be thy wife. I will love thee first of all, and best of all. I will honor thee with my whole soul, I will love thee perfectly because I so honor thee."

He saw her soul in her eyes; it informed and vivified her face, her white slender throat, her small hands, until the flesh and blood grew translucent and ethereal.

To pure-hearted young girls Heaven gives such transparent fleshly veils; they have no false or sinful thoughts to hide. But as the heart grows hard and insincere the soul puts on many veils, and the light within becomes darkness. Then flesh and blood is simple clay.

When at length the hour of parting came he clasped her to his heart with passionate, sorrowful love. At this moment, with his tears upon her cheeks and his kisses on her lips, she would not wrong his love and hers with any pretenses. She suffered him to see that she wept and loved with him. She murmured sweet broken words of affection; with the long, long gaze of lingering love she watched his tall, dark figure till the green vault of the sycamores hid him from her view.

Great emotion makes many men silent, almost stern; and Nathaniel quickly left Sandys, though Mistress Mettelane urged him to rest there for a little while. For Hannah was one of those women, sweet and homely as honey, who would draw the sting of all men's sorrow into their own breast; and she pitied the young man, hiding with such proud reticence his anxious love and grief.

However, he consoled himself with the reflection that the baron would certainly be home in a day or two. His affairs settled, there was nothing to delay him in London; and Nathaniel raised himself in his stirrups and instinctively searched the horizon for the tall, thin figure he expected to see. The letter already received had made no mention of his return. "I have seen Cromwell, and Kelderby is quite released. I am in comfortable health." That was all, and at the moment of their reception such words had seemed full of all content; but now Nathaniel wished his father had added, "I take the road at once for the north."

In the mean time Olivia pursued her painful journey southward. The quaint old towns where they rested, or baited or changed horses, gave her a momentary interest, and Fox usually took her for a short walk while they were necessarily delayed. But the whole moving drama of streets and lanes and of white roads, along which crept the great pack wagons with their smocked drivers and belled horses, affected her much as the phantasmagoria of a dream. Hour after hour she sat in silence, listening vaguely to the measured talk of Fox and Willis, or, with shut eyes, recalling the fair garden and house of Sandys, and the happy and sorrowful scenes with which they were blended.

When she arrived in London she was suffering much from headache and exhaustion. The last day of the journey had been an agonizing interval, which she had borne with closed eyes and lips. The men scarcely understood her sufferings, and Mistress Willis felt a slight scorn for the girl so much more easily wearied than herself—a woman of sixty years. She reflected, as women usually reflect, upon the superiority of their generation and the decadence of the young people growing up at their side.

They went to the Blue Boar Inn in King street, and for that night Olivia permitted every thought of love or sorrow to escape her. Her slight form succumbed to physical suffering, her heart ached, she was soul weary; when the landlady left her alone in the darkish room she could have cried with joy for the simple relief of solitude. Weary and suffering, she laid her head down upon her pillow, and He gave his beloved sleep; sleep so deep and sweet and long that Fox became uneasy and asked the landlady to visit her guest.

The dusty sunshine of the narrow, noisy street stole in through the crevices of the shutters and lay in golden bars across the great oaken bed. Its spotless linen looked mystically white in the gloom of the veiled day, and the sweet face at rest upon the pillow had the lovelier pallor of life held in the solemn pause of sleep deeper than the tide of dreams. The landlady walked softly to the bedside and stood looking at the sleeping girl. How exquisitely still was the breathing miracle! The small, bow-shaped mouth had the faintest smile; the curtains of the eyes dropped their dark fringes on cheeks softly rounded and white with the warm shadowy white of a lily leaf. A band of sunshine turned the loosened hair into a glory. The small hands were lightly clasped, and, lying on the snowy white of the linen, showed, like the face and throat, the duskish pallor of flesh and blood. All around the bed hung the scent of lavender, bringing thoughts of warm, sunny gardens to wander about the silent sleeping-place.

"God bless the girl!" the woman whispered. "I was once as young as she be"; and she softly drew the curtains so as to shade her from the light. But at the door she turned and took into her memory the dark, draped bedstead, with its soft, white interior, and the fair young sleeper in its dim, slumberous peace.

The next day Olivia arose thoroughly refreshed, and conscious of that spiritual exaltation which desires to face a crisis, and is straitened till its duty is accomplished. They went early in the day to Hampton Court, but Cromwell had gone to Westminster, so they were delayed for many hours. Indeed, Fox was advising Olivia to return to the city until the morning, when the officer brought him into the Protector's presence. He had not sent in Olivia's name lest the interview should be denied; and when she entered with Fox the Protector looked up with considerable annoyance from the writing on which he was engaged.

"George Fox, you are come here complaining again. I know you are, and I will not suffer it."

"Verily, Oliver, thy conscience tells thee the truth. Thou promised to bring in a bill putting faith before all forms. That would set free hundreds of good men, thy old companions in arms, who now die daily for Christ's sake."

Cromwell listened impatiently. "I will answer anon. Who may this maid be? Thy daughter?"

"She is a daughter of sorrow, and so thy daughter and my daughter and the daughter of all good men." Then he looked at Olivia, and she stepped forward and said:

"My father is in the hands of those that hate him. I pray thee to see that he get justice."

Cromwell looked at her with piercing eyes. Her innocent yet resolute face, lifted so fearlessly to him, touched his heart. But he was in that mood of being "weary in well-doing" into which the best men sometimes fall. He felt as if he had been kind and just and faithful all in vain. At that hour he was tired of doing good only to be unthankfully treated. So he considered the suppliant girl before he answered her. He saw that she was very lovely, and that her dress, though plain, was of the richest material. But he understood from her speech that she was a Quakeress, and like Joseph with his brethren, he hardened his face and spoke roughly to her, though the irrepressible quiver of her closed mouth made his own mouth quiver in sympathy.

"Who is your father?"

"He is called Roger Prideaux."

"Roger Prideaux! I have heard of him

from Baron Kelder. Yes, I will tell you the truth; I have heard all concerning him. He will sit upon two stools, will he? Then if he fall between them he only is to blame. Let the magistrates settle the business as seemeth right to them."

"But thou must not bear the sword in vain. Thou must see that they who judge judge righteous judgment."

She looked confidently into his face; but he shook his head and turned from her towards George Fox.

Fox answered the movement. "Thou must listen, Oliver; for if thou listen not, thy conscience will give thee but a hard time of it. I know that of thee."

At this moment the door opened and Odinel Kelder entered. He came without ceremony, having received such favor of Cromwell, and indeed being there that afternoon on an understanding of their mutual friendship.

Cromwell turned to him instantly. "Come you here, Baron Kelder. Know you this man and this young maiden?"

"Mr. Fox is known to me, and I give him my hand gladly, knowing him also to be a good man. The young maiden I know not."

"I am the daughter of Roger Prideaux; and I have come here to speak with the man whom God has set over England, that he may try with his judgment whether my father be worthy of imprisonment or not."

"Truly, Roger Prideaux is a worthy man. I have said so to my lord general before this. Mercy, in his case, cannot err."

"I ask not for mercy; my father hath done nothing worthy of punishment. I ask," and she looked straight into Cromwell's eyes — "I ask thee for justice. And thou canst not judge justly if thou wilt not hear the truth."

"You are a brave maid, you are indeed; and you shall tell me the truth, and I will see how it fits with what my friend Kelder has said before."

She looked then into Kelder's face, and that moment the baron forgave his son for loving her. Beginning at that fatal day when John de Burg begged his life at her hand, she told Cromwell the whole story. The words came with the force of simple truth. No oath and no witnesses could have certified them as she herself did — her upright air, her clear eyes, her steady voice, her modest confidence.

When she ceased speaking Cromwell turned to Baron Kelder, and Kelder said instantly, "I believe that Mistress Prideaux has spoken no word that is not true." And he looked so kindly at her that she had to drop her eyes to hide the mist of grateful pleasure that gathered there. But Cromwell answered: "This is a judgment very difficult, besides being a business that nearly concerneth all good men that are loyal. I will take it into my own consideration."

"That is the utmost of my desire. The Lord chose thee to judge this nation; truly, then, *I* may put my confidence in thee."

"I think so, I do indeed! I will see that none do Roger Prideaux wrong, though I judge him not altogether innocent, for I fear that his heart hath hankered after the man Charles Stuart. But for you, little maid, the Lord hath given you wisdom and comeliness, and, I doubt not, a knowledge of himself. Come, I will take you to those who will refresh you, for you are weary, indeed you are; and I have daughters also,— four of them,— whom God knows I love with a most tender love."

All the sternness went out of his eyes, his face beamed; he stretched out his hand, and with a frank modesty Olivia laid her hand in it. As she did so she turned her pale, luminous face on Baron Kelder, saying:

"Thou didst bear a true witness. I am thy loving debtor for it."

"Nay, then, you must pay my son Nathaniel in loving-kindness." Cromwell had her left hand, she gave Kelder her right, and he bowed his head and touched the white palm with his lips, while Fox watched the little tableau with a gaze that had a blessing in it.

In a few moments the Protector returned to his visitors, and his first words had an irritable tone in them. "What is your concern now, George? You are ever a hard preacher."

The two greatest men of their day stood side by side, searching each other with glances that went beyond all visibles. "My concern, Oliver, is no less than the lives of the two thousand Quakers in prison for conscience' sake; and if the question is too hard for thee, so much more the pity of it! If it be a cross—"

"Talk you of the cross, as if a Quaker had a special bearing of it! I trow not. I also have crosses on the one side and the other, I am sure. And, also, better men than myself bearing burdens for England, with small thanks. Listen to this, and let Quakers learn therefrom the patience I wish they had, I am sure I do."

Then he took from his pocket a letter and opened it with some passion. "Here is a man that knew his calling from the first to this day. What man has discharged his duty better than Robert Blake? Has he not driven away the Dutch, and made Popish kings do right to Protestants, and the Pope himself pay 20,000 pistoles good penance money, and taught justice to the deys of Tunis and Tripoli?—a hard lesson truly; and yet in the midst of all these triumphs he writes thus to me: he writes with tears, he does indeed, out of a mind troubled and a body sick as ever was, yet withal as a man fearing God very bravely. I tell you the

Quakers are the Little-Faiths of their generation. Tell them that, George, and also tell them what Robert Blake says in his weakness and triumph"; and he stood still and struck the paper with his right hand, before he read the words aloud:

"My only comfort is that we have God to lean upon, although we walk in darkness and see no light—consoling myself in the mean time in the Lord, and in the firm purpose of my heart with all faithfulness and sincerity to discharge the trust reposed in me.

"I tell thee, George Fox, I myself have a service fullest of trials ever poor creature was set upon. The cross! The cross! Surely, if we turn ourselves upwards or downwards, without or within us, everywhere the cross is always waiting."

"Thy words do not meet the witness of my conscience."

"George Fox, Quaker consciences are too troublesome. I protest they are. Under this pretense they will not fight, nor will they pay tithes, nor will they swear. So many scruples! Such bad principles! Such provokingly good practice! I know not—no, nor doth any other know—what is best to give them. I would they could at least suffer in silence. I say, suffer in silence."

"Testimonies are required of them. Thou knowest well that there is not one instance in which even the weakest woman has denied or concealed her faith for fear of man's scorn, or the torture of the flesh. Bear in thy mind, also, that many of these sufferers are thy old comrades—fierce, strong, brave men, such as thou didst make them; yet when did any of them revenge himself? Verily, not one."

"If they would speak what any man might know! But this doctrine is full of hidden things—of mysticism."

"Out of the steel ranks of thy own Ironsides have come the mystics of England. These men who have laid down their swords for Christ's sake once followed thee through many a red lane of battle. And though God permitteth thee to be merciful, doubtless persecution is of his will. For 't is a deep plow, Oliver; it goes to the bottom of a man's nature. It goes far below all dogma. It goes below even the senses and the appetites. It summons the soul to do battle against the arm of flesh. Verily, I have seen the black heart of the sensualist burned clean and white in this fire."

"Then, George, if it be such a fire of God's kindling, I will not put it out. I will not, indeed."

They had been walking as they talked together, and had passed out of the smaller room into the great hall. Some one was at one of the organs, and through all their conversation a soft fugue had kept up a mysterious and melodious dialogue. Suddenly there was an intrusion of metallic sounds, the clash of cymbals and tinkle of triangles, and accompanying these the roll of a drum. Cromwell became silent and stood still listening. In some occult way the half-barbaric sounds carried each mind far off to lands near sunrising, and while the spell lasted a clear voice in musical recitative filled the hall:

"Belshazzar the king gave a great feast to a thousand of his lords."

With a white, stern face Cromwell heard, and then led the way back to the smaller room. He was strangely troubled. For a few minutes he did not speak, and neither Fox nor Kelder felt any impulse to break the strained silence. The strong voice rising and falling to the ebb and flow of the tingling, rolling waves of sound was still faintly audible. Kelder stood as if listening to its echoes. Fox was listening also, but not to any echo of mortal sound. Cromwell broke the pause in a voice that had a singular unreality about it.

"'T is beyond our knowing," he said, "where dreams come from; yet 't is beyond my doubting that I dreamed last night of the king Belshazzar and the hand that wrote his death warrant. Verily, it is the unseen that terrifies us, Kelder. It was not the hand, but the hand being without the body, that froze the king and nobles with unearthly terror. Come, let us go and eat, for I am weary with many thoughts and cares."

They passed without further words into a more private part of the palace, and entering a room saw Olivia sitting between Bridget Ireton and Mary Fauconberg, the Protector's daughters. The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell stood at the spread table, but her eyes were fixed upon Olivia, whose face had an expression of holy enthusiasm upon it. There was evidently an interruption; but no allusion was made to the circumstance until the whole party sat in the summer twilight.

Then the Lady Cromwell said to her husband, "My dear, your coming in prevented our full knowledge of the finest words ever I did hear; and I think Mistress Prideaux will do us all great service if she make us audience to them."

Every one looked at Olivia, and with a slightly heightened color she said, "They were the last words of James Naylor, who truly died for the truth, though men perceived it not for the veil of mortal frailty. Yet in the end God suffered him the glory and peace of his presence."

"Naylor! The man was adjudged by the best in the land to be a blasphemer against God,"

answered Cromwell; but his speech was slow and heavy.

"The best in the land!" cried Fox. "Were they indeed the appointed keepers of God's honor? Thou knowest better, Oliver. 'T was a matter of conscience, and belonged to God's tribunal."

"His claim was beyond humanity, George."

"His punishment was beyond humanity. Foolish women, led away by the marvelous beauty of his comely countenance and by the music of his eloquent tongue, gave him honor he never claimed. Doubtless he ran out foolishly into imaginations, but he said not that he was Christ; only, that Christ dwelt within him. Such a word was too great to be carnally judged." And Fox looked upward, as if appealing to the God of justice.

"God may pardon such judges, but I would surely mete them their own measure," said Baron Kelder — "the red-hot iron through the tongue and on the brow, and the six hundred and twenty lashes which tore the body till the flesh would scarce hold the vital organs. 'T was an infamy of cruelty fathered upon the God of mercy and the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world. And there was none to pity him."

"Odinel Kelder, I was in close prison myself at the time. Had I been a free man I would have besought our kind Oliver for the mercy that is truly in his heart. I would have pleaded for James Naylor with both God and man."

"He went too far, George, he did indeed; and he deserved some punishment, he did; I say so. Yet truly I interfered, even to the checking of Parliament with stiff words, about James Naylor."

"Well, then, he is now with God."

"I knew not that he was dead."

"Yea, gone away from all who loved and all who hated him and did him wrong. His end was in great peace, and in the passing over he breathed forth his soul in music; slowly, with his mutilated tongue, speaking the great words in his adoring soul. Olivia, let us hear the last thoughts of this blasphemer, whom the Parliament of England thought it did well to torture."

Then Olivia stood up, and resting one hand on Fox's shoulder she repeated the hymn to which James Naylor dismissed his soul.

There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things in hope to enjoy its own in the end.

It sees to the end of all temptations.

As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other.

If it be betrayed it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercy and forgiveness of God.

Its crown is meekness.

Its life is everlasting love unfeigned.

It takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind.

In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it or can own its life.

It is conceived in sorrow and brought forth without any to pity it.

Nor doth it murmur at grief and opposition.

It never rejoiceth but through suffering, for with the world's joy it is murthered.

I found it alone, being forsaken.

I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places of the earth.

Who through Death obtained the Resurrection, and Eternal Holy Life.

To these majestic words Olivia's sympathetic voice rose and fell in musical cadence. Her eyes sought heaven, and her face was like the glowing page of some holy book. Kelder kept back tears with difficulty, Oliver's sorrow-laden eyes were cast down with the trouble in them, Fox's face and attitude were that of triumphant rejoicing. But no one made any comments. Indeed, the first word spoken was irrelevant to the matter.

"What name did George Fox call you by, little maid?"

"I am named Olivia."

"For this life we have the same name — Olivia." He said the word slowly, with a lingering, gentle emphasis. "My daughter, know you the secret, sacred name? the new name of His adoption?" They looked at each other steadily, as if seeing with that sight which cleaveth flesh and blood and discerns spiritually.

Then Cromwell dropped her hand and walked on to the terrace with Odinel Kelder, and the women bade Olivia and Fox farewell, with all the pleasant confusion and iterated words that are the womanly conception of the rite.

Olivia was exceedingly weary, but so upheld by the certainty of Cromwell's interference in her father's case that she did not desire to rest until she had written to Hannah Mettelane, in whose letter she put these few lines to Nathaniel:

MY DEAREST HEART: This is to tell thee that all has gone well, and that we leave London for Sandys in two days. Mistress Caroline Peel and her daughter Sybil return in our company to the north. Nathaniel, know truly that all the space between us is full of loving thoughts for thee. I say thy name often, and whenever it passes my lips I kiss it on them for thee. To-day I saw thy father with Cromwell, and the meeting was pleasant, but I surely think that I shall see thee ere thou see him. For Cromwell stays him in London for love, but love so much stronger hastens me back to Sandys and to thee. So then, am I not as I have truly promised to be, ever thine OLIVIA.

*Amelia E. Barr.*

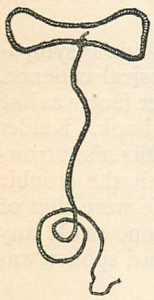
(To be continued.)

# THE SLAVE-TRADE IN THE CONGO BASIN.

## BY ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

ILLUSTRATED AFTER SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR.

### WITH STANLEY.



CANE HANDCUFF.

THE heart of Africa is being rapidly depopulated in consequence of the enormous death-roll caused by the barbarous slave-trade. It is not merely the bondage which slavery implies that should appeal to the sympathies of the civilized world; it is the bloodshed, cruelty, and misery which it involves.

During my residence in Central Africa I was repeatedly traveling about in the villages along the Congo River and its almost unknown affluents, and in every new village I was confronted by fresh evidences of the horrible nature of this evil. I did not seek to witness the sufferings attendant upon this traffic in humanity, but cruelties of all kinds are so general that the mere passing visits which I paid brought me in constant contact with them.

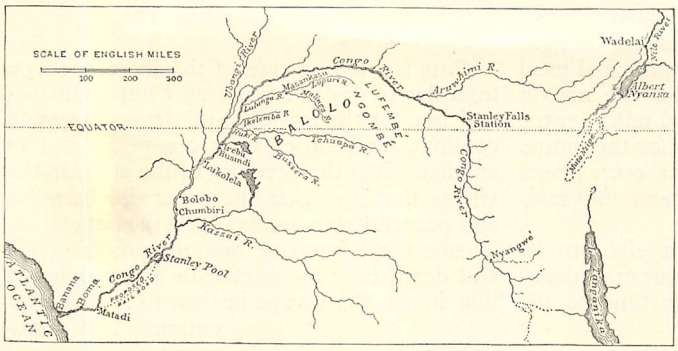
It is not alone by the Arabs that slave-raiding is carried on throughout Central Africa. With respect to slavery in the Congo Free State, the western limit of the slave-raiding operations of the Arabs is the Aruwhimi River, just below Stanley Falls, but intertribal slavery exists from this point throughout the State to the Atlantic Ocean. During my six years' residence on the Congo River I saw but little of the Arabs, and therefore in this article I am detailing only my experiences bearing upon the subject of slavery among the natives themselves.

I first went to the Congo in 1883, and traveled without delay into the interior. Arriving at Stanley Pool, I received orders from my chief, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, to accompany him up river on his little boat the *En Avant*. Stanley at that time was engaged in establishing a few posts at important and strategic points along the upper river. Lukolela, eight hundred miles in the interior, was one decided upon, and I had the honor of being selected by him as chief of this post. As no white man had ever lived there before, I had a great deal of work in establishing myself. The position selected for our settlement was a dense forest, and until now it had been more familiar with the trumpeting of elephants and the cry of the leopard than with human beings. At first the natives rather objected to my remaining at all, and stated their objections to Stanley. Said they: "We have promised to allow you to put a white man here, but we have been talking the matter over, and we have concluded it would be better to put your white man somewhere else. We, the assembled chiefs, have held a council, and have come to the conclusion that it is not desirable to have such a terrible creature in the district." Stanley said: "Why, what is there in him that you object to? You have never seen him." (I had not yet landed, being at that time very sick and unable to leave the boat.) They said, "No, we have not seen him, but we have heard about him." Stanley then said, "What have you heard about him?" They replied: "He is half a lion, and half a buffalo; has one eye in the middle of his forehead, and is armed with sharp, jagged teeth; and is continually slaughtering and devouring human beings. Is this so?" Stanley answered them, "I did not know that he was such a terrible creature; but I will call him, and let you judge for yourselves." Upon my appearing this illusion was immediately dispelled, as, after suffering several days from an acute sickness, I really did not look very formidable or bloodthirsty.

Here I lived for twenty months, the only white man, so that I had every opportunity of studying native character and customs.

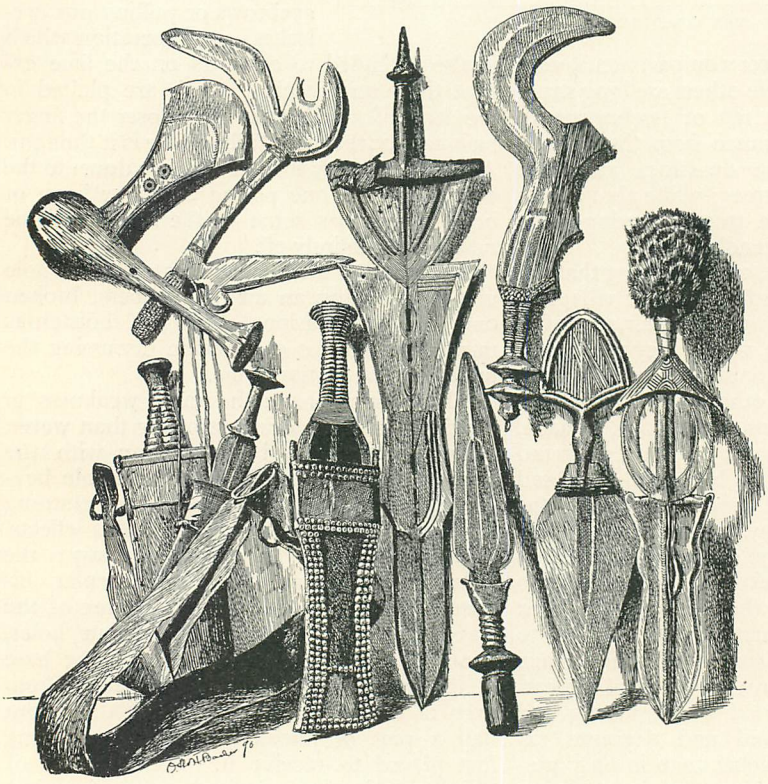
### NATIVE LIFE.

IN order to place before the reader a picture of savage life untouched by civilization, I could hardly do better than lightly sketch a typical village at Lukolela as I have intimately known it. The whole district contains about three thousand people, the land occupied by them extending along the bank for two miles, the villages being dotted through this distance in clusters of fifty or sixty houses. The houses are built on each side of one long street or in open squares. They are roofed with either palm leaves or grass, the walls being composed of split bamboo. Some of these dwell-


SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES
100 200 300
EQUATOR
Congo River
Aruwhimi R.
Wadelai
Albert Nyanza
Stanley Falls Station
BALOLO
NGOMBE
LUPEMBE
Ikelemba R.
Ikoko
Ikuta
Ikuta
Ikuta

All tools are put away, and work is suspended. The fires are again lighted, mats are brought out and spread about, and the principal meal of the day is eaten; after which the natives gather around the fire again and talk over the events of the day and the plans for the future. The young people repair to the open places and indulge in their native dances until midnight.

This dancing at night is a sight to be remembered. The performers arrange themselves in circles and dance in time to the beating of the drums, which is their only accompaniment, and occasionally break out into native songs. The surrounding tropical scenery stands outlined in bold relief, the nearer trees occasionally catching the lurid light of the fires, which also strikes on the gleaming bodies of the dancers, making a violent contrast of light and shade, the whole scene being rendered impressive by the wild but harmonious music.



CONGO KNIVES.

At midnight, when all the villagers have retired to their huts, stillness reigns, broken only at times by the weird call of a strange bird, the cry of a prowling leopard or some other wild animal, and the varied sounds of tropical insects.

THE EFFECT OF SLAVERY.

THIS is a fair picture of the life carried on from day to day in a hundred Congo villages, and but for the existence of slavery it would continue undisturbed from one year's end to another. It is the presence of the slave in the village that brutalizes the otherwise harmless and peaceful community. It is the baneful influence that gives one man the power of life and death over the wretch he has purchased that impels the savage instinct to spill in executions and ceremonies the life-blood of the man, woman, or child he has obtained—perhaps in exchange for a few brass rods or two or three yards of Manchester cloth. Here at Lukolela, for instance, I had hardly settled down in my encampment when I was introduced to one of those horrible scenes of bloodshed which take place frequently in all the villages along the Congo, and which will be enacted so long as the life of a slave is counted as naught, and the spilling of his blood of as little account as that of a goat or a fowl.

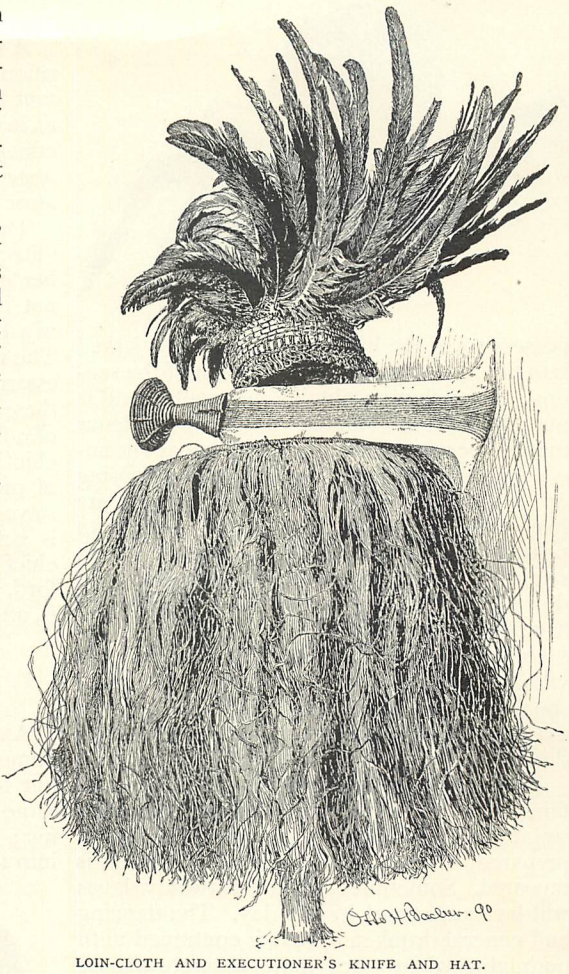
In this particular instance the mother of a chief having died, it was decided, as usual, to celebrate the event with an execution. At the earliest streak of dawn the slow, measured beat of a big drum announces to all what is to take place, and warns the poor slave who is to be the victim that his end is nigh. It is very evident that something unusual is about to happen, and that the day is to be given up to some ceremony. The natives gather in groups and begin studiously to arrange their toilets, don their gayest loin-cloths, and ornament their legs and arms with bright metal bangles, all the time indulging in wild gesticulations and savage laughter as they discuss the coming event. Having taken a hasty meal, they produce from their houses all available musical instruments. The drums are wildly beaten as

groups of men, women, and children form themselves in circles and excitedly perform dances, consisting of violent contortions of the limbs, accompanied with savage singing and with repeated blasts of the war horns, each dancer trying to outdo his fellow in violence of movement and strength of lung.

About noon, from sheer exhaustion, combined with the heat of the sun, they are compelled to cease; when large jars of palm wine are produced, and a general bout of intoxication begins, increasing their excitement and showing up their savage nature in striking colors. The poor slave, who all this time has been lying in the corner of some hut, shackled hand and foot and closely watched, suffering the agony and suspense which this wild tumult suggests to him, is now carried to some prominent part of the village, there to be surrounded and to receive the jeers and scoffs of the drunken mob of savages. The executioner's assistants, having selected a suitable place for the ceremony, procure a block of wood about a foot square. The slave is then placed on this, in a sitting posture; his legs are stretched out straight in front of him; the body is strapped to a stake reaching up the back to the shoulders. On each side stakes are placed under the armpits as props, to which the arms are firmly bound; other lashings are made to posts driven into the ground near the ankles and knees.

A pole is now planted about ten feet in front of the victim, from the top of which is suspended, by a number of strings, a bamboo ring. The pole is bent over like a fishing-rod, and the ring fastened round the slave's neck, which is kept rigid and stiff by the tension. During this preparation the dances are resumed, now rendered savage and brutal in the extreme by the drunken condition of the people. One group of dancers surround the victim and indulge in drunken mimicry of the contortions of face which the pain caused by this cruel torture forces him to show. But he has no sympathy to expect from this merciless horde.

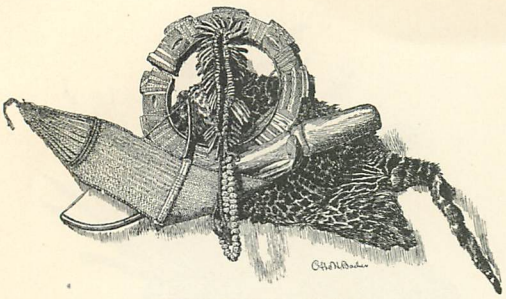
Presently in the distance approaches a company of two lines of young people, each holding a stem of the palm tree, so that an arch is formed between them, under which the executioner is escorted. The whole procession moves with a slow but dancing gait. Upon arriving near the doomed slave all dancing, singing, and drumming cease, and the drunken mob take their places to witness the last act of the drama.



LOIN-CLOTH AND EXECUTIONER'S KNIFE AND HAT.

An unearthly silence succeeds. The executioner wears a cap composed of black cocks' feathers; his face and neck are blackened with charcoal, except the eyes, the lids of which are painted with white chalk. The hands and arms to the elbow, and feet and legs to the knee, are also blackened. His legs are adorned profusely with broad metal anklets, and around his waist are strung wild-cat skins. As he performs a wild dance around his victim, every now and then making a feint with his knife, a murmur of admiration arises from the assembled crowd. He then approaches and makes a thin chalk mark on the neck of the fated man. After two or three passes of his knife, to get the right swing, he delivers the fatal blow, and with one stroke of his keen-edged weapon severs the head from the body.

The sight of blood brings to a climax the frenzy of the natives: some of them savagely puncture the quivering trunk with their spears, others hack at it with their knives, while the remainder engage in a ghastly struggle for the



NATIVE WEARING APPAREL.

possession of the head, which has been jerked into the air by the released tension of the sapling. As each man obtains the trophy, and is pursued by the drunken rabble, the hideous tumult becomes deafening; they smear one another's faces with blood, and fights always spring up as a result, when knives and spears are freely used. The reason for their anxiety to possess the head is this: the man who can retain that head against all comers until sundown will receive a present for his bravery from the head man of the village. It is by such means that they test the brave of the village, and they will say with admiration, speaking of a local hero, "He is a brave man; he has retained two heads until sundown."

When the taste for blood has been to a certain extent satisfied, they again resume their singing and dancing while another victim is prepared, when the same ghastly exhibition is repeated. Sometimes as many as twenty slaves will be slaughtered in one day. The dancing and general drunken uproar is continued until midnight, when once more absolute silence ensues, in utter contrast to the hideous tumult of the day.

I had frequently heard the natives boast of the skill of their executioners, but I doubted their ability to decapitate a man with one blow of the soft metal knives they use. I imagined they would be compelled to hack the head from the body. When I witnessed this sickening spectacle I was alone, unarmed, and absolutely powerless to interfere. But the mute agony of this poor black martyr, who was to die for no crime, but simply because he was a slave,— whose every piteous movement was mocked by frenzied savages, and whose very death throes gave the signal for the unrestrained outburst of a hideous carnival of drunken savagery,— appealed so strongly to my sense of duty that I decided upon preventing by force any repetition of this scene. I made my resolution known to an assembly of the principal chiefs, and although several attempts were made, no actual executions took place during the remainder of my stay in this district.

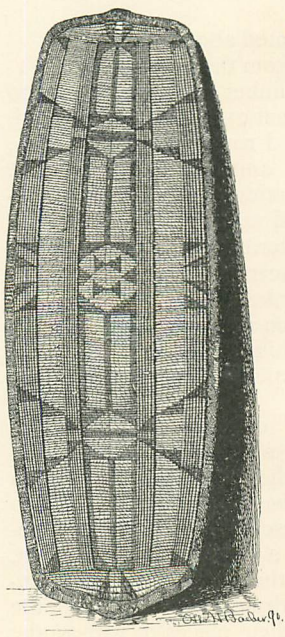
### THE VILLAGE CHIEFS.

A FEW words are necessary to define the position of the village chiefs as the most important factors in African savage life; especially as in one way or another they are intimately connected with the worst features of the slave system, and are responsible for nearly all the atrocities practiced on the slave.

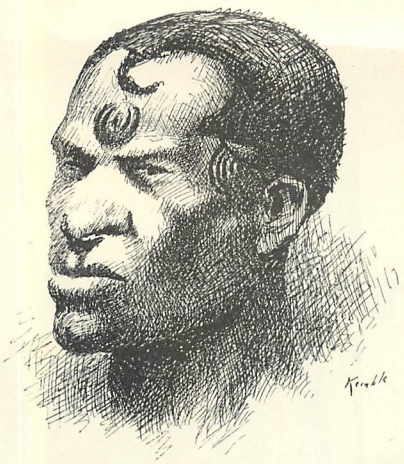
The so-called chiefs are the head men of a village, and they rank according to the number of their warriors. The title of chieftain is not hereditary, but is gained by one member of a tribe proving his superiority to his fellows. The most influential chief in a village has necessarily the greatest number of fighting men, and these are principally slaves, as the allegiance of a free man can never be depended upon. A chief's idea of wealth is — slaves. Any kinds of money he may have he will convert into slaves upon the first opportunity. Polygamy is general throughout Central Africa, and a chief buys as many female slaves as he can afford, and will also marry free women — which is, after all, only another form of purchase.

### MODES OF TORTURE.

ALL tribes I have known have an idea of immortality. They believe that death leads but to another life, to be continued under the same conditions as the life they are now leading; and a chief thinks that if when he enters into this new existence he is accompanied by a sufficient following of slaves he will be entitled to the same rank in the next world as he holds in this. From this belief emanates one of their most barbarous customs — the ceremony of human sacrifices upon the death of any one of importance. Upon the decease of a chief, a certain number of his slaves are selected to be sacrificed, that their spirits may accompany him to the next world. Should this chief possess thirty men and twenty women, seven or eight of the former and six or seven



NGOMBÉ SHIELD.



LOLO MAN.

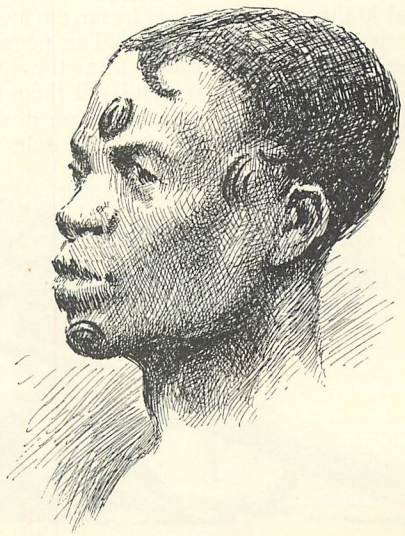
of the latter will suffer death. The men are decapitated, and the women are strangled. When a woman is to be sacrificed she is adorned with bright metal bangles, her toilet is carefully attended to, her hair is neatly plaited, and bright-colored cloths are wrapped around her. Her hands are then pinioned behind, and her neck is passed through a noose of cord; the long end of the cord is led over the branch of the nearest tree, and is drawn taut at a given signal; and while the body is swinging in mid-air its convulsive movements are imitated with savage gusto by the spectators. It often happens that a little child also becomes a victim to this horrible ceremony, by being placed in the grave alive, as a pillow for the dead chief. These executions are still perpetrated in all the villages of the Upper Congo.

But the life of the slave is not only forfeited at the death of the chief of the tribe in which fate has cast his lot. Let us suppose that the tribe he is owned by has been maintaining an internecine warfare with another tribe in the same district. For some reason it is deemed politic by the chief to bring the feud to an end, and a meeting is arranged with his rival. At the conclusion of the interview, in order that the treaty of peace may be solemnly ratified, blood must be spilled.

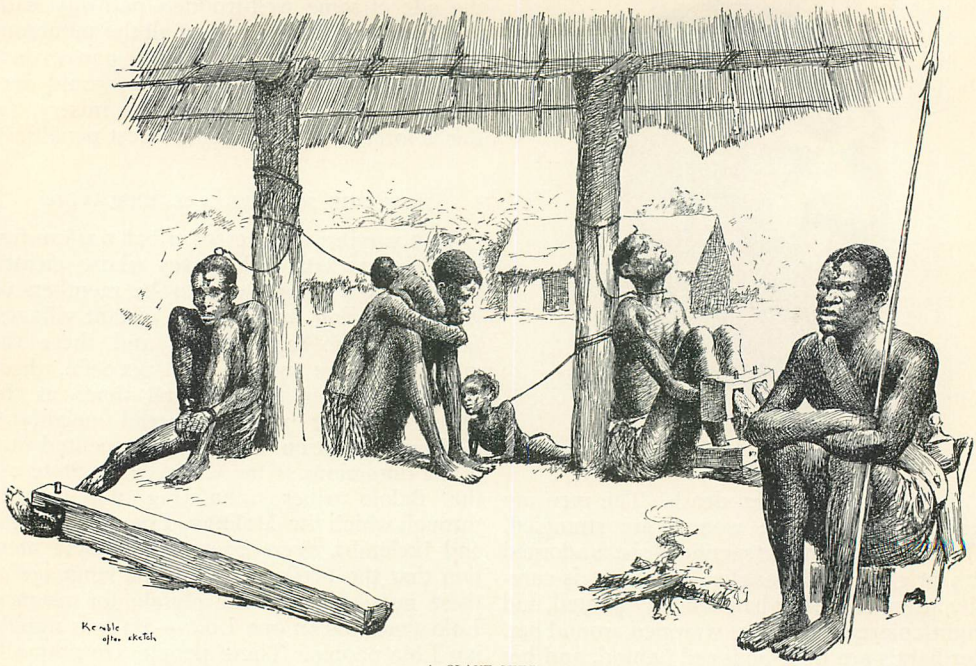
A slave is therefore selected, and the mode of torture preceding his death will vary in different districts. In the Ubangi River district the slave is suspended head downwards from the branch of a tree, and there left to die. But even more horrible is the fate of such a one at Chumbiri, Bolobo, or the large villages around Irebu, where the expiatory victim is actually buried alive with only the head left above the ground. All his bones have first been crushed or broken, and in speechless agony he waits for death. He is usually thus buried at the junction of two highways, or by the side of some well-trodden pathway leading from the village; and of all the numerous villagers who pass to and fro, not one, even if he felt a momentary pang of pity, would dare either to alleviate or to end his misery, for this is forbidden under the severest penalties.

### HOW THE NATIVES ARE ENSLAVED.

THE varying fortunes of tribal warfare furnish the markets with slaves whose cicatrization marks show them to be members of widely differing families and distant villages. But there are some tribes, and these the most inoffensive and the most peaceful, whose weakness places them at all times at the mercy of their more powerful neighbors. Without exception the most persecuted race in the dominions of the Congo Free State are the Balolo tribes, inhabiting the country through which the Malinga, Lupuri, Lulungu, and Ikelemba rivers flow. I may here mention that the prefix "Ba" in the language of these people implies the plural; for instance, Lolo would mean one Lolo — Ba-lolo signifying Lolo people. These people are naturally mild and inoffensive. Their small, unprotected villages are constantly attacked by the powerful roving tribes of the Lufembé and Ngombé. These two tribes are voracious cannibals. They surround the Lolo villages at night, and at the first signs of dawn pounce down upon the unsuspecting Balolo, killing all the men who resist and catching all the rest. They then select the stronger portion of their captives, and shackle them hand and foot to prevent their escape. The remainder they kill, distributing the flesh among themselves.



LOLO WOMAN.



A SLAVE-SHED.

As a rule, after such a raid they form a small encampment; they light their fires, seize all the bananas in the village, and gorge upon the human flesh. They then march over to one of the numerous slave-markets on the river, where they exchange the captives with the slave-traders of the Lulungu River for beads, cloth, brass wire, and other trinkets. The slave-traders pack the slaves into their canoes and take them down to the villages on the Lulungu River where the more important markets are held. Masankusu, situated at the junction of the Lupuri and Malinga tributaries, is by far the most important slave-trading center. The people of Masankusu buy their slaves from the Lufembé and Ngombé raiders, and sell them to the Lulungu natives and traders from down river. The slaves are exhibited for sale at Masankusu in long sheds, or rather under simple grass roofs supported on bare poles. It is heartrending to see the inmates of one of these slave-sheds. They are huddled together like so many animals.

A CAPTIVE.

### IN THE SLAVE-SHED.

THE accompanying pictures, from sketches which I took at Masankusu, will give some idea of the suffering which is endured by captives in numberless slave-markets. They are hobbled with roughly hewn logs which chafe their limbs to open sores; sometimes a whole tree presses its weight on their bodies while their necks are penned into the natural prong formed by its branching limbs. Others sit from day to day with their legs and arms maintained in a fixed position by rudely constructed stocks, and each slave is secured to the roof-posts by a cord knotted to a cane ring which either encircles his neck or is intertwined with his woolly hair. Many die of pure starvation, as the owners give them barely enough food to exist upon, and even that they grudge them. These hungry creatures form indeed a truly pitiable sight. After suffering this captivity for a short time they become mere skeletons. All ages, of both sexes, are to be seen: mothers with their babes; young men and women; boys and girls; and even babies who cannot yet walk, and whose

mothers have died of starvation, or perhaps been killed by the Lufembé. One seldom sees either old men or old women; they are all killed in the raids: their marketable value being very small, no trouble is taken with them.

Witnessing groups of these poor, helpless wretches, with their emaciated forms and sunken eyes, their faces a very picture of sadness, it is not difficult to perceive the intense grief that they are inwardly suffering; but they know too well it is of no use to appeal for sympathy to their merciless masters, who have been accustomed from childhood to witness acts of cruelty and brutality, so that to satisfy their insatiable greed they will commit themselves, or permit to be committed, any atrocity, however great. Even the pitiable sight of one of these slave-sheds does not half represent the misery caused by this traffic — homes broken up, mothers separated from their babies, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters. When last at Masankusu I saw a slave woman who had with her one child, whose starved little body she was clutching to her shrunken breast. I was attracted by her sad face, which betokened great suffering. I asked her the cause of it, and she told me in a low, sobbing voice the following tale:

"I was living with my husband and three children in an inland village, a few miles from here. My husband was a hunter. Ten days ago the Lufembé attacked our settlement; my husband defended himself, but was overpowered and speared to death with several of the other villagers. I was brought here with my three children, two of whom have already been purchased by the traders. I shall never see them any more. Perhaps they will kill them on the death of some chief, or perhaps kill them for food. My remaining child, you see, is ill, dying from starvation; they give us nothing to eat. I expect even this one will be taken from me to-day, as the chief, fearing lest it should die and become a total loss, has offered it for a very small price. As for myself," said she, "they will sell me to one of the neighboring tribes, to toil in the plantations, and when I become old and unfit for work I shall be killed."

There were certainly five hundred slaves exposed for sale in this one village alone. Large canoes were constantly arriving from down river, with merchandise of all kinds with which they purchased these slaves. A large trade is carried on between the Ubangi and Lulungu rivers. The people inhabiting the mouth of the Ubangi buy the Balolo slaves at Masankusu and the other markets. They then take them up the Ubangi River and exchange them with the natives there for ivory. These natives buy their slaves solely for food. Having purchased slaves they feed them on ripe bananas, fish, and oil, and when they get them into good condition they kill them. Hundreds of the Balolo slaves are taken into the river and disposed of in this way each month. A great many other slaves are sold to the large villages on the Congo, to supply victims for the execution ceremonies.

Much life is lost in the capturing of slaves,

A LUFEMBÉ SLAVE-HUNTER.

and during their captivity many succumb to starvation. Of the remainder, numbers are sold to become victims to cannibalism and human sacrifice ceremonies. There are few indeed who are allowed to live and prosper.

### CANNIBALISM.

CANNIBALISM exists among all the peoples on the Upper Congo east of 16° E. longitude,

and is prevalent to an even greater extent among the people inhabiting the banks of the numerous affluents. During a two-months' voyage on the Ubangi River I was constantly brought into contact with cannibalism. The natives there pride themselves upon the number of skulls they possess, denoting the number of victims they have been able to obtain. I saw one native hut, around which was built a raised platform of clay a foot wide, on which were placed rows of human skulls, forming a ghastly picture, but one of which the chief was very proud, as he signified by the admiring way he drew my attention to the sight. Bunches of twenty and thirty skulls were hung about in prominent positions in the village. I asked one young chief, who was certainly not more than twenty-five years old, how many men he had eaten in his village, and he answered me thirty. He was greatly astonished at the horror I expressed at his answer. In one village again, as I had bought a tusk of ivory, the natives thought perhaps I might buy skulls, and several armfuls were brought down to my boat within a few minutes.

I found trading somewhat difficult on this river, as the standard of value on the Ubangi was human life — human flesh. I have been asked on several occasions to barter a man for a tusk of ivory, and I remember that at one village the natives urged me to leave one of my boat's crew in exchange for a goat. "Meat for meat," they said. I was repeatedly invited, too, to help them fight some of the neighboring tribes. They said, "You can take the ivory, and we will take the meat"—meaning, of course, the human beings who might be killed in the fight. The more unfriendly of them would frequently threaten that they would eat us, and I have no doubt they would have done so had we not been strong enough to take care of ourselves.

During my first visit to the upper waters of the Malinga River cannibalism was brought to my notice in a ghastly manner. One night I heard a woman's piercing shriek, followed by a stifled, gurgling moan; then boisterous laughter, when all again became silent. In the morning I was horrified to see a native offering for sale to my men a piece of human flesh, the skin of which bore the tribal tattoo mark of the Balolo. I afterwards learned that the cry we had heard at night was from a female slave whose throat had been cut. I was absent from this village of Malinga for ten days. On my return I inquired if any further bloodshed had taken place, and was informed that five other women had been killed.

While in the Ruki River at the beginning of this year, I was furnished with another proof of the horrible fate of the slaves. At Esengé, a village near which I stopped to cut wood for my steamer, I heard ominous beating of drums and outbreaks of excited mirth. I was informed by one of the natives from the village that an execution was taking place. To my inquiry whether they were in the habit of eating human flesh, he replied, "We eat the body entirely." I further asked what they did with the head. "Eat it," he replied; "but first we put it in the fire to singe the hair off."

There is a small river situated between the Ruki and the Lulungu, called the Ikelemba. At its mouth it is not more than 140 yards wide. Its waters are navigable for 140 miles, and it flows through the land of the Balolo. In proportion to its size it supplies more slaves than any other river. By looking on the map it will be seen that the Ikelemba, Ruki, and Lulungu run parallel to one another. The large slave-raiding tribes inhabit the land between these rivers, and bring their slaves to the nearest market, whether on the Ikelemba, Ruki, or Lulungu.

### LOCAL SLAVE-MARKETS.

THERE are clearings at intervals all along the banks of the Ikelemba, where on certain days are held small local markets for the exchange of slaves. As one travels up stream small settlements are passed more and more frequently, and fifty miles from the mouth all the country on the left side of the river is thickly populated. It is noticeable that the villages are all on the left side of the river, the opposite side being infested by marauding and roving tribes who would raid any settlement made on their banks. All the slaves from this river are Balolo, a tribe which is easily recognizable by the exaggerated tattoo marked on the forehead, side of the temples, and chin.

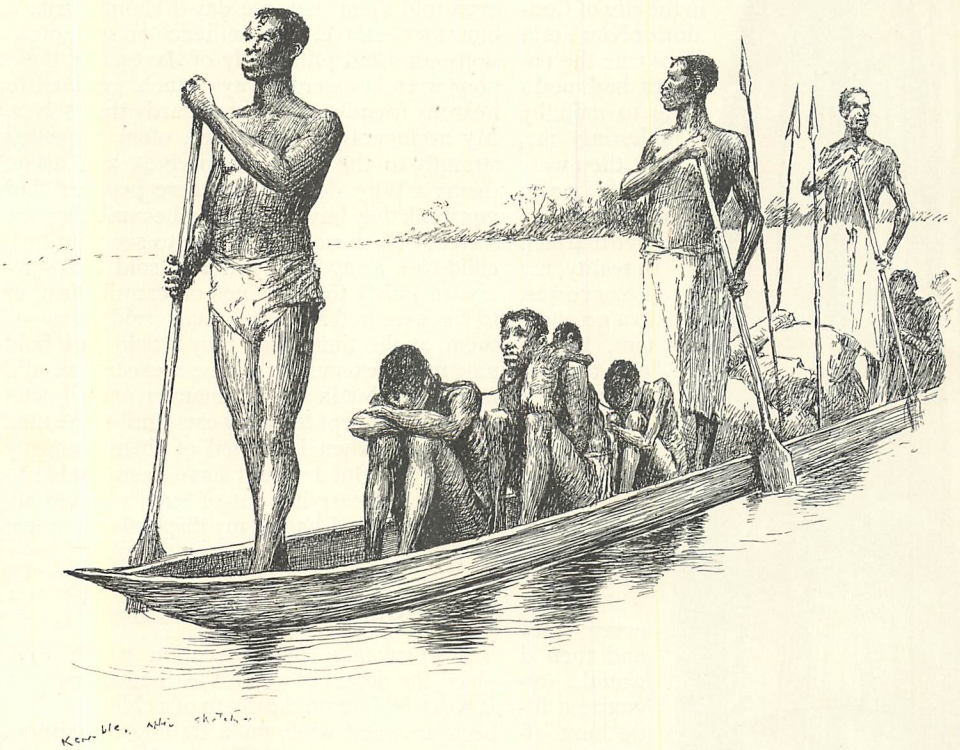
During my ten-days' visit to this river I met dozens of canoes belonging to the country at the mouth of the Ruki River and the Bakuté district, whose owners had come up and bought slaves, and were returning with their purchases. When traveling from place to place on the river the slaves are, for convenience, relieved of the weight of the heavy shackles. The traders always carry, hanging from the sheaths of their knives, light handcuffs, formed of cord and cane.

The slave when purchased is packed on the floor of the canoe in a crouching posture with his hands bound in front of him by means of these handcuffs. During the voyage he is carefully guarded by the crew of standing paddlers; and when the canoe is tied to the bank at night the further precaution is taken of changing the position in which the hands are bound and pinioning them behind

his back, to prevent him from endeavoring to free himself by gnawing through the strands. To make any attempt at escape quite impossible, his wrist is bound to that of one of his sleeping masters, who would be aroused at his slightest movement.

In one canoe which I noticed particularly there were five traders, and their freight of miserable humanity consisted of thirteen emaciated Balolo slaves, men, women, and little children, all showing unmistakably by their sunken eyes and meager bodies the starvation and the cruelty to which they had been subjected. These slaves are taken down to the large villages at the mouth of the Ruki, where they are sold in exchange for ivory to the people in the Ruki or the Ubangi district, who buy them to supply some cannibal orgy. A few, however, are sold about the district, the men to be used as warriors, and the women as wives; but compared with the numbers who suffer from the persecution of the slave-raiders, few indeed ever live to attain a secure position of even the humblest kind in a village.

The wretched state of these Balolo has always saddened me, as intellectually they are a grade higher than the tribes surrounding them; and it is really owing to the gentler fiber of their natures, and their peaceful, trusting disposition, that they easily fall a prey to the degraded and savage hordes in their district. They have artistic taste and mechanical ingenuity, and make exquisitely woven shields and curiously shaped and decorated spears and knives. They are exceedingly intelligent, faithful, and, when properly officered, brave.

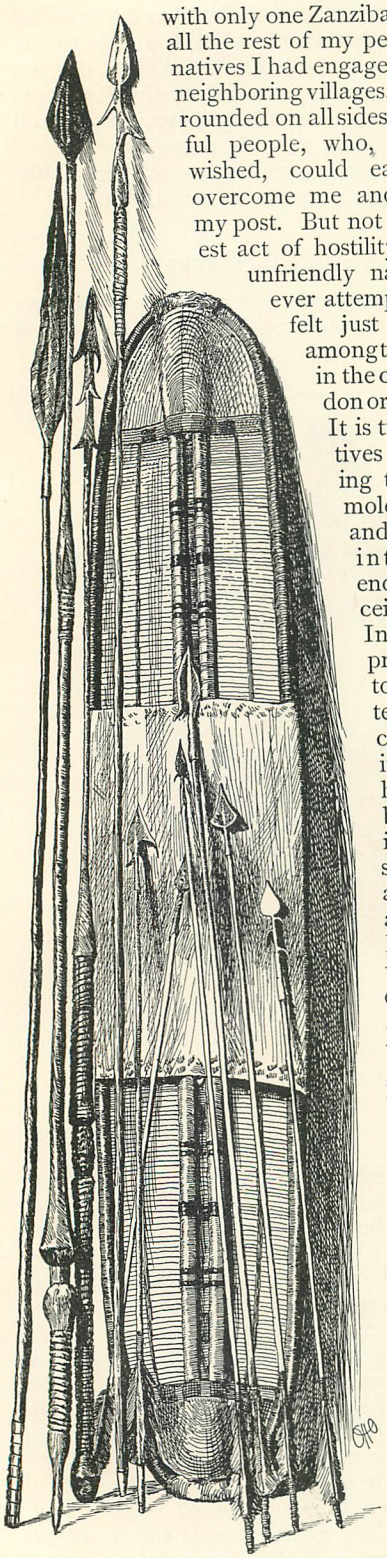


A SLAVER'S CANOE.

### IN THE FAR INTERIOR.

For many months I traveled on the Upper Congo and its affluents and had on several occasions to defend myself against the hostility of the natives. My crew consisted of fifteen men, the greater part of whom were Balolo, and I was never deceived by them. When first I engaged them they came into my hands in the rough. They were savages, some of them cannibals; but they are of a very malleable nature, and with a policy of firmness and fair play I was able to convert them into devoted and faithful servants.

As evidence of what can be done by gaining the confidence of the natives, through a policy of firmness and fairness, I think I may safely quote my experience at the Equator Station. I remained there for nearly a year,



SPEARS, SHIELD, AND ARROWS.

with only one Zanzibari soldier; all the rest of my people were natives I had engaged from the neighboring villages. I was surrounded on all sides by powerful people, who, had they wished, could easily have overcome me and pillaged my post. But not the slightest act of hostility or of an unfriendly nature was ever attempted, and I felt just as secure among them as I do in the city of London or New York. It is true the natives had nothing to gain by molesting me, and they were intelligent enough to perceive that fact. In reality, my presence was, to a great extent, beneficial to their interests. I had cloth, beads, looking-glasses, spoons, cups, and trinkets, and these I exchanged with them; every now and then I would organize a little hunt after elephants or hippopotami; and as my part in the consumption of either of these animals was a very small one, most of the meat I gave away to the natives.

My life during my stay at the Equator Station was a pleasant one. The people were of a happy and gay disposition; all were friendly and talkative. They would sit for hours and listen most attentively to my tales of Europe, and their intelligent questions proved them to be possessed of keen understanding. There is no more attentive audience in the whole world than a group of African savages, if you can speak their language and make yourself understood. When I was tired of talking to them, I would ask them questions concerning their manners, customs, and traditions. As I was much impressed by their cruelty, I always made a point of expressing my abhorrence of it, and have even told them that one day I should strike a blow for the slave. My audience on such occasions consisted principally of slaves, and these poor wretches were always much gratified to hear my friendly opinions towards themselves. My arguments, I could see, often appealed strongly to the chiefs themselves, as I asked them: "Why do you kill these people? Do you think they have no feeling because they are slaves? How would you like to see your own child torn away from you and sold into slavery, to satisfy the cravings of cannibalism, or to be executed?" They even said, some of them, at the time, that they would not hold any more executions. These executions did take place, but in a secret manner, and all news of them was kept from my ears until some time afterwards, when I learned of them from my own men. But I would have been unable to prevent the carrying out of such a ceremony with the force I had at my disposal in a single Zanzibari soldier!

### SOME BARBAROUS CUSTOMS.

I REMEMBER one execution which took place, the details of which I learned afterwards. It was to celebrate the death of a chief who had been drowned while on a trading expedition. As soon as the news of his death was brought to the village, several of his slaves were tied hand and foot and lashed down into the bottom of a canoe. The canoe was then towed out to the middle of the river at night; holes were bored in it, and it was allowed to sink with its human freight. When we are able to prohibit the terrible loss of life which the children of to-day are compelled constantly to witness, more humane feelings may develop themselves, and surrounded by healthy influences they will, unspoiled by at least open exhibitions of cruelty, grow into a far nobler generation.

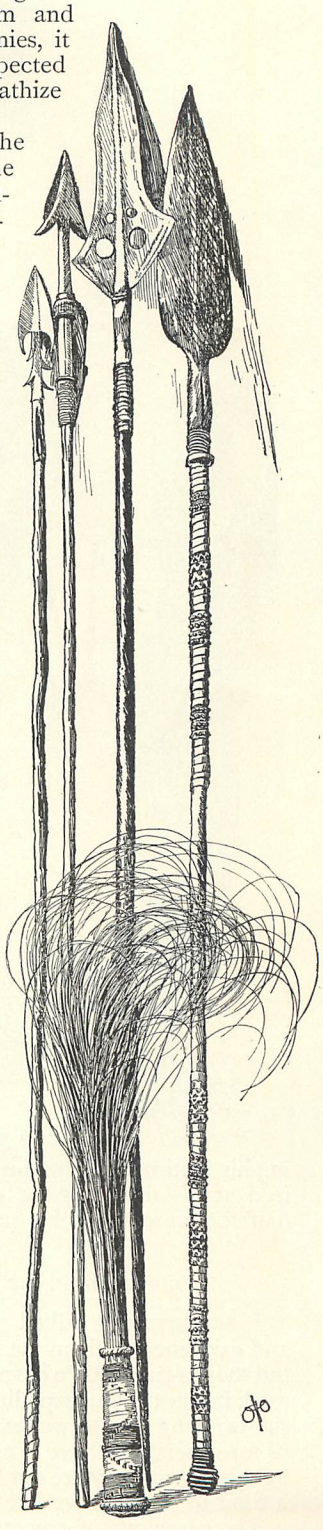
Natives suffering at the hands of the slave-traders have repeatedly asked me to help them. At Malinga, where human flesh was offered me for sale, the assembled chiefs voted me

several tusks of ivory if I would live among them and defend them against the Lufembé, and enable them to resist the persecutions they were exposed to from the neighboring tribes, who were continually making raids into their districts, capturing their people. They said: "We are being starved to death. We can make no plantations, because when our women visit them they are caught, killed, and eaten by the crafty Lufembé, who are constantly prowling around and taking away any stragglers they may see." One old chief, Isekiaka, told me that already from time to time twelve of his women had been stolen from him, and several of his children. Indeed, so wretched is the condition of the people on the upper reaches of the Malinga that numbers of them have been driven by the Lufembé from their plantations on the mainland, and are actually compelled to live on the river in miserable huts, the floors of which are supported on piles. From these dwellings they suspend their nets, and as the river is full of fish, they subsist almost entirely on the produce of their hauls. This has given rise to a curious state of things; for, as the Lufembé grow only manioc, and have more roots than are sufficient for the tribe, they are only too glad to exchange these for fish caught by their victims. And so when a market is held an armed truce is declared, and Lufembé and Malinga mingle together and barter, with their products held in one hand and a drawn knife ready in the other.

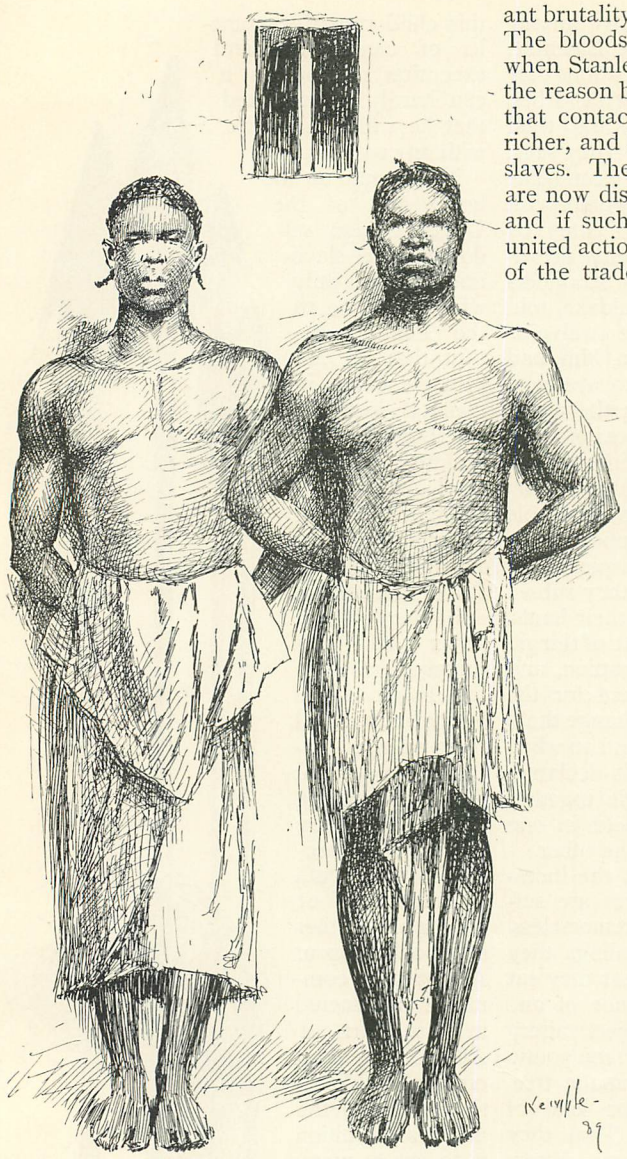
It can be readily imagined that the incessant persecution which the natives are suffering renders them cruel and remorseless. Throughout the regions of the Malinga they become so brutalized by hunger that they eat their own dead, and the appearance of one of their villages always denotes abject misery and starvation. I have repeatedly seen young children eating the root of the banana tree, vainly endeavoring to obtain some kind of nourishment from its succulence. That they are able to exist at all is a mystery. Every living object they are able to obtain is accepted as food; different kinds of flies, caterpillars, and crickets are all eaten by these people.

When one has lived for some time in Central Africa, one comes to understand the little impression that acts of the most atrocious and wanton cruelty make on the savage mind. Surrounded from childhood by scenes of bloodshed and torture, their holidays and great ceremonies marked by massacres of slaves, the mildest and most sensitive nature becomes brutalized and callous; and if this is so with the free, what must be the effect upon the slave, torn when a child from its mother, perhaps at the age of two years, and even in its infancy compelled to suffer privation. If indeed this child runs the gauntlet of cannibalism and execution ceremonies, it can hardly be expected that he will sympathize with any suffering.

The people on the lower part of the Upper Congo seldom practice slave-raiding. It is only when we come to the Bakuté district that we are brought much in contact with it. The large villages around Stanley Pool,—Chumbiri, Bolobo, Lukolela, Butunu, Ngombé, Busindi, Irebu,—Lake Mantumba, and the Ubangi River all rely principally upon the Balolo tribes for their slaves. All these villages except Stanley Pool are daily making human sacrifices, either in connection with the death of some chief or for some other ceremonial reason. Any kind of commerce transacted in this part of Africa only increases the bloodshed, because the native's ambition is to get as many slaves as possible around him; and when he sells a tusk of ivory or any other article he devotes nearly all of the cloth, brass wire, and beads which he obtains in exchange to the purchase of fresh slaves. So that he is surrounded by numerous women and warriors dur-



SPEARS AND "DEVIL DODGER."



TWO OF MY CREW.

ing his lifetime, and has his importance signalized at his death by the execution of about half the number of his people.

SUPPRESSION OF SLAVERY.

I FREQUENTLY talked with these people, and explained to them the iniquity of slavery; but they argued: "We have a great deal of hard work in our trading expeditions to obtain these slaves; why should we leave them all behind us for others who have not worked? We have bought them, they are our slaves, and we have a right to do what we like with them."

The ceremony of execution, with its attendant brutality, ought to be, and can be, stopped. The bloodshed is even greater to-day than when Stanley first saw these people in 1877; the reason being, as I have before mentioned, that contact with white men has made them richer, and has enabled them to obtain more slaves. The great powers of the civilized world are now discussing the antislavery movement, and if such discussions should result in some united action directed towards the suppression of the trade in the interior, there are a few peculiar features which might be turned to advantage.

*First*, and most important, this traffic is not complicated by religious fanaticism of any kind.

*Second.* These people are disunited; every village of fifty or sixty houses is independent of its neighbor, and small family wars are continually taking place.

*Third.* There is nothing so convincing to the African savage as physical superiority.

Now all these points are in favor of the antislavery movement.

The absence of religious fanaticism, the disunited condition of the natives, and their acknowledgment of physical superiority ought to be taken advantage of, and always borne in mind when plans for the suppression of the slave-trade and its attendant barbarism are projected. In my opinion, it will be some years before the slave-trade carried on by the Arabs can be successfully grappled with, but there is no reason why any delay should occur in striking a blow at the inter-tribal trade.

The Congo Free State has moved a step in the right direction by establishing near Stanley Falls an intrenched camp, with the object of forming a barrier to keep the Arabs, with their Manyema banditti, east of that position. Every country in the world should support the State to effect this object, as it will play a most important part in the history of Central Africa. When Stanley left Wadelai the Mahdists were already there. If these hordes join with those at Stanley Falls it will require most strenuous efforts to save the whole Congo Basin from their devastations. While we are still able to keep the Arabs east of the Falls, no time should be lost in eradicating the existing bloodshed west of that point. It is a big work, but it is a duty which the civilized world owes to

the helpless slave. Although black, and a savage, still he is a human being. It should always be remembered that the suppression of slavery in Africa does not mean merely striking the fetters from the limbs of the slave; its end is not only the substitution of paid for forced labor, but also the relief of enslaved humanity throughout all these regions from a life of unspeakable horror, from tortures that only the savage African can invent, and from a certain and violent death.

From Banana Point to Stanley Pool slavery does exist, but of such a mild character that when operations are actually begun Stanley Pool should be the starting-point. If half a dozen fast boats were placed on the river at Stanley Pool, each armed with twenty black soldiers, officered by two or three Europeans who had proved by their past services that they were capable of dealing with the question, and if such a force had the recognition of the civilized powers and was allowed to strike a blow at the evil, thousands of human lives would be saved.

These boats would be continually moving about the river, and those in command would begin by making a careful study of local politics. They would have to convince the natives of their determination to stop these diabolical ceremonies of bloodshed. The natives should be warned that any villages which in the future were guilty of carrying out such ceremonies would be most severely punished. Some of the better-disposed native chiefs would have to be bought over to the side of the white man. Spies should be engaged all over the district, so that a boat on arriving would immediately hear of any execution that was about to take place or that had taken place; and I would suggest that any village which still continued these acts of cruelty, after having been fairly and fully warned, should be attacked, and a severe example made of the principal offenders. A few such punishments would soon have a most salutary effect. These operations I should recommend to be carried on between Stanley Pool and the Falls. Posts should also be established in commanding positions to control the mouths of the slave-raiding rivers. Each point should be supplied with a boat such as I have recommended for the lower river. Other stations should be established in the center of the slave-raiding district. Slaves at the time in the markets might be redeemed and placed in some settlement, where they could be trained as soldiers or learn some useful craft. I have, whenever it was possible, purchased the redemption of slaves, and on the completion of such purchase have always taken the precaution to place in the freedman's hand a paper to the effect that he had been redeemed by me from slavery, and that the expedition I represented would make a specified payment per month while he remained in its service.

### EFFECT OF LIBERATION.

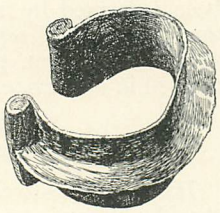
It was curious to observe the different effects that the announcement of such a redemption had on slaves freed so unexpectedly. As a rule, the bewildered man would go from one to another of my boat's crew, asking all sorts of questions as to the meaning of the ceremony. What was to be his fate? Was he to be exchanged for ivory? or was he to be eaten? And it would take some time and patience to explain to him, after his first surprise was over, the full import of the paper I had placed in his possession. Others, more intelligent, would immediately understand the good fortune that had befallen them; and it was strange to see the startling change in the expression of their countenances, which a moment before betokened nothing but unresisting acquiescence in their miserable destiny, and to note their inert and weary bodies, which seemed at once to become erect and vigorous when released from the degrading fetters.

After having bought all the slaves which were exposed for sale, warning should be given that any attempt to purchase human beings for slavery would be the signal for war, and that the purchasers would be severely punished.

The most important part of the movement is to convince the slaves of our earnestness and sincerity. I feel confident that should operations be carried on in the way thus suggested most satisfactory results would ensue.

The reason for the native villages being disunited is, that there seldom exists a chief strong enough to form a combination. This weakness should be taken advantage of, and capable white men might, through their personal influence, unite the tribes under their leadership. Sooner or later the Arabs at Stanley Falls will have to be battled with. At present they remain there, not because the white men will not allow them to come lower down, but because they are in the center of such a rich field, and they know that by coming down the river they must rely entirely on their canoes, as roads in the interior are few and far between, owing to the swampy nature of the land. They would also have the populous and warlike districts of Upoto, Mobeka, and Bangala to fight against, which would not be so easily overcome as the small scattered hamlets around Stanley Falls, which at present they are continually persecuting.

All the natives on the Upper Congo, quite up to the limits at present reached by the Arabs, should be controlled as much as possible by Europeans. They should be combined together under Europeans, so that when the time arrives that the Arabs decide to move west they would be met at their frontiers by a barrier of well-armed and resolute natives.



COPPER ANKLET.

The slave-trade of to-day is almost entirely confined to Africa. The slaves are caught and disposed of in that continent, and the number of those who are shipped to Turkey and other parts are indeed few compared with the enormous traffic carried on in the interior. We have the authority of Stanley and Livingstone and other explorers concerning the iniquity existing in the eastern portion of Equatorial Africa.

In India we have an example of what determination and resolution can accomplish; as the inhuman ceremonies of the suttee, car of Juggernaut, infanticide, and the secret society of the Thugs have all been suppressed by the British Government. The opportunities for reaching the center of Africa are yearly improving. Since Stanley first exposed to the world's gaze, in 1877, the blood-stained history of the Dark Continent, rapid strides have been made in opening up that country. The work for Africa's welfare so determinedly pursued by Livingstone has been most nobly carried on by Stanley, and the rapid progress which is at present taking place is due entirely to Stanley's efforts. A great obstacle has always existed between the outside world and Central Africa, in the stretch of unnavigable water between Matadi and Stanley Pool. The railway now being constructed will overcome this difficulty.

*E. J. Glave.*

# THE HERR MAESTRO.

THE mistake was Maria's, not mine. Maria had but lately left Hungary for Venice, and, like me, was still learning Italian, but with this difference: she picked up hers from the one man-servant of the establishment—poor, much-scolded Giovanni with the curly hair and the rings twinkling in his ears, who helped her to make the beds; from unscrupulous gondoliers who, in the hall below and on the water-stairs without, wrangled with the travelers they brought to the *pension;* from the American artists who lived in the upper rooms and who talked a hybrid Venetian with a strong Western accent; in fact, from anybody and everybody who came and went in the Casa Kirsch. But I made less of my opportunities, and learned mine only from an old Italian master who arrived every day with admirable punctuality just as I knew the giants on the clock-tower in the Piazza were hammering three, and who was announced as regularly by a loud knock on my door and Maria's cry, "The *Herr Maestro, Signora!*" so that now it is by that name I always think of him.

Lena, Maria's sister, who knew her Venice well and English into the bargain, introduced me to him. She took me one morning along the Riva, where fishing-boats, kept at home by gray and threatening skies, were moored in a long line, their brown nets hung up, their white woolly dogs on guard; past St. Mark's, the guides waiting for spring and its crop of tourists; under the arcades where early Venetians were already drinking coffee at Florian's; then by Bauer's, through an endless labyrinth of *calli*, up and down bridges, over dull canals, into a little sleeping *campo*. All the green blinds of the windows overlooking it were closed; no one was in sight; but when at a house if possible more deeply sunk in slumber than the others, she picked out one of the bells and pulled it; it raised a muffled jangling, and the door opened itself slightly and slowly in the mysterious Venetian fashion.

We pushed by it to a narrow dark passage on the first landing, but still no one appeared to ask our business. We called, but there was no answer. Somewhere, not far off, children were drearily chanting what sounded like the multiplication table, and that was the only sign or sound of life. It was so dark we could not see where to turn; but presently, just as we thought to go down and ring again, a servant came and showed us into a front room, where there was a bed in one corner, two chairs, and a table. It was forlornly poor and bare and cheerless. There was no need to open the closet-door to discover the family skeleton; it had established itself in the best room. The servant was quickly followed by her mistress, a tall, dark woman, middle-aged, with grayish

hair loosely twisted about her neck, and a hungry, calculating look on her thin, pale face.

Her husband was out, but he would return soon, Lena translated; the Signora must wait, and she gave me a chair. There was quite a new light in her eyes when Lena spoke of my proposed lessons.

And then the children's voices stopped in the distance, and a younger woman — the daughter of the other. I soon found out —

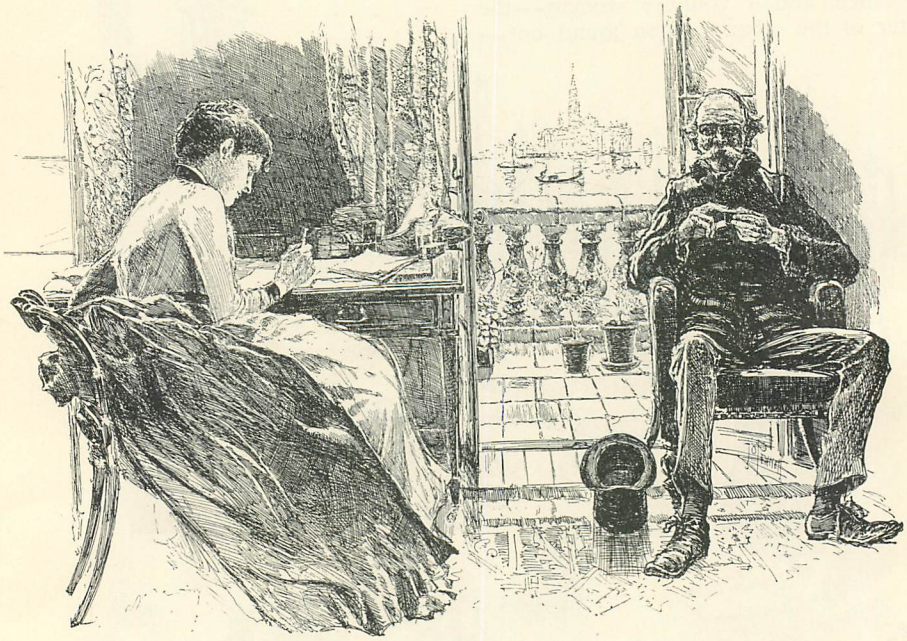
ALONG THE RIVA.

joined us. There was the same eager look in her equally thin, pale face, the same light in her eyes, when she heard the reason for my visit. The room was very gloomy with its drawn blinds on this dull morning, and though I am not sure I really looked to see what mother and daughter wore, it seemed to me their clothes were as gray and colorless as I felt their lives must be.

I had just succeeded in explaining that I was not *Inglese* but *Americana*, an explanation one makes to one's advantage in Italy, when the *Herr Maestro* arrived. He was an elderly man, about sixty-five perhaps, short and thin, and stooping a little from the shoulders. His gray hair was carefully brushed to hide his baldness, there was a touch of color in his clean-shaven cheeks, and a gray mustache hid his mouth. He wore a long brown overcoat, fastened its entire length, and trimmed at the neck and wrists with broad bands of black astrakhan. Later, in the pitiless sunshine that streamed from across the lagoon into the pension windows, I could see that this coat was elaborately darned about the pockets and the buttonholes, that the astrakhan was worn and in places threadbare, and that the great old-fashioned brown cravat holding up his high standing collar was faded and soiled. But in

the dim twilight of his own room these details were lost, and as he came in, a high silk hat in his hand, a cane jauntily held under his arm, he had quite the air of a man about town.

He greeted me with gracious, old-fashioned courtesy, and his bow went far to counterbalance the shabbiness of his surroundings. He spoke



"WILL MADAME HAVE THE GOODNESS TO RECITE THE VERB?"

a fairly fluent French, and in it he placed himself unreservedly at my service. In all our arrangements about lessons my pleasure seemed to be his one consideration. When it came to the question of his charge for a daily lesson of an hour, I fancied I detected a little eagerness in his manner, but it was gone in a moment. Madame must suit her own interests and convenience in all these matters, he declared. He might have been a friend volunteering to guide me through the channels of the lagoons, rather than a master engaged to pilot me through the intricacies of the Italian grammar. He could not come at the hour I named, because he was then in attendance on the daughters of a countess, and somehow he made it seem as if his coming to me from such very distinguished patrons was an additional favor.

And yet all the time his wife and daughter, neither of whom spoke French, kept looking from my face to his with their pathetic, hungry eyes, as if their very life depended on my decision. They seemed to understand that the *a rivederci*, which I ventured upon in hopes it was the proper thing to say, meant that I expected to see the Maestro again; and they looked relieved, for they knew every time I saw him would put a few francs into his poor, patched pockets.

That very afternoon our lessons began, and they continued for many months with the regularity that was so greatly to the credit of the Herr Maestro. It was still early in the season, and there were so few people in the pension that we usually had the lesson in the parlor, where it was pleasant in the afternoons with the sun shining in at the windows. From the table where I sat I could see a great stretch of blue lagoon, and crossing it now a tawny red or orange sail, now a long black gondola. I remember I used to think it not the least of the Herr Maestro's virtues that he could keep me awake at this hour, when nearly everybody was napping in Venice. The tap, tap of the slippers over the bridge just below ceased for a while; the gondoliers' cries were stilled; and I knew that many were sleeping in their gondolas, and that all along the Riva men were stretched full length, dreaming in the sun. But when the lesson was almost at an end, from over the water would come the bugle of the soldiers on the homeward way from daily drill in the Lido, followed by the noise of their disembarking and marching, and the sleepers awake; and under the window again rose the familiar cries and clamor without which nothing is done in Venice.

Only once the Herr Maestro failed me, and that was on a day when the rain was falling in

torrents, and the angry wind was sweeping the deserted Riva and the gray lagoon, and it seemed as if the deluge had come. All the fishing-boats were at home, lining the Riva, and the little canal by our house, and pulled up under the bridge. By evening it was so wet that, instead of going, as was our custom, with Inglehart,[1] the artist from upstairs, for dinner to the Antica Panada, and for paper and coffee to the Café Oriental, we had our supper in the big kitchen of the pension, while the family ate theirs at another table, the cook at still another, and poor Francesco stood in one corner with his plate on the dresser. It was no wonder the Herr Maestro staid in his dreary rooms when even the fishermen and their dogs found it too wet to venture out of their little canvas cabins.

When I saw how shabby the Maestro was, for all his brave assumption of elegance, and I remembered the hungry faces at home, I asked him when he would prefer my paying for my lessons. He had shown such indifference about this part of our bargain at first that I felt a delicacy about bringing him the money and saying, "Here is in advance for the first week," as I should have done. He dismissed the subject with a fine, large wave of the right hand. Madame must not trouble about such trifles; at the end of the first week, if Madame chose; or of the first month, that would be better still; or just as Madame was leaving. Ah! that indeed would be best of all. "And now will Madame do me the favor to recite the verb 'to have'?"

After this it was not easy to return to the subject, and during one week, while I struggled with verbs, we never mentioned it. But at the end of that time, on a Saturday it was, just before he came, the Padrona knocked at my door. She hoped the Signora would pardon her, but yesterday the Maestro had borrowed of her ten francs, promising to pay with the money from the lessons. And so would the Signora kindly say when she paid the Maestro?—the Padrona would then know when the little matter could be settled. This made me less fearful of offending the Maestro's dignity, and at once upon his arrival I explained that on consideration I decided it would be best to pay at the end of every week, and I handed him the first instalment.

"As Madame wishes," he said, with an expressive shrug, as he pocketed the money.

Had he realized how much I was going to learn from him, he would have felt justified in making an extra charge. At first I let him have his own way, knowing it would help me to have mine when the time came. He had pronounced theories about teaching, and, with due deference to his position as master, I consented to cover sheet after sheet of paper with verbs passive and active, verbs regular and irregular, and to conjugate them aloud.

"And Madame, she is quite well?" was always the beginning of the lesson. Then would come out his snuff-box. "And now will Madame have the goodness to recite the verb she wrote yesterday?"

"'I have,' or 'I am,' or 'I love,'" I would begin, while he nodded, and tapped his satisfaction on his snuff-box. Not until the last person of the last tense, however, would he open it and reward himself with a well-earned pinch.

"Ach! but Madame's memory, it is marvelous! and Madame's progress!"

It was pleasant to listen to his praises, and in Venice, where it is difficult to force one's self to great effort, the verbs were soothing. But the second week I brought to my lesson the books I wished, for certain reasons of my own, to translate. It was nonsense, the Herr Maestro said, to try to read for many weeks to come. Madame was a credit to him as a pupil, but Madame herself would doubtless admit she had still much to learn. And again, these little books were all in the Venetian dialect, and none but the vulgar would speak Venetian. When he saw, however, that I was determined, "As Madame wishes," he said, and without further delay we fell to work.

The books in question were volumes of Bernoni's admirable collection of fairy tales, songs, and legends. They seemed childish to the Maestro; my desire to read them to him was but another folly of the *forestieri*. But it was funny to see how interested he became despite himself. He began to enjoy the hour with them so much that often he staid ten or fifteen minutes after his time to finish one story or to read another. Some days, indeed, it was half-past four, or nearer five, when he bowed low at the door and gave me the never-failing "Allow me to salute you, Madame." And then, too, he found that, though I could not speak, I could understand, Italian, and, unconsciously almost, he dropped his French. The stories and songs, foolish as they were, constantly reminded him of strange things he had heard, strange things that had happened to him. As often as not the afternoon reading became an afternoon talk. And now it was amusing to hear the Maestro in his excitement speaking pure Venetian—the Venetian that belonged to the vulgar. The soft *ghe ze* was as often in his mouth as in that of a gon-

[1] This is not meant for plagiarism; I know whom Mr. Howells meant by Inglehart, and I mean the same man.

dolier, or as in the mouths of the girls chattering about the wells in the little *campi*.

It was in the course of these talks the Maestro taught me so many things he had not agreed to teach. In the first place, he told me much about himself. He was not a Venetian, but an Austrian. He had, however, as a boy loved Italian, and that at a time when to study or to speak it was a criminal offense in his country. He was, when quite young, a schoolmaster, but once it was discovered he was secretly studying the hated language, he was banished. He came immediately to Venice, where he had married and had lived ever since. "One could live in the old days, Signora. There was money to be made. But now it is different. It is almost impossible to find the bread to put in one's mouth. My daughter has a school for children, but, body of Bacchus! what does she make? Sixty or sixty-five francs a month, barely enough to pay the rent. The little money I make, it goes to pay a debt. My one son has a misery in his head; it is years since he could work. My other son is a schoolmaster in Cioza. It is a good position: he makes 3000 francs a year; but he has no economy, and his wife is a good-for-nothing."

This was the first time he had ever hinted at his poverty. When he rose to go home he hesitated a minute, and then: "Will the Signora pardon me if I ask a favor? Could the Signora perhaps kindly pay me for a week in advance? It would be a very great convenience."

It was Friday afternoon, just a week since he had borrowed money from the Padrona. I do not know why, but it suddenly struck me that it is on Saturday the lottery is drawn.

Another day we spoke of religion. The Herr Maestro had very positive opinions. Monks and priests and churches were nothing to him, but, soul of a pig! he believed in God and in future rewards and punishments. It was a fine sermon the cardinal had preached on Easter Sunday in St. Mark's. It was a pity the Signora did not hear it. Body of Bacchus! It was logical and learned. A people governed without religion, the cardinal declared, never prospered, and the government must look to the future, when they would have to regret their present system of secular education. "It is true, Signora," — and here he lowered his voice and looked cautiously around the room,— "and there are other things the government will have to regret!" And it seemed that under the threadbare coat of the modest Herr Maestro there beat the heart of a patriot. He was a red republican; and, the ice broken, he had no further hesitation in confiding his republicanism to me. But he was very careful. There was always the same lowering of his voice, the same look around the room; and if, by any chance, some one came in, he would stop abruptly and return to Bernoni.

What treason we used to talk in the sunlight! It is all very well for rich people, this present government, he used to say, but it is terribly hard for the poor. Here in Venice the millionaires, they make more money; the poor, they starve. If the people did not love the queen so they would think the Piedmontese worse than the Austrian. It was from the Maestro I first heard of the widespread discontent throughout Italy, now breaking out in conspiracies led by army officers, now in the rebellion of students. It was from him I first heard of the wretchedness of the peasants of Lombardy. They are paid twenty or thirty centimes a day, perhaps, for working in the fields; they can afford to eat nothing but polenta, and bad polenta at that; they cannot buy wine, but must drink the polluted water that runs by their miserable huts. And what was the result, would the Signora know? They go mad, and are shut up — yes, shut up by hundreds — in the island of San Lazzaro. And when the Signora goes by, she can hear the yells of these poor mad creatures, these human beings like ourselves, Signora, but starved into madness!

I remember the afternoon he told me the story of this wretchedness — a story I have since learned to be but too true. The spring was yet young in Venice, and through the open window came in the soft sea air blown from the Adriatic over this very island of San Lazzaro, rising, a fair spot in the lagoon, for the greater pleasure of the tourist. The Maestro would not let me forget that even the sunshine of Venice has its dark shadows.

I confess I grew very fond of this patriotic, tender-hearted Herr Maestro, whom I strongly suspected of being half starved himself. But no poverty could subdue the love of freedom that of old had set him to the study of Italian in a land where this study was a state offense. He made such a brave fight, too, against his troubles. I used to watch him sometimes when, our lesson over, he sauntered down the Riva towards the public gardens, his cane under his arm, his hands in his pockets, with all the jauntiness of a Venetian Beau Nash. And with me his manners never lost their princely elegance, their gentle courtesy, notwithstanding the habit into which he speedily fell of borrowing money on Fridays.

For before long the question was, not whether I should offer him money for my lessons, but whether I should refuse to lend him all he asked for. That fine, large wave of the hand that seemed so impressive meant nothing after all. As soon as he had asked for money the first

time, he found no further difficulty. The next Friday it was for two weeks in advance he begged the Signora would oblige him, and the next Friday it was for a month in advance. Then he began to borrow ten francs, twenty, thirty at a time, and always on Fridays. Now in Italy, the worst of it, where money is concerned, is that you are always suspecting the people of trying to cheat you. They are not dishonest, but they have their own way of doing business, and they think the forestieri come to their country for no other reason than to be fleeced. Two or three little remarks of the Maestro made me believe he shared this general impression. He told me wonderful tales of rich *Inglesi* walking along the Riva and dropping gold pieces into the extended hands of chance beggars. And so, when he himself took to borrowing from me, I was careful to explain that I was really not any better off than he — that I, too, worked for my living. Then, when he gave no sign of giving up this bad borrowing habit, I made a feint of consulting J——. "I must go and ask my husband," I would say, as I left him to go upstairs.

"Don't you think perhaps he 's only another fraud?" I would ask J——, with exemplary caution.

"I 'm sure of it," J—— would answer; "but, poor old fellow, he 's so old! Any way, give it to him just this once."

And so our lessons went on until the time came for me to leave Venice. On my last Friday I was sitting in my room, when, about eleven in the morning, there was a timid knock at the door.

"*Avanti*," said I, for I had profited by my studies.

The door opened, and in came the Herr Maestro. Never before had he announced himself so unceremoniously; never before had he arrived before three, the appointed hour.

He was so grieved to come early, but very important business would occupy him in the afternoon. Would I, perhaps, for this once, take my lesson in the morning?

I was not very busy, so I put up what I was at, and got out my Bernoni. We began without delay to read some Chioggian songs. I noticed the Maestro was not very attentive. He did not correct me once; he did not help me in my translation from the Chioggian into French. Presently he shut the book. "Signora," he said, "I must speak. I am in so great trouble." And he turned to me with tears in his eyes.

"What is it?" I asked, for it was sad to see my poor, brave Maestro give up at last.

"Oh, it is money!" he answered; "that awful debt — three thousand francs! If I do not pay it, Signora, I shall be lost. My family will be turned out upon the streets."

Now for me to give him, then and there, three thousand francs was an impossibility, even had I felt inclined to do so. I thought it the truest charity to tell him this at once. "Why not go to your son in Chioggia?" I suggested.

He took out his old blue handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "Signora," he said, "I am so tired of my life. I am so old, I often wish I could die. It would be a happiness if death would come to-day!"

It was pitiful to see him in his trouble, and yet in the midst of my pity I could not stifle a certain doubt of which, truth to say, I was ashamed.

"I dare not go home if I have nothing to take with me," he went on. "I know it is too much to ask the Signora to relieve me of all my troubles, but five or ten francs, some little sum, perhaps she would give me. Even that would be something."

"I must ask my husband first," I said, trying to steel myself. "He will be home soon."

"But the Signor will be angry perhaps?" he urged.

I knew too well I could assure him he had nothing to fear on this score, and we went on with the songs, his poor hand trembling as he turned the pages, his voice breaking as he talked.

Presently J—— came in. I at once told him the Maestro's story. As the latter did not understand a word of English, we could speak freely.

"What do you think?" said I, as I finished. "Do you suppose it 's all true?"

"The lottery 's drawn to-day, and there 's to be *tombola* in the square on Sunday," he answered, saying exactly what was in my mind. It certainly was a strange fact that it was always at the end of the week the Maestro's debt was so pressing.

"Of course it would be more sensible not to give him anything until we asked the Padrona about him," I said.

"Of course it would," said J——.

"It 's hard to refuse, is n't it?" I added.

"Yes," agreed J——; "and he 's so old. If he does lose it right off, no great harm 's done." And he got out his purse.

Well, we gave him a few francs; few enough if the old man really was borne down with the burden that made death seem a great good to him, more than enough if they were to be played away on unsuccessful numbers.

He got up without a word, the poor Herr Maestro, but tears were in his eyes and on his cheeks. He went over to J——, took his hand and kissed it, then came to me and kissed mine. Still silent, he turned and went out of the room.

It is not pleasant to have your hand kissed by a man whose hair is gray, and whose shoulders are bent, and for whom you have done nothing. We went out on the little balcony, and looked after him as he walked up the Riva in the sunshine. All his jauntiness had come back again; his hands were in his pockets, his cane under his arm. Was he going to the wife whom he could now more easily face, or to the familiar little shabby office with the numbers upon the wall?

The next day, Saturday, J—— and I and Inglehart, and one or two others, made a long-talked-about journey to Chioggia, and there was no lesson. Sunday was always a holiday for the Herr Maestro and his pupils.

It was early Sunday afternoon when we began to hear the tap, tap of many slippers over the bridge, and gay voices, and much laughter; and when we went out we found all the pretty girls with their faces turned towards St. Mark's. Five and six in a row, they were walking arm-in-arm with no heavy water-buckets to carry. Their long hair, if possible more elaborately braided than usual, and wound round and round their heads, was unhidden by bonnet or handkerchief, and their bright shawls were draped gracefully about them. The Apollo-like loafers, with their coats thrown over one shoulder, their big hats over the opposite ear, and their thick curls and twinkling earrings, were magnificently moving in the same direction. A certain number of foreigners were abroad in the land. All the fruit-stalls, with their golden piles of oranges, were reaping a copper harvest. Here a crowd had gathered about the toothless, blindfolded seer, who all that spring was prophesying about Naples and the cholera, so that her "Una volta soltanta perre Napoli" came to be yelled by the small boys before she could prophesy it herself; and there soldiers and gondoliers and groups of women were watching a family of acrobats. But the gaiety was at its height in the square. A band was playing at the end near the Piazzetta; the tombola-stand was set up in the center; in front of the Quadri and Florian's tables and chairs had been brought out, and half of Venice seemed to be drinking coffee and eating ices. Those who could not find or afford tables were walking up and down, and as the crowd grew larger and larger, people kept falling into the ranks, until a regular procession was formed, its two detachments coming and going with an order and regularity the little blue-coated soldiers might have done well to emulate in their daily march up the Riva.

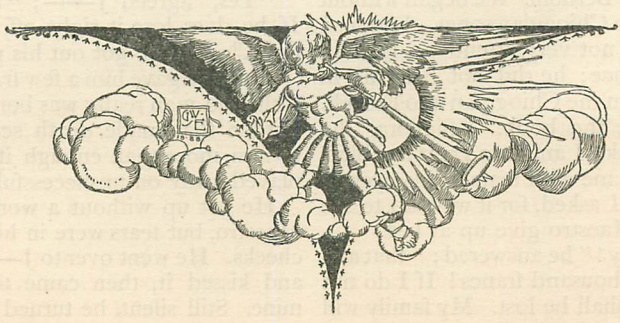
Before the afternoon was over, by good chance we secured a table; and there, over a cup of coffee, we listened to the music and watched the people. What a row they all made, from the *Barabow-wow* — as we only knew it — of the Venetian newsboy and the *candeti! caramei!* cries, to the *thinguethkeithkatola* (this is phonetic spelling) of the match-boys and the "Lo Times! Lo Standard, L'ultima edizione del Nei gark Her-r-r-ald, Signore!" of the superior newsvender. It was now almost time for the tombola to be drawn, and on every side men and women were holding little bits of paper in their hands, and others selling these papers passed, making bargains as they went. Once and again in the procession we saw the Herr Maestro, jauntier than ever, his wife on one arm, his daughter on the other.

At last the music stopped; everybody pressed around the tombola-stand; there was a silence unbroken, save now and then, when, as the numbers were shown, there was a great shout, and the lucky holders rushed up the steps, flourishing their papers. But the Maestro was not among them.

Was he in the square simply because relief from his most pressing needs made a holiday possible to him? or had he staked his little all and lost?

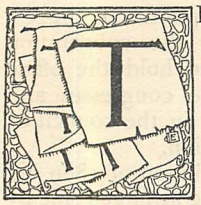
We were to leave Venice on Tuesday; my last lesson was for Monday. He never came. I never knew.

*Elizabeth Robins Pennell.*



# SUGGESTIONS FOR THE NEXT WORLD'S FAIR.

BY THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



HE Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889 has just scored a success so brilliant and so immense that the question must needs be asked whether it would be wholly prudent, apart from any consideration of utility, to attempt to repeat, anywhere, before the lapse of a long interval, an international enterprise of this nature. Many years must pass before the ineffaceable souvenir of what has just been accomplished can become dimmed; and there is reason to fear that the sumptuous and unexampled setting of the celebration of 1889 would in itself be an obstacle to the success of any other exhibition that it might be sought to organize sooner than the beginning of the coming century. No country of Europe, at least, displays any disposition to try the experiment.

But here we have the United States of America apparently resolved to set at once at defiance and at rest the doubt which I have expressed as to the fate of any exhibition which might be decided upon in the near future. Discussion is warm as to a universal and international exhibition to be opened in 1892 either at New York or at Chicago. I acknowledge that the Americans are the only people who could find justification for making an attempt so audacious, for the position of America is exceptional.

The Americans are a youthful people; they possess neither an art of their own nor a history. Yet they have won for themselves a rank and an influence so great that every one of us desires to learn to know them better, despite the ocean and distance. Already I hear numbers of my compatriots express their intention to cross the Atlantic upon the occasion of the exhibition in the United States — a journey to which their business affairs and their normal humor for traveling would never have persuaded them. And what people are saying in France they will soon be saying everywhere.

The first piece of advice that I take the liberty of giving to the organizers of the exhibition of 1892 is, that they shall aim at novelty and at the extraordinary, but without neglecting due order and method. They will thus keep themselves in accord with the characteristics of their nation, which is a new one in the company of civilized nations — a nation which is extraordinary in the development, so swift as to make the brain reel, which it has succeeded in giving to its economic and social progress; a nation which proves that it possesses a practical spirit by the implacable logic of its conceptions and its acts.

Exhibitions, as they were conceived forty years ago by those great thinkers and great utilitarians, Michel Chevalier, Prince Albert, Cobden, Henry Cole, and Le Play, had as their object the bringing together of men and of things, whereby it was held that they would reveal the chief industrial and scientific gains made throughout the world, and would enable men of action and friends of progress everywhere to understand one another better than mere correspondence or the reciprocal notoriety of their achievements could render possible. At that time the great avenues of communication by rail and by steam navigation were not yet open under such conditions of speed and of cheapness as we enjoy to-day; the philosophic programme of these creators and organizers of the first great universal exhibitions had thus an immediate and direct application.

Little by little, and in proportion to the gradual obliteration of distance, the true character of such exhibitions became modified; they no longer abounded in revelations; it became their object to supply an effective, a palpable, an eclectic compendium of all the manipulations recognized as truly useful and in the spirit of progress which had been accomplished, whether in the domain of the arts or in that of pure or applied science, during the interval between two exhibitions. These gatherings nevertheless continued to compose their chief display of the implements and materials used in the practice and support of the industries of the world, arranged in classes of objects of similar nature or complementary to one another.

## DISPLAYS OF IDEAS.

IT became necessary to do more than this, and to give to the exhibition a form less baldly material. From this on, it was no longer deemed enough to heap together masses of people and things; it became the aim to realize what I have termed *displays of ideas*. The primary conception of such an organization of exhibitions, more absolutely complete than the old, came to me at the time when I was intrusted, in 1881, with the direction of the International Electrical Exhibition, held in the Palace of the Champs Élysées. It occurred to me that an exhibition

of this nature could not attain fully the ends sought if it were so restricted as to appeal only to the eyes of the public — that is, if it were merely to display *results* to visitors in general still ignorant of this newest branch of physical science, without giving them the means of appreciating at least some of the causes and of the researches which had brought these results into being. Actuated by this reasoning, I induced the government to call together an International Congress of Electricians, for whom the exhibition became a masterful laboratory; and the crowds of visitors to the exhibition manifested a redoubled interest in the apparatus and the experiments displayed, when these were explained to them through the published accounts of the sittings of the Congress, with all the prestige attending the foremost electrical authorities of the world.

I had the good fortune to secure the adoption of an analogous method in the organization of the Exhibition of 1889. To consider this organization on the material side, I had, in a pamphlet published in 1885, demonstrated that what I styled a *disseminated* or *scattered arrangement* should be substituted for the former compact arrangement — that is, that it was best to form as many independent aggregations, separate one from the other, as there should be distinct groups in whatever system of general classification of exhibits should be adopted. I perceived that in this way there would be secured not only greater facility of circulation for the visitors and convenience in the examination of the exhibits, and this with enhanced picturesqueness and monumental variety, but also a subdivision of the vast exhibition of products, as a whole, into veritable laboratories, distinct from one another and corresponding to the most characteristic branches of industry and commerce. These laboratories would be fitted to supply economic and scientific data to the international congresses which it was my intention to organize, and which I actually succeeded in instituting; and the reports of the sittings of these congresses will contribute to the immortalization of the ideal side of the exhibition which has just closed in Paris. The congresses were in every way successful, because their programmes had been carefully studied and drawn up in advance by committees of specialists appointed for the purpose. With the object of giving still further encouragement to the expression and interchange of thought, I supplemented the group of congresses by the arrangement of courses of lectures, which afforded to the speakers invited an opportunity to treat their subjects in such detail and under such form as they judged best. I most earnestly advise the commissioners of the exhibition of 1892 not to separate in their preliminary labors the preparation of the material side of their work from that of its economic and ideal conception. I suggest that they secure at once the coöperation of some person of mark to hold the office of secretary-general of the congresses and lecture-courses, with a seat in the council of organization of the exhibition.

The directors of the exhibition of 1889 did not rest satisfied with having arranged side by side with their exhibition of things the exhibition of ideas which had its being in the congresses and the lectures. They sought further to show, by the agency of data, of documents, of striking object-lessons, what is being done everywhere and by all peoples to better the lot of man. It was essential to demonstrate how the advance of moral and physical hygiene must contribute to guide the destiny of the laboring-classes into smoother channels, and to guarantee to them an easier life and a comfortable old age; to show how the community, quite apart from charity, can, by social measures intelligently ordered, attain to mutual assistance and to the most assured provision for the future. To this end we provided a section of social economy, of which the success surpassed all expectation. In this section the United States of America took an important and conspicuous place.

## CLASSIFICATION.

THE general plan of an exhibition depends, as follows from what I have said, upon the system of general classification adopted. This classification has to deal, first of all, with the productions of the fine arts, of manufactures and other industries, of the farmer, and with alimentary supplies. A second and independent classification should include the sections of the retrospective arts, of social economy, and the organization of congresses and lectures.

I judge that the system of general classification of products which was followed in 1878 and 1889, after having been first put into execution in 1867, must be considered for the future as the necessary code of any well-arranged exhibition. This system is conceived in accordance with the most invulnerable logic and the most natural synthesis. Three groups, food, clothing, and habitation, with their respective accessories, are devoted to the products which supply the primordial and inevitable needs of man; three groups subordinate to these have to do with research as to the nature, with the theoretic elaboration, and finally with the industrial supply, of these prod-

ucts. Industry is provided for: first, by the group of raw materials, with the industries of extraction concerned with them; secondly, by the group of liberal arts, that is, of the material and processes of intellectual work; and thirdly, by the group of machinery and mechanics in general. In addition to these the group of agriculture, including horticulture, and the group of the fine arts, complete the number of eight essential main divisions. These main divisions are then subdivided into classes, of which the number and the denominations can have sufficient elasticity to take in all the rubrics of the practice of the arts and trades, of agriculture, of commerce, and of the arts of design.

It is self-evident that the march of time is unceasing and productive of uncertain effects, and that this forbids us to look upon any human conception as immutable. Nevertheless, the fundamental lines of a system elaborated in accordance with the natural order of things may be considered as permanent as the laws of nature themselves. I judge, therefore, that it would be a grave error to abandon or to alter the main divisions of the classification which I have just explained, although I concede that this classification can be rigidly carried out only on paper and for the purposes of cataloguing the exhibits. I recognize, nevertheless, that modifications or perhaps simplifications may be made in the subdivision of the classes; some may to advantage be consolidated with others. For instance, the class of painted and stamped yarns and tissues might well be abolished, so that the several classes established, every one for a distinct variety of yarn or of fabric according to the material,—flax, wool, cotton, or silk,—should include every one all that has to do with its particular variety of yarn or of fabric. The class of agricultural machinery, again, might be removed from the main group of machinery and placed under the group of agriculture. But the American commissioners of 1892 will be thoroughly competent so to remodel the plan which I have roughly sketched that it may provide such secondary subdivisions as will correspond most perfectly to the genius and the habits of their people.

As we have said, it was our object in Paris to scatter, even to separate as completely as possible from one another, the various buildings, differing in size and in architecture, which, as convenience dictated, were appropriated to as many groups of products. In order to put such a plan into execution it is necessary to have at hand a sufficient area of unencumbered ground. The Champ de Mars, the Esplanade of the Invalides, the Park of the Trocadéro, the Quai d'Orsay, and the embankments of the Seine, together furnished us an area of about 900,000 square meters, of which about a third, or 300,000 square meters, was taken up by the chief buildings of the exhibition. It is my opinion that the coming exhibition in the United States should dispose of an area still more considerable, so far as possible in one piece, and of regular form. It would not be necessary to roof in more than 300,000 or 350,000 square meters; but it is important to have open spaces of sufficient extent to permit the laying out of parks and gardens on a liberal scale. These provide for agreeable repose, with the possibility of walking in the open air, amid the beauties prepared by the gardener's art and fine effects of verdure, all of which will be appreciated by the visitor who is affected by the lassitude of mind and body which must necessarily result from his passage through the buildings and galleries of the exhibition.

### BUILDINGS.

It is to be desired that at once upon entering the inclosure of the exhibition, by a monumental gateway, the visitor should have before him a prospect of the exhibition as a whole, such as lay before our guests in 1889, while traversing the Pont d'Iéna, or in their descent of the slope of the Trocadéro. The fine arts and machinery buildings could appropriately balance each other on the right and on the left—the one devoted to the most lofty expression of the conception of the ideal, the other to the most highly developed realization of the practical genius of man. The visitor would thus be dominated, at the moment he entered the inclosure, by the sentiment of the splendor to which can equally attain the application on the one hand of the esthetic principle, and on the other of the mathematical principle—those two great principles between which has always oscillated the glory of nations.

Two other buildings should in like manner form pendants one to the other—that devoted to industrial products and that for agricultural products; and in relation to both these could appropriately be placed the department of alimentary products. Agriculture is the great mother of all things; its fruits nourish the world. Industry, on the other hand, perfects, ameliorates, and disseminates the artificial conditions of that life of which agriculture maintains the vitality. It would be in the spirit of a wise and instructive philosophy to set thus face to face nature aided by man as he is impelled by his primary needs, and nature caused to promote the requirements of industrial production by the same man, who by the aid of science penetrates her secrets, and undertakes to obtain from her, whether she will or no, the

conditions necessary for an easy, comfortable, and brilliant life, such as the simple products of the earth could not of themselves give him. In the midst of these four or five chief buildings should rise the pavilion of liberal arts — the temple of intellectual activity which dominates all, the fine arts as well as the industrial arts. Intellectual work, or, to give it a simpler name, study, is at the foundation of all progress; the apparatus which it has evolved for itself promotes and facilitates the numberless applications of science in all their forms, useful or agreeable, modest or imposing. It is in study that the modern world has its being; to study belongs the place of honor.

As to the styles of architecture to be adopted for these various buildings,— palaces, galleries, and pavilions, as we in France should style them,— I have no counsel to offer. The American commissioners of 1892 do not need to be told that the fundamental law of architecture is that the conception of the lines, proportions, forms, construction, and decoration of any edifice ought to be such that it shall as a whole correspond to and reveal its purpose. It is because of this fundamental law that never yet has success been attained in the attempt to house a universal exhibition in a single building and at the same time to make this building architecturally good. It is needful that the various buildings requisite for the exhibition of 1892 shall be themselves exhibits, displaying at once the art, the science, and the inventive genius of the architects and engineers of America. In working out the plans, all harassing thoughts of the economy which might be realized by making merely temporary buildings must be put aside. The architect must forget that the exhibition is to be a festival of limited duration; otherwise, he will build nothing intellectually satisfying, and will fall short of the beauty which every type of edifice ought to possess; and, in fine, he will lessen greatly the chance of making afterward remunerative sales of the building materials or of organic parts of his structures.

I will not enter upon the organization of the accessories of the exhibition of 1892, such as places of amusement, the refreshment service, and divers other public services. Everything will depend upon the scheme adopted for the chief divisions of the enterprise. The exhibition must be full of gaiety and liveliness, yet it must avoid anything that might impress upon it a trivial character — anything that savors of the circus or variety-show. This danger is to be overcome by exercise of administrative firmness and judgment in the allotment of privileges or licenses. It is essential to seek out among such attractions as may be admissible without compromising the dignity of the administration and of the American people such as shall have, so far as possible, the quality of absolute novelty, even, if it may be, to the extent of approaching the marvelous. In the realization of this programme it may be expected that electricity will play a conspicuous part. But under this head I have nothing to teach to the people among whose citizens are enrolled the illustrious names of Edison and Elihu Thomson.

### CATALOGUE.

THERE are two matters which should have the particular attention of the American commissioners of 1892 — the catalogue, and the recompenses to be offered. A good general catalogue is absolutely necessary: it must be complete or its usefulness will be impaired, and in like manner it must be absolutely correct and exact; it must be portable and convenient to use with reference to the number, shape, and size of its volumes. From this it is plain that the question of the catalogue has always been and probably always will be, to the administrators of a great exhibition, one of troublesome difficulty and responsibility. There is but one way to succeed in getting together the subject-matter for such a catalogue within the proper time — that is, in season for the catalogue to be ready on the very day of the opening of the exhibition. This way consists in requiring artists and other possible exhibitors to give early notice of their intention whether to take part in the exhibition or to remain aloof; and upon the allotment of space to intending exhibitors, they must be required to send in a detailed list of their exhibits a full year before the opening. In order to constrain them to respect this time limit, which, everything considered, is to their own advantage, it is necessary to enforce a penalty in the event of infringement; and this penalty can be applied best in the making of a moderate charge per line for all insertions in the catalogue, which charge should be doubled, tripled, quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, according to the number of months of delay. Beyond six months after the time, no further entry for the catalogue should be accepted. Every exhibitor should be permitted to dispose, at the rate fixed, of two lines for his name and address, and of a maximum of ten lines for a summary description of his exhibits in the respective classes in which they belong. I suggest as the normal rate per line, forty cents, or two francs. The American commission would be immediately responsible only for that part of the general catalogue having to do with the sections of its own nation. Every country taking part in the exhibition

would be called upon to prepare its own portion of the general catalogue, and to print it in English in the same size and type adopted for the American catalogue. The collection of all these national catalogues, all printed in English, and in the same size and style, would constitute the general catalogue. Every country would be at liberty to publish separately a special catalogue in its native tongue, and to offer it for sale at its own risk, as well as the volumes of the general catalogue having to do with its own sections. This arrangement would cause the general catalogue to be divided into a great number of fascicles, which would be distinguished by numbers allotted in advance. Under no other arrangement could the sale of such a catalogue be made a success, for by this method the visitor would be able to purchase separately whatever fascicle or fascicles might be needful for the portion of the exhibition which might at any time have particular interest for him. No exhibitor, surely, would complain of the small payment asked for his place in the catalogue — a charge which could not be burdensome, while the mention in the catalogue would be greatly to his profit. The income from the charges would be applied to the expenses of the respective committees intrusted with the catalogues of the different nations, and in like manner would be applied whatever might come in from the advertisements, which could be permitted on the covers and at the end of every fascicle.

### NO PRIZES.

THE question of recompenses calls for a considerable simplification of the practice in former exhibitions. It is my deliberate opinion that there should be no more international juries to judge the products on exhibition and to award prizes. About all exhibitors of standing have already received premiums at one or other of the many universal exhibitions which have followed one another during the past forty years. The fear of not securing awards equal or superior to past successes, or of failing to be ranked as beyond competition owing to service as members of the jury, would have the effect of keeping away many producers without whose presence the United States exhibition would fall short of the brilliancy and the interest which ought by good right to characterize it. It is my judgment that the juries of admission to the exhibition, in the United States and in all the other countries taking part, should be so organized as to assure their action at once with great strictness and with perfect impartiality. The principle must then be established that the admission itself to exhibit is in the very beginning a recompense, or at least an acknowledgment of merit, to the exhibitor, who will afterward receive further recompense in the appreciation of his products by the public, as well as in the business which will accrue, and the orders that will come to him. I may add that the terms of the general report of the exhibition, which might be drawn up by an international committee of men representing all specialties and taking the place of former juries, will place in their proper light any industrial or artistic excellences to which the admiration of the public, founded, as it is, often on mere appearances, may not have rendered full justice. It is not practicable that future exhibitions should offer to manufacturers, artists, agriculturists, anything more than an opportunity to bring forward their works for comparison with those of their fellows in foreign lands — a comparison platonic, indeed, in theory, but in practice full of instruction, of warning, and of revelation. I cannot urge the American commissioners too strongly to weigh carefully my opinion in this, shaped as it is by experience. I advise, however, that a diploma of admission and a commemorative medal be awarded to every exhibitor.

In treating of the matter of recompenses, I have just used the word "comparison." A comparison of objects of similar nature and use is the grand end sought in all international exhibitions. In order that this end may be perfectly attained, reform is necessary in some of the methods consecrated by preceding exhibitions. The formation of national sections should be abandoned, separated one from the other in so-called national departments, in which the exhibits are arranged more or less exactly according to the general system of classification. The ideal would be to secure the arrangement of all exhibits according to kind, however foreign to one another their place of production, in international galleries appropriated to groups or to classes. In this way it would be possible for the visitor, for example, to examine and to make a comparative study of the art of the worker in bronze or of that of the cabinet-maker, by means of specimens in juxtaposition representing the work of all the different nationalities, in each class. I admit that I put forward with some timidity an innovation so radical as this. How shall we ever be able to persuade all the national commissions to renounce the privilege of having every one its own quarters, to forego the collective display of the productive energy of every people for the spectacle in every group of a uniform whole, and no longer to seek to form within the general exhibition a lesser exhibition, often in itself imposing, displaying the arts and industries of the fatherland? What an increase of difficulty, on the other hand, would

attend the making of the catalogue and the determination of the space to be attributed to the different classes!

### COURTESY TO FOREIGNERS.

We are not informed of the plans which have been considered, or which are likely to be adopted, beyond the Atlantic, for the financial organization of the coming exhibition. I shall begin by asking that the foreign guests of the United States in 1892 may be protected from all fiscal annoyances. Upon the occasion of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia the burdens imposed by the custom house were so heavy, and the service of inspectors was maintained in a form so harsh and so exasperating, that numbers of Frenchmen are afraid of encountering in 1892 such treatment as international courtesy never fails to avoid. The announcement should be made now, without loss of time, that the grounds of the exhibition will be considered as assimilated to a bonded warehouse; that duties will be imposed only upon such objects subject to them as may be actually consumed or sold in America; in a word, that only articles which are not reëxported shall pay the duties in force upon objects of their kind. In addition it is to be desired that the supervision of the inspectors of the American customs be exercised with that patience, moderation, and freedom from undue suspicion which guests from abroad have the right to expect. We have reason to hope that the commissioners and the authorities of the United States have already taken the necessary precautions to prevent the recurrence of a state of things that was deplored even by their fellow-citizens.

In my opinion, the whole cost of the projected exhibition of 1892 ought to be shared between the National Government and the city in which the exhibition is held. The Americans are a rich people; they can afford to pay roundly for the glory which awaits them. They would be tying their hands to a regrettable extent if they were to limit themselves to a fund to be furnished by a guarantee association.

### THE SUM REQUIRED.

Now as to the sum required.

| | |
|---|---|
| The cost of the official buildings, taking for their area 400,000 square meters, can be put at an average of $30 per square meter, or | $12,000,000 |
| Cost of 500,000 square meters of parks and gardens, at $5 per square meter, | 2,500,000 |
| Running expenses | 1,600,000 |
| Salaries and expenses of the general administration | 1,000,000 |
| Total | $17,100,000 |

This, considering the estimated difference in the purchasing power of money, may be taken as about equivalent to eleven or twelve millions in France—the actual cost of our exhibition of 1878. The exhibition of 1889 cost us less, because the palace and park of the Trocadéro were already made to our hands, and because a portion of its park area was in existence beforehand in that part of the Champ de Mars abutting on the Seine. My rough estimate of cost for the new exhibition is made with reference to a site where it would be necessary to create everything, as was the case in the Champ de Mars in Paris in 1867 and again in 1878.

### NO RENTALS.

I do not favor the idea of requiring exhibitors to pay a rental for their space. Such a measure would be contrary to the precedent of all the great French exhibitions, to which I do not hesitate to refer as models; it would likewise be beneath the dignity of an enterprise supervised by the American Government; it would, in fine, be harassing, and yet not lucrative. An exhibitor who pays his rent takes the ground that everything he needs must be supplied him, and holds that he is chargeable with nothing but the transportation to the exhibition of his showcase and his articles. If his space is given to him gratuitously, on the other hand, he does not begrudge expenses of installation, which are often considerable; and he does not expect the administration to meet extraordinary expenses, which figure up, in general, to much more per square meter than the amount of rental of the same square meter.

I think, too, that the administration ought to furnish flooring without charge to the exhibitor, just as it gives him his roof, and that it should also give him, if it can be managed, his shades or awnings. My estimate of $30 per square meter for construction ought to cover the flooring and the means of protection from the sun.

Water, gas, and steam power, too, should be supplied without charge; their cost, as well as that of electric lighting and of the provision of means of communication by rail, ought to be included in and covered by the estimate for running expenses.

The handling of packages upon arrival and departure, as well as transportation, unpacking, and repacking, are expenses which can properly be left to the exhibitors.

I do not advise an issue of bonds like that which was put on the market in France with the object of bringing in in advance the product of the admissions, which had been appropriated for the repayment of the guarantee fund, because I hold that the organizers of this

exhibition should have recourse to no other financial resources than the governmental and municipal appropriations. For that matter, I believe that prize-bearing obligations are not current in America. [M. Berger urges the organization of a lottery, chiefly for the partial reimbursement of the expenses of exhibitors. His argument as to this is omitted, as the suggestion is, of course, out of the question here.—EDITOR.]

All profits of the exhibition, derived from admissions, from the sale of privileges, and from the final sale of materials, should be divided between the Government and the city in which the exhibition is held, in the proportion of the contributions of each.

The admission fee might expediently be fixed, as it was last summer in France, at twenty cents for the daytime and forty cents for the evening after five or six o'clock. There should be no temporary closing of the exhibition, and no attempt to put out persons already within the inclosure at the hour of change in the price.

NO SALES.

I HAD a notion to permit at Paris, or at least to propose, the free sale of exhibits sufficiently portable to be taken away by the purchaser, under the conditions that the vacant places should at once be filled by objects of identical character, and that a percentage should be collected on such sales by the administration. I perceived, however, that this was impracticable, because the committees of admission would be overwhelmed by a horde of producers and tradesmen, who would give the exhibition the character of a mere bazar, and would deprive it of the academic quality alone suitable to such an international gathering. I decided, therefore, to allow such a current sale only in the case of productions of the Orient and of the far East, where the manufacturers are without exception and above all traffickers, so that these classes of objects without this license would hardly have been represented on the Champ de Mars. In the light of this experience, I urge the directors of the United States exhibition to refuse all authorization to make sales during the exhibition, and to publish this decision everywhere and in advance, and to depart from their rule only in highly exceptional cases. If any other course is followed, unending confusion will be certain. The suppression of the customary jury of recompenses is an additional reason for rigid maintenance of the prohibition to sell, for it is sure that the suppression of this jury will bring together a vast and unparalleled number of exhibitors of high standing and merit, who will be glad of the chance to make their products known without having to submit them to the verdicts of judges who are too often their professional rivals; and such exhibitors as these would have good reason to complain if the mercantile spirit were allowed to dominate in a great celebration undertaken only as a masterly manifestation to the world of the supreme merits to be found in the domains of the fine arts, of agriculture, and of the industrial arts.

The United States will be well able to make a most magnificent display; and it will be a privilege to our old Europe to go to admire what a people of splendid energy has known how to accomplish during a century of freedom.

*Georges Berger.*

## THE HARBOR OF DREAMS.

ONLY a whispering gale
Flutters the wings of the boat;
Only a bird in the vale
Lends to the silence a note
Mellow, subdued, and remote:
This is the twilight of peace,
This is the hour of release,
Free of all worry and fret,
Clean of all care and regret,
When like a bird in its nest
Fancy lies folded to rest.

This is the margin of sleep;
Here let the anchor be cast;
Here in forgetfulness deep,
Now that the journey is past,
Lower the sails from the mast.
Here is the bay of content,
Heaven and earth interblent;
Here is the haven that lies
Close to the gates of surprise;
Here all like Paradise seems—
Here is the harbor of dreams.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## THE FURROW.

HOW somber slope these acres to the sea
And to the breaking sun! The sunrise deeps
Of rose and crocus, whence the far dawn leaps,
Gild but with scorn their gray monotony.
The glebe rests patient for its joy to be.
Past the salt field-foot many a dim wing sweeps;
And down the field a first, slow furrow creeps,
Pledge of near harvests to the unverdured lea.
With clank of harness tramps the serious team.
The sea-air thrills their nostrils. Some wise crows
Feed confident behind the plowman's feet.
In the early chill the clods fresh-cloven steam;
And down its griding path the keen share goes.
So from a scar but flowers the future's sweet!

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

## GIOVANNI BELLINI, 1427?–1516.

### (ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)

THE author of the article on G. Bellini in the encyclopedic "Art and Artists of the Middle Ages and Renaissance" of Dr. Dohme bases his treatise on a remarkable sample of the shallow profundity with which the study of art has been obscured by so many of the German critics, deep in their research and authoritative in their statements of fact, but, from Winckelmann down, utterly uncomprehending in their theories of art. He says "Venice was seized later than any other part of Italy by the artistic movement." This is so curiously untrue that one is obliged to conclude that the author had never been in Venice; or, if so, that he had visited only the Accademia and the churches in search of pictures. The fact is that in no part of Italy was the "artistic movement" so early or so spontaneous. When every other section of Italy owed all its art to the Lombards or Germans, and the only vestige of art of any form was Gothic or Byzantine, without any modification, as just before Cimabue, Venice had already asserted her artistic vitality by the assimilation and individualization of all that was vital and artistic in the arts of Byzantium. When St. Mark's was being built, there was no art in Tuscany which was worth mentioning, nor was there ever any native art in Rome. Until Giotto came on the scene there was more art and more "artistic movement" in Venice than in all the rest of Italy besides, but it was not in the form of religious painting, which seems to be all that our German author has any perception of. Most of the earliest has perished, but the mosaics of St. Mark's remain, with the Cathedral itself and the Ducal Palace, to defy the western world of that epoch to measure itself collectively with the "city of the lagoons."

But in Venice the life of the individual was lost in that of the state. The passion for state ceremonials and the splendor of state pageants were enough to absorb the artistic feeling of the people; and as nobody lived for himself, so nobody thought of ordering pictures for himself. The main motive of all private encouragement of art in all ages has been personal vanity or desire for the approbation of one's fellow-citizens. These motives were rigorously suppressed by the Venetian polity; and all that existed in Venice before a time much later than the beginnings of a Venetian school of painting, be it art, be it riches, be it manhood itself, existed solely for the state. The aristocracy itself, to which our German author attributes so much, diverted only at a later period the art of Venice to the building and decoration of its private palaces; for there was never a time subsequent to A. D. 800 at which Venice had not more art in its architecture than all the rest of Italy together, if we leave out the Norman and Saracenic work in Sicily. That Venetian art did not take the form of church decoration is a consideration of no importance.

But from the purely artistic point of view,

as distinguished from the didactic, Venetian art, as soon as it began to show itself in forms of pictorial convention, began to differentiate from all other Italian art. The school of Murano may be taken as a reflection of the mosaic school, which from the eighth century must have been of great importance in Torcello and Venice; but the Vivarinis had a distinct and influential lead in the painting of the state. Of the brothers Antonio and Giovanni (called the German) we know only that they painted always together in the first half of the fifteenth century. There is in the Accademia a picture signed "Joannes et Antonius de Murano f MCCCCXXXX.," and the last record we have of them is in the occurrence of the name of Antonio as witness of a document in 1452; and we have no evidence of Giovanni having worked with him later than 1447, when their names occur for the last time together. Bartolommeo, who is the best known of the family, is said to have been a brother of Antonio; but I am inclined to suspect a confusion of names, as he must have been about forty years younger than Antonio, his pictures being dated as late as 1499, forty-seven years later than any occurrence of the name of Antonio. He was the contemporary of Jacopo Bellini, the father of Giovanni and Gentile, though somewhat younger, and most certainly exercised an influence on the sons, as his pictures show the distinct color-motive of Venetian art — the first to show this among the work of Venetian artists. He perhaps in common with Jacopo had been influenced by Gentile da Fabriano, as the latter had been by Flemish art; and it is probable that to the younger Van Eyck was due the first suggestion of the quest of pure color of the painters of Venice.

Giovanni Vivarini had probably received a part at least of his art education in Germany; and it is not likely that he was ignorant of oil-painting, as Bartolommeo worked in both oil and tempera. But oil as a vehicle had been used by Pietro della Francesca, and I believe by Filippo Lippi, so that the reputed introduction of the method by Antonello da Messina must be apocryphal. Many influences may therefore have combined to give birth to the peculiarly Venetian school, but those influences, so far as they were exotic, were common to all Italian art; it was only when they fell on the Venetian nature that they produced a distinctive fruit. Even the triumphs of Titian never communicated their influence to any other school. In Venice the development of color is normal and complete: it begins with Vivarini, possibly contemporaneously with old Jacopo Bellini; and in Giovanni — Giambellino he is always called by the old writers — is seen in all its stages but the final, which it reaches with Giorgione and Titian, in whom for the first time is seen the full power of a musical chord.

Meyer (Künstler Lexikon) says that the brothers Bellini studied perspective under Girolamo Malatini, who was at that time a teacher of mathematics in Venice. In 1454 the family moved to Padua, where, he says, the brothers came into contact with Mantegna, who entered into the most intimate relations with the family, and finally married the sister Niccolosia. The relations of the two great masters of North-Italian art have been much and conjecturally discussed, but we must remember that Bellini was now twenty-six — according to Burton possibly twenty-eight — and Mantegna twenty-three, and had been an independent master since he was seventeen. We are told that Squarcione, the master of Mantegna, had broken off his relations with him on account of his defection to the Bellinis; but this must be a supererogation, since Mantegna had been working in his own name for six years. It has been said that the work of the two masters at a certain epoch is hardly to be distinguished apart, which is surprising considering the essentially different nature of their temperaments. The explanation is perhaps to be found in the fact that they both were at one time pupils of old Jacopo; and Meyer says that "It is clear from the book of drawings now in the British Museum, from the hand of Jacopo, the father, that both Mantegna and Giovanni borrowed certain portions of their designs from this book." This book was done in 1430. Is it not probable, then, that at some earlier time, and before the manner of either of the young painters had become to any extent individualized, they had been pupils of Jacopo?

The first work that the Bellinis were engaged in at Padua, so far as we know, was the altarpiece in the Gattamelata chapel of S. Antonio, but, as is shown by an inscription, the father considered his sons as independent masters and as employed by him as such. Jacopo Bellini died in Padua and the brothers returned to Venice, where we find Giovanni at work in 1464 on some pictures for the school of S. Girolamo — works now lost. In 1472 he painted the altarpiece of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, supposed to be the last of his works in tempera, and in 1473, according to Meyer, both he and Bartolommeo Vivarini became acquainted with the work of Antonello in oil, through a "Madonna and Child" by the last, executed for S. Cassiano in Venice. In 1478 Giovanni painted the altarpiece of S. Giobbe in oil, and Vasari tells how he was, on account of this work and the earlier one in SS. Giovanni and Paolo, invited to decorate the council chamber in the Doge's palace. Gentile, the

elder brother, had already been commissioned with this work in 1474, but on his being sent to Constantinople at the request of the Sultan, Giovanni was called in to fill his place. His entry on this post was in 1479, and his compensation was to be the first vacant reversion to the office of "broker" in the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, a position which was apparently a sinecure with some profitable privileges. In 1480 a new grant was made of eighty ducats a year in the interim, with a provision for the expense of colors and implements, so that he should be of an unconcerned mind and nourish himself and his family, which is the only indication that remains to us of his having a family or of his personal history. Three years later he is freed of all expenses on account of his guild, so that he can without any anxiety give himself to the work which the state had assigned him. At the same time (1483) he is named "Pictor Nostri Domini" (the Doge) and painter to the state. In 1481 both brothers were at work in the council chamber of the Ducal Palace, and in 1488 Giovanni began executing his own designs there — an item of information which gives us an idea of the deliberation and preparation with which he approached his work. For, though he had always been allowed to give time to private commissions, and, in fact, had so many of them that the Signiory, in 1494, finding him too much occupied with these private commissions, threatened to employ Perugino with him, which menace brought him again to his official work,— though he is seen to have interrupted it to paint a "Baptism of Christ" for the Church of the Santa Corona in Vicenza,— he was nine years preparing his designs for this work.

In 1488 Vivarini was appointed to work with Bellini in the council chamber at the salary of sixty ducats a year, together with his pupils. Of all the work here executed, historical subjects, portraits of the Doges, decorations, etc., comprising the better part of the life labor of one of the noblest of painters, nothing remains, the conflagration of 1577 having swept it all away. What remains to us are the altarpieces which he painted for the Venetian churches, and a few mythological subjects of his later years. He is to be studied mainly in Venice, where most of the altarpieces which were painted for the churches of the city are collected in the Accademia, a few being still exposed to the smoke of the candles of the altars and the chances of conflagration such as that which destroyed one of the chief of them, the great altarpiece of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, burned through the idiotic carelessness (it deserves no weaker phrase, though the popular opinion in Venice is that the priests of the church lighted the fire intentionally, to punish the Government for the removal to the Accademia of so many of the church pictures) of the ecclesiastical authorities, to which was also due the destruction at the same time of one of the masterpieces of Titian, the "Peter Martyr." These altarpieces generally follow a conventional scheme of Bellini's adoption: the Virgin, seated on a throne and under a canopy, is surrounded by saints and angels, the latter sometimes playing on musical instruments, and with a landscape showing on both sides of the throne.[1] The feeling of the whole is naturalistic without in the least tending to realism: the passages of open sky; the trees and distant mountains, which Giovanni seems sometimes to crowd into the composition at the risk of its harmony; the naïve and easy attitudes of the Virgin and Child; the studied arrangement of the folds of his draperies; and the warm glow of the flesh tints, which, though not at all realistic, still convey the idea of living flesh more distinctly than if they were realistic — all these qualities, new to the art of that day and probably more surprising than in ours, still distinguish the work of Bellini among the painters of Italy. To my mind one of the most important of his pictures is the "Peter Martyr" of the National Gallery of London. It might be considered the forerunner of modern landscape painting if it were alone in his art. The figures

1 The charming picture of the Madonna and Child [see frontispiece], enthroned with SS. Peter, Catherine, Lucia, and Jerome in S. Zaccaria of Venice, is one of the best of these. The Madonna is seated on a high Renaissance throne, the Child standing on her knee with his left foot on her left hand — very human and real both of them. Behind the throne is the usual canopy with Renaissance ornament on the terminal pilasters, the dark hollow of its concavity furnishing the required mass of shadow which relieves the group on the throne and the throne itself. On one of the steps to the throne sits a lovely little angel in dark green and yellow robes, playing on a viol. Sta. Lucia at the right (spectator's) shows an exquisite fair profile quite individual and portrait-like. She is dressed in a gray-blue and red drapery. St. Catherine is opposed to her formally in the composition, and in the arrangement of color, a dark mass. They face each other. SS. Peter and Jerome are in similar manner opposed to each other, and at each side of the canopy is a narrow strip of landscape, on one side a fig tree and on the other an elm or an ash — for the species is not always well marked. The draperies of the two are large and carefully composed and contrasted, St. Peter's gathered up on his left arm, like a toga, while the folds of St. Jerome's fall from the waist in straight lines. The fondness for Renaissance ornament is one of the things in which Giovanni resembles Mantegna, but this was characteristic of the epoch. The most lovely Renaissance churches that have ever been built were being raised in Venice, and in architecture as in sculpture the Renaissance was in its fullest life. Donatello had been in Padua a splendid example of the vitality of the "new birth," and there was the greatest danger that the Ducal Palace, after the fire of 1577, would be pulled down and rebuilt in the pure Renaissance, so entirely had the Renaissance come to reign in Venice.

are of little importance compared with those in his church pictures generally, and are in an important landscape, by which the painter, as by the naturalistic treatment of the subject, may have intended to distinguish this particular modern martyrdom from those of the early days of Christianity. The background against which the figures are relieved is a thicket of laurel, each leaf carefully touched and each group carefully composed, not from nature, but from knowledge of the tree, no endeavor being apparent to realize the actual effect of foliage, but the aim being simply to dwell inexhaustibly on the lovely forms of the laurel leaf in its varying positions. In the distance is a lovely hill landscape in the sunlight with an Italian town of the day rising beyond the grove. It is a work of Giovanni's old age, painted in 1514, when he was eighty-six. This must have been about the time when Albert Dürer visited him, and wrote the letter which is one of the most interesting items of personal knowledge of Bellini's character we have, and is fortunately preserved textually. Dürer writes to a friend:

> I have many good friends among the Italians who tell me I should not eat and drink with Italian painters [pointing clearly to the danger of being poisoned through jealousy, a curious testimony to the moral character of the men who were, as we now imagine, so filled with the religious sentiment in their art, but who, as we see by other incidents, even in the life of Bellini, were full of professional envy and animosity]. Many are inimical to me, and also imitate my work when they see it in the churches; they also blame it because they say it is not in the old style, therefore not good, but Giambellino has praised me much, before many noble people. He would much like to have something of mine, and came himself to me and begged me to do something for him and he would pay me well. And every one says what an upright man he is. I am much attached to him. He is very old, but still the best in painting.

Dürer's testimony is important, for he was an artist of the intellectual type and that which furnishes the soundest criticism of the art of others. When, therefore, he, with the work of Titian — then in his prime — before him, says that Bellini is the best painter of Venice, he pronounces a judgment which deserves the gravest consideration, for he knew his art theoretically and practically, and was at the same time so broad in his feeling that he was not, like a painter of more limited if more intense sympathy, likely to take a partial view of the art of another painter, and his words encourage me in my own judgment of Giovanni, that he held the position in the school of Venice that Phidias did in that of Greece; he was at that summit level of art at which all the best elements and all the classic dignity and severity were still preserved, and the sensuous element was kept in check by the intellectual and the feeling for the ideal in form. Later Giorgione and Titian revel in a far more complete abandon to the fascinations of art and in the pursuit of "art for art's sake," just as in the Greek school Praxiteles and Scopas carried the triumphs of art, if not its refinements, to a stage beyond the Phidian. We give an intellectual adhesion to the preëminence of the Elgin marbles; but, in my opinion, every artist who is honest with himself says to himself that he likes the Hermes and the Venus of Milo better than the pediment of the Parthenon, just as he prefers the "Sacred and Profane Love" to a masterpiece of Giovanni Bellini. And we must remember that the great work of Bellini's life went in the conflagration of the Ducal Palace, and that what we have is mainly the things he did to live by or to lay up money. Titian is sometimes reckless of his own reputation and is feebler than himself, but Bellini in the work of his eighty-sixth year is as firm in his touch and as severe in his purpose as in the earliest picture we have of his. Titian carries the power of color further and gives its orchestration a sweep which Bellini could not have approved, but Bellini's were the principles and the patterns which Titian only embroidered on — that poetry of color in which the truth of nature transcends her facts and sends her messages of beauty home to the heart in a passion which the severest prose version can never awaken. The Giottesques, even down to Gozzoli, had employed color as the means of brightening the church, and the Florentine Renaissance, as the matter-of-fact language of nature, her prose; but Bellini, and the Venetians with him, sought it as music, and wrought out its contrasts and chords to heighten its brilliancy or intensify its tenderness, or subdued its crudity to the warmth and glow of flesh, or the pathos of twilight on the landscape.

The question of the introduction of oil-color has an enormous importance in the history of Venetian art. I have expressed doubt that Antonello could have been the first to bring the new vehicle to the knowledge of Bellini. As its use is indisputable in the pictures of Pietro della Francesca, and I believe of Filippo Lippi, who was in Padua, it is hardly possible that in the studies of the Vivarinis the knowledge of it should not have been included. But used as a simple vehicle to hold the pigment, and in solid painting, oil presents to a painter who is a thorough master of his material no advantage whatever. Tempera, on the contrary, had some advantages which recommend it even to our own times. A painter who is certain of his work can give it a brilliancy and prismatic force with almost absolutely permanent value such as cannot be attained in a similar use of

oil as the vehicle, *i. e.*, when both are used in solid and opaque tints. But when the oil is used as a transparent vehicle and the system of execution becomes more or less a process of glazing, the character of the work is transformed and the increase of power and brilliancy in the tints is enormous. And this it is which enabled Bellini to elaborate a system of color which would have been impossible to a painter in tempera or fresco. In these vehicles the last tint covers all that went before, so that the gradual increase of force or the studied adjustment of the opposition or harmony of the tints is impossible. In transparent color a painter may tune his work as he would a violin, and arrive at an exactitude of distinction which is out of the question in tempera. But other painters have used the same means to very little effect. Bellini had learned the use of some vehicle which did not blacken with time, and the careful and most deliberate preparation of his work, which is betrayed by the precision of his drawing even in the least important accessories, gave to his manner a sureness and firmness of execution of the highest importance in any method, but especially in that which he finally adopted.

But these are mechanical elements of art. All the scientific and all the theoretical knowledge, as well as all the power of drawing, of Michelangelo would have been in vain had not the Venetian temperament—the sentiment of and delight in color, which no other school has ever developed—been implanted in Bellini. He found the music of color, but where we need not attempt to discover. Mystery of genius! Here we drop analysis; here the vivisection of the soul, were it possible, alone could help us.

Bellini died on the 29th of November, 1516, and was buried beside his brother Gentile in the church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo. Over his tomb ought to be inscribed, "He gave to the world a new art."

*W. J. Stillman.*

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

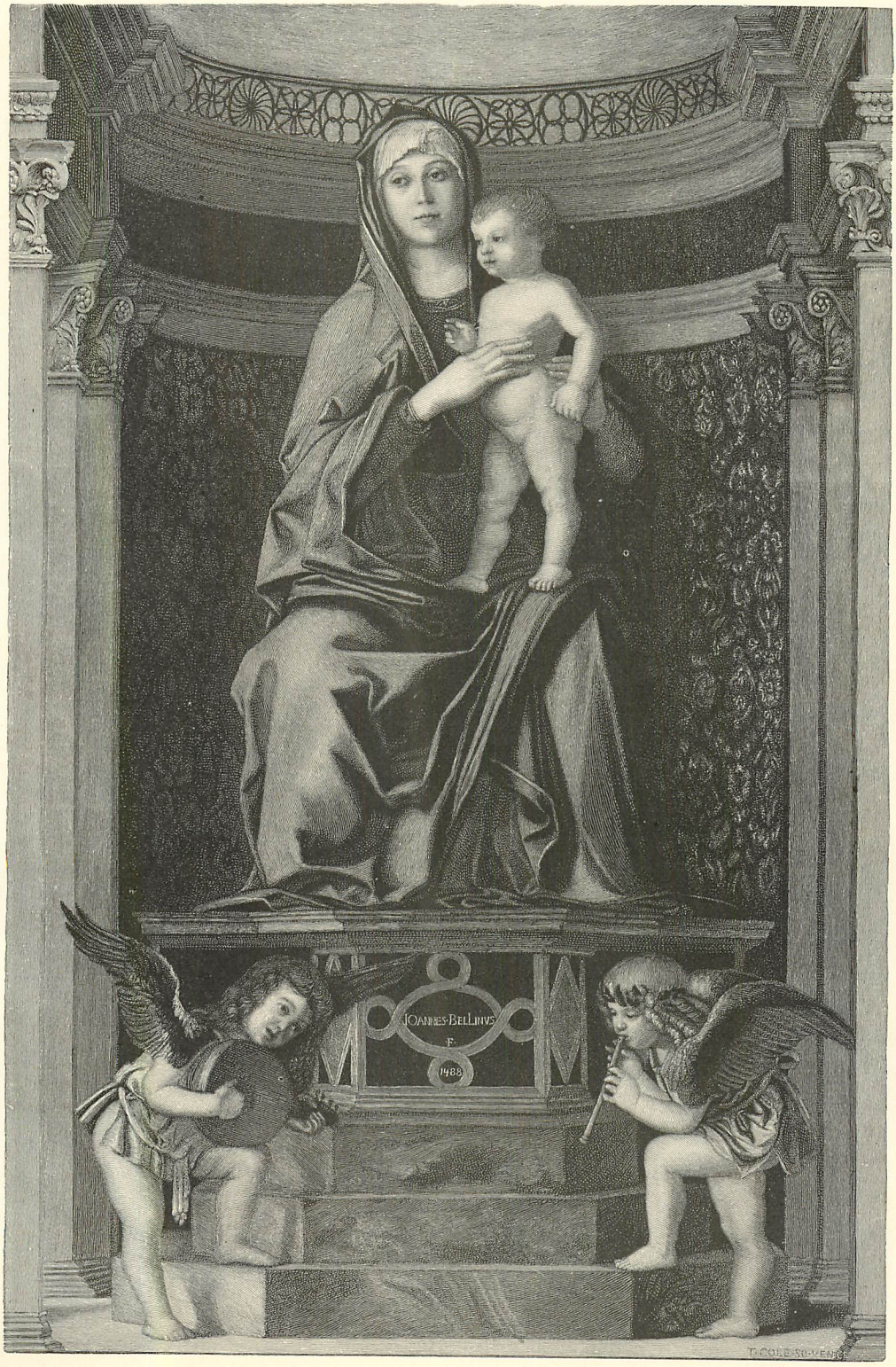
VENICE, August 23, 1889.—The Madonna and Child enthroned, of the Frari Church at Venice, forms the altarpiece of the sacristy. It measures, inclusive of its frame, about 8½ feet in width, and is composed of three panels separated from one another by the framework. The central one, representing the Madonna and Child enthroned under a canopy, is higher than the two side ones by some 29 or 30 inches. It is 31 inches wide by about 75 inches high, and is arched at the top. In the detail given I have left out this canopy from where the arch begins to spring, in order to get the main portion as large as possible on the block, thus cutting off some twenty odd inches of the original. The rest of the panel is given entire.

The panels on each side are 19 inches wide by about 46 inches high, and represent the four Evangelists standing, two on each panel. The whole is inclosed in a beautiful frame richly ornamented with arabesques in low relief. It consists of a predella, upon which rest four pilasters which separate the panels from each other. These are surmounted by cornices over the side panels, while from those portions of the cornices supported by the inner pilasters springs the arch over the center panel. Over the cornices of the side panels, and surmounting the framework proper, are grotesque figures of winged mermaids whose fish-like bodies wind and end in scrolls. There are two over each side panel, between two handsome candlesticks. The arched center panel is capped by a handsome ornament of fruit mingled with grotesque fish, from the center of which rises an urn from which flames ascend, as from the candlesticks also.[1] The frame forms part of the picture, and is repeated in it; as for instance in the side panels where the pilasters of the exterior of the frame are shown in perspective behind the Evangelists. So are they seen in the center panel receding in perspective and forming the support to the cornice running round behind the Madonna.

The work is painted on wood, in oil apparently, and is very rich and mellow in coloring. Above the Madonna is a dome filling the arch. This is heaven opened, and is formed of golden clouds parting to each side, disclosing a glory of light. Here appears a Latin inscription of two lines to the Madonna. This golden portion seems to glow with a light of its own—an effect obtained perhaps by glazing upon a gold ground. The background behind the Madonna, and below the warm marble cornice, is of a deep rich carmine burning like a ruby. It is ornamented with a pattern in gold, which in the lighted portion sparkles with a soft and quiet luster. The drapery is of a rich, harmonious blue, the dark folds of which are intensely deep. The underrobe is red, similar in tone to the background, but brighter. The throne is of a reddish-brown marble, glowing golden on the lighted side, while the clouds and veins in the marble give added richness of color. Bellini's name, in gold, is inscribed in the middle, with the letter F (*fecit*) beneath and the date 1488. The flesh tints are mellow and bright as though illumined by a golden light. How charming are the angels at the foot of the throne—the one crowned with myrtle piping, the other accompanying his song on the lute! How buoyant and resolute the Child stands! The Mother scarcely rests her hands upon him. The Child occupies a height in the picture of fifteen inches.

*T. Cole.*

[1] Evidently a later addition to the decoration of the frame.—W. J. S.




MADONNA AND CHILD, BY GIOVANNI BELLINI.

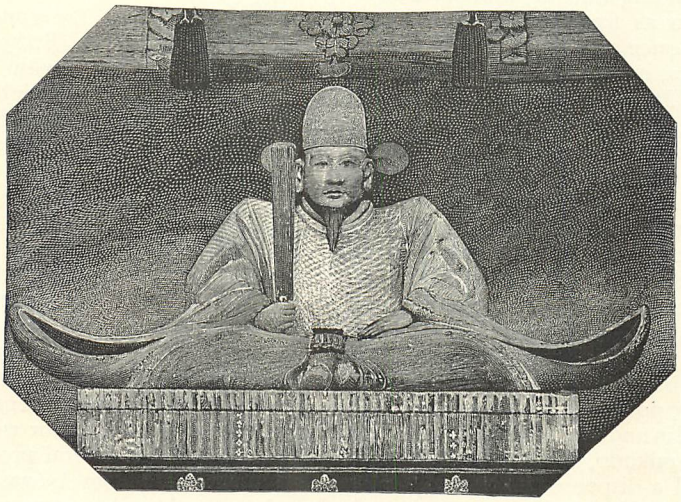
(DETAIL OF ALTARPIECE IN THE SACRISTY OF STA. MARIA GLORIOSA DE' FRARI, VENICE.)

# THE SHRINES OF IYÉYASŬ AND IYÉMITSŬ IN THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF NIKKO.

## AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



PORTRAIT-STATUE OF IYÉYASŬ IN CEREMONIAL DRESS.

JULY 25.— From where we are in the Holy Mountain, our first visit would be naturally to the shrine of the shōgun Iyéyasŭ, whose extreme walls I see among the highest trees whenever I look from our balcony over our little waterfall.

Iyéyasŭ died in 1616, having fought, he said, ninety battles and eighteen times escaped death, having almost destroyed Christianity, and leaving his family established as rulers of Japan. In obedience to his dying wishes, his son and successor removed the body of his father from its resting-place in the south to this final tomb at Nikko. Here, in 1617, with complicated and mystic ceremonial, he was buried and deified.

If you have no work on Japan near by to refer to, *sub voce Iyéyasŭ*, I can tell you, briefly, what he did or what he was, though I, too, have no books at my hand. He was a great man, a patient waiter upon opportunity, who at the end of the sixteenth century came upon the scene of a great civil war, then filled by two protagonists, the military ruler, Nobunaga, and his lieutenant, Hidéyoshi, who was to be known later as Taiko Sama. Their aim was to settle something more definitely, of course in their favor; and, in fact, the death of the former and the triumphant success of the latter, who succeeded him, went far towards disposing of many contending claims, and towards a crystallizing of the feudal system, which had grown of centuries of civil war. This is the moment that we see reflected in the annals of the first Christian missionaries, to whom the military chiefs of Japan were alternately kind or cruel.

When Hidéyoshi died he had grown to be the master of Japan; he had been made Regent of the Empire, as a title of honor, for he was that and more in reality; he had become one of the greatest of Oriental warriors, and had begun life as a groom, the son of a humble peasant. The name of Taiko (great gate) he took like other regents, on retiring nominally from office, but with the addition of Sama (Lord) it is applied to him alone in popular memory. Naturally, then, he believed in a possible dynasty originating in him. At his death he could see, as his greatest fear for the future of the young son to whom he wished to leave his power, this man Iyéyasŭ Tokugawa, lord now of many provinces, but who had begun humbly, and who had assisted him in breaking many enemies, receiving a reward

with every success, and consolidating meanwhile his own smaller powers. The dying Taiko made complicated arrangements to secure the good-will of Iyéyasŭ, and also to prevent his encroachments. These arrangements, including and combining the agencies of numbers of princes and vassals, many of them newly Christianized, seem only the more certainly to have forced on a position in which Iyéyasŭ, with few allies, but with clear aims and interests, took the field against a larger number of princes, commanding more men, but not united in any intention as fixed as his was. These he defeated for once and all, on a great battlefield, Sékigahara, on some day in October in the year 1600. It was the greatest battle that Japan ever saw, and one of the bloodiest — remarkable for us because of the death of three of the Christian leaders against Iyéyasŭ, warriors distinguished before in many wars, who could not, being Christians, take their own lives in defeat, as their Japanese traditions of honor commanded. Hence the victor had them beheaded—a shameful death, and thereby heroic. These were almost his only immediate victims. Iyéyasŭ wisely forgave, when it paid, and merely weakened the beaten, increasing the possessions but not the powers of his adherents; and finally remained in undisputed power, with great titles from the mikado, who, though poor in power, was still a dispenser of honors, for, as with the greater gods, the *victrix causa* pleased.

Meanwhile the protection of the son of the great Taiko Sama, for which all this war had been supposed to grow, had not been effected, and even this one obstacle or reminder was to disappear from before Iyéyasŭ, but not for several years, and only just before his death.

He had, in Japanese custom, resigned his apparent power to his son, for behind him he could act more obscurely and with less friction. Then began the drama of the extinction of Christianity; slowly, for many reasons, not the least being that several Christian princes, with their vassals, had supported Iyéyasŭ in his struggle. And at length the son of Taiko Sama, Hidéyori, indirectly connected with the Christian side, fell before Iyéyasŭ. His strong castle at Osaka was said to have become a place of refuge for the persecuted and the discontented, even to the very Christians whom his father had cruelly persecuted.

Which was in the wrong and disturbed the waters, the wolf or the lamb, I do not know, but only that in June, 1615, the great castle was attacked by Iyéyasŭ and his son in as bloody a battle as was ever fought; and notwithstanding that for a moment victory hung in the balance, the Tokugawa Luck prevailed, the castle took fire, thousands perished, and Hidéyori and his mother disappeared.

Whether Iyéyasŭ was the author of the code of laws or rules at which he is supposed to have worked during these years of waiting, with the aid of learned scholars, to bequeath them to his descendants for the maintenance of the order of things he left, I do not know; nor perhaps was the information I once had about them at all accurate. They, or their spirit, however, served to guide the nation for the next two hundred and fifty years; that is to say, until the second Commodore Perry came to Japan, with the increased weight of an outside world much changed.

SKETCH OF STATUE OF IYÉYASŬ TOKUGAWA.

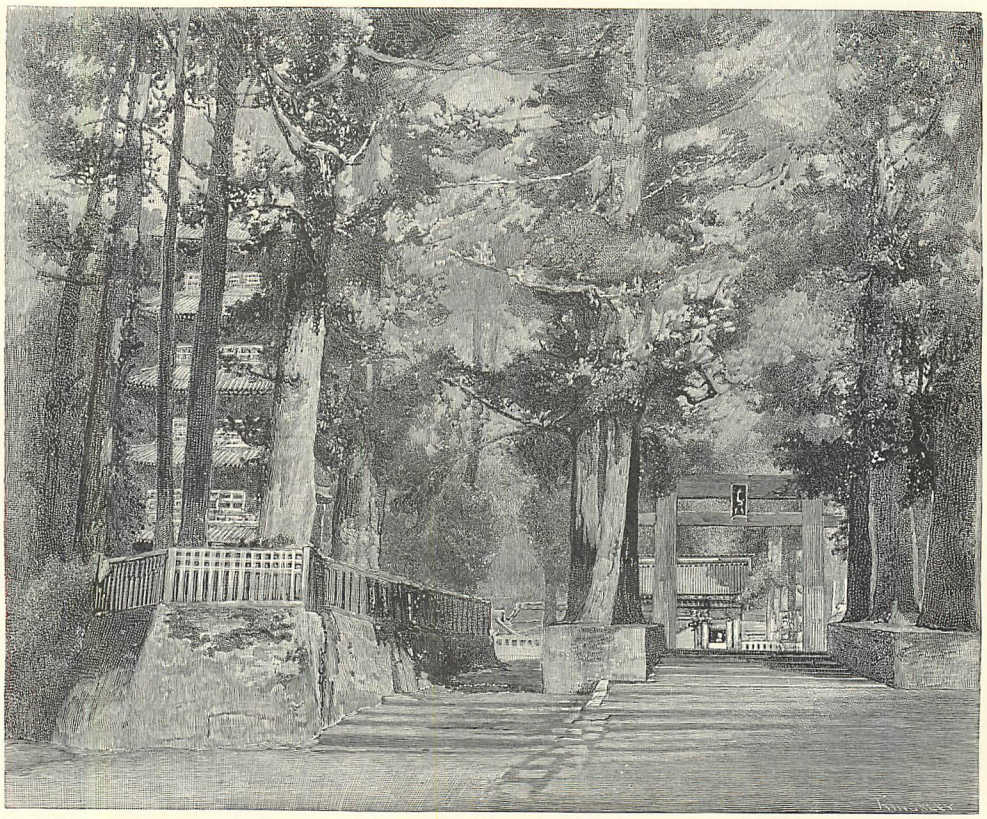
Meanwhile the great man died, leaving a great personal fame behind him, over and above the powers he could transmit.

He was buried here, as I said. The place was chosen in 1616: at the end of the same year the buildings were begun, and in the beginning of the next year were partly completed. When the funeral procession arrived, in nineteen days from Iyéyasŭ's former resting-place, amid great ceremonies and religious rites the title of "Supreme Highness, Lord of the East, Great Incarnation," was given to the hero and ruler and son of the small laird of Matsudaira.

While he was being thus deified the persecution of the Christians increased in violence, passing into a hideous delirium of cruelty; wiping out its victims, but unable to affect their courage. There can be apparently no exaggeration of the sufferings of the martyrs nor of the strength of mind shown by them — a courage and constancy ennobling to Japan.

Hidetada, the son of Iyéyasŭ, is buried at Yeddo (Tokio); but Iyémitsŭ, the grandson, has a temple and a tomb here in the forest, alongside of his grandfather's.

He succeeded to power in 1623, and lived and ruled some thirty years more with an energy worthy of Iyéyasŭ, and carried the system to completion. The laws known as the laws of Iyéyasŭ are sometimes made out to be his. These laws, based on the old feudal habits, and influenced and directed by the great Chinese doctrines of relationships and duties, are not laws as we think of law, nor were they to be published. They were to be kept secret for the use of the Tokugawa house; to serve as rules for conduct in using their power, so as to secure justice, which is in return to secure



AVENUE TO TEMPLE OF IYÉYASŬ.

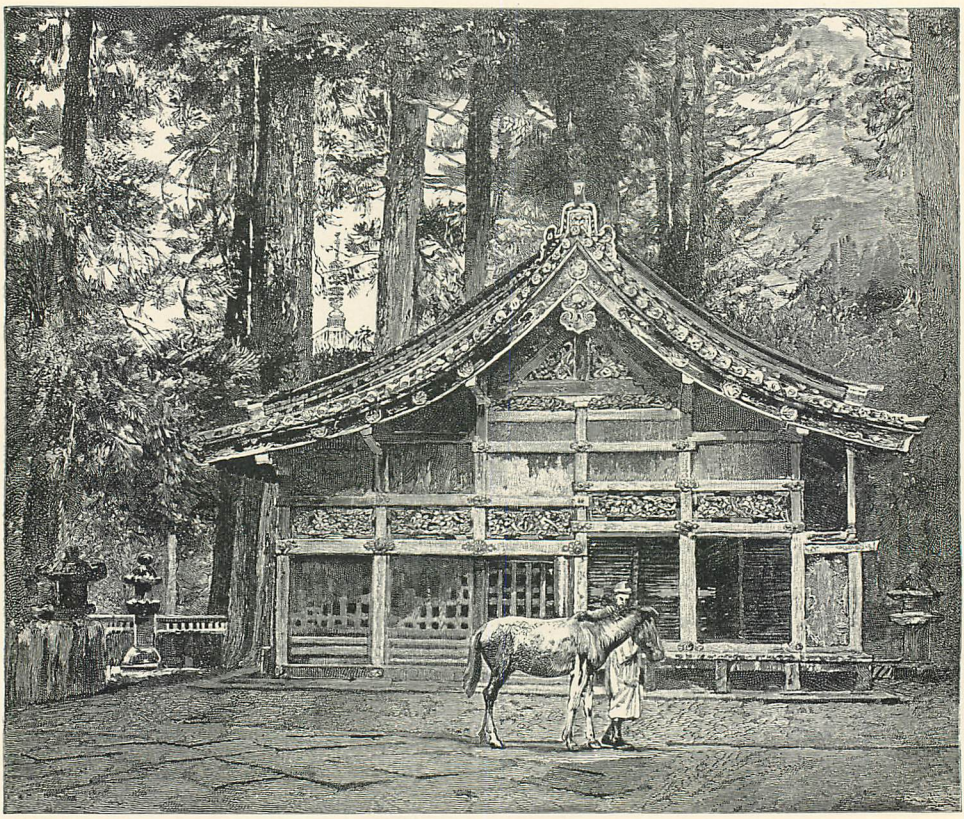
power, that exists for its own end in the mind of rulers. These laws, some of which are reflections, or moral maxims, or references to the great man's experience, made out a sort of criminal code,— the relations of the classes,— matters of rank and etiquette, and a mechanism of government. They asserted the supremacy and at the same time destroyed the power of the mikado, and by strict rules of succession, residence, and continued possession bound up the feudal nobles. They reasserted the great individual virtues of filial piety and of feudal loyalty, and insisted on the traditions of military honor. "The sword" was to be "the soul of the Samurai," and with it these have carried the national honor and intelligence in its peculiar expressions.

Full recognition was given to the teaching, "Thou shalt not lie beneath the same sky, nor tread on the same earth, with the murderer of thy lord." The rights of the avenger of blood were admitted, even though he should pay the penalty of his life.

Suicide, which had long been a Japanese development of chivalrous feeling and military honor, was still to be regarded as purifying of all stain, and, for the first time, allowed in mitigation of the death penalty.

Indeed, half a century later, the forty-seven Ronin ("wave-people"— Samurai who had lost their natural lord and their rights) were to die in glorious suicide, carrying out the feudal ideal of fidelity.

You know the story probably; at any rate you will find it in Mitford's tales of old Japan. It is a beautiful story, full of noble details, telling how, by the mean contrivance of a certain lord, the Prince of Ako was put in the wrong, and his condemnation to death and confiscation obtained. And how, then, forty-seven gentlemen, faithful vassals of the dead lord, swore to avenge the honor of their master, and for that purpose to put aside all that might stand in the way. For this end they put aside all else they cared for, even wife and children, and through every obstacle pursued their plan up to the favorable moment when they surprised, on a winter night, in his palace, among his guards, the object of their vengeance, whose suspicions had been allayed by long delay. And how his decapitated head was placed by them upon his victim's tomb, before the forty-seven surrendered themselves to justice, and were allowed to commit suicide by hara-kiri, and how they have since lived forever in the memory of Japan.



STABLE OF SACRED HORSES.

These laws, then, destroyed nothing; they reasserted certain Japanese traditions and customs, but made out, through many details, the relations of dependence of all classes of society upon the shōgun, as vassal indeed of the mikado, but supreme ruler who held the key of all. All this did Iyémitsŭ carry out, as well as the consequent seclusion of the country; the only manner of avoiding ideals which might clash with those upon which this consolidation of the past was based. And to many of these ideals, to the idea of the sacredness of the family, to the idea of subjection to the law of the ruler, Christianity, by its ideal of marriage, by its distinctions of the duty to Cæsar,—to name only a few reasons,—might be found an insidious dissolvent. Therefore, if it be necessary to find a high motive, Iyémitsŭ did what he could to trample out the remains of Christianity; which were to expire, a few years after his death, in a final holocaust as terrible and glorious as Nero himself could have wished to see.

From that time, for two centuries, all went on the same, until the arrival of the foreigners found a system so complete, so interlocked and rigid, as to go to pieces with the breaking of a few links.

That break was supplied by the necessity of yielding to the Christian and foreign demand of entrance, and in so far abandoning the old ways.

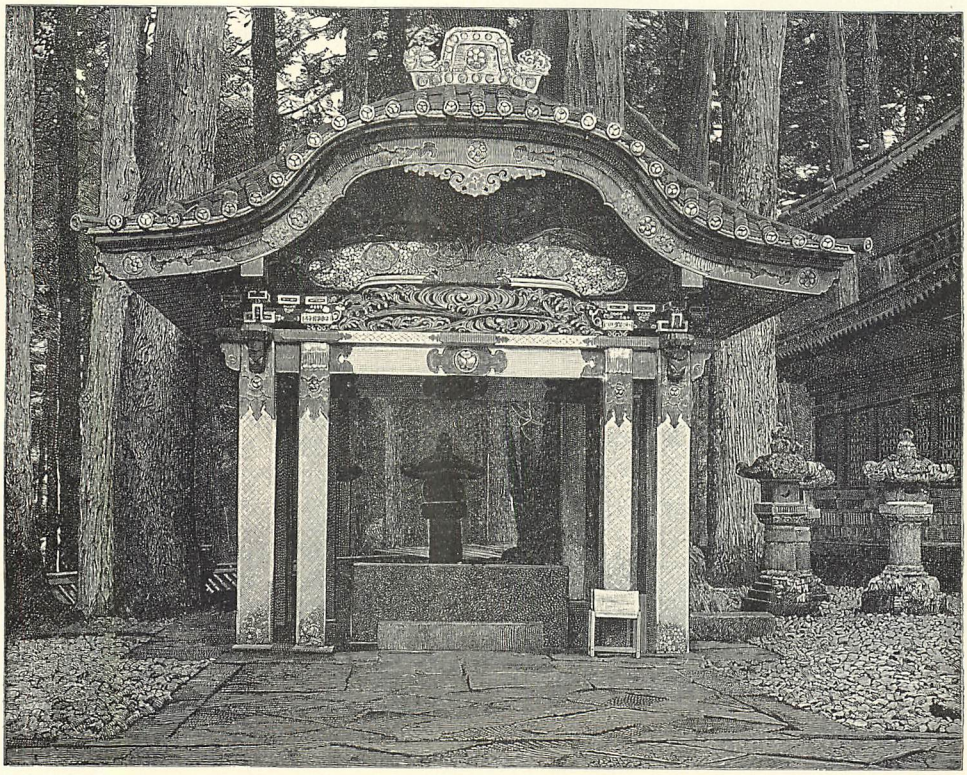
With this proof of weakness the enemies of the Tokugawa and those of the system began to assert themselves, circumstances aiding, and in 1868 the last of the race resigned all powers and retired to private life.

The details of the enormous changes, as they followed one another, are too many and sudden, and apparently too contradictory, for me to explain further. Even now I repeat this deficient summary of the Tokugawa story only because of wishing to recall who they were that have temples and tombs about us, and to recall, also, that such has been the end of the beginning which is buried here.

THE approach to the temple, to which most paths lead, is through a great broad avenue, a quarter of a mile long, bordered by high stone walls, above which rise high banks and higher trees. Between these dark green walls, all in their own shade,— in the center of the enormous path and in the full light of the sky,— a brilliant torrent rushes down in a groove of granite, hidden occasionally under

the road. Here and there drop out from the walls noisy columns of clearest water.

In the distance beyond, through a mass of closer shade, made by two rows of dark cryptogamia, that are planted on banks faced with stones,— for here the road divides into three different grades of ascent by enormous steps,— shine the high white walls of the temple grounds, edged with a red-lacquered fence and a black



SACRED FONT.

roofed gate of red and gold. In the open space before it, with wide roads diverging through high walls, crowned with scarlet fences, stands a granite Torii, some thirty feet high, whose transverse stones are crossed by a great black tablet, marked with the gilded divine name of Iyéyasŭ. On one side a five-storied pagoda, graceful and tall, certainly one hundred feet high, blood-red and gold in the sunlight, and green, white, and gold in the shadows of its five rows of eaves, rises free from the trees around it and sends a tall spear, encircled with nine gilded rings, into the unbroken sky. Bindings and edges of copper, bright green with weathering, sparkle on its black roofs, and from their twenty corners hang bells of bright green copper. Above the steep steps, against the white wall, we pass through the first gate. It is recessed, and two gigantic columns of trees stand in the corners. Two monsters of uncertain lion-form occupy the niches on each side. From the upper side of the red pillars, as supports for the engaged lintel, stretch out the gilded heads of tapirs,— protectors against pestilence,— of lions and elephants, and great bunches of the petals of the peony. Above, the architrave and frieze are painted flat with many colors and with gold, and the ends of the many beams which support the roofing are gilded. Everywhere, even to the ends of the bronze tiles of the black roof, the crest of Iyéyasŭ's family, the Tokugawa, is stamped in gilded metal.

At the inside corner of the gate stands a gigantic cedar, said to have grown to this height since the time when Iyéyasŭ carried it about with him in his palanquin. Opposite to three red buildings, which are storehouses for the memorial treasures of the temple, stands closer to the wall a charming building, mostly gray,— partly owing to the wearing of the black lacquer with time,—and decorated with carved panels which make a frieze or string-course all around its sides. Above this line of green, red, blue, white, and gold, a large space of gray wood, spotted with gilt metal where the framework of the outer beams is joined, spreads up to the pediment under the eaves, which is all

YOUNG PRIEST.

carved and painted on a ground of green. The heavy roof above is black bronze and gilded metal and is spotted with the golden Tokugawa crest. Below the colored band, midway, the black wall has gratings with golden hinges, for this delicate splendor is given to a stable —the stable of the sacred horse of the god Iyéyasŭ. The patient little cream-colored pony has no look of carrying such honors; and I can scarcely imagine his little form galloping out in the silence of the night under the terrible rider.

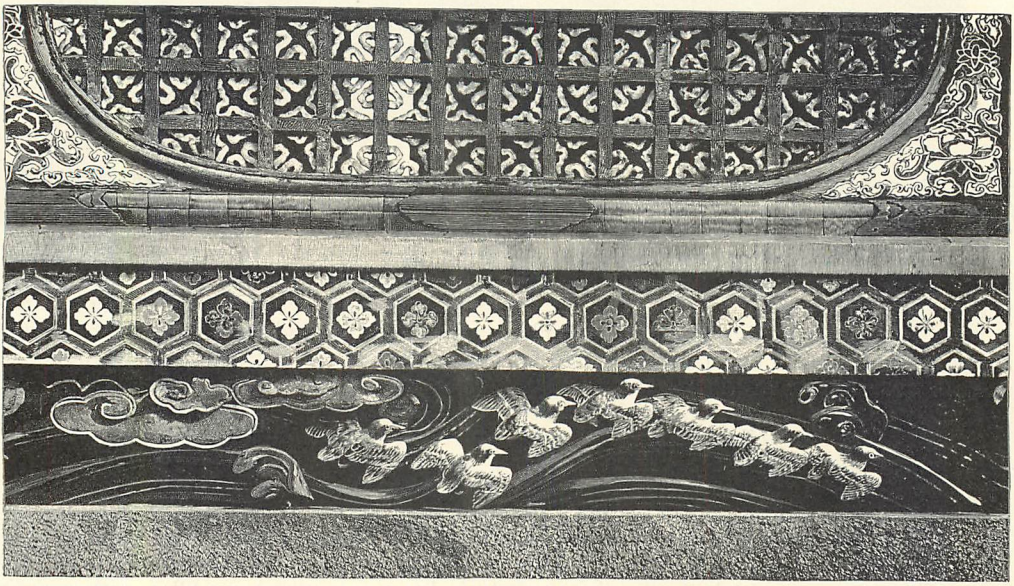
A gentle splashing of water, which mingles with the rustling of the trees and the quiet echoes of the pavement, comes from the end of the court, where its edge is a descent filled with high forest trees. This lapping sound comes from the temple font, a great wet mass of stone, looking like solid water. It has been so exactly balanced on its base that the clear mountain stream overflows its sides and top in a perfectly fitting liquid sheet. This sacred well-basin has a canopy with great black bronze-and-gold roof, supported by white stone pillars, three on each corner, that are set in bronze sockets and strapped with gilded metal. The pediment and the brackets which cap the pillars are brilliantly painted, and the recessed space below the curved roof-beam is filled with palm-like curves of carved waves and winged dragons. Next to this, and at right angles to it, is a heavy bronze Torii, through which we go up to another court, turning away from the buildings we have seen. On the dark surface of the Torii glisten the golden Tokugawa crests; on the great tie-beam, the upper pillars, and the central upright. Near us, the eaves of its lower roof continuing the lines of the water tank pavilion, is the closed library, red, delicately adorned with color under the eaves, and with the same heavy black roofing of bronze dotted with gold which all the buildings have in a heavy monotony. The steps lead us to another court, spotted with different buildings, among tremendous trees — a bronze pavilion with a hanging bell, a bell tower, and a drum tower, closed in with sloping walls of red lacquer, and a large lantern of bronze under a bronze pavilion, whose curious, European, semi-Gothic details contrast suddenly with all this alien art, and prove its origin a tribute from trading Christian Holland to the mortal deity worshiped here. On one side, where the forest slopes down in sun and shadow, stands a Buddhist temple, sole survivor of the faith in this place, now turned over to the official and native worship. The latticed gold-and-black screens were all closed, except in the center, through which we could see the haze and occasional glitter of the gold of gods and altar ornaments, and the paleness of the mats. On its red veranda stood a young Buddhist priest, whom our companions knew; a slight, elegant figure, a type of modesty and refinement. Farther back, on the other side of the veranda, an older companion looked down the valley at some girls whose voices we could hear among the trees.

The main entrance rises above the high steps to a little esplanade with heavy railing, on the level of a higher embankment. The court that we were in was full of broken shadows from its own tall trees, and from all this accumulation of buildings, red-lacquered and gilded, black-and-bronze roofed, spotted and stained with moss and lichens, or glittering here and there in their many metals. Long lines of light trickled down the gray trunks and made a light gray haze over all these miscellaneous treasures. Great lanterns (toro) of stone, capped with green and yellow moss, metal ones of bronze and iron, stand in files

together here and in the lower court, or are disposed in rows along the great stone wall, which is streaked by the weather and spotted with white and purple lichens. Along its upper edge runs the red-lacquered wall, heavily roofed, of the cloister which surrounds the farther court above. Its face is paneled between the metal-fastened beams and posts with two rows of deep carvings of innumerable birds and trees and waves and clouds and flowers. All these are painted and gilded, as are the frieze above and the intervals between the gilded rafters.

the guardian statues of foxes that protect the entrances of the primitive shrines of the land-god Inari. The far-projecting white capitals are the half-bodies of lion-like monsters with open mouths and stretched-out paws. Above these, below the carved balcony which marks the second story, the cornice is made of a wilderness of tenfold brackets, black lacquered and patterned with gold, and from each of the ten highest ones a gilded lion's head frowns with narrowed eyes.

The balcony is one long set of panels — of little panels carved and painted on its white

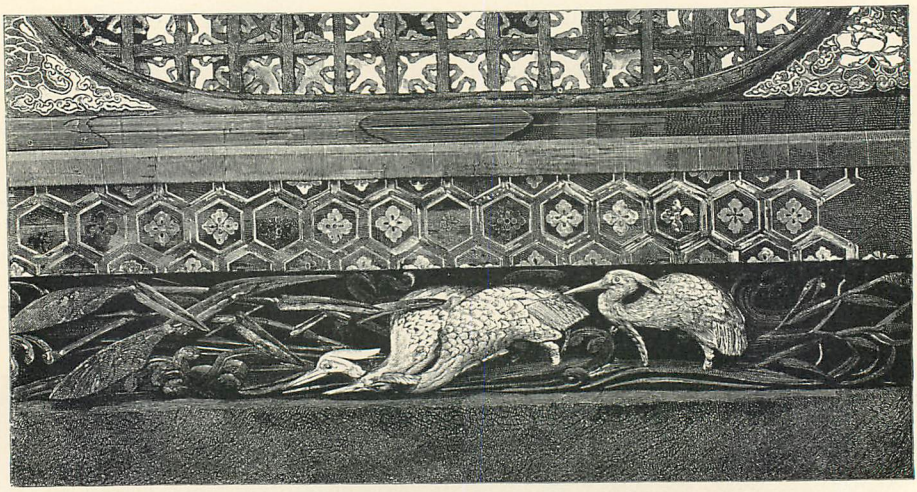


DETAILS OF BASES OF CLOISTER WALLS, INNER COURT.

On all this space and on the great white gate, the "Gate Magnificent," the full sun embroidered the red and white and colored surfaces with millions of stitches of light and shadow.

The gate, or triumphal arch, is a two-storied building with heavy bronze-tiled roof, capped and edged, like all the rest, with gilded metal, and spotted with the gilded crest of the Tokugawa. Its front towards us rises in the well-known curve, shadowing a pediment, full of painted sculpture. Eight white pillars embroidered with delicate reliefs support the white lintel, which is embossed with great divine monsters and strapped with gilded metal. In the niches on each side are seated two repellent painted images, inside of white walls, which are trellises of deeply carved floral ornament. These figures are warriors on guard, in ancient and Japanese costume, armed with bows and quivers of arrows, whose white, wrinkled, and crafty faces look no welcome to the intruder, and recall the cruel, doubtful look of

line with children playing among flowers. Above, again, as many white pillars as below; along their sides a wild fringe of ramping dragons and the pointed leaves of the bamboo. This time the pillars are crowned with the fabulous dragon-horse, with gilded hoofs dropping into air, and lengthy processes of horns receding far back into the upper bracketings of the roof. Upon the center of the white-and-gold lintel, so delicately carved with waves as to seem smooth in this delirium of sculpture, is stretched between two of the monster capitals a great white dragon with gilded claws and gigantic protruding head. But all these beasts are tame if compared with the wild army of dragons that cover and people the innumerable brackets which make the cornice and support the complicated rafters under the roof. Tier upon tier hang farther and farther out, like some great mass of vampires about to fall. They are gilded; their jaws are lacquered red far down into their throats, against which their white teeth glitter. Far into the shade spreads



DETAIL OF CLOISTER WALLS, INNER COURT.

a nightmare of frowning eyebrows, and pointed fangs and outstretched claws extended towards the intruder. It would be terrible did not one feel the coldness of the unbelieving imagination which perhaps merely copied these duplicates of earlier terrors.

So it is, at least in this bright, reasonable morning light; but I can fancy that late in autumn evenings, or in winter moonlight, or lighted by dubious torches, one might believe in the threats of these blinking eyes and grinning jaws, and fear that the golden terrors might cease clinging to the golden beams. It is steadying to the eye to meet at last the plain gold-and-black checker pattern of the ends of the final rafters below the roof, and to see against the sky peaceful bells like inverted tulips, with gilded clappers for pistils, hanging from the corners of the great bronze roof.

And as we pass through the gate we are made to see how ill omen was turned from the Luck of the Tokugawa by an "evil-averting pillar," which has its pattern carved upside down as a sacrifice of otherwise finished perfection.

I noticed also that a childish realism has furnished the lower monsters of the gate with real bristles for their distended nostrils; and this trifle recalls again the taint of the unbelieving imagination, which insists upon small points of truth as a sort of legal protection for its failing in the greater ones.

Within this third cloistered court which we now entered is an inclosed terrace, some fifty yards square. Inside of its walls are the oratory and the final shrine, to which we can pass through another smaller gate, this time with lower steps. The base of the terrace which makes the level of the innermost court is cased with large blocks of cemented stone. Above it is a fence or wall with heavy roof and projecting gilded rafters. Great black brackets support the roof. Between them all is carved and colored in birds and flowers and leaves, almost real in the shadow. Between the decorated string-courses the wall is pierced with gilded screens, through which play the lights and darks, the colors and the gilding of the shrine inside. At the very bottom, touching the stone plinth, carved and painted sculptures in high relief project and cast the shadows of leaves and birds upon the brilliant granite.

Beyond this inclosure and the shrine within it the court is abruptly ended by a lofty stone wall, high as the temple roof, and built into the face of the mountain. From its very edge the great slope is covered with tall trees that look down upon this basin filled with gilding and lacquers, with carvings and bronze, with all that is most artificial, delicate, labored, and transitory in the art of man.

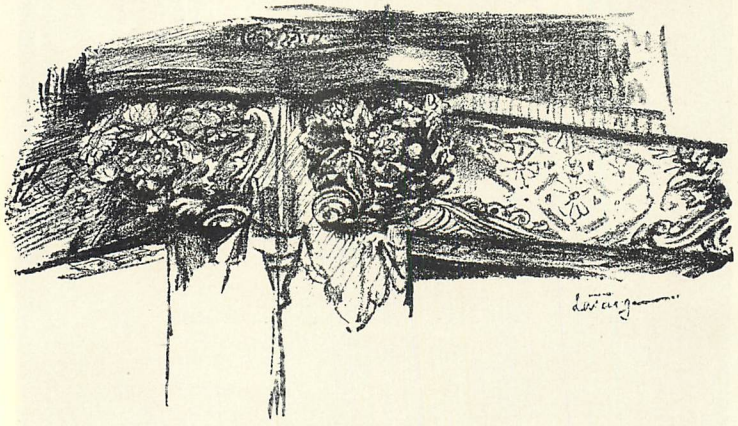
It is in this contrast, insisted upon with consummate skill, that lies the secret beauty of the art of the men who did all this. The very lavishness of finish and of detail, the heaped-up exaggerations of refinement and civilization, bring out the more the simplicity and quiet of the nature about them. Up to the very edges of the carvings and the lacquers grow the lichens and mosses and small things of the forest. The gilded temples stand hidden in everlasting hills and trees, open above to the upper sky which lights them, and to the changing weather with which their meaning changes. Nothing could recall more completely the lessons of death, the permanence of change, and the transitoriness of man.

We went up the steps of the recessed gate, which repeats the former theme of white and gold and black in forms of an elegance that touches the limits of good taste. Its heavy black roof, whose four ridges are crowned by

long bronze dragons and crawling lions, opens in a high curve on the front and sides to show under the bent white-and-gold ridge-beams a pediment strapped and intersected by spaces of small carvings, white and tinted, relieved by red perpendiculars of beams.

White and gold shine in the great brackets and the recesses of the rafters. Below the white frieze, carved with many small figures of Chinese story, the pillars and the lintel are inlaid in many carved woods, ornaments of dragons, plants, and diapered patterns on the palings, or great beasts, types of power, might show great limbs through confining barriers. The long building, indeed, is a great framework, strongly marked, dropped on a solid base, and weighted down by a heavy roofing. The white pillars or posts which divide its face and corners stand clear between the black-and-gold latticed screens, partly lifted, which make almost all its wall.

Strips of the sacramental white paper hang from the lower lintel against the golden shade of the interior. Inside, pale mats cover the



LINTEL, BRACKET CAPITAL.

whitened ground. The opened doors repeat the same faint tones of wood, and of white and gold, and of gilded metals. The walls, which are open at the base, are merely lattice screens. Their exquisite flowered patterns fluctuate with gilded accents of whites, greens, lavenders, and blues.

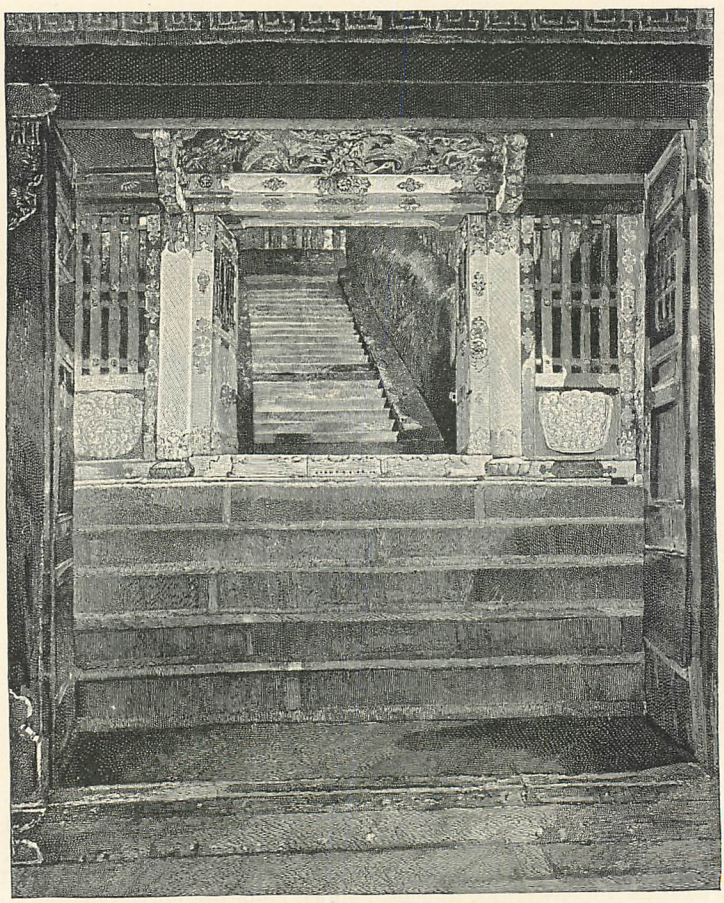
The gate inside is, therefore, nothing but an ornamented trellis, made still lighter by contrast with the solid white doors, trellised at top, but whose lower panels are exquisitely embellished with inlaid carved woods and chiseled golden metal. We took off our shoes, and ascended the bronze-covered steps of the oratory and shrine, which come down from the red-lacquered veranda, behind the four carved white pillars of the descending porch. Great white dragons with spiky claws project from the pillars, and crawl in and out of the double transom. In the shadow of the roof golden monsters hang from the complex brackets. The friezes and bands of the temple face are filled with carving, delicate as embossed tapestry, while the panels, deeply cut into auspicious forms of birds and flowers, carry full color and gold far up into the golden rafters.

ALL recesses and openings are filled with half-realities, as if to suggest a dread or a delicious interior, as flowers might pass through

black-lacquer floor. Exquisite plain gold pillars, recalling Egyptian shapes, divide the gilded central walls. Here and there on the gilded tie-beams curved lines of emerald-green or crimson, like tendrils, mark with exquisite sobriety a few chamfered cuttings. On either side of the long room (fifty feet) are two recesses with large gold panels on which symbolic forms are freely sketched, and carved inlays of emblematic birds fill their farthest walls. Their ceilings are carved, inlaid, and painted with imperial flowers, mystic birds, and flying figures, and the pervading crest of the Tokugawa. For these were the waiting-rooms of the family, and, as A—— remarked, the impression is that of a princess's exquisite apartment, as if the Tartar tent had grown into greater fixity, and had been touched by a fairy's wand.

All was bare except for an occasional sacred mirror, or hanging gilded ornament, or the hanging papers of the native worship; and this absence of the Buddhist images and implements of worship left clear and distinct the sense of a personal residence — the residence of a divinized spirit, not unlike the one that he was used to in life.

Even more, on the outside of the building the curved stone base, like a great pedestal, with pierced niches filled with flowers carved and painted between the great brackets that



INSIDE THE "CAT GATE"—GATE TO THE TOMB.

support the veranda, makes the temple seem as if only deposited for a time, however long that time may be.

We merely looked at the central passage, that, dividing the building, leads down and then up to the shrine itself, and waited for the time when we shall get further permission, and I shall be allowed to sketch and photograph. As for me, I was wearied with the pleasure of the endless detail; for even now, with all my talk, I have been able to note but a little of what I can remember.

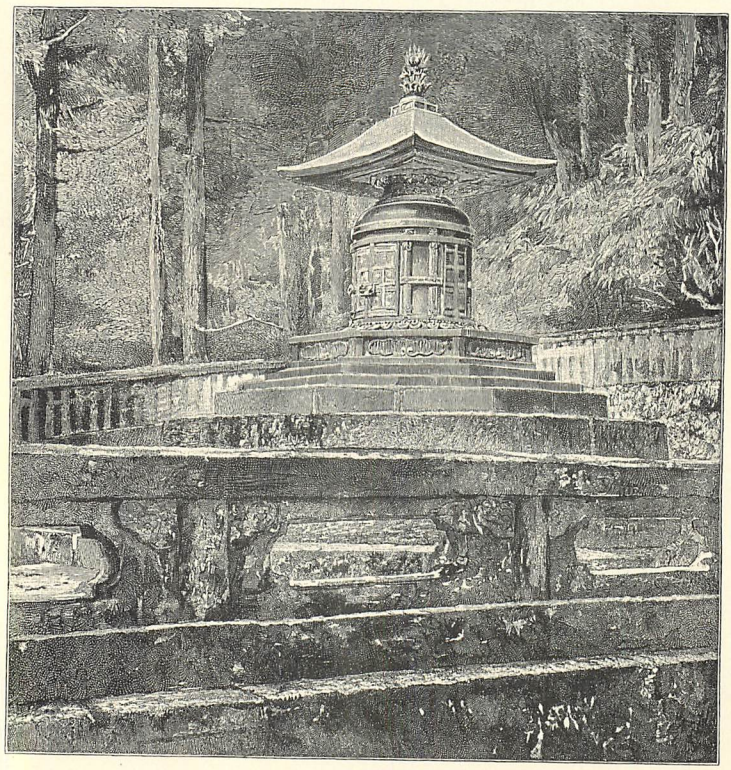
We withdrew, put on our shoes again at the gate, and turned below to the east side of the court. We passed the Hall of Perfumes, where incense was once burned while the monks chanted prayers in the court, as they did when Iyéyasŭ was buried. We passed the Hall of the Sacred Dances, whose open front makes a large, shady, dim stage, with a great red railing on its projecting edge. Within it moved a white shadow, the figure of a woman dancer. And then we came to a white-and-gold gate, inside of the roofed cloister wall. Above the open door that leads to it sleeps a carved white cat, in high relief, said to have been the work of a famous left-handed sculptor, carpenter, and architect. Its cautious rest may not have been so far from the habits of the living Iyéyasŭ, to whose tomb, farther on, this is the entrance.

Framed by the gold and white of the gate and of the half-opened door rise the steps built into the hillside and all carpeted with brilliant green mosses. The stone railings, which for two hundred feet higher up accompany the steps, are also cushioned with this green velvet, and our steps were as noiseless as if those of the white cat herself. All is green, the dark trees descending in sunlight to our right and rising on the bank to our left, until we reach an open space above, with a bank of rocky wall inclosing the clearing.

Here is the small final shrine, and behind it a stone esplanade with a stone fence, within which stands, in the extreme of costly simplicity, the bronze tomb of Iyéyasŭ. A large bronze gate, roofed in bronze, of apparently a single

casting, with bronze doors, closes the entrance. Before the monument, on a low stone table, are the Buddhist ornaments — the storks, the lotus, and the lion-covered vases, all of brass and of great size.

The tomb itself is of pale golden bronze, in form like an Indian shrine: a domed cylinder surmounted by a great projecting roof which rises from a necking that separates and connects them — above the roof a finial in the shape of a forked flame. Five bronze steps, or bases, support this emblematic combination of the cube, the cylinder, and the globe.



TOMB OF IYÉYASŬ TOKUGAWA.

The crest of the Tokugawa, ten times repeated, seals the door upon the burnt ashes of the man who crystallized the past of his country for three centuries, and left Japan as Perry found it. All his precautions, all his elaborate political conservatism, have been scattered to the winds with the Luck of the Tokugawa, and the hated foreigner leans in sight-seeing curiosity upon the railing of his tomb.

But the solemnity of the resting-place cannot be broken. It lies apart from all associations of history, in this extreme of cost and of refined simplicity, in face of the surrounding powers of nature. There is here no defiance of time, no apparent attempt at an equal permanency; it is like a courteous acceptance of the eternal peace, the eternal nothingness of the tomb.

We leaned against the stone rails and talked of Iyéyasŭ — of his good nature, of his habit of chatting after battle, of his fraudulent pretensions to great descent; and of the deadening influence of the Tokugawa rule, of its belittling the classes whose energies were the true life of the country. We recognized, indeed, that the rulers of Iyéyasŭ's time might have perceived the dangers of change for so impressionable a race, but none of us asked whether the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives of courageous Christians had been made up in the strength of the remaining blood.

Far away the sounds of pilgrims' clogs echoed from the steps of distant temples; we heard the running of many waters. Above us a few crows, frequenters of temples, spotted the light for a moment, and their cries faded with them through the branches. A great, heavy, ugly caterpillar crept along the mossy edge of the balustrade, like the fresh incarnation of a soul which had to begin it all anew.

*John La Farge.*

## TOLSTOI.

SAY not sublimity is dead to-day.
A force Titanic labors on this page—
Tolstoi! The long-foregone Homeric rage
Over our throbbing hearts through thee holds sway.
Thou prob'st the mystery of death's decay,
The glow of youth, the weariness of age.
Yet, as the Orient kings left priest and sage
Their crowns before the infant Christ to lay,
Thou, to thy Master's mandates reconciled,
Deeming that wealth and ease of life are sin,
Stripped of the glory that renown can win,
Low kneeling, prayest of the Saviour mild,
"Renew in me the spirit of a child,
That to thy kingdom I may enter in."

*Margaret Crosby.*

## A FRIENDSHIP.

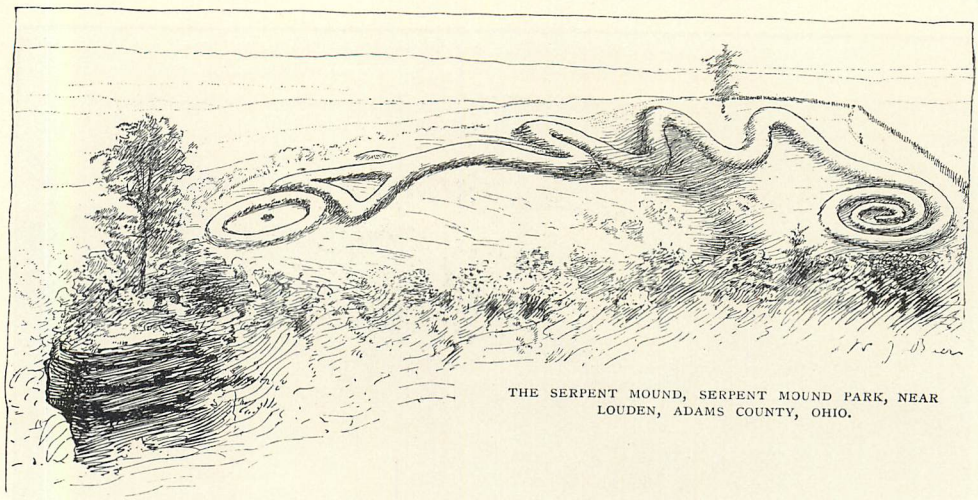
SMALL fellowship of daily commonplace
We hold together, dear, constrained to go
Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace;
And if we meet but for a moment's space,
Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow.
Faith soars serener, haunting doubts shrink low,
Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.
Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance serves
To part us. Every hush of evening brings
Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of mine;
And as the farther planet thrills and swerves
When towards it through the darkness Saturn swings,
Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.

*Ellen Burroughs.*

## A MYSTERY.

THAT sunless day no living shadow swept
Across the hills, fleet shadow chasing light,
Twin of the sailing cloud: but mists wool-white,
Slow-stealing mists, on those heaved shoulders crept,
And wrought about the strong hills while they slept
In witches' wise, and rapt their forms from sight.
Dreams were they — less than dream, the noblest height
And farthest; and the chilly woodland wept.
A sunless day and sad: yet all the while
Within the grave green twilight of the wood,
Inscrutable, immutable, apart,
Hearkening the brook, whose song she understood,
The secret birch tree kept her silver smile,
Strange as the peace that gleams at sorrow's heart.

*Helen Gray Cone.*



THE SERPENT MOUND, SERPENT MOUND PARK, NEAR LOUDEN, ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO.

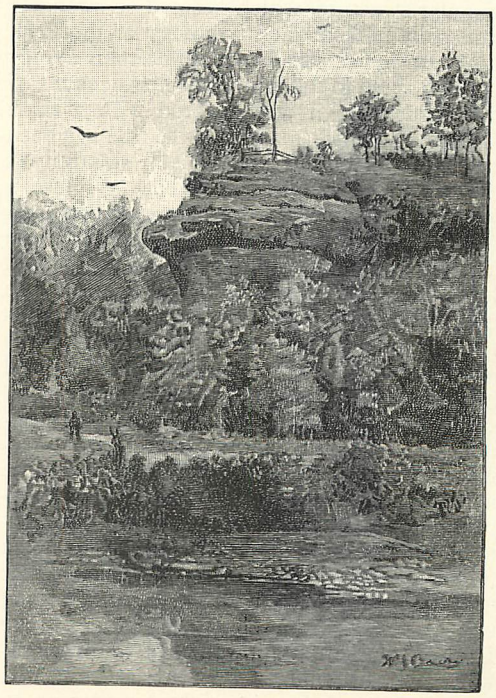
# THE SERPENT MOUND OF OHIO.[1]

IN September, 1883, in company with four fellow-archæologists, I started from Hillsborough, in Highland County, Ohio, on an excursion to several ancient earthworks which we had long wished to see. Our plans were so arranged as to take us first of all to the Serpent Mound, thence to Fort Hill, and down Paint Creek to the Scioto, stopping from day to day to visit the most interesting of the many ancient works along the route.

Approaching the "Serpent Cliff" by fording Brush Creek from the west, our attention was suddenly arrested by the rugged overhanging rocks above our heads, and we knew that we were near the object of our search. Leaving the wagon, we scrambled up the steep hillside, and pushing on through bush and brier were soon following the folds of the great serpent along the hilltop. The most singular sensation of awe and admiration overwhelmed me at this sudden realization of my long-cherished desire, for here before me was the mysterious work of an unknown people, whose seemingly most sacred place we had invaded. Was this a symbol of the old serpent faith, here on the western continent, which from the earliest time in the religions of the East held so many peoples enthralled, and formed so important a factor in the development of succeeding religions?

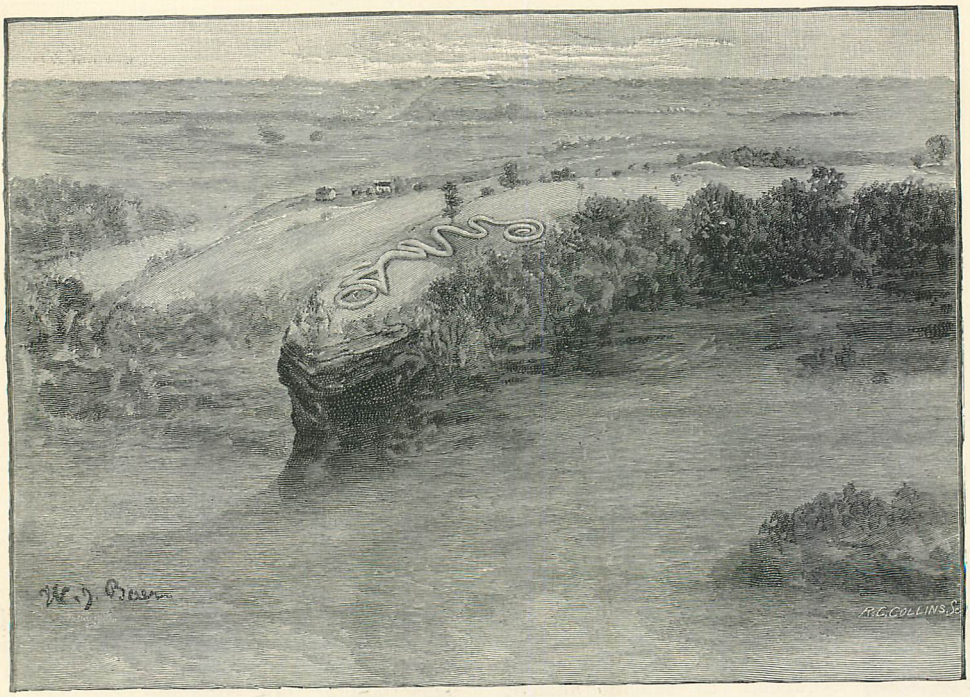
Reclining on one of the huge folds of this gigantic serpent, as the last rays of the sun, glancing from the distant hilltops, cast their long shadows over the valley, I mused on the probabilities of the past; and there seemed to come to me a picture as of a distant time, of a people with strange customs, and with it came the demand for an interpretation of this mystery. The unknown must become known!

This thought took complete possession of me, and on that same evening arrangements were made with Mr. Lovett, the owner of the land, to have the place cleared of underbrush that we might see the great work in its entirety. By noon of the following day the clearing was



THE SERPENT CLIFF AS SEEN FROM BRUSH CREEK.

[1] See also an article in the last number by the same author.



SUNRISE VIEW OF THE SERPENT MOUND.

roughly made, and the view thus obtained of the serpent and the egg — as the oval work in front of its jaws has been called — led to a still stronger desire to know more, and a resolve to do all in my power to preserve this singular structure, which seemed so strangely transplanted from the mythology of the East.

When Squier and Davis, after their survey in 1846, gave to the world the first account of this earthwork, it was covered with a thick forest, from which many a noble tree has been cut, as indicated by stumps still standing at the time of our visit. Thirteen or fourteen years after their visit a tornado swept its path directly along the serpent hill, and with the exception of a few saplings the forest was laid low. This led to clearing the land, and to the cultivation for a few years of the portion occupied by the serpent. Nature soon covered the scars with a protecting sod, which was followed by a growth of sumach, redbud, and briers.

On my return to the East I took every opportunity of urging the importance of preserving the Serpent Mound, as well as other ancient monuments. In 1885 I again visited the serpent, and finding that its destruction was inevitable unless immediate measures were taken for its preservation, I secured a contract that it should remain intact for a year, and agreed upon a price for its purchase. Returning home I urged anew the importance of its preservation. Yet, although an interest was awakened in the object, I fear it might have come to naught if Miss Alice C. Fletcher, meeting in Newport a few Boston ladies, had not taken the opportunity to appeal to them for assistance in the work which she knew I had so much at heart, and which was, at the same time, so thoroughly in accordance with her own views. Her earnest presentation of the subject had the desired effect. In the winter of 1886 several of Boston's noble and earnest women issued a private circular which had the indorsement of Mr. Francis Parkman and Mr. Martin Brimmer of the Corporation of Harvard University. Subscriptions were solicited to purchase the Serpent Mound, which was to be given in trust to the Peabody Museum for perpetual preservation, and also to enable me to carry on such explorations of the work and its surroundings as might throw light on its origin and purpose. This appeal was cordially met, and in June, 1886, I was provided with nearly $6000 with which to buy such land as seemed to be required for the purpose in view, and to take steps for the preservation of the serpent, while at the same time I made such explorations as seemed desirable. The trustees of the Museum, of whom the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop has been chairman since Mr. Peabody founded the Museum, in connection with Harvard University, in 1866, accepted this additional trust, and about sixty acres of land were at once purchased in the name of the trustees. Soon after, several acres of land along the new pike leading from Hillsborough to

Peebles, the nearest railroad stations, were added to the purchase, and the whole was laid out as the Serpent Mound Park, of which Brush Creek forms the western boundary.

Here for three seasons, living in tents, I have carried on the work of protecting the serpent, exploring its surroundings, and laying out the grounds. This beautiful park, with the wonderful stories it tells of the past, is now, thanks to the women of Boston, open to all visitors. In appreciation of what has been done for the State, and also to encourage similar efforts, the park, by a special act of the legislature of Ohio, suggested by Prof. M. C. Reed of Hudson, is exempted from taxation and put under special protection of the laws of the State. Thus the first law for the protection of archæologic monuments in our country has been brought about, and it cannot be long before similar laws will be passed by other States.[1] Congress has lately had under favorable consideration a measure for the preservation of several archæologic monuments on the public lands. This petition was prepared by Miss Fletcher and Mrs. Stevenson, acting as a committee appointed by the American Association for the Advancement of Science.[2] The grand work is thus at last well begun, and we can but believe that it will be continued.

In this connection it should be recalled, with all honor to the pioneers at Marietta acting under the direction of General Rufus Putnam, that in laying out the town several portions of the ancient works were carefully preserved. These efforts, however, were not wholly respected by a later generation, and the two great embankments, forming an avenue, named by the classical pioneers the Via Sacra, have been destroyed; one having been built upon and partly leveled, and the other made into bricks! Thus the city lost a beautiful avenue leading to the river, deeply regretted now by all its enlightened citizens; and archæologists have been deprived of studying a singular structure over which many have been puzzled as to its purpose. That the present and future citizens will properly guard, as a sacred trust from the old pioneers, the remaining works in the public squares and cemetery, is our most earnest petition.[3]

As will be seen by reference to the map of the Serpent Mound Park, a winding road leads from the pike up the steep hill to the plateau, which it crosses, and then winds down to the little wood of maples, oaks, and other trees in the southeastern corner of the park. Here, on the grassy hillside, under the spreading oaks and maples, is a delightful resort for picnic parties; and here one may find a refreshing draught of clear cold water from the spring bubbling out of the old devonian rocks. Over the spring a substantial house of stone has been built to keep it clean and pure. A little farther along is a sulphur spring, which flows from the rocks on the opposite side of the little ravine, along which runs a brook over a rocky bed.[4]

Following a graveled path winding up the hill from the picnic grove to the plateau, the first point of archæological interest is reached.

[1] With the hope that similar laws will be passed in other States in which are archæologic monuments that should be preserved, the Ohio law, which was passed March 27, 1888, is here given as one well worthy of imitation.

AN ACT

SUPPLEMENTARY TO SECTION 2732 OF THE REVISED STATUTES OF OHIO.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* That all lands in the State of Ohio on which are situate any prehistoric earthworks, and which have been or may hereafter be purchased by any person, association, or company for the purpose of the preservation of said earthworks, and are not held for profit, but are or shall be dedicated to public uses as prehistoric parks, shall be exempt from taxation.

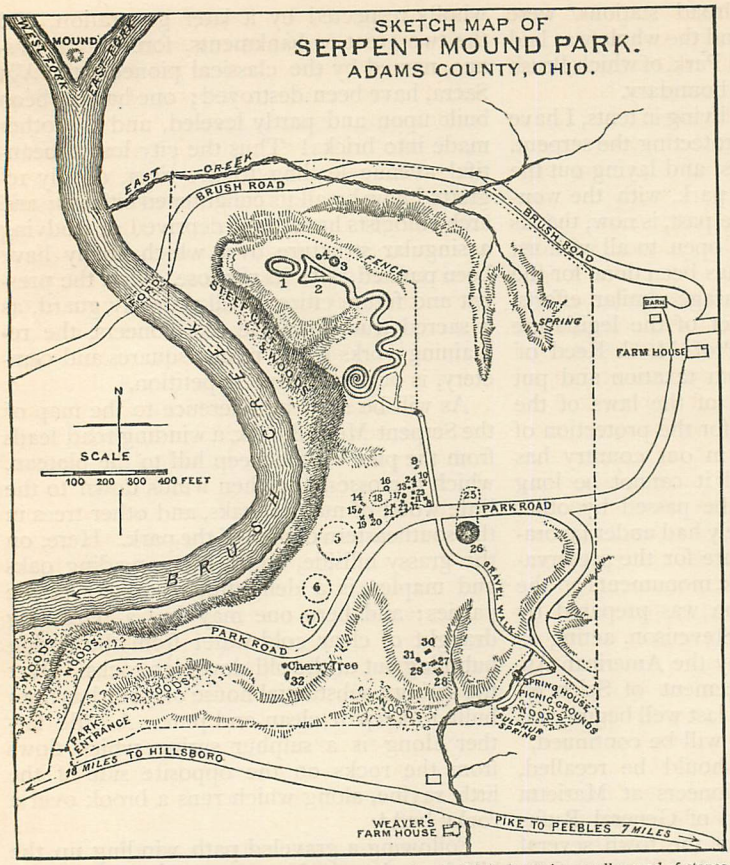
SECT. 2. The owners of such prehistoric parks may establish all reasonable rules governing access to said parks; and any person willfully violating such rules or injuring said works, or any structure, trees, or plants in said parks, shall be fined in any sum not exceeding fifty dollars, or imprisoned not exceeding sixty days, or both, and shall also be liable to the owners of said parks in a civil action for all damages caused by such person.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

[2] Near the close of the session Congress passed an act for the preservation of the ruin everywhere known as the Casa Grande, and this was brought about by the special interest taken by Mrs. Mary Hemenway of Boston, who for several years past has been deeply interested in, and a most generous supporter of, archæological work in America.

[3] The great Cahokia Mound in southern Illinois, the largest mound in the United States, should at once be protected by the State of Illinois, as it already has had a narrow escape from being used for ballast on a railway.

[4] While provision is thus made for the comfort of transient visitors and picnic parties from the neighboring towns, it is important to add, for the information of visitors from a distance, that accommodations can be had at some of the farmhouses in the vicinity. It is probable that the increasing number of visitors will soon lead to building a summer hotel on the adjoining farm. The fact that over three thousand persons visited the park last summer is evidence of the need of such a house. The park can be reached by the following routes: Starting from Columbus, early in the morning, over the Scioto Valley Railroad, and changing cars at the Portsmouth junction with the Ohio and Northwestern Railroad for Peebles, reaching there about noon, where a suitable conveyance can be had for a drive of seven miles to the park. Or, leaving Columbus in the afternoon, by the Midland Railway, for Blanchester, changing cars there for Hillsborough, and then driving from Hillsborough to the park, about eighteen miles, over a fine pike. From Cincinnati morning trains over both roads run through to Hillsborough and Peebles, and the park can be easily reached in the afternoon by either route.




1, The Oval Embankment in front of the serpent's mouth. In this inclosure is a small mound of stones. 2, The Serpent. 3, A low Artificial Mound near the head of the serpent. 4, A very small Artificial Mound just west of 3. 5, 6, 7, Ancient Excavations, appearing like sink-holes. 8, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and in space bordered by 18, 15, 20, 21, are Sites of Ancient Habitations. 9, Burnt Stones on the clay. 10, A recent Indian Grave over two graves. 11, Portions of Three Skeletons in a pile. 12, 13, Skeletons in the clay. 14, Grave with Two Skeletons. 15, Grave with Skeleton, over which was an ash bed. 16, Pieces of a large Clay Pot. 17, Small Burial Mound. 18, Several small Excavations in the clay, filled with dark earth. 19, 24, See above. This Village Site was afterwards found to extend 200 feet east and south. 25, Burnt space under the dark soil extending to the edge of large conical mound. 26, The Conical Mound, a monument over a single body. 27, 28, Cremation Places in the clay under the dark soil. 29, 30, 31, Very Ancient Graves deep in the clay. 32, Small Mound over four ancient graves in the clay.

This is a conical mound nine feet high and seventy feet in diameter (26). Northwest of this, and not far from the serpent, is an old burial-place which was afterwards the site of a village (8, 19), as shown by the ash beds, the many implements in various stages of manufacture, the many thousand chips of flint and other stones foreign to the locality, and the many potsherds and other objects scattered throughout the dark soil. A small mound (17), about a foot high, west of the path leading from the road to the serpent, and a few stones (10) nearer the path, mark the position of the cemetery, and all about there skeletons have been found in the dark soil or in the clay below it.

On the south side of the park road, on one of the projecting points of the plateau, now marked by several piles of stones (27–31) which were taken from around the graves in the clay below the soil, were graves of the first period of occupation. On the knoll west of this, over which a wild cherry tree now casts its shade, is a low oblong mound (32), a monument over four ancient graves. From this knoll, looking towards the setting sun, there is a grand view of the valley and the hills beyond; and standing on this spot one can readily imagine why it may have been chosen as the burial-place of the honored among a people whose sacred temple was near by.

North of this knoll, on the declivity from the plateau to the cliff, are three circular pits, varying in size; and much of the clay used in building the effigy of the serpent was probably taken from these places.

Following the ridge of the hill northerly to the overhanging rocks, one is forced again to pause and admire the scene before him — the beautiful hill-girt valley with its acres of waving corn; the silvery line of the river with giant sycamores and graceful elms along its banks; and the vistas opening here and there, where the broader and deeper portions of the river are bordered with dark-green undergrowth, brightened by gleams of rich color.

Turning from this view, and ascending the little knoll behind the ledge, eighty feet from the edge of the cliff is the western end of the oval figure (1) in front of the serpent's jaws. This oval is one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty feet in greatest width, measured from the outer edge of the bank, which is about four feet high and eighteen feet across. Near the center of the inclosed area is a small mound of stones, which was formerly much larger, since it was thrown down over fifty years ago by digging under it in search of supposed hidden treasure, the popular belief which has caused the destruction of many an ancient cairn. Many of the stones show signs of fire, and under the cliff are similar burnt stones which were probably taken from the mound years ago; for I have been informed by an old gentleman, who remembered the stone mound as it was

in his boyhood, that many stones taken from the mound were thrown over the cliff.

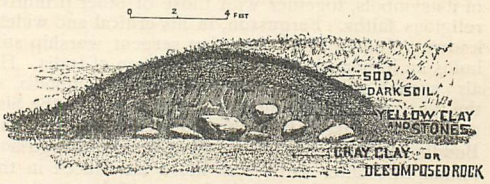
This portion of the hill was either leveled off to the clay before the oval work was made, or there was no black soil upon the hill at that time, as none was used in the construction of the embankment, nor left below it. The same is true of the serpent itself. Careful examination of several sections made through the oval and the serpent, as well as laying bare the edge along both sides of the embankments throughout, have shown that both parts of this earthwork were first outlined upon a smooth surface along the ridge of the hill. In some places, particularly at the western end of the oval, and where the serpent approached the steeper portions of the hill, the base was made with stones, as if to prevent its being washed away by heavy rains. In other places clay, often mixed with ashes, was used in making these outlines; and it is evident that the whole structure was most carefully planned, and thoroughly built of lasting material.

The geological formation of the hill shows first the ledge rock, upon which rests the decayed grayish rock forming the so-called marl of the region, the upper portion of which has by decomposition become a grayish clay. Over this lies the yellow clay of the region, filling in all irregularities, and varying in thickness from one to six feet. Upon this rests the dark soil of recent formation, from five inches to nearly two feet in thickness in different parts of the park. It is necessary to have this formation constantly in mind, as we must, to a certain extent, rely upon it in determining the antiquity of the works and burial-places.

Upon removing the sod within the oval the dark soil in the central portion was found to be nearly a foot in depth, where it must have formed after the oval work was built. How many centuries are required for the formation of a foot of vegetable mold we do not know; but here, on the hard gray clay forming the floor of the oval, was about the same depth of soil as on the level ground near the tail of the serpent, where it has been forming ever since vegetation began to grow upon the spot. The same results were obtained on removing the soil from the triangular space between the serpent's jaws; and that there was about the same amount of soil on the embankments is shown by the fact that the several plowings had not disturbed the underlying clay of which the embankments were constructed. The accompanying section through the western end of the oval illustrates this point.

Nine feet from the eastern end of the oval, and partly inclosing it, is a crescent-shaped bank, seventeen feet wide. From the extremities of this crescent, which are 75 feet apart, begin the jaws of the serpent, formed by banks 17 feet wide and 61 and 56 feet, respectively, in length, measured on the inside from the point of union with the crescent to their point of meeting, 47 feet from the convex or eastern edge of the crescent. We must here notice that the open jaws are shown as if the serpent's head was turned upon its right side, and the crescent embankment seems to have been designed to express this by uniting the open jaws across the mouth, indicated by the triangular space. This design was also carried out by making the northern or upper jaw the longer of the two. The head of the serpent across the point of union of the jaws is thirty feet wide and five feet high. From this point the neck extends eastward more than one hundred feet, with a slight curve to the north. Then begins what may be called the body of the serpent, making a graceful curve to the south, then winding to the east and north, then again to the south, and westward down the declivity of the central portion of the hill, where another graceful convolution is made up the opposite ascent to nearly the same level as the head; here it folds round in another full convolution, and the tail follows with a long stretch to the southwest, terminating in a triple coil.

The end of the tail points across the deep gully in the hillside to the western end of the oval, which is 496 feet distant in an air-line, but 1348 feet if measured from the western end of the oval to the neck of the serpent, and then along the dorsal ridge to the tip of the tail, thus following all the curves. Measured from the tip of the upper jaw to the end of the tail, the serpent itself is 1254 feet in length. The average width of the body of the serpent is about twenty feet, and its height along the head and body is from four to five feet. From




SECTION THROUGH WEST END OF BANK OF OVAL IN FRONT OF SERPENT MOUND.

the beginning of the tail it gradually decreases in width and height until it terminates in a bank about a foot high and nearly two feet wide.

The graceful curves throughout the whole length of this singular effigy give it a strange, lifelike appearance; as if a huge serpent, slowly uncoiling itself and creeping silently and stealthily along the crest of the hill, was about to seize the oval within its extended jaws. Late in the afternoon, when the lights and shades are brought out in strong relief, the ef-

fect is indeed strange and weird; and this effect is heightened still more when the full moon lights up the scene, and the stillness is broken only by the "whoo-whoo, hoo-hoo" of the unseen bird of night.

That such a work, so carefully designed, and constructed under such difficulties along this narrow ridge terminating in the high rough cliff, was planned and built under some powerful influence, we can but believe. And what other than a religious motive can be conceived? Have we not here the evidence of the former existence of that ancient faith, which, rising probably in the East, ages before historic time, held millions of people under its terrible sway; and, spreading over Asia, Africa, and Europe, has not yet been wholly supplanted, in India and Africa, by later faiths? [1]

That the serpent was prominent in the religious faiths of the Americans is beyond question, and that, to a certain extent, in combination with phallic and solar worship, it extended from Central America to Peru and Mexico, cannot be doubted, whatever its origin. Its existence in Yucatan is shown, as in Cambodia, by sculptures on the ruined buildings which can only be properly designated as temples. We know from history and art that this form of worship existed in Mexico down to the time of the Spanish invasion and conquest, and that it still survives in the rites of the Zûnis and Moquis, and probably other of the Pueblo tribes.

To this southwestern region, with its many Asiatic features of art and faith, we are constantly forced by our investigations as we look for the source of the builders of the older works of the Ohio Valley. With these considerations in mind, and with the knowledge that structures similar to this in Ohio existed in the Old World,[2] where the serpent and other early faiths had their greatest development, will it be forcing the facts to argue — unless all religious symbolism is merely coincident, vague, and meaningless, which seems an absurd position to hold — that in the oval embankment, with its central pile of burnt stones, in combination with the serpent, we have the three symbols everywhere regarded in the Old World as emblems of those primitive faiths? Here we find the linga-in-yoni of India, or the reciprocal principles of nature guarded by the serpent; or life, power, knowledge, and eternity. Moreover, its position, east and west, indicates the nourishing source of fertility — the great sun-god whose first rays fall upon the altar of stones in the center of the oval. So that here we have associated the several symbols which in Asia would be accepted without question as showing the place to be a phallo-solar shrine combined with the serpent faith. Its very position[3] on the high cliff terminating in the rough overhanging rocks, washed by the spring torrents, and near the three forks of the river,[4] is to be considered when comparisons are made. This combination of natural features probably could not be found again in any part of the great route along which the people must have journeyed from the Mexican Gulf. Is this all to be taken as mere coincidence in the development of a

1 Forlong, in his carefully elaborated volumes and wonderful compendium of facts relating to the faiths of man,* shows the existence of serpent worship in India and Africa to this day; and the survival, in part, of its symbols, together with those of other primitive religious faiths. Fergusson, in his critical and widely known volume,† also states that serpent worship still holds an important place in the religion of India. He also speaks of its great development in Cambodia, at the time when the country was conquered by the Siamese in the last half of the fourteenth century, and Buddhism superseded serpent worship. Fergusson thinks this latter faith was there introduced in the fourth century, and resulted "in some of the most wonderful temples which the world ever saw, and in the most remarkable development of pure serpent worship anywhere to be found." The greatest of these temples, discovered in the jungle only thirty years ago, is that of Nakhon Vat, which is "600 feet square at the base, and rises to a height of 180 feet in the center, of which every part is covered with carvings in stone, generally beautiful in design, and always admirably adapted to their situation, and to tell the story they were meant to convey. . . . Every angle of every roof is adorned with a grim seven-headed serpent with a magnificent crest of what is apparently intended for feathers, and every cornice of every entablature is adorned with a continuous row of these seven-headed deities, but without crests. The former may be counted by hundreds, the latter by thousands. But it is not only there; every balustrade, every ridge, almost every feature of the building, bears the same impress."

* "Rivers of Life; or, Sources and Streams of the Faiths of Man in all Lands; showing the Evolutions of Faiths, from the Rudest Symbolisms to the Later Spiritual Developments." By Major General J. S. R. Forlong. London, 1883. 2 vols. 4to, and chart.

† "Tree and Serpent Worship; or, Illustrations of Mythology and Art in India in the First and Fourth Centuries after Christ," etc. 2d edition. London, 1873. 1 vol. 4to, with many photographic illustrations.

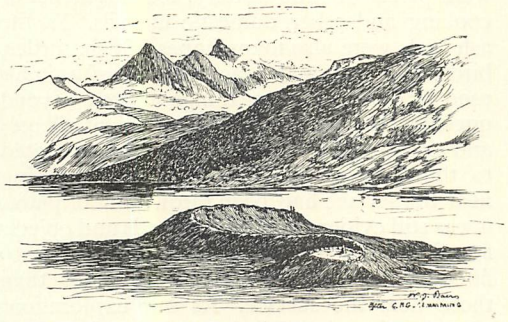
2 Forlong quotes, Vol. I., p. 287: "Mauretania had mighty dragon temples, avenues, and 'fields' of this faith 'over whose backs' grass was most abundant. Taxiles showed Alexander 'a serpent of five acres' in the Punjab. Strabo describes two somewhat similar ones, and Posidonius saw one in the plains of Macra, in Syria, such 'that two persons on horseback, when they rode on opposite sides, could not see one another; each scale was as big as a shield.'"

3 Forlong, on p. 255, refers to this: "As usual, we must carefully study the *topography* of the shrine; for it is always this, and not signs or miracles, from or by the gods, which *first* attracts wise priests. Fitting scenic effect is necessary towards the success of every drama we intend to place before the public, more especially if we wish to inspire an enduring reverence, awe, and worship, with tragic interludes."

4 In regard to this, Forlong, referring to the Ohio serpent, p. 290, writes: "A spot overlooking three streams being even more sacred than that which looks on to a hill with three cones, as does the serpent of Loch Nell. Three rivers form a Tri-Moorti of 'awful and sublime import.'"

faith in America and in the Old World? There seems to be too much here to admit of such a theory; and when other facts, in other lines, point in the same direction, it is playing false with our reason to be too skeptical. Agreements, nay, identities, would then mean nothing in science, and comparative studies would be useless. Fergusson, in his "Tree and Serpent Worship," mentions the existence of serpent worship on some of the Pacific islands, and refers to its possible transmission across the Pacific to America, and says if it is proved "that this worship is indigenous in the New World, we are thrown back on the doctrine that human nature is alike everywhere, and that man in like circumstances and with a like degree of civilization does always the same things, and elaborates the same beliefs. It may be so, but I confess it appears to me that at present the evidence preponderates the other way" (p. 39). When this careful author thus expressed his views, he was not acquainted with the details now pointed out in the combinations of the Ohio serpent shrine.

In 1871 Mr. Phené made known his discovery of an interesting mound in Argyleshire, Scotland, a figure and brief description of which is given by Miss Gordon Cumming in "Good Words" for March, 1872. This work has so much in common with the Ohio serpent that Miss Cumming's illustration is here copied



THE SERPENT OF LOCH NELL. (REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF ISBISTER & CO., LIMITED, LONDON.)

for comparison, and I give a brief abstract of her description:

The mound is situated upon a grassy plain. The tail of the serpent rests near the shore of Loch Nell, and the mound gradually rises seventeen to twenty feet in height and is continued for three hundred feet, "forming a double curve like a huge letter S, and wonderfully perfect in anatomical outline. This we perceived the more perfectly on reaching the head, which lies at the western end. . . . The head forms a circular cairn, on which, at the time of Mr. Phené's first visit (several years previous), there still remained some trace of an altar (shown in the figure), which has since wholly disappeared, thanks to the cattle and herd boys." Mr. Phené excavated the circular cairn, or circle of stones, forming the head, and although it had been previously disturbed, he found "three large stones forming a megalithic chamber, which contained burnt bones, charcoal, and burnt hazel-nuts," and an implement of flint was also found during the excavation. "On removing the peat-moss and heather from the ridge of the serpent's back, it was found that the whole length of the spine was carefully constructed, with regularly and symmetrically placed stones, at such an angle as to throw off the rain. . . . The spine is, in fact, a long narrow causeway made of large stones, set like the vertebræ of some huge animal. They form a ridge, sloping off at each side, which is continued downward with an arrangement of smaller stones suggestive of ribs. The mound has been formed in such a position that the worshipers, standing at the altar, would naturally look eastward, directly along the whole length of the great reptile, and across the dark lake to the triple peaks of Ben Cruachan. This position must have been carefully selected, as from no other point are the three peaks visible."

General Forlong, in commenting on this, says:

Here, then, we have an earth-formed snake, emerging in the usual manner from dark water, at the base, as it were, of a triple cone,—Scotland's Mount Hermon,—just as we so frequently meet snakes and their shrines in the East.

Is there not something more than mere coincidence in the resemblances between the Loch Nell and the Ohio serpent, to say nothing of the topography of their respective situations? Each has the head pointing west, and each terminates with a circular inclosure, containing an altar, from which, looking along the most prominent portion of the serpent, the rising sun may be seen. If the serpent of Scotland is the symbol of an ancient faith, surely that of Ohio is the same.

> Why lies this mighty serpent here,
> Let him who knoweth tell.
> . . . . . .
> Why lies it here?—not here alone,
> But far to east and west
> The wonder-working snake is known,
> A mighty god confessed.[1]

On a preceding page brief mention has been made of mounds and burial-places on the plateau which spreads to the southeast from the coiled tail of the serpent. It is now essential to refer to the discoveries made during the exploration of these places; where, by the aid of the pick and the spade, much of the history of the past has been revealed. Here, under a mound, there, deep down in the clay, and here, again, in the recent soil, were the several pages of the book which we must now read. The language of this book is that of stones, bones, and ashes; and it will tell us anew of the great drama of life.

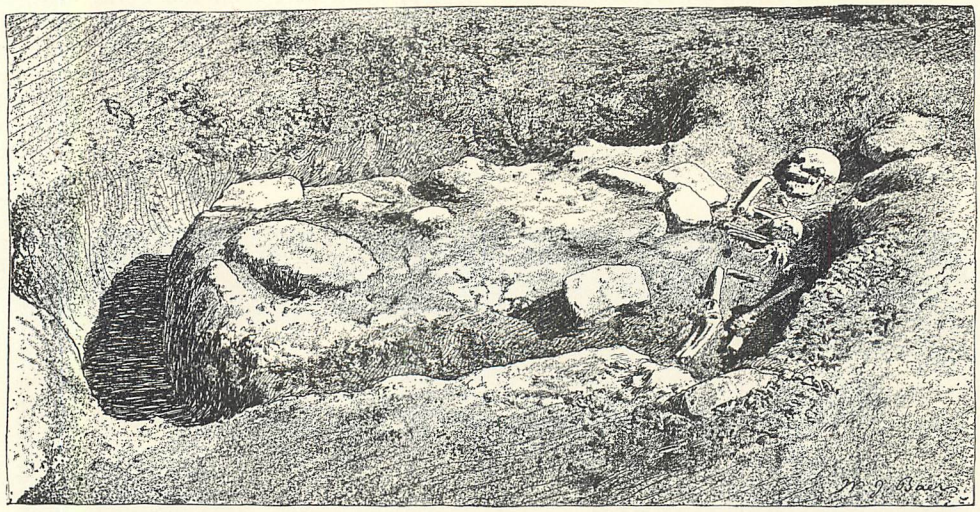
[1] Professor Stuart Blackie, in "Good Words," March, 1872.

BURIAL-PLACE UNDER VILLAGE SITE, SERPENT MOUND PARK; LARGE CONICAL BURIAL-MOUND ON RIGHT IN MIDDLE DISTANCE. THE STAKE SHOWS POSITION OF SKELETON IN CLAY.

It is said that fifty years ago that part of the plateau which is near the serpent was a foot or two above the level of the rest. Constant cultivation of the soil, and the washing away of the loose earth, has now reduced this portion to the common level, but it is evident from the difference in the color and character of the soil that this part of the plateau has been the dwelling-place of man. Beginning at one edge of this darker soil, it, and the clay below, for a foot in depth, was examined inch by inch, as the men worked forward in a line, throwing the earth behind them. Evidence was thus obtained of the former existence of habitations, shown by the burnt places and ash beds marking the sites of dwellings. In these ash beds and in the soil around them were thousands of chips and flakes of flint and other stones, as well as rough pieces of jasper, quartz, and other rocks, just as they were brought from the gravel bed of the opposite hill, or from other places, to be here worked into implements of various kinds. About the old hearths, and here and there in the earth, hundreds of finished implements were found—hammers which were simple nodules or pebbles of hard stone with abraded edges, or pebbles with pits pecked upon the sides; chisel-shaped implements with a sharp-cutting edge; axes of various sizes; knives of many shapes, some made of long flakes of flint or chalcedony and others beautifully chipped from various kinds of stone, some long and slender and others like long spear-points, which, in fact, they may have been; chipped drills and perforators; and many small chipped points of different sizes and shapes, some of which were arrow-heads and others the blades of knives or dagger-like implements. Several ornaments made of stone were also found, and in the ashes were bones of deer and of birds, which had been sharpened to a point. Everywhere were pieces of rude pottery, the fragments of cooking and other domestic utensils. In the ash beds were also many bones of fish, turtles, birds, and mammals, the remains of animals used for food. All these things showed beyond question that here had been an ancient village; and although the land had long been subjected to the white man's plow, so that everything near the surface had been thrown out of place, it was still evident that the ash beds and objects found on and in the clay, below the twelve to fifteen inches of dark soil, were older than those near the surface. As our explorations were continued we discovered that here had been dwellings and burials of different times. Some of the graves were only deep enough to reach the clay, while others were in the clay; and over one, at least, a small mound had been raised, of which the plow had left only the base undisturbed.[1] In one place a grave had been made to a slight depth below the soil, and here had been placed portions of the skeletons of three persons. The skulls, with a large part of the long bones and some of the smaller bones of the three skeletons, had apparently been brought to the spot in a bundle and placed in this grave. These bones, while evi-

[1] An elderly gentleman has informed me that he remembers noticing in his youth many small mounds in the woods then covering this spot.

dently of considerable antiquity, were far more recent than several other extended skeletons near them in the clay. Does not this burial of bones show that the spot was revered, either as the home of ancestors, or from its vicinity to the sacred shrine, about which traditions may well have been preserved long after the immediate descendants of its builders had disappeared from the region? Not far from this pile of bones was a grave near the surface, about which stones had been placed on edge. This was in every way like the unquestionably recent Indian graves on the surrounding hills, which are referred to in the note below.[1] This grave was so near the surface that the side stones had been thrown down by the plow, which had made one furrow directly through the skeleton. On the ribs of this skeleton was the shell of a box-turtle, and, near by, a bone from the foot of a deer. The grave had been made, all unwittingly, partly over an ancient grave of particular interest. This older grave had been made about five feet deep in the clay, and was about nine feet long and five wide. A pavement of flat stones was placed over the bottom, and on them, at the south side, compressed into a mass of ashes and charcoal not over an inch in thickness, were the fragments of a skeleton. The pieces of skull found at the southeastern corner of the grave were twice the usual thickness. Over these remains were ninety-six large stones, brought from the creek; and on these stones were found portions of another skeleton. In this instance the body was extended along the eastern edge of the grave, with the head to the southwest. Several stones were found over these fragments of bones, and four inches above the stone covering the skull was the bottom of the central portion of the most recent grave, in which the body had been placed with the head to the east. I mention these positions to show that there was no uniformity as to the position in which the bodies were placed. This was the case with all the burials about here. It may be that some peoples and tribes have particular customs in regard



RECENT INDIAN GRAVE, SHOWING POSITION OF BURIAL OVER AN ANCIENT GRAVE MARKED BY THE STONES.

[1] A hundred years ago there were several settlements of Indians in this part of Ohio, and so recently as the year 1800, and for several years after, a small band of Indians were living on the bottom-land near the forks of the river on the opposite side, and not far from the serpent cliff. The sites of the wigwams were pointed out to me by Mr. Hewes, whose grandfather settled on the place and had much to do with the Indians who were living there. On many of the hilltops about the valley I have seen groups of the graves of these recent Indians. The graves are only a foot or two in depth, and wide and long enough for the body to be placed, at full length, between rough stones set on edge around the body and projecting above the ground. Occasionally these graves are covered with flat stones. So far as my experience goes, very few objects are found with the skeletons in such graves.

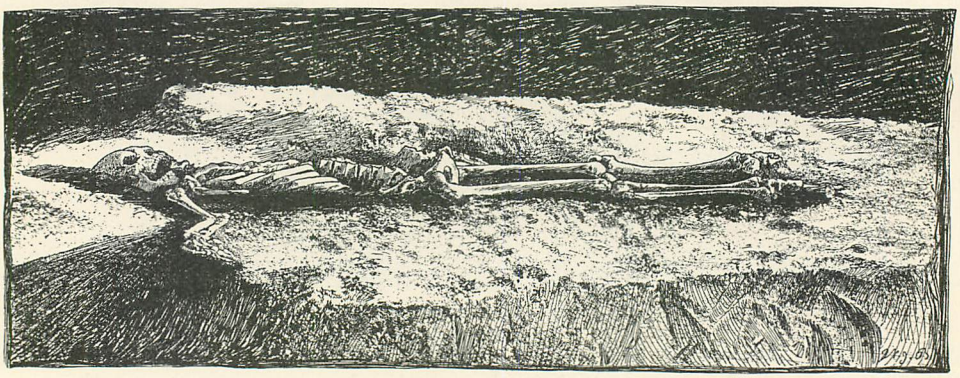
These recent graves, found in Kentucky, Ohio, and to the westward, have often been described and discussed as having the same character as the carefully constructed stone graves of the Cumberland Valley in Tennessee. But there is in reality only a very general resemblance between them, and neither by their structure nor by their contents do they indicate one and the same people, but on the contrary they show marked differences; and the great antiquity of the Tennessee stone graves as a whole is in marked contrast with these recent graves on the hills along Brush Creek Valley. On the points of the hills are also many stone mounds, with an occasional earth mound, which are monuments over graves of far more recent times than the building of the serpent and other great earth structures of the Ohio Valley.

to this point, but our explorations have shown that no uniform rule was followed, in ancient times, in many parts of America.[1]

Pages could be filled with instructive details relating to this burial-place and village site, with its fireplaces and graves, and little refuse piles containing animal bones and various objects upon the clay; showing that at one time either the dark soil had been cleared away and fires built upon the clay, or, as I consider by far the more probable, only a few inches of soil had formed at that period.

We must now turn our attention to the conical mound (26 on map), on the southeastern portion of the plateau, which is shown in a preceding illustration. This proved to be a monument over the body of a man who was buried in connection with important ceremonies.

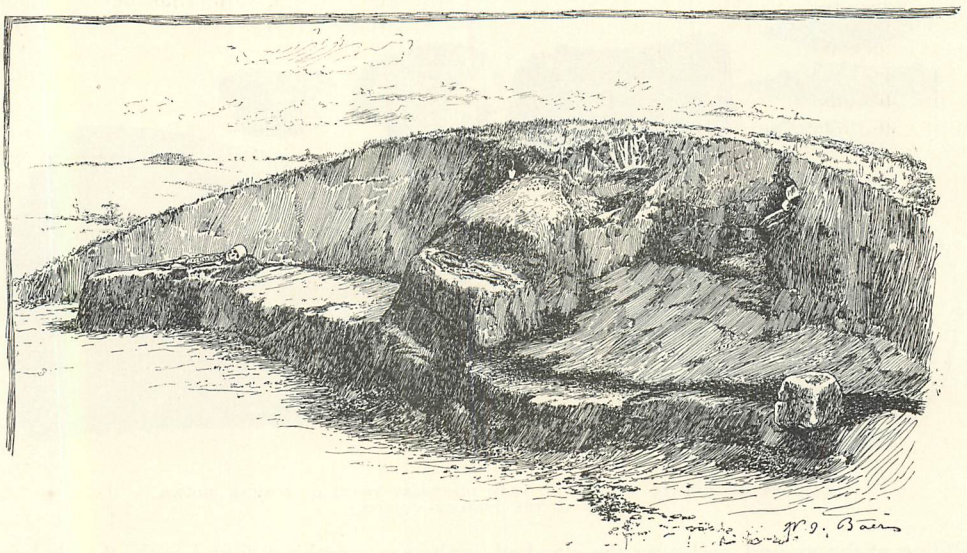
First an area seventy by seventy-one feet in diameter was cleared of all the dark soil, and the clay was also removed for several inches in depth, making a clear, level floor. Eleven feet northwest of the center a trench was dug, 14 inches deep, 2 feet wide, and 5 feet long, and again filled with loose clay, in which were a few small stones and several broken bones of animals. On the south side, from 6 to 11 feet from the center, and from 1 to 5 feet apart, were four small holes in the clay, and 14 inches southeast of the center was another. Each contained stones or a few animal bones or ashes. On the north side, from two to six feet from the center, were four more of these holes, in which were small stones and animal bones. These holes varied from a few inches to over a foot in depth, and from two feet to nearly seven feet in diameter. Their position, and the fact that they each contained something intentionally placed in them, shows that they were made for a purpose. It was evident from their character that they were not places where posts had stood, forming part of a wooden structure.[1] Over this cleared area, and of course covering all these holes and the trench, clay was placed, forming a level platform eighteen inches high. In the central portion of this platform, covering a space thirty by thirty-five feet in diameter, a fire had been kindled and kept burning until a bed of ashes a few inches in thickness was made, to which may have been added ashes brought from other places, perhaps in great part from the burnt area extending for nearly one hundred feet north of the mound as indicated by the dotted lines at 25 on the map. In this ash bed were found many small bits of pottery, pieces of burnt bone, and many stone chips; several broken stone implements and about a dozen perfect ones; also pieces of the shells of fresh-water clams; all of which is suggestive of scraping up ashes from various hearths and depositing all upon the heap. That a large part of the ashes was made on the spot was evident from the burnt clay below, and from the several continuous masses of charcoal, the remains of logs from two to four inches in diameter. When this ceremony was finished and enough ashes for the desired purpose had been obtained, the body of an adult man, nearly six feet tall, was placed, with the head to the east, at full length upon the hot ashes, and at once covered with clay, smothering the still smoldering logs and changing the embers to charcoal. Objects of a lasting nature do not seem to have been placed with the body, unless some of the chipped flint points found near



SKELETON ON ASH BED AT BOTTOM OF CONICAL MOUND.

1 I have recently explored a burial-place of the Massachusetts Indians at Winthrop, near Boston. Of eight skeletons found here all had their heads to the south, and of five adults and one child all but one faced the east, one adult facing the west. Two infants were in the same grave, resting upon their backs, between the skeletons of a man and a woman, placed on their sides, facing the east.

2 Post-holes, regularly placed, are often found under burial-mounds, but any one familiar with such holes would not mistake these strange little pits for them.



SECTION OF CONICAL MOUND, SHOWING INTRUSIVE BURIALS.

it in the ashes may be so considered. It may be asked if this was not an unsuccessful case of cremation, but I think that question may be answered in the negative; for while cremation was often practiced, as I have found on other occasions, it was by different methods, and the ashes and calcined bones were afterwards gathered up for burial, or buried in a peculiar manner at the place of burning.

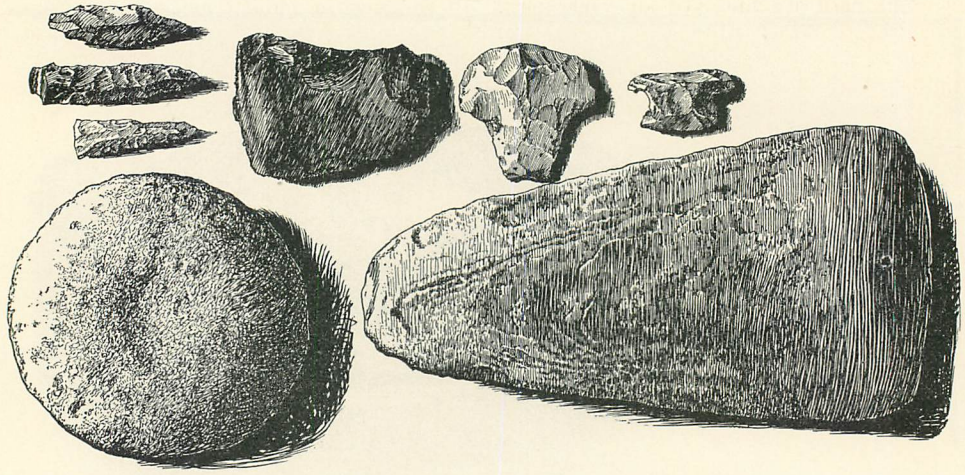
Several peculiarities of this skeleton are worthy of notice. It was that of a well-developed man of ordinary size. The skull was crushed by the weight of the earth above, as shown in the photograph here reproduced. While this man was fully grown and probably about twenty-five or thirty years of age, he never had any wisdom teeth, and a search in the maxillary bone of one side showed that there was no wisdom tooth forming in the jaw.[1] With this exception he had a fine set of teeth, and still embedded in the premaxillary bone is a partly formed left incisor tooth. No corresponding formation can be seen on the opposite side of the suture, and this is probably a supernumerary tooth, although the small size of the lateral incisors is suggestive of their being persistent first teeth. As is often the case in skulls of this race, the crowns of the incisors are distinctly folded. All the sutures of this brachycephalic skull are unusually open and denticulated. Along the suture uniting the occipital bone with the posterior part of the two parietal bones there are several intercalated pieces, or "Wormian bones." Such bones are more common in the American brachycephalic skulls than in the dolichocephalic, and in this skull they are so numerous as to cause the division of the upper portion of the occipital bone into several small pieces.[2] At the time of birth the frontal bone in man is still in two pieces, which gradually close by a central suture. Normally this frontal suture is obliterated in a few years and the frontal becomes a single bone. Occasionally this suture persists through life, and such crania are called metopic. This occurs more often in the white race than in any other, and seldom in the lower races. It is therefore of interest to note the existence of this anatomical feature in an individual at whose burial so considerable a ceremony took place, and over whose body such an imposing monument was erected.

After the immediate covering of the body with clay, the mound was raised, a symmetrical conical heap of clay, to the height of ten or twelve feet.[3] Some time subsequent to the

1 The late development of the third molars, or "wisdom teeth," in the ancient brachycephalic skulls of Ohio seems to be a decidedly marked characteristic of this people, and in this instance there was none forming. It has been remarked that among the Hindus a large proportion never have wisdom teeth.

2 The frequent occurrence of these subdivisions of the occipital bone in the short-headed race of the south is a marked characteristic of the race. It was long ago pointed out that in the skulls of the ancient Peruvians (short-heads) there was often a suture across the upper portion of the occipital bone, thus leaving a triangular bone between the parietals, to which the name "Inca bone" was given. The large number of skulls of brachycephalic Americans now brought together in the Peabody Museum shows that this tendency to subdivision of the occipital is common to the race, and occurs in the short skulls from Ohio as well as in those of Peru and all the intermediate regions.

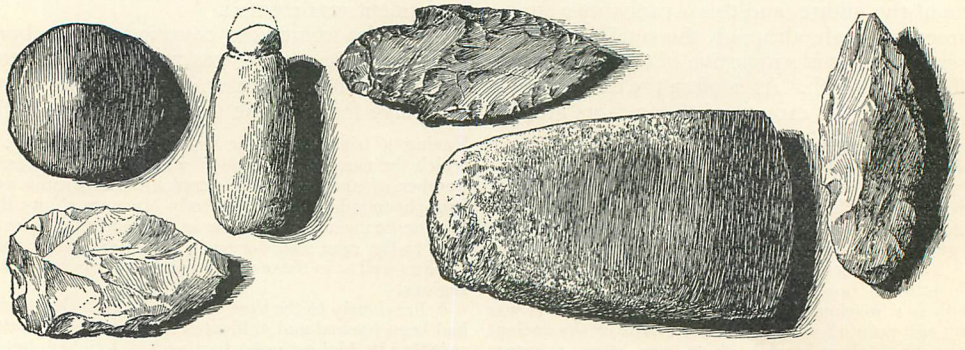
3 Previously to the time of my first visit the mound had been plowed and cultivated for several years, thus reducing its highest point to nine feet, to which height I restored the mound after the exploration.



STONE IMPLEMENTS (HALF SIZE), FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF CONICAL MOUND. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

building of the mound, and after the clay had settled into a compact mass, graves were dug upon its sides and top, and nine burials had taken place. Some of the intrusive graves were so near the surface that in plowing over the mound the bones had been disturbed, while others were much deeper. One skeleton was found on the eastern side of the mound, and four feet from the exterior. As shown in the illustration, the skeleton was extended at full length nearly north and south. At a little greater depth from the top of the mound another skeleton was found, extended nearly east and west. Woodchucks had made their burrows in this part of the mound and had thrown out portions of the skull and other parts of this skeleton, among the bones of which they had made their nest. The stones seen in the illustration, near the surface of the mound, mark another grave over which the four stones had been placed. The bones in this and in the six other graves near the surface of the mound were much decayed, and only fragments of the skeletons could be traced. In one instance only was anything found with the skeleton, and that was a fine stone hatchet resting, with its edge outward, on the bones of the left fore-arm, as if the handle had been placed along the arm and held in the hand. This implement is shown, with others from the mound, in the illustration above, all of which are represented of half size.

During the exploration of the mound a number of stone implements were found, principally near the bottom on a level with the ash bed, but several chipped points, or "arrow-heads," were also discovered at various depths in the clay, as if they had been lost during the erection of the mound. Among the objects of special interest found in or near the ash bed, and thus associated with the first burial, were a hemisphere of hematite, a plummet-shaped implement, a small hatchet, and several perfect points chipped from flint. Two finely finished and polished stone axes with straight backs, and grooves around them for holding the withes by which they were fastened to handles, were also found at the bottom of the mound. A

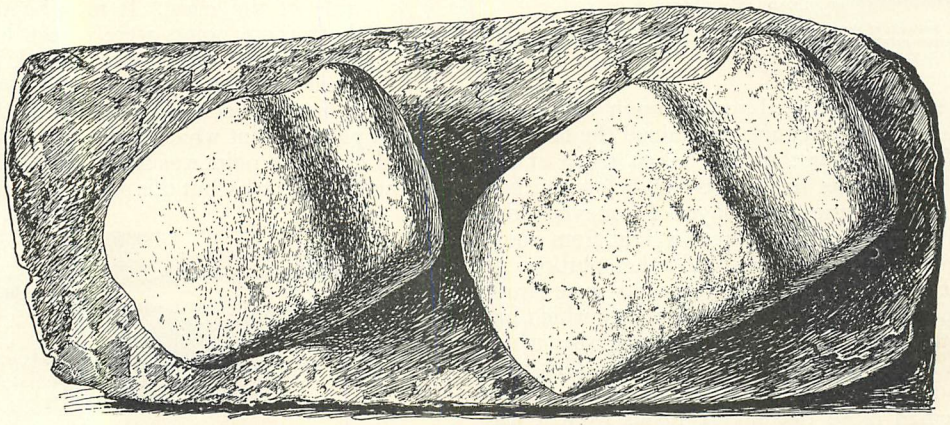


HEMATITE HEMISPHERE, GROOVED STONE IMPLEMENT, HATCHET, AND FLINT KNIVES (HALF SIZE), FOUND ON OR NEAR ASH BED IN CONICAL MOUND. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

few points made of splinters of bone were found in the ashes; and near the edge of the ashes, but not in it, was a plate of copper, slightly irregular in outline, nine and a half inches long, three and a half to four inches wide, and one-eighth to nearly one-quarter of an inch thick, unquestionably hammered out of a mass of native copper.[1]

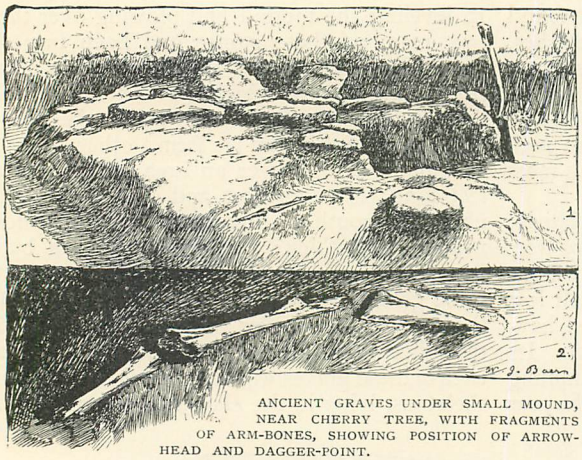
At the southwestern portion of the plateau, on a knoll now shaded by a wild cherry tree, and to which reference has previously been made (32 of map), there is now a small low mound which has recently been restored, having been nearly plowed down years ago. Its site was noticed by Dr. Metz while examining the plateau with me, three years ago. The year following I explored the place and here found the first burials, which have an antiquity as great as that of the serpent itself, and we have every reason to believe that the bodies buried at this spot were of the people who worshiped at the serpent shrine.

On the clay of the knoll a number of large stones had been placed, and over these had been raised a small mound, oblong in shape, and probably not over two or three feet high. In leveling the mound and plowing over the spot many of these stones had been turned out and thrown down the hill; but a few still remained, near which we started the preliminary trench. About a foot below the natural surface of the clay we found other stones, irregularly placed over an area about seven feet long east and west and four feet wide north and south, resting upon a bed of ashes nearly a foot thick; and under this ash bed were three more irregular groups, which proved to be graves — one under the eastern corner of the ash bed, one under the southeastern, and the other under the northwestern portion. In each of these graves were the remains of human skeletons, lying in the clay, and covered with ashes containing considerable charcoal; and here again, below these graves, were half a dozen boulders, from one to two feet in diameter, and around them the edges of other stones, some of which were rounded boulders and others pieces of ledge rock, about four inches thick and a foot or two long, which marked another grave seven feet long and two feet wide. Here, too, were found the remains of a skeleton, extending from the southeast to



COPPERPLATE AND STONE AXES (HALF SIZE), FROM BOTTOM OF CONICAL MOUND. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

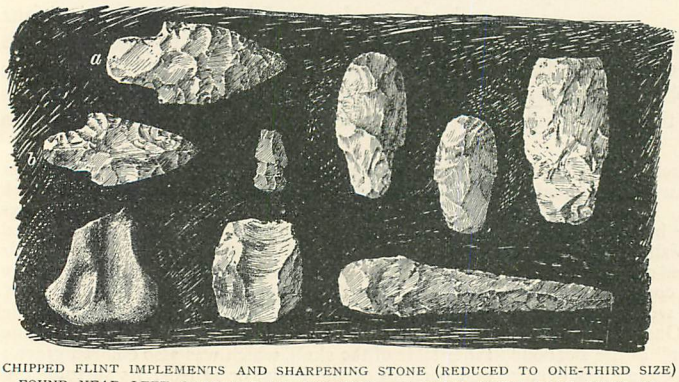
[1] Similar plates, but having two holes, probably for suspending them from the neck, have been found in other mounds and with skeletons. In one case we found such a plate lying upon the breast-bone of a skeleton in a mound in the Scioto Valley. In several instances we have found them covered on one side with cloth, which was preserved by the copper salts, thus enabling us to study the method of weaving the cloth made from twisted vegetable fiber. One of these plates is figured in the "Eighteenth Report" of the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, 1886. On this plate a lock of hair has been preserved by the copper. I have recently seen a remarkable instance of the preservation of tissues by the salts of copper, in the skull of a Massachusetts Indian, found at Winthrop, and given to the Museum by Mr. Charles A. Hammond of Lynn. This Indian had been buried with a broad thin plate of copper fastened as an ornament over the forehead. Over this had been placed a piece of woven native cloth, over which at the time of burial a mat of braided cedar bark had been laid. The action of the copper, which was very much oxidized and decomposed, had preserved portions of each of these fabrics, as well as the hair and scalp on one side of the head, and the skin of a large part of the face. The bones below, even including half of the under jaw, were colored green by the carbonate of copper that had penetrated through the cells to the inner table of the skull, which was also colored green; and portions of the brain, or at least its surrounding tissues, now exist as a hard dark mass in the cavity of the skull. We have historical evidence that this Indian must have been buried as early as 1650; but probably it was before that time, and in its present condition there is every reason to believe that the skull would have lasted for centuries to come.



ANCIENT GRAVES UNDER SMALL MOUND, NEAR CHERRY TREE, WITH FRAGMENTS OF ARM-BONES, SHOWING POSITION OF ARROW-HEAD AND DAGGER-POINT.

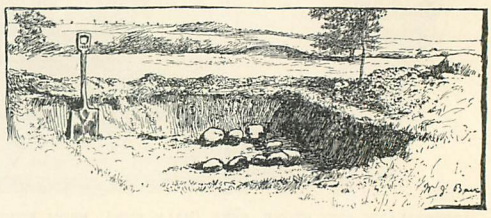
1, Position of stones covering ash bed and graves in mound. 2, Enlarged drawing of arrow-point on upper part of right arm and dagger-point on right chest; original objects now in Peabody Museum.

the northwest, and resting upon flat stones. This grave, of course, contained the first burial of the four that had taken place at this spot, and was made two feet below the bottom of the uppermost layer of stones covering all the graves. The great weight from above had crushed the skull and other portions of the skeleton, and the fragments were firmly embedded in the hard yellow clay which had silted into the grave, mixed with ashes which had been thrown over the body. This mass had become so hard and compact that it seemed more like taking fossils from a clay rock than human bones from a grave. The clay immediately under the bottom stones was filled with bog iron, which had been deposited by water percolating among the stones, and the iron had also penetrated the bones. Several flint-flakes and a rude flint implement were found between the lower end of the humerus and the ribs.



CHIPPED FLINT IMPLEMENTS AND SHARPENING STONE (REDUCED TO ONE-THIRD SIZE) FOUND NEAR LEFT SHOULDER OF SKELETON. *a*, FLINT KNIFE FROM MASS OF RED OCHER WITH SKELETON; *b*, FLINT KNIFE FROM BETWEEN THE KNEES OF SKELETON. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

The bones in the three graves above, as already stated, were much decayed and reduced to fragments, and the skulls were crushed by the settling of the stones and clay. The illustration shows one of these graves, with a portion of the bones of the right arm in the central lower part of the picture. Resting against the humerus, a few inches above the elbow joint, is a small flint arrow-head with the point towards the bone, as if the arrow had been shot into the fleshy part of the arm; and just above it is a long slender point of flint, with the base near the arm and its point slanting upwards, in a position as if it had been thrust into the right side of the chest. It may be that both these points were placed with the body at the time of burial, but their position is certainly very suggestive of having been in the flesh at that time. A piece of flint which had been slightly chipped to a rude point was found in the clay near the decayed ribs, but this seems too rude



CREMATION PLACE ON CLAY BELOW THE DARK SOIL.

an object to be called a weapon, and was probably placed in the grave. No other objects of any kind were found in this grave or in either of the other two. The fragments of bones, in all the graves, showed that all four skeletons were those of fully grown persons, and probably all men. With the knowledge obtained from the exploration of thousands of graves, under many and varied conditions of burial, in various parts of the country, during nearly a quarter of a century of active field-work, I am able to state that all the conditions relating to these graves, and to those next to be described, are confirmatory of their great antiquity; indeed, I have seldom found more conclusive comparative evidence of antiquity of graves than in those now under consideration.

East of the "cherry tree knoll" is another

CHISEL-LIKE IMPLEMENT MADE OF ANTLER (LITTLE LESS THAN HALF SIZE) FROM GRAVE. (NOW IN PEABODY MUSEUM.)

point extending southward from the main plateau. The underlying rock of this knoll is probably a continuation of the limestone of which the outcrop is seen along the border of Brush Creek. On the southern slope of this point are many boulders derived from the breaking up of the devonian rock, and over them is a deposit of yellow clay like that covering the whole plateau. Over the clay at this point there are from six to ten inches of dark soil. Upon removing this soil five irregular groups of stones were found (27–31 on map); the three to the west covered graves, and the two to the east were ancient fireplaces. It is evident that these stones were placed upon the surface of the clay, and it seems probable that the loose and dark soil had formed over them as a natural deposit. The fireplace farthest east was formed by five small boulders in a line, four feet long on the southern side; and two feet from the eastern end of this row, three other stones, placed side by side, made a row nearly two feet long; between the two rows was a single small stone at the eastern end. All the stones and the clay between them showed signs of burning. In the crevices between these stones some ashes had been left when the rest was scraped up, and there were a few pieces of burnt bones, splinters of flint implements, flint chips, a broken hemisphere of hematite, several tubes or handles made of the leg-bones of deer, and a chisel-shaped implement carved from a piece of deer's antler, which, from being burnt, had the appearance of a piece of cannel coal. An excavation was made to the boulders below, but no signs of burial were found.

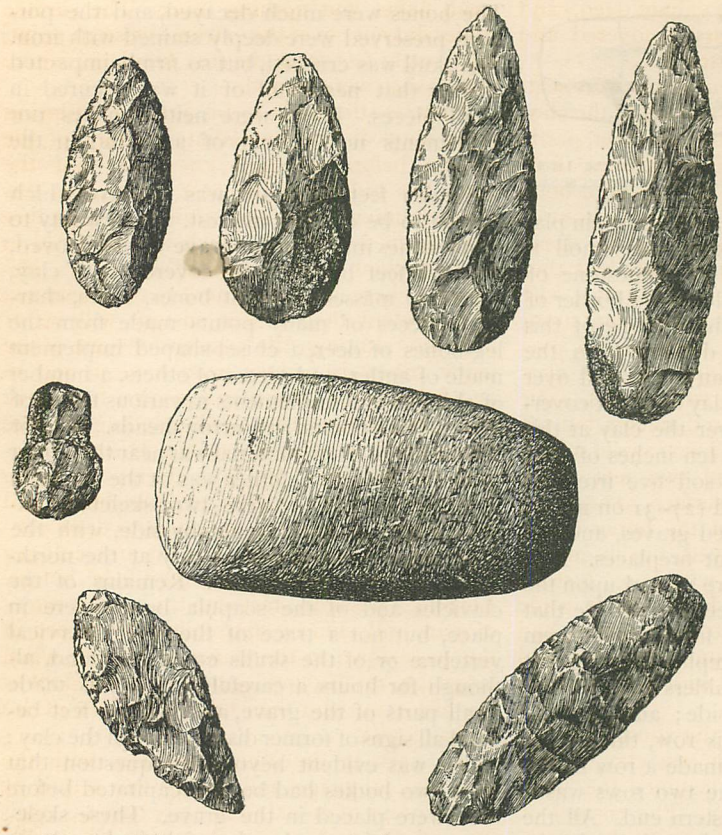
The second fireplace was four feet southwest of the first, and was made of much larger stones, ten in number, which rested directly upon the boulders, from among which the stones had evidently been taken. There was no regularity in their arrangement, and the fire had been built upon them. Among them a small amount of charcoal, made by burning twigs and grass, was scraped up, but the place had evidently been carefully cleared of its ashes.

About four feet north of the west end of this fireplace was the first grave, which was nearly three feet deep, and had been dug down to the boulders, between which a few stones had been placed to make an even bottom, upon which the body had been extended at full length, with the head at the eastern end of the grave. The bones were much decayed, and the portions preserved were deeply stained with iron. The skull was crushed, but so firmly impacted in clay that nearly all of it was secured in small pieces. There were neither ashes nor implements nor objects of any kind in the grave.

Sixteen feet westward was a grave which proved to be of great interest. The twenty to thirty stones marking this grave were removed, and two feet below them, covered with clay, were two masses of burnt bones, ashes, charcoal, pieces of many points made from the leg-bones of deer, a chisel-shaped implement made of antler, and pieces of others, a number of chipped flint implements in various forms of knives, long points, and arrow-heads. One of the masses of burnt material was near the center of the grave and the other was at the southern end. Under them were two skeletons extended at full length side by side, with the shoulders against the hard clay at the northeastern edge of the grave. Remains of the clavicles and of the scapula bones were in place, but not a trace of the upper cervical vertebræ or of the skulls could be found, although for hours a careful search was made in all parts of the grave, and for two feet beyond all signs of former disturbance of the clay; and it was evident beyond all question that these two bodies had been decapitated before they were placed in the grave. These skeletons were lying in the clay eight inches above the boulders. The portions of the bones remaining, while thoroughly impregnated with iron, were much decayed, and only the more solid portions of the arm and leg bones held together, though the outlines or casts of nearly all the bones could be traced in the clay as it was carefully removed.

The largest number of objects I have ever seen in a single grave was found with these skeletons. Lying on the left shoulder and chest of the skeleton on the east side of the grave was a long point, beautifully chipped from a blue flint, and under this were five flint knives, two chipped pieces of flint, and a small piece of sandstone with several grooves, which was evidently a stone used for sharpening points of bone and other implements. Near the outside of the left knee of this skeleton were twenty-three implements chipped from flint,— knives, points, etc.,— and pieces of several long bone points made from the leg-bones of deer. A few inches outside of these were two large stone celts or hatchets, one of which was made from a

TUBE OR HANDLE (LITTLE LESS THAN HALF SIZE) MADE FROM LEG-BONE OF A DEER, FROM ASHES IN CREMATION PLACE. (NOW IN PEABODY MUSEUM.)



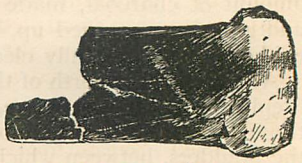
STONE HATCHET AND KNIVES OF FLINT (LESS THAN HALF SIZE) FOUND NEAR LEFT KNEE OF SKELETON. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

green slaty rock, which had decomposed and split into several pieces since it was placed in the grave, as was shown by the fact that all the particles were in place. Several of these knives and one of the hatchets are shown, of a little less than half size, in the illustration above. Between the knees was another flint point, and near the left foot was a mass of red ocher in which was a finely made flint point and a point of bone. These points or knives are shown, of one-third size, as *a* and *b* of the illustration on page 884.

On the outside of the right hip and along the leg of the other skeleton were twelve flint knives and points and a long bone point. On the inside of the right humerus of this skeleton were another flint knife and three flint flakes; and at the lower end of the humerus, with the flat surface resting against the bone, was an ornament cut out of a crystal of galena (lead). This ornament has two holes through it, evidently for the purpose of fastening it to some object or to the person. Similar ornaments of galena and of stone have been found in other graves and in mounds. Those of galena are very rare; probably not a dozen are known, this one being the third placed in the Peabody Museum.

The burnt material in this grave is of the same character as that found on the first fireplace, and among the burnt bones are many fragments which can be identified as human. Not only this, but there was also found in the grave another piece of the implement made of antler. This has a jagged edge exactly fitting the corresponding edge of the piece from the fireplace, and it cannot be questioned that they originally formed a single piece of a chisel-like implement. We therefore have reason to believe that at the time when the two headless bodies were buried the body of another person was burnt near by, and that the ashes containing the burnt bones, and various objects burnt with the body, were placed over the two individuals in the grave, partly over the legs and feet of one skeleton and partly over the right hip and leg of the other skeleton. Besides the fragment of the implement which matches the other piece from the fireplace, the burnt mass in the grave contained a piece of a sharpening stone, forty flint flakes and chipped pieces of stone, eighteen chipped implements of various kinds, several of which were splintered by the heat, a number of pieces of implements made of deer antler, the bones of animals, and four natural pieces of lead ore (galena). Resting on the burnt mass, but evidently put in afterwards, was a little red ocher in which was a much decayed point made from the metacarpal bone of a deer; and near by were the remains of several other bone implements of the same character, and a chisel-like implement made of antler. In the clay filling the grave above the ashes were two chipped implements of flint.

Was this ceremony, and the depositing so many objects in the grave, a sacrifice and propitiatory offering to the two individuals, who perhaps had been beheaded



IMPLEMENT MADE OF ANTLER (LITTLE LESS THAN HALF SIZE) FROM GRAVE; THE SMALL PIECE FROM THE ASHES OF CREMATION PLACE. (NOW IN PEABODY MUSEUM.)

by their enemies after some valiant deed,[1] and whose bodies were afterward recovered and buried with extraordinary rites?

Six feet farther to the west stones were scattered here and there on the surface of the clay, over an area of about four by eight feet, partly covering three closely adjoining graves, all of which had been dug down to the large boulders, a depth of three feet. At the bottom of one of these graves were several large flat stones resting on the boulders. The body had then been placed at full length in the grave, with the head at the eastern end; ashes containing considerable charcoal had been placed over the body, and over this about a foot of clay. The grave was then filled with stones, some measuring a foot or more in diameter, but the greater part much smaller. Two rows of stones, about seven feet long and two feet apart, marked the grave on the surface. There was nothing in the grave except the bones of the skeleton, very much decayed, the fragments of which were impregnated with iron. A stone had been placed over the head, which, while it had crushed the skull into many pieces, had so protected the cranial bones that they had become thoroughly charged with iron and were thus preserved.

Adjoining this grave, to the south, was another, the bottom of which was clay, resting on the boulders. In this instance the body had been covered with clay. The enamel of a full set of teeth lay in the clay in their natural position, even to the wisdom teeth of the upper jaw, which were slightly above the line of the others, showing that they were just cutting through the bone at the time of death. The outline of the skull and of many of the bones of the skeleton could be traced in the clay, but only as minute particles of bone, the cells of which were filled with iron. Nothing more was found in this very ancient grave.

West of this, and at the same depth, was another grave, about four feet long, in which were found only iron-stained fragments of a tibia and fibula and several of the bones of a foot. No other fragment of the skeleton could be discovered, not even bone particles in the clay; but just beyond these fragments was a mass of light gray ashes containing many small pieces of calcined bones, which proved to be human by the identification of the crown of one molar tooth, a small piece of occipital bone, and two small pieces of the under jaw. With these burnt remains were a few flint chips and small flakes, but nothing more. The surface stones did not cover the extreme western point, thirty-eight feet from the first fireplace, where these ashes were buried.

There is still much to be done in exploring other spots in the immediate vicinity of the serpent before we shall know all that the earth has hidden of the past relating to this old monument. But the outlines of a picture have been traced out, which can be filled in as individual fancy may dictate, or as discoveries here and elsewhere may determine. It is evident that written history will be of little aid, although the customs of some of the many tribes or peoples who have passed to and fro over the land may give us a hint, here and there, to the better understanding of some things which have been revealed. History, however, has its limits, and any attempt to make it apply to a time anterior to those limits, and from vague general resemblances to draw conclusions, is unwarranted. Let the archæologist work on with greater care than ever before. Let him, if possible, start with the earliest traces of man, and, step by step, follow his record in the past down to the dawn of history, when language, myths, and legends open the door to the historian, who then takes the place of the archæologist.

To work in the other direction, with the idea that language and history can tell us of the relations of mankind in early times, is starting with the assumption that man has everywhere, and in all past times, been as now; that there has been no development within a race, no diversity of races, no migrations of peoples, except in recent times, and no change in the innumerable languages now spoken. The origin of any one of these languages is not as yet actually known and probably never can be known, from the fact that archæology leads us to believe that man existed so long ago that the thousands of years since man in America hunted at the foot of the glaciers are but as yesterday compared with his probable but still unknown origin. What languages were spoken throughout all this time? We only know that the skulls of earliest man yet discovered are as perfectly those of man as are our own, and of man with a brain capacity and muscular and bony structure indicating powers equal to those of races existing to-day. Some races have developed these powers more rapidly than others. Who is yet able to state where man originated? and who but the archæologist,

[1] That the skulls of individuals were considered important objects, perhaps trophies, as with the Dyaks, is evident from a singular burial which we discovered in a mound in the Little Miami Valley, where the skeleton of a man and that of a woman were found buried at full length in ashes, and surrounded by sixteen skulls, which showed by the scratches upon them that the flesh had been removed by scraping. Six of these skulls had small holes bored in them as if for the purpose of decoration, and at least two of them had also been partly painted red.

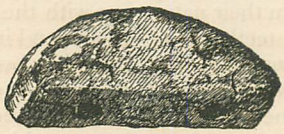
with the aid of the geologist, can take up the snarled skein with any hope of unraveling the great mystery of man's origin?

What light is thrown back over one brief period of the past by this study of the Serpent Mound and its surroundings, this singular structure in the midst of many other strange earthworks in the Ohio Valley! If history can now lend its aid and bring out some points with clearness, much will be gained. But it must be critical and trustworthy history, and not the simple patchwork of vague generalities.

Here, on this commanding point of land, in many ways adapted to what we know of the ancient faiths of man, is an imposing structure in the form of a huge serpent guarding an oval inclosure within which is a mound of burnt stones; all essential points in the fulfilment of special religious rites connected with the older faiths, which, so far as we know, had their greatest development in Asia, which is the land, more than any other, that we have reason to consider as the original home of the brachycephali, one of the early peoples of America. Exploration has shown us that this serpent was made many centuries ago, and it is evident that a structure of such magnitude, so carefully planned and executed, was intended for some great purpose deeply affecting the people who made it. Again let me ask, what other than a religious motive could have been sufficient? Assuming this to be the case, we naturally give it the meaning of a religious shrine to which the people came at specified times to worship their gods. It is evident that there was never a very large community living on the plateau near the shrine, and the probability is that it was more a place of habitation in after than in early times. Here, near this sacred shrine, ceremonies of great import have taken place; individuals of importance have been buried in connection with ceremonies of fire, and in two instances, at least, accompanied by the burning of human bodies — possibly human sacrifice, that constant accessory of many ancient faiths. In later times the shrine was still a place of resort, possibly as one held sacred in myths and legends; and finally a few of the scattered bands of the last century made their habitation on the spot, probably without any legendary knowledge or thought of the earlier worshipers at the shrine, overgrown and half hidden by a forest which seventy years ago was of the same character as that on all the hills about.

Now another race has come, and the old shrine, cleared of rubbish, is again held sacred; not for ancient and awful rites, but for the study of future generations, when a wider knowledge of the past in other countries shall lead to a better knowledge of that of our own.

*F. W. Putnam.*



ORNAMENT CUT FROM CRYSTAL OF GALENA FOUND IN GRAVE.
(NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

# THE LATEST SIBERIAN TRAGEDY.

THE "New York Tribune" of Sunday, January 19, contains the following letter from "An Occasional Correspondent" in St. Petersburg, in regard to the recent massacre of Russian political exiles in the East Siberian town of Yakutsk:

ST. PETERSBURG, January 1.

The account contained in the London "Times" of a massacre of political exiles which is alleged to have taken place last autumn at Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia, has created a considerable sensation here. Under ordinary circumstances the Imperial Government disdains to take any notice of the British "Thunderer," being aware of the position which the slayer of the Chief of Police, General Mezentseff, and nihilist leader, Katschefsky, better known by his pen-name of "Stepniak," has for several years past held on the editorial staff of the "Times." In the present case, however, the latter's story of the alleged Yakutsk massacre has received such wide publicity, and has excited such a hurricane of indignation throughout the continental press, that the Tsar's government has considered it advisable to abandon its customary policy of contemptuous silence, and to vouchsafe an official explanation of the incident. It denies the massacre, but admits that two sanguinary affrays took place at Yakutsk under the following circumstances:

"About a year ago the secret police department here received information to the effect that most of the nihilistic pamphlets, proclamations, and other revolutionary publications were not only written but also printed in Siberia. At first sight this appeared almost incredible, in view of the close supervision to which both prisoners and exiles are subjected in the Tsar's great penal colony. However, it was deemed prudent to make inquiries into the matter, and accordingly Captain Russanow, one of the cleverest members of the Third Section of the Impe-

rial Chancellerie, was despatched to Siberia for the purpose. After much careful and patient investigation, he succeeded in discovering the existence of a most elaborately equipped secret printing establishment at Yakutsk. The latter is about the last place on earth where one would have imagined the nihilists to have established their presses, for only the most dangerous and desperate prisoners and exiles are interned at Yakutsk. Their names are not even known to the local authorities, since from the moment that they leave Tomsk they are deprived for the remainder of their days of their patronymics, and are designated by numerals only. By reason of their dangerous character they are supposed to be under specially strict surveillance.

"Captain Russanow, however, found that by means of heavy bribes they had succeeded in corrupting the Baikal Cossacks appointed to guard them, and that the latter actually helped them to forward their missives to Russia. Having made his preparations, he caused the building in which the nihilist presses were located to be surrounded one night by a detachment of police and soldiers, and after a sanguinary affray, during which several of the police as well as the conspirators were severely wounded by revolver-bullets and saber-cuts, the occupants of the premises were seized and thrown into prison. A few weeks later they were brought up for trial, and, with a moderation unusual under the circumstances, the judges contented themselves with sentencing them to deportation to various still more distant and severe penal settlements. The object of the court was to disperse the band and to scatter them to great distances from one another, so as to put at an end all communication between them. The official statement adds that when leaving the court-room, after the delivery of their sentence, they suddenly attacked their escort, and several of them having revolvers concealed about their persons began to use them against the police officers who were present. Troops hurried to the rescue of the latter, and before the revolt of the prisoners could be quelled it was necessary to shoot down and to bayonet several of their number. Three of the survivors were subsequently hanged, and the others were condemned to penal servitude in the mines instead of to mere deportation."

The explanation thus vouchsafed by the Government obtains universal credence here.

It is gratifying to see even such evidence as this that the Tsar's ministers are not wholly indifferent to the opinion of the civilized world, and that they can be forced into an explanation — even although it be a shamelessly false explanation — of some of their extraordinary acts. Looking at the question, however, from the point of view of expediency, it would have been better, I think, for the Russian Government to have ignored altogether the charges of cruelty and barbarity made against it by the London "Times" than to have met them with a series of statements that are not only false, but absurdly and grotesquely false.

The massacre of the political exiles in Yakutsk occurred last March — twelve months ago. Even in a country where cruelty and violence are common, such an event as the Yakutsk affair — the shooting of fifteen or twenty almost defenseless political prisoners, the bayoneting to death of an unarmed woman, the hanging of three of the survivors, and the condemnation of all the others to penal servitude — is an event that would attract the attention of the most careless and indifferent press. It is an event of capital importance, no matter what view be taken of the circumstances. The most careful reader of Russian periodical literature, however, would have searched the pages of Russian newspapers and magazines in vain for even the briefest reference or allusion to this wholesale slaughter of educated men and women in Eastern Siberia. For ten months the whole Russian press has been profoundly silent in regard to it; not because the Russian editors were ignorant of it, not because they regarded the shooting of defenseless men and the bayoneting of innocent women with indifference, but because their mouths were stopped by the gag of the press censor. I myself take and read constantly four or five Russian periodicals, including the daily "Russian Gazette" of Moscow, the "Viestnik Europa," and the "Oriental Review" of Irkutsk, which is published in the capital of Eastern Siberia, only a short distance, as Siberian distances go, from the scene of the Yakutsk tragedy. Not one word has appeared in any of the above-named periodicals in regard to this most aggravated case of cruel and unprovoked murder. The Government apparently dared not submit to its people even its own version of the facts. If it had a good case or a valid defense, why did it not say simply in the beginning that the political exiles in Yakutsk were arrested and tried upon the charge of maintaining a secret revolutionary printing establishment; that, while leaving the court-room, they made an armed assault upon their guards; and that it became necessary to put down the revolt, even at the cost of serious bloodshed and loss of life? The only reason why it did not take this course was that it dared not provoke inquiry and comment. It hoped to keep the whole Russian people in ignorance not only of the circumstances of the massacre, but even of the bare fact that a massacre had occurred.

My first information in regard to the Yakutsk tragedy came to me in a private letter from Siberia last summer. Since that time I have received *eight* separate and independent accounts in manuscript of the whole series of events, with copies of the official documents relating to the case; plans of the house and courtyard where the massacre occurred; the names of all the officials and exiles concerned; the full text of the sentence of the court martial

that tried the survivors; the last letters of the three men who were hanged; and all the minute details that are essential to a complete understanding of the situation and the circumstances. These accounts, if translated and published, would fill two whole numbers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, and they have come to me from eight different individuals—not all of them exiles—and from half a dozen different parts of the Russian Empire. With some of the writers I am personally acquainted, and I know them to be men of the highest integrity and honor—men who are absolutely incapable of willful misrepresentation, even for the attainment of the best of ends. Besides this, they are separated one from another by thousands of miles of Siberian steppe and forest; they could not possibly fix up a collusive story to deceive me, even if they wished to do so; and not one of them knows that any of the others have written to me. It is hardly necessary to say that evidence obtained in this way, from eight independent sources, and duly authenticated by names, dates, diagrams, and copies of official documents, is worthy of full credence. It is evidence that would carry conviction to the minds of any unprejudiced jury; and I am confident that, when published in full, it will convince the American people not only of the cruelty, but of the shameless mendacity of a government that is capable of such acts and such explanations.

The officials quoted by the "Tribune's" correspondent attempt to discredit the account of the massacre printed in the London "Times," first by attributing it to the well-known Russian author Stepniak, and then by blackening the latter's personal character. This is a characteristic Russian method of dealing with damaging facts. To attribute arbitrarily an unpleasant disclosure to an enemy, and then to call that enemy an assassin, is the Russian bureaucrat's highest idea of strategy. I do not think it necessary to defend Stepniak, since he is quite able to defend himself. I do not even know whether he is the London "Times's" correspondent; but I do know that the account of the Yakutsk massacre that the "Times" has published is, in every essential detail, absolutely true; and that, although expressed in different words, it is in complete harmony with the eight independent manuscript accounts that I have received from Russia and Siberia. The narratives sent to me are longer and contain more details, but they confirm every material circumstance set forth in the "Times" story.

The Russian officials in St. Petersburg, as quoted by the "New York Tribune's" correspondent, say that the Siberian tragedy was indirectly the result of the discovery in Yakutsk, by Captain Rusinof, of a complete "nihilistic" printing establishment. This is false in every particular. General—not Captain—Rusinof went to Siberia, ostensibly to investigate the life and circumstances of the political exiles, nearly two years ago; but he did not visit Yakutsk, and he long since returned, I believe, to St. Petersburg. His most noteworthy exploits were, first, the suppression of the Tomsk liberal newspaper, the "Siberian Gazette," for giving employment to political offenders and for publishing an obituary notice of one of them; and, secondly, the erasure of all inscriptions from the tombstones of dead political exiles in the Tomsk burying-ground. Among the inscriptions thus erased under his personal supervision were: "A—— B——, died in solitary confinement in the Tomsk prison, —— —th, 188–," and "B—— C——, died in Tomsk, —— —th, 188–, in the —th year of his age." To the latter record were appended the words of Christ, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." These words were expunged.

I presume that an officer who is capable of pursuing political offenders into their graves and erasing the words of Christ from their tombstones is capable also of discovering a "nihilistic" printing office in a city that he never visited; but, if so, why did he not seize and break up that printing office while he was in Siberia? It is now almost two years since I read in my Siberian newspapers notices of his movements in the places that he visited.

To a person who knows the town of Yakutsk as I know it, the story of the discovery there of a secret "nihilistic" printing establishment is incredible on its face. Printing presses do not grow in Russia on every bush. They are regarded by the Government as more dangerous than dynamite, and they are surreptitiously procured, even in the great cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, with the utmost difficulty and at a terrible risk. How could a handful of political exiles, living under the strictest police supervision and almost destitute of money, obtain a printing press in the far-away town of Yakutsk? There is no newspaper in the place, and, so far as I know, there is not a printing press within a thousand miles of it. But, waiving that consideration, what effective use could the political exiles hope to make of a printing press *there*, even if they miraculously could obtain possession of one? Yakutsk is only an overgrown log village of six thousand inhabitants; every one of its citizens is known both to the post-office authorities and to the police; and the correspondence of the political exiles is under the strictest "control." How could they forward

"nihilistic" literature in any considerable quantity to European Russia, four thousand miles distant, even if they had the means of printing it?

The St. Petersburg officials, as quoted by the "Tribune" correspondent, say, furthermore, that "only the most dangerous and desperate prisoners and exiles are interned at Yakutsk. Their names are not even known to the local authorities, since from the moment that they leave Tomsk they are deprived for the remainder of their days of their patronymics, and are designated by numerals only." Both of these statements are false, and the latter is absurd. Fully half of the political exiles in Yakutsk were sent to Siberia by administrative process without trial. There was not proof enough against them to secure their conviction even in a Russian court, and they were banished by virtue of a simple order from the Minister of the Interior. If they were "dangerous and desperate," why did not the Government prove their criminal character in a court of justice?

The assertion that political exiles or convicts are deprived of their names when they pass Tomsk, and are known thereafter by numbers, is so far from the truth as even to throw doubt upon the origin of the "Tribune" correspondent's story. Both common criminals and political offenders are known by their names in all parts of Siberia — even at the mines. The names are sometimes assumed, but the use of numbers to designate convicts in Siberia is practically unknown. Only one instance of the kind ever came to my knowledge, and in that case the convict succeeded in concealing his name and personal identity, and was sent to the mines as "Number Two" simply because the Government did not know who he was.

The St. Petersburg officials, as quoted by the "Tribune's" correspondent, say, furthermore, in explanation of the Yakutsk massacre, that when the "dangerous and desperate" political exiles were leaving the court-room, after they had been tried upon the charge of maintaining a secret "nihilistic" printing office, they suddenly attacked their guards with loaded revolvers, and it became necessary to shoot and bayonet them in order to quell the revolt.

The exiles seem to have obtained their loaded revolvers in the same miraculous way that they obtained their printing press. Every one who is at all acquainted with Russian prisons and courts must be aware that a criminal is always searched before being committed to a cell, and that he is still more carefully and thoroughly searched before being conducted into a court-room. It is utterly impossible and incredible that "dangerous and desperate" political offenders should have been allowed to take loaded revolvers into their cells when they were arrested and imprisoned, and still more incredible that they should have been permitted to carry such deadly weapons in their pockets to the very court-room where they were to be tried. Russian police officers may be stupid, but they are not stupid enough to bring "dangerous and desperate" prisoners before a court with their pockets full of loaded revolvers.

The whole story bears every mark of a clumsy invention, intended to break the force of the real facts and to deceive readers who are not acquainted with the conditions of exile life. The affray in Yakutsk was not the result of the discovery of a secret "nihilistic" printing office, nor of an attack made by "desperate and dangerous" men upon their guards. It was the direct result of official stupidity and brutality, and the indirect result of a cruel and unnecessary order issued by the acting governor of the province of Yakutsk, General Ostashkin (Os-tash'kin). That officer proposed to send twenty or thirty *administrative* exiles into the arctic regions, without proper equipment, and in parties so large that they would almost inevitably starve to death on the road, owing to the impossibility of procuring food. I know that region thoroughly. I traversed a part of it on dog-sledges in the winter of 1867–68, and I remember that, for a whole week, my thermometer indicated temperatures ranging from forty to fifty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. I nearly lost one of my men who came into camp at night insensible from cold; and well fed and perfectly equipped as I was, I suffered intensely from incessant hardship and exposure. Into this polar wilderness, which I traversed with the utmost difficulty on dog-sledges in 1867, Governor Ostashkin proposed to send twenty or thirty political exiles — two or three of them young girls — without an adequate supply of food, without proper equipment, and in parties so large that, in all probability, the half-wild Yakut drivers at the widely separated stations could neither feed them nor furnish them with transportation. When the exiles sent respectful petitions to Governor Ostashkin, asking merely that they be forwarded to their destinations, as they had previously been forwarded, in parties of two, a week apart, and with proper food and equipment, the governor sent a company of Cossacks, with loaded rifles, to the house where the petitioners had assembled to await his answer, and directed the officers in command to take them to the police station. The Cossacks attempted to drive the bewildered exiles out of the house by pricking them with their bayonets and striking them with the butt-ends of their guns. Resistance

was offered by a few, who did not understand the meaning of this unexpected reply to their petition, and then followed the butchery that the London "Times" correspondent has described. Six of the politicals were killed outright, including one young woman bayoneted to death, nine were severely wounded, and all of the others were brutally beaten and maltreated.

The London "Times," in a leading editorial upon this terrible tragedy, asks the pertinent questions, "Is it possible that these things can be done with the knowledge of the Tsar, who passes for a humane man? Is he so blinded by absolutist theories as to harden his heart against all these tales of suffering, of stupid repression, and of the cruelty which infuriates the class against which it is directed? If not, he has a magnificent opportunity of, once for all, putting a stop to scenes and systems which disgrace his government and his religion."

Such outrages do not repress, they merely exasperate; and thus increase the evil that they are intended to remedy.

The survivors of the Yakutsk massacre were tried by court martial, without benefit of counsel, upon the charge of armed resistance to the authorities, and all were found guilty. Three of them were hanged; fourteen, including four women, were condemned to penal servitude for life; five, including two women, were sent to the mines for fifteen years; four boys and girls less than twenty-one years of age were condemned to penal servitude for ten years, and two others were sent as forced colonists to the arctic villages of Verkhoyansk and Sredni Kolynsk, in "the remotest part of the province of Yakutsk." And this sentence, the St. Petersburg officials say, is an evidence of the "unusual moderation" of the judges who composed the court martial! A further proof of this "unusual moderation" is furnished by the fact that the political exile Kohan-Bernstein, after receiving four severe bullet-wounds at the time of the massacre, and after lying nearly five months in a prison hospital, was carried to the scaffold on a cot bed and hanged by putting the noose around his neck and dragging the bed out from under him. If this is Russian "moderation," one might well pray to be delivered from Russian severity.

One of the executed men, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell note to his comrades, in which he said, "We are not afraid to die, but try — you — to make our deaths count for something — write all this to Kennan."

The appeal to me shall not be in vain. If I live, the whole English-speaking world, at least, shall know all the details of this most atrocious crime.

*George Kennan.*

## DAFFODILS.

FATHERED by March, the daffodils are here.
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,
And once a thrush from out some hollow gray
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made cheer,
Fluted the last unto the budding year;
Now, that the wind lets loose from orchard spray
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.
Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,
Long-stemmed one flames behind the palings bare,
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.
Scarce here, soon will it be — oh, sweet and fleet! —
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.

*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

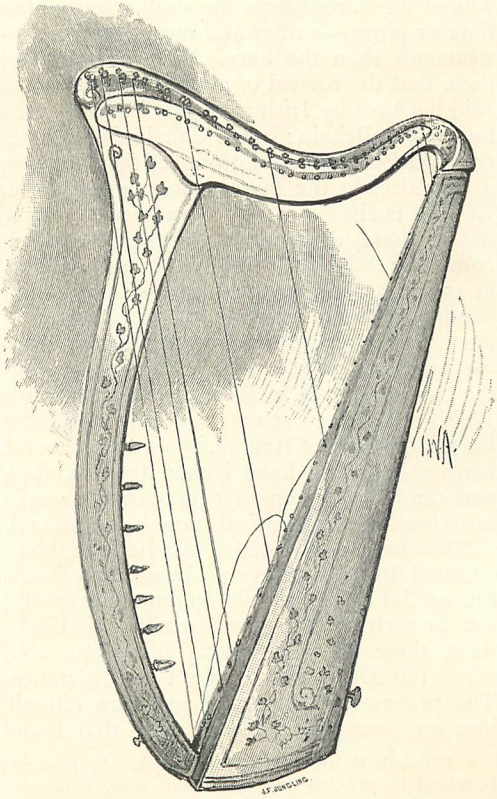
# THE OLD POETIC GUILD IN IRELAND.

A BAGPIPER.
(FROM THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY.)

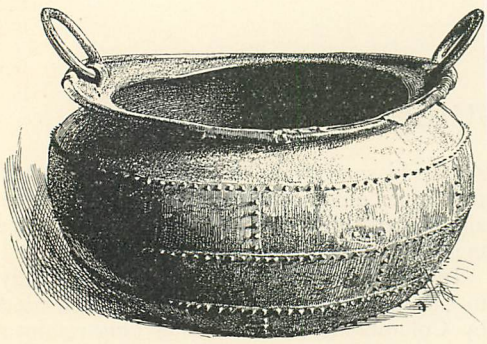
FRIEND and foe of the Irish agree to allow them preëminence in two matters — poetry and music. Welsh history states that music came to Wales from Ireland, and nowhere do we find records of a poetic guild so abundant and minute as in the literature of Ireland gradually being brought to the notice of the world. A sketch of this caste is all that can be given at present.

The guild of poets has been as elaborately subdivided in Ireland as in Wales, where the common term is "bard," while in Ireland that word is either not at home or at some period sunk in the social scale, "filé" being the proper word. But without doubt the arrangement of the profession conformed to the political fashion of the day. We hear of Ollaves or Doctors of Poetry, with an Ard-Ollave at their head; of Anruiths or Masters, who formed the next rank; of Clis, and so on. The corporation was called the Filidecht, and seems to have reached importance between the fall of Druidism and the time when Columbkille, the saint of royal Irish blood, established thoroughly the supremacy of the Church as St. Patrick understood it, by eloquence, by mortification of the flesh, by political moves, and even by the sword. Before his time the guild was a great nuisance to chiefs and people, owing to the religious or superstitious awe with which the poets were regarded. Outwardly Christian, filés were merely Druids deprived of some of the terrors which pertained to them. The old histories refer to several occasions when the exactions of the poets caused their banishment; but only with the age of St. Columbkille do we get anything that affords a firm basis. In A. D. 574 the saint came back from the island of I to Drom-Ceata, not far from Derry, at the invitation of Aedh, son of Ainmiré, who wished to drive all the troublesome singing and piping gentry out of Ireland. "I do not wish to continue to maintain the Filedha," answered Aedh when the saint begged him not to expel the poets, "so extreme is their insolence, and so great are their numbers; for the ollave has an attendant train of thirty followers, and the anruith has a train of fifteen; so of the other members of that order downwards, each person has his special number of attendants allotted to him according to his rank, so that now almost one-third of the men of Ireland are members of the order."

In reward for conforming at least outwardly to Christianity the filés were so well defended by Columbkille that the chief king retained his chief ollave, subordinate kings their particular ollaves, and filés were allowed to chieftains. We find in the Highlands of Scotland the piper attached to the person of each chief of note. It is probable that the custom there represents a very primitive and simple form of entertainment common to all parts of Europe, not excluding Rome, in which the performer was a bagpiper, a flute player, or a harper. Wherever instruments were introduced which do not require the breath, the voice of the performers became important. Yet the name originally signifying the instrument would come to mean the person. Filé may be considered equivalent to piper in its origin, but in



MOORE'S HARP, DUBLIN MUSEUM.



LARGE BRONZE CALDRON.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. MOORE.)

Ireland it was of such old standing to signify a person of higher rank than a performer on flute or bagpipe, that its first meaning was entirely unknown to the Irish speakers of Gaelic.[1]

The difference between the Welsh bard and the Irish filé appears to be merely in name, and springs from the difference in the instrument used at different epochs. Welsh history records that music was revived in Wales from Irish examples not long before the Norman conquest; with that revival we may consider that the term of "bard" came in. But the word bard refers to the "burden" (French *bourdon*), the humming sound of a stringed instrument; while "filé" arose from the shrill sound of the flute or pipes—earlier and more primitive instruments than the harp. We may consider, then, that the revival of music in Wales in the Middle Ages by Irish minstrels brought back the harp to Britain; but in Caledonia the early colonists from Ireland introduced the bagpipes, if not already the favorite instrument there. In the twelfth century Giraldus de Barry draws these distinctions between the three countries: "Ireland only uses and delights in two instruments, the harp and the tabor. Scotland has three, the harp, the tabor, and the crowth, or crowd; and Wales the harp, the pipes, and the crowd." So that we find the bagpipes even in Wales according to this Welsh authority, but may well doubt whether the remote parts of Ireland, into which he never penetrated, could have lacked the bagpipes, and can be quite sure that he omitted them in error from the musical instruments of Scotland.

That Ireland and Caledonia had the tabor, or small drum, we may well believe, for that is the special instrument for summoning spirits; but as such the tabor was disliked by Christians, since its monotonous noise was used while the Druid or poet went into a trance. The process by which a poet threw himself into an ecstasy is very similar to that found by Castrèn among the Lapps and Samoyeds of Siberia, even to the eating of dog's flesh as a preliminary. A curious story of the pursuit of the Fomori by the Dagdé, or "good god," has an invocation of a captured harp, in which the Dagdé cries: "Come summer, come winter, from the mouths of harps and bags and pipes!" And a later legend, containing in verse an adventure of Fion, says:

> The household harp was one of three strings,
> Methinks it was a pleasant jewel:
> A string of iron, a string of noble bronze,
> And a string of entire silver.

The initial shows a bagpipe common to the British Isles. Minstrels of Finland still employ a harp when singing the long runes of the Kalewala; the latter resembles a large zither. A harp like this must have existed in Ireland down to the Middle Ages, when the small upright harp as it appears on the coins of Ireland and on the flag became the fashion. The harp in Dublin Museum called the harp of Brian of the Tribute, but probably an instrument of the fourteenth or the fifteenth century, not the eleventh, is the modern type. The harp of Tom Moore is given in order to show the most modern form of this harp. It belongs to a revival of harpistry at the close of the last century, when very fine harps were made for some years in Dublin.

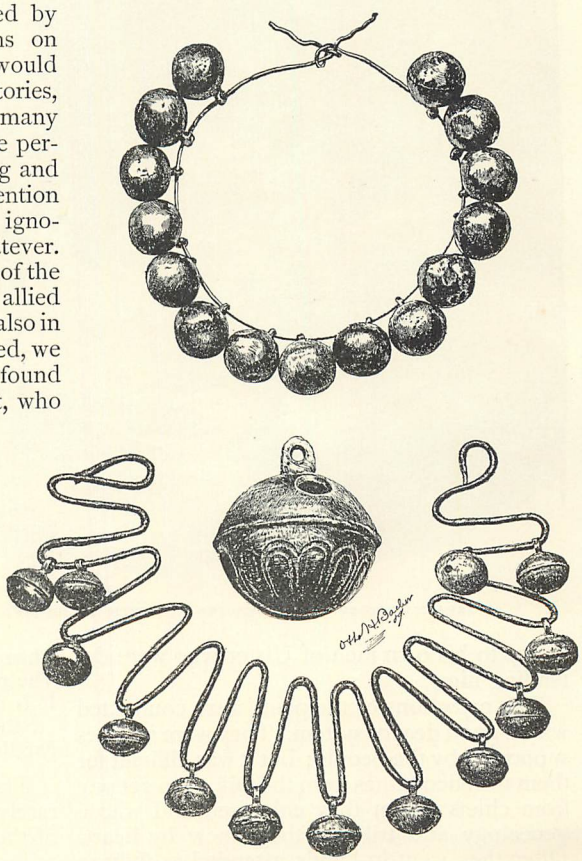
The poetic guild suffered during the later Middle Ages from the bad character of many of its members, who became degraded into strolling adventurers ready to commit depredations; they became bad "fellows" in England and *filous* in France. The Bulgarians called certain fairies or elemental spirits *vilas*. In Ireland they had bad and good characteristics very sharply expressed long before the Middle Ages. The laureate, or official poet, of Ireland, who had shown himself the possessor of a wonderful memory, was distinguished by a seat at banquets and public ceremonies, a certain arrangement of his hair, and a special cloak decorated with the feathers of song birds. In the last point, and in the superstition that his satires could produce disfigurement or blemishes on persons satirized, the Irish filé again recalls to the wizards of the medieval Finns and modern Samoyeds. Another very ancient musical instrument was a stand of crotals, or small bronze bells, now used only on animals. The cut shows these adapted for young girls, children, and pets.

The dread of satire is yet alive in Ireland. Within the last decade a local bard of Lim-

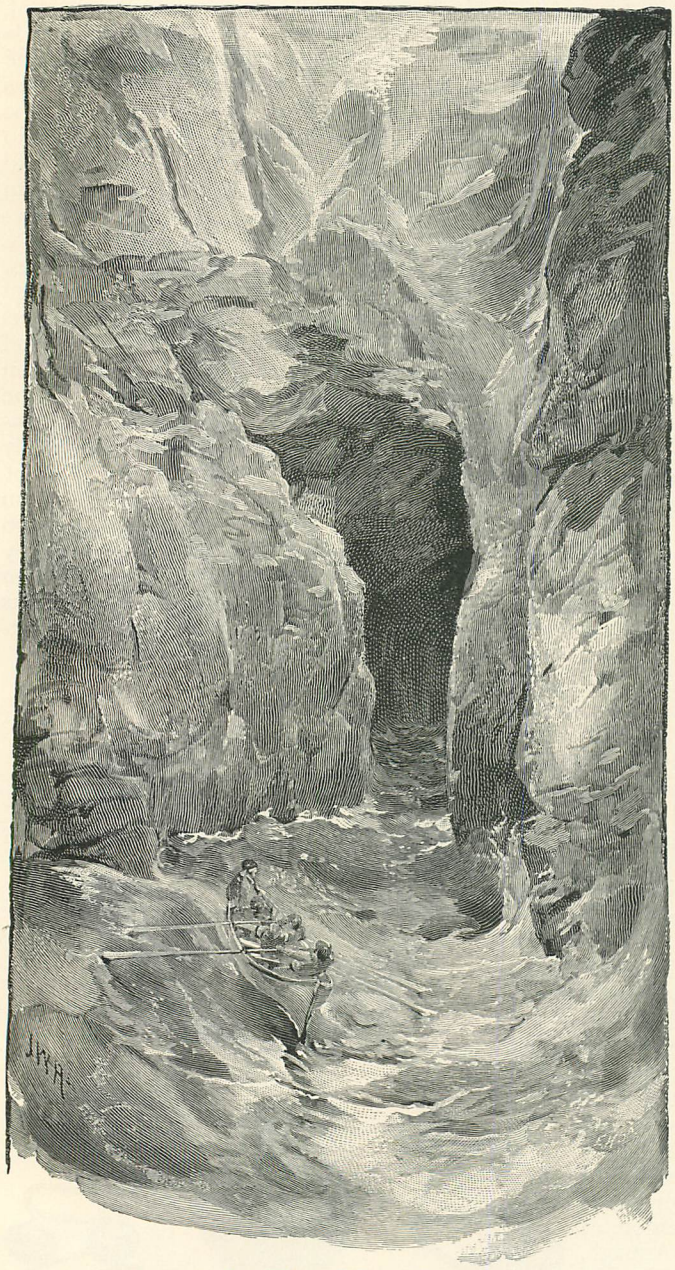
[1] Through Keltic *F*, for Finno-Ugrian *P*, this word is traced in Finnish and Esthonian *pilli*, Esthonian *wile*, a pipe, a bagpipe, a flute. Proscription of minstrelsy brought the filés so low that *filou* was degraded in French to the meaning of thief, and *gwilliad* in Welsh to that of stroller, vagabond.

erick is said to have procured for himself an office by satirizing in verse the town council. Aenghus O'Daly, one of a famous family of bards, who is supposed to have lived about A. D. 1600, has left a most venomous satire on the Irish septs of his day, which has been published by John O'Donovan under the title of "The Tribes of Ireland." Edmund Spenser was concerned at the number of "carooghs, bardes, jesters, and such like" who straggled up and down Ireland, or "miche in corners amongest theyr frendes idlye." Yet the great poet, while reproving their tendency to laud the greatest robbers of the country, remarked of their songs: "I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye; yet were they sprinckled with some prety flowers of theyr owne naturall devise which gave good grace and comeliness unto them." Had Spenser been able to read Gaelic; had he learned the language and made himself one with the people whom he helped to oppress,— and who destroyed his castle at Kilcolman after all,— what a difference there would have been in the estimate placed by English grammarians, poets, politicians on matters relating to the Gaels! Spenser would have brought to light not only the histories, legends, and poems we now have, but many others which have disappeared under the persecutions from which the Gaelic-speaking and Catholic natives have suffered, not to mention the loss of manuscripts through sheer ignorance that they possessed any value whatever.

That vileness which was the dark side of the Druid, and which reflects itself in words allied to the same root in many languages, was also in some degree part of the early filé. Indeed, we have notice of the period when it was found necessary to define the duties of a poet, who among other things was at one time very much the same as an advocate at law, while his magical verses made him a physician, or caused him to be feared like a Druid. At the foundation of the tripartite rule, or rule in succession, of three kings at the Navan, near Armagh, the compact was witnessed by Druids, poets, and champions — "the seven Druids to crush them by their incantations, the seven filés to lacerate them by their satires, and the seven young champions to slay and burn them, should the proper man not receive the sovereignty at the end of each seventh year." We have also an amusing instance of the obscurity of phrases used by two great poets in a contest of words. This reached such a pitch that the court revolted and the guild of poets was deprived of some of its privileges. The Druidic side is shown in the famous circuit made by Aithirné the Importunate, a poet whose virulence was such that no one dared say him nay, and whose greed and luxury finally brought many chiefs to death. His purpose was to stir up strife and give a chance for champions to collect human heads and acquire fame. Secure in his privilege, he asked whatever the chiefs most objected to part with, not excluding their wives, of whom he collected a troop and marched them off into slavery. The prophetic powers of a poet are shown on this circuit. A clod of earth containing a big brooch having fallen into the lap of a king, flung there from the hoof-stroke of a horse, Aithirné not only explained what was in the clod, but told exactly who had buried the brooch. On the hill of Howth, near Dublin, are the remains of an earthwork which is said to be the fort into which Aithirné fled when his insolence finally overcame the fears and hospitality of the men of Leinster. There he warded off their attacks under circumstances in which he showed bar-



BRONZE CROTALS IN THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. MOORE.)



SEA-CAVE NEAR GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, NORTH OF IRELAND.

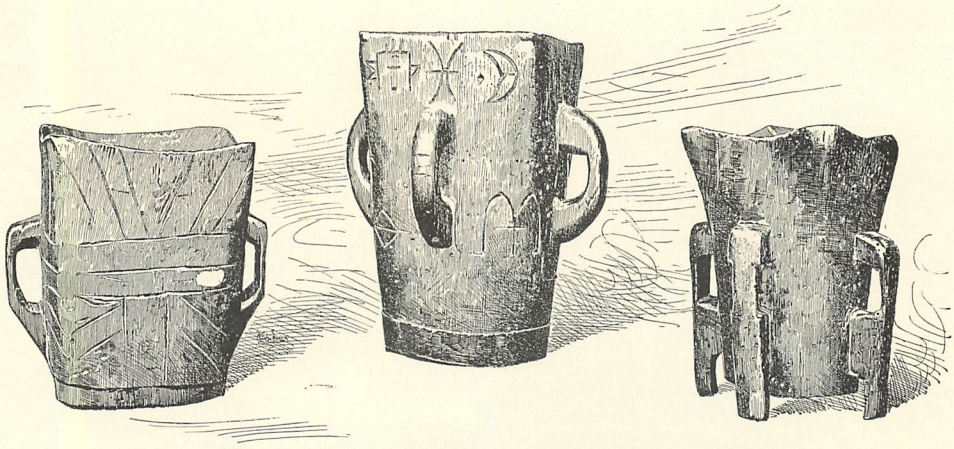
barity to his own men of Ulster who were defending him.

The extortions of the poets were conducted with a good deal of system. They were at times supported by the people; but it was difficult for them to collect tithes from the folk, or to get pay from chiefs whom they eulogized and whose genealogy and tributes they knew by heart. Often they went in bands, attended as fully as they could afford, and carried with them a large pot, or caldron, called "The Pot of Avarice." This was presumably the sign of an intention on their part to claim food from the chief they visited, though in the legend it was meant for the gold and silver they expected as perquisites. Caldrons of ancient make are found in the Dublin Museum, and one of bronze is figured on page 894. "The Pot of Avarice" was swung from the points of nine spears by nine chains, and was said to be made of silver. When they approached a house the leader of one of these parties, at one end of the line of minstrels, would begin with a verse. The second verse would be recited by the poet at the other end, and the third by the one next the leader. Thus the song jumped from one end of the line to the other. We have inferred that at one time the filé was no other than a piper and that the poet became also the singer, after a change of instrument left his mouth free for vocal music. But the separation of *Filé* from *Cruitiné*, or harper, must have been very ancient, for the Psalter of Cashel makes a distinction between northern and southern Ireland on this very point, giving the finest music to the south, the greatest poetry to the north.

The sweetness of string music, blandness, valor,
In the south, in the south of Erinn are found,
It so shall be to the end of time
With the illustrious race of Eimher.

There fell to the share of the northern man
The professor of poetry with his noble gifts.
It is a matter of boast with the north that with them has remained
Excellence in poetry and its chief abode.

The native brought up to speak Gaelic rarely obtained sufficient ease and mastery of the English language to achieve greatness as a poet. If he devoted himself to the tongue through which he might hope for some



OLD DRINKING VESSELS OF WOOD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. MOORE.)

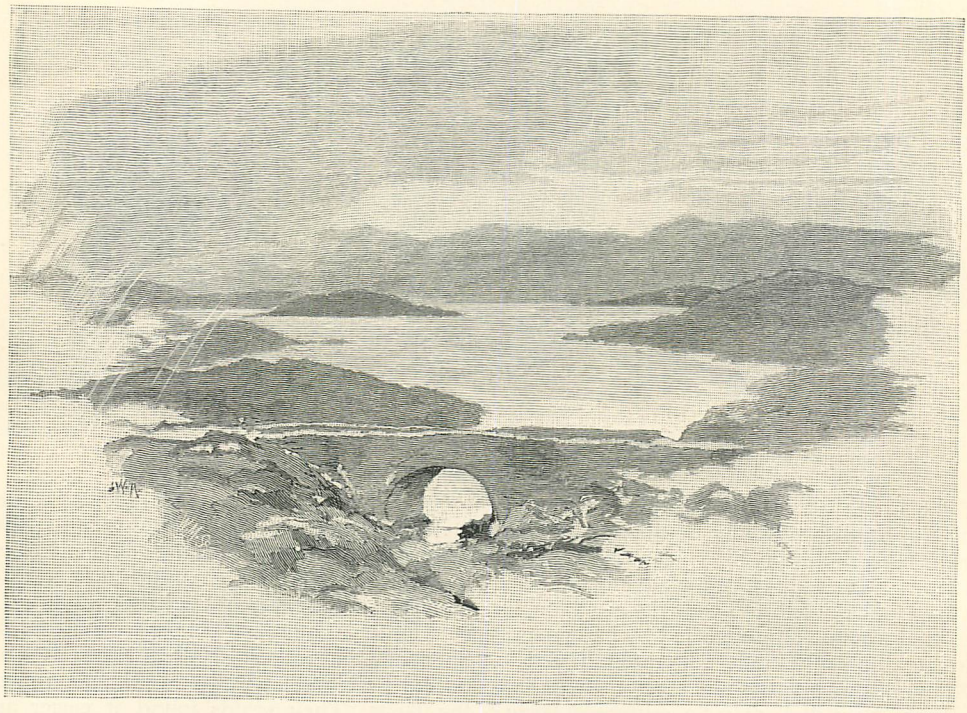
of the prizes offered by the wealthier nation and the English-speaking settlers in Ireland, he lost his hold on his own fine language. Talents of the highest order have been stifled in Ireland owing to this unlucky situation, for the land was too impoverished by bad government to allow of a modern literature in Gaelic.

The filés who wrote and sung their ballads in Irish, how shall they be estimated fairly? It is a task that cannot be undertaken with any hope of useful conclusions until far more of the old ballads and legends shall be translated and their age, their historical elements, and their allusions explained. Almost everything is still to be done before the old literature of Ireland is sifted and annotated to the point where it can be compared with that of other lands. A beginning has been made by Professor Arbois de Jubainville of the Collége de France, for whose "Essai d'un Catalogue de la Littérature Épique de l'Irelande" and his two volumes of "Cours de Littérature Celtique" all Irishmen, and all who hope to learn something of primitive Europe through the remains of Irish literature, must be profoundly grateful. Very thorough studies of the music and musical instruments are found in Eugene O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," with an introductory volume by W. K. Sullivan.

The apparently complete independence of Irish literature of the early writings by Britons is a constant surprise, and the professors of poetry among the Irish have no parallels in England. One must go to the Gaelic Highlands, to the bards from whom Macpherson obtained very late variants on many of the old stories and legends common to both countries, before a correspondence is discovered. In Iceland, on the other hand, we get figures among the scalds which are practically identical, and some of them bear Irish names. But we must give up the idea long cherished by students of Norse that the Icelandic literature antedates the Irish. Everything points the other way. The Icelanders appear to have had political as well as commercial reasons for knowing more about Ireland than about Norway, for their natural neighbors were the Faroe, Shetland, and other islanders who are connected by blood as well as by language with the Kelts. Their scalds found it easier and more profitable to study in Ireland and Great Britain than in the countries about the Baltic. Viollet-le-Duc says that in the Middle Ages the best harpers came from Brittany and Ireland.

In the later centuries there is apparent among the filés a tendency to be lavish of adjectives, florid in narration, given to the grotesque and absurd. In the more ancient lays there are grotesque and far-fetched things, but these appear to come from some root of cosmology, mythology, legend; not from that striving after novelty which destroys literature in the eyes of judges. The effect of the Norman conquest is very clear in many of the later stories. This could hardly fail to be the case

GROUP OF MEDIEVAL HARPERS. (FROM VIOLLET-LE-DUC'S "DICTIONNAIRE DU MOBILIER FRANÇAIS.")



APPROACH TO GLENGARIFF, BANTRY BAY, KERRY.

if, as we may be pretty sure, the fashion of writing down and reading off pieces, instead of reciting them from memory, only began to be general after the Normans arrived. Yet the wildest, most turgid Irish poem can hardly be said to contain comparisons so far-fetched as a large number of the Icelandic sagas, though written down about the same time, say from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. Alliteration, which is the chief artifice in the Kalewala of the Finns, and only less popular with the Saxon poets of England and Norse poets of Iceland, is used with the utmost discretion, so that even in those poems where it is the rule it does not force itself on the ear. The ordinary or end rhyme is common to Irish verse and has been thought to have driven alliteration out of English. The memorized tariff of tributes preserved in the "Book of Rights" has a good deal of rude rhyme; but so far as the present writer has observed, rhyme never became in Irish so fixed and artificial as it now appears in English and French poetry.

A medieval version of the battle of Magh Rath (Moyrà), which retains the metrical parts of an older version scattered through a prose account, after a fashion usual with Irish bards, shows slight traces of alliteration except in the lists of names of heroes, and hardly any of rhyme proper—at the most one may say of assonant rhyme. The battle was fought A. D. 637, between Domnall, the chief king of Ireland, and Congall Claen, a fugitive prince of Ulster, assisted by a large army composed of Highlanders, Picts, and Saxons.

Congall had exiled himself because he took it as an insult at the banquet of the king that poor food was set before him. The king sends a band of monks after him. When Congall sees them he is so fierce that they run away, but do not fail to curse him with bell and book. Then the king sends the poets of Erin after him, when Congall exclaims: "The munificent character of Ulster is tarnished forever, for we gave the poets no presents at the banqueting house, and they are following us to upbraid us." So that the man who is depicted as crazily fierce and violent, a ruthless, insufferable tyrant, receives the poets well and gives them presents according to custom.

On reaching Scotland in his flight, Congall is met by the four sons of the king of Scotland with a demand from each that he shall make his stay with him. But each wants a certain caldron belonging to his father which has very convenient traits. "Why was it called Caire Ainsicen?" asks the writer. "It is not difficult. It was the *caire*, or caldron, which was used to return his own proper share to each, and no party ever went away from it unsatisfied; for whatever quantity was put into it, there was never boiled of it but what was sufficient for the company according to their

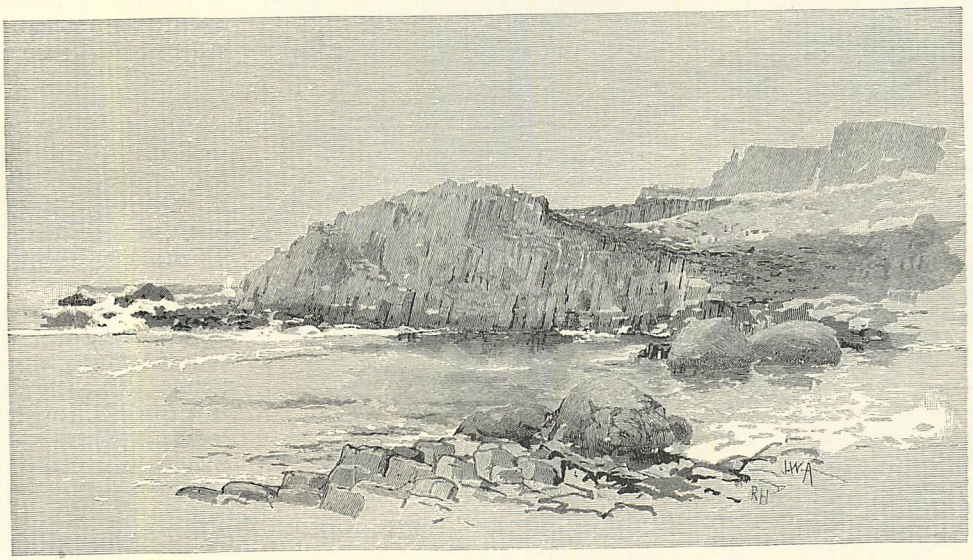
grade and rank." From a caldron like the one in the illustration, king, poet, and hero obtained their porridge, their boiled beef and mutton, and their venison. They ate flesh without forks, using their short skeans and their fingers to tear the meat. Their drink was ale or milk, kept in large receptacles like vats and served in wooden *methers*, or mead-cups, like those figured on page 897. The wooden mether was of course copied in metals or overlaid with thin shells of metal, but the great bulk of the people used those of wood. They are found from time to time in the bogs where they were concealed and forgotten, sometimes full of a curious substance which is supposed to be petrified butter.

The Druid of the exile's camp, going out to view this king and his army, returns and, to the great fury of Congall Claen, makes a magniloquent report of their appearance. As to Domnall himself:

Oh the size of the expert blue sword
Which is in his valiant right hand!
And the size of his great shield beside it!
The size of his broad green spear!

There are three clouds over his head —
A blue cloud, a black cloud, a white cloud;
The blue cloud of fine bright valor
And the white cloud of truth.

Families in Ireland, as in Scotland, maintained their harpers to celebrate the deeds of



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, NORTH OF IRELAND.

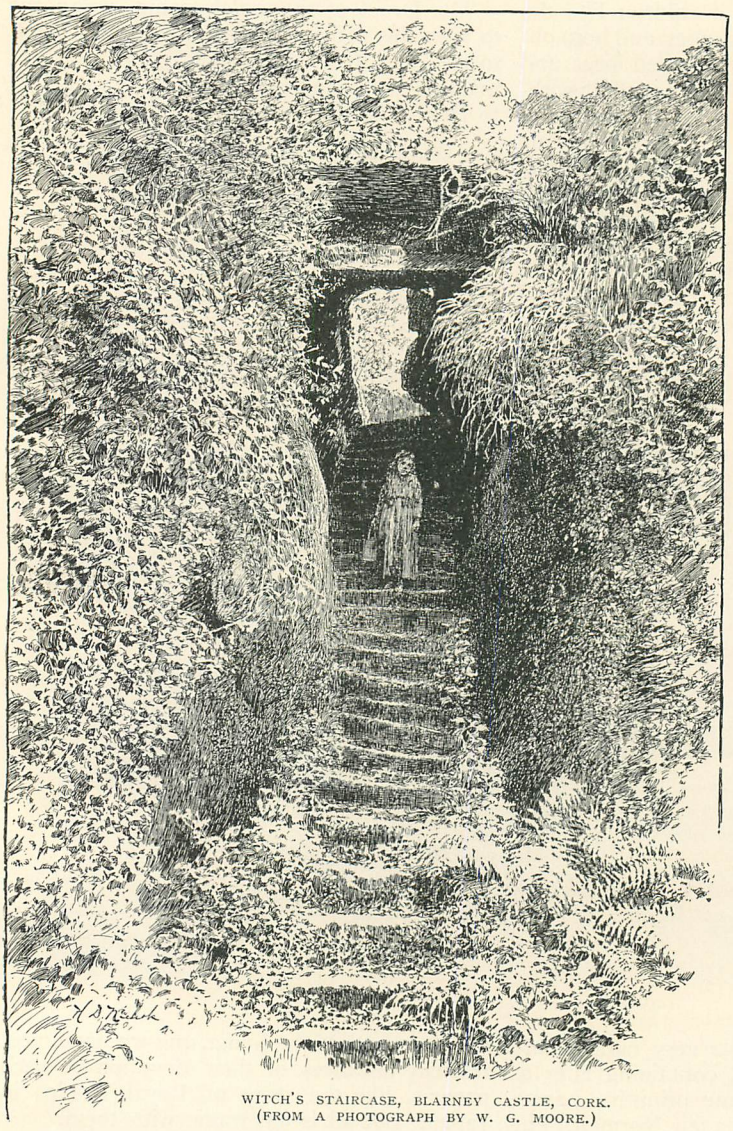
The Battle of Moyrà is a very curious and beautiful medieval poem, containing later as well as ancient traits, some primitive pagan, others old Keltic, and not a few Norman. The night before the battle Domnall did not sleep, though some, remarks the poet, may have slept soundly to the "thrilling, agreeable, and symphonious musical strings," and to the "low, mournful, soft strains of minstrels." When addressing his army Domnall compares himself to the sledge that drives the nail home, and his five sons to sparks driven from an anvil.

My own five sons of ruddy aspects —
Fergus, Aengus of troops,
Ailel and Colgu not penurious,
And the fifth Conall.

These are the sparks of my body,
The safety of all lies in their attack,
Ready in each road, furious their action
When coming against foreigners.

ancestors and of the living, and we have most tragical instances of their devotion to such patrons, like the story of Loyal Ronins in Japan. But all is not tragic with them.

Craftiné the harpist was an early prototype of the crowders and blind harpers now vanished from Ireland, but still found in Finland, and in other countries even less popular with the tourist. Of him the pleasing tale is told how he outwitted the parents of a princess who fell in love with his young master. Cobhtach, by a crime the king of the greater part of Ireland,— for he had killed his elder brother and poisoned his nephew, the chief of Leinster,— sought at first to keep his grandnephew Maen an idiot, since Maen was dumb from his birth and could not be chosen king. But Maen destroyed these hopes by suddenly developing the power of speech in an altercation with a schoolmate on the play-ground. As this made him eligible to the throne, Cobhtach banished him and his



WITCH'S STAIRCASE, BLARNEY CASTLE, CORK.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. MOORE.)

tutor Craftiné on the first good excuse; whereupon they took refuge with a powerful chief near Bantry Bay, Kerry. Here Maen fell desperately in love with the daughter of his host, but without the aid of his harper would have failed, as all previous lovers had, because a watch was kept on the girl by night and day, her parents themselves taking turns.

Craftiné chose the hour of banquet as the time when people were least on their guard; he called for his harp and played with such expression and skill that all eyes were fixed on him. The lovers stole away from the hall, and then Craftiné began a measure which lulled the court into a slumber or state of trance, during which the prince and princess had time to exchange pledges of eternal affection. As soon as they returned to their seats the harper changed from the Suantraighe, or sweet measure, to the Geantraighe, or lively measure, the effects of which were not only to awaken people from their trance, but to throw them into the happiest mood. Perhaps he changed again to a third measure generally mentioned in turn—the Goltraighe, or lament. At any rate the mother of the lovely Moriath heard the sound of sighs, which the maiden was too artless to suppress, and managed to extract from her the unwelcome news that she had pledged her troth to the exile. As the princess was inflexible, Maen obtained Moriath for his wife.

The poets of Ireland have been the men who collected the legends of Finno-Ugrian and Kelt and fused them into early songs out of which a later generation composed the literary treasures extant. They took the cosmological ideas common to each of these two races, made them more human, brought the gods from their sublime or malicious positions into flesh and blood, and made history serve as a framework on which to hang the curious, stirring, sometimes beautiful thoughts of the past races. The poets recorded the actual warfare between the fierce pagan Finns still lingering on the islands off Ireland and Scotland, and the mixed Keltic-Ugrian tribes of Erin and Caledonia. But to make it interesting they identified the Finns with the autumn or winter, and with night, calling them Fomoraigh (Fowri), and attributing to them complexions unnaturally dark, and magical powers of great virulence, as noted in "Early Heroes of Ireland" in the June CENTURY. The Finns treat the Lapps in the same way.

Whether as giants or as magicians who turn into seals, these men are still remembered on

the north coast. To coast-dwellers the Giant's Causeway is nothing but the remains of a line of stepping-stones joining Britain with Ireland, once used by the Fomoraigh. The basaltic columnar groups of rock are called *clochan na-bh Fomoraigh*, and the sea-caves thereabouts are thought to be haunted. Everything related is on a scale suited to giants, so that it is plain that the historical element in the tradition is faint compared with the mythological. The poet, as well as the tale-teller who does not compose in verse but uses prose, has preserved all these ideas after a fashion, so that one may still hear how Fion mac Cumhal met a giant who came across the sea by this causey, and how he fought or did not dare to fight him. The old myths, developed by the more learned poets into tragedies and comedies fitted for the listeners of their age, have retained in some places their early bigness and vagueness, and are merely nursery tales. In the grounds at Blarney Castle is a small flight of steps under a rock which has been seized by the imaginative in the same way, though apparently quite modern, and dubbed the "Witch's Staircase." But the great number of past filés has given to all the landmarks of Ireland a wealth of legend which can hardly be exhausted for many years, let ever so many volumes be published. Nearly every lake has its story of a city overwhelmed for the sins of its inhabitants, or its dragon slain by Fion mac Cumhal, St. Patrick, or some other favorite of the people.

The long training of the people in verse-composing and verse-reciting predisposes them to the composition of poetry of some degree of excellence. Irishmen and Irishwomen as a rule have a knack at writing if they receive any education at all, and are natural journalists and writers at an early age. The last remarkable poet of the filé kind known in Ireland was Carolan, the blind bard of the last century, whose portrait, and some of whose verses, translated and in the original, were published by James Hardiman. He was as peripatetic as Homer is said to have been, blind also, and certainly a fine if not a great poet. Though the race is not extinct, little except the most ordinary verse is published in Irish to-day, the audience being too small to tempt the most ardent patriot. With all its inherited shortcomings, and with the evils that befell it owing to circumstances, the poetic guild of ancient Ireland did the world a great service in keeping from destruction historical and national data lost from other parts of Europe. It also added not a little to the world's stock of tragic, of noble, and of comic fiction.

*Charles de Kay.*

## ROBERT BROWNING.

MOURN, Italy, with England mourn, for both
He sang with song's discriminating love,
Thy towers that flash the wooded crag above;
Thy trellised vineyard's purple overgrowth;
Thy matin balm; thy noontide's pleasing sloth;
Thy convent bell, dim lake, and homeward dove;
Thine evening star, that through the bowered alcove
Silvers the white flight of the circling moth.
He sang thy best and worst — false love, fierce war,
Renaissance craft, child graces, saintly art,
Old pomps from "Casa Guidi Windows" seen.
There dwelt he happy; there that minstrel queen,
Who shared his poet crown but gladdened more
To hold, unshared, her poet's manly heart.

*Aubrey de Vere.*

# ON THE FUR SEAL ISLANDS.

BY THE FIRST SPECIAL TREASURY AGENT.

SHORTLY after the cession of Russian America to the United States, the latter government began to take active measures for the protection of the few fisheries of the islands of the ceded territory, and thus it happened that I, as one who had had eighteen years' experience as a whaler in the North Pacific, became a factor in the plans for protection. My knowledge of the natural history, conditions of life, and currents of the North Pacific had brought me into communication with Professor Louis Agassiz and with Professor Benjamin Peirce, who was at the time Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and at their instance I was appointed by Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, first to report on the fur-seal fisheries and then to organize a system by which the interest of the islanders could be guarded and the seals protected against unnecessary destruction. The system established by me is still in active force. I reached the Fur Seal, or Pribyloff, Islands early in March, 1869, but it was not until the spring of 1871 that order was finally brought out of the confusion into which the fisheries had been thrown by the change in ownership, and we began operations under the lease granted to the Alaska Commercial Company. I had found the natives disorganized and terrified concerning their future, as the irregularities practiced by the various parties who had raided the islands for seals in the previous year had threatened extermination both to islanders and to seals; and the plan of fishing finally adopted was grafted on the general method which the Russians had observed, and in which the natives, who knew it, would therefore be likely to have confidence.

The Russians had maintained a head agent on the islands, with whom had been associated two creole subordinates who had been sufficiently educated in the counting-houses of Sitka to keep the accounts with the natives and to direct them in killing the seals and preparing the skins. A certain sum was allowed the islanders for compensation. The head agent employed three or four of the most capable men to direct parties at work, and the driving and killing of the seals had been left mainly to these. Their method had been to drive the seals as near as possible to the salting-houses, in order that the labor of carrying the skins might be made as light as possible; and they had become sufficiently expert in their work to understand that by killing the smaller seals the work would be lighter, though no discrimination was made as to the quality of the skins in the animals killed. The number of skins taken annually had varied from forty thousand to sixty thousand.

That the Government agent in charge of the islands might have full power to enforce and supervise all operations, it seemed best to leave to some responsible company the right to take a stated number of seals under restrictions and regulations that would best subserve the interests of the United States and of the natives themselves, who were to have the exclusive right to kill the seals and salt the skins.

When the sealing began in the spring of 1871, it soon became evident that the clumsy methods in vogue were open to very great improvement. To take the necessary number of seals to fill out the annual catch, the whole working force of the islands was kept busy from the 1st of June until September, the women helping, particularly in carrying the skins to the salting-houses. These had been built too far from the landing, and as soon as possible they were moved nearer to the beach, in order to facilitate the transfer of the skins to the boats on shipping. As the skins prepared for shipment, and all the salt necessary for curing them, had to be carried on the backs of the natives across a broad beach of soft sand and through the shallow water to and from boats, a railway of light iron rails was eventually built, to be laid in movable sections, with high-wheeled flat-cars. Mules, carts, and harnesses were brought to the islands, and whenever the skins were to be carried to the salting-houses from the slaughter-grounds the boys and girls, for the sake of the ride back in the empty carts, were ready to load them. This relieved the women of the necessity of all outdoor work in sealing time, except occasional journeys for the necessary supply of seal flesh for food. Later, when we had taught them to make bread and had introduced various articles of food, seal flesh and blubber, which had been formerly almost the sole means of sustenance, were used much less frequently. Under the lease held by the Alaska Commercial Company the number

of seals to be killed annually was limited to 100,000; and at 40 cents a skin, the sum allowed the natives for each skin brought in, $40,000 was annually divided among the islanders employed in the killing of seals. We learned when the returns for the first season's catch were made that the skins were assorted into fourteen or fifteen classes. A small number—less than ten per cent.—ranked as first-class, at $14 a skin; about the same per cent. fell to less than $2.50 each, while the general average was about $5.87. This discrepancy in the value of the skins called attention at once to the question of what constituted the difference in quality between a skin worth $14 and one worth only $2.50. An agent of the Company was sent to London to examine the skins as they were classified for the market: the result of his examination revealed the fact that the fur of a seal was most valuable when the animal was three years old, the proportion being that at present prices a two-year-old seal would be worth $15 or $16, a three-year-old $16 or $19, a four-year-old $16, and a five-year-old only $2.50. As the agent had the opportunity of selecting the animals before killing, he aimed to take as many three-year-old seals as possible, making out the one hundred thousand from those two or four years old. This trebled the value of the annual catch at once. Again, it being desirable to secure the quantity with the least possible loss of life, a careful supervision of the manner of driving the seals to the slaughter-ground was instituted. Very fat seals often become overheated in driving, and die from convulsions, rendering their fur valueless for the market. In consequence of this difficulty each driver is required to carry a club and a knife, that any seal showing indications of an overheated condition may be killed immediately and skinned. These skins are collected after the herd is cared for, and are usually equal to eight or ten per cent. of the whole drive.

The cost of maintaining these fisheries is about $10,000 a year; the revenue obtained during the twenty years that the present lease has been running amounts to $365,000 a year. A careful count is made of the number of skins taken, each party through whose hands they pass keeping its own account. First they are counted by the chiefs, that the natives may be paid a proper sum; the Treasury officer in charge of the islands counts them when they are taken from the salting-houses for shipment; when received at the side of the vessel they are counted by the executive officer for his bills of lading; at San Francisco a revenue officer takes charge of them and has them counted; they are counted again at the warehouse in San Francisco, where they are packed in one-hundred-gallon tierces and shipped to New York, and thence to London, where they are counted twice again before they are ready for sale. An important element in the economy of the business is that, by reason of the many improved methods used in capturing and handling the seals, the time required for this work has been materially shortened. Formerly the work was continued from the 1st of June until September, but now the whole time required for taking the one hundred thousand skins and shipping them has been shortened to forty-five days. This gain in time also increases the value of the skins, as the fur is far brighter when the seals first land.

The present lease to the Alaska Commercial Company expires July 1, 1890. When the lease was granted, in 1870, the bids were governed by the average price of sealskins in London, which had never exceeded $6. Under the terms of the lease the Company paid the Government an average price of $3.65 per skin. If the business was profitable at that rate, the Government should now obtain a much larger share, in consideration of the trebled value of the skins in the London market at the present time. As there should be a large increase in the number of seals now available, owing to the improved methods of killing which reserve all the females, a far larger number might now be killed annually—perhaps twice as many. The seals occupy as breeding-grounds about eight miles of coast-line, and at the beginning of my stay on the islands I estimated the number of breeding females to be fully 1,130,000. When I left, eight years later, a similar method of computation gave 1,800,000 breeding females on the ground.

The males come to the islands the 1st of May and remain until about the 20th of July, when they scatter slowly, although a large number of them remain as late as November. The males appear on the ground first, and soon after their arrival they begin to locate about a rod apart, forming a line the entire length of the shore. The younger and weaker males, beaten back by the stronger, coast along, entering the bays, and haul up on the hillsides and in the valleys. The greatest number at any one time upon St. Paul, the largest of the islands, is on the 20th of July, when we have estimated the number to be five millions. The seals really walk on four legs, raising their bodies from the ground as they move. Under favorable conditions they travel about a mile and a half an hour, and the longest drive we ever made was eight miles. As England alone has the necessary skilled labor for preparing the skins for final sale, she receives an amount of profit from the fur-seal fisheries equal to the whole profit of the United

States in the islands, and she therefore is equally interested in the question of wanton destruction of the seals. Under such circumstances an international agreement for the protection and regulation of the trade ought not to be difficult to obtain.

The Fur Seal Islands lie nearly in the middle of Behring's Sea, the nearest mainland being three hundred miles away to the north. When discovered in 1789 they were uninhabited, although traces of firebrands gave proof of earlier visitors. The islands are four in number — St. Paul, St. George, Otter, and Walrus, the former being the largest, though but fifteen miles long. It is triangular in shape, and furnishes ninety per cent. of the whole number of seals. The average mean temperature for the year is about the same as that of New England, though it is cooler in summer and warmer in winter. The islands are of volcanic origin, but around the shores accumulations of marine sand have been washed up by the sea, which high winds have driven over the rocky surface, forming a light soil. The moist climate has clothed this with a thick vegetation, and in the valleys and lower plains a wild grass resembling rye abounds, which furnishes excellent feed for horses and sheep. On the hillsides great masses of purple lupine grow, and a thick moss-like plant is found, which bears a delicious berry, and is much used for making wine as well as for cooking purposes.

On the whole group of Aleutian Islands there were 8000 people, and on the Fur Seal Islands about 400. A few of the men from the latter had been to Sitka on Russian vessels, and two or three had been taught enough of the Russian language to allow them to act as clerks in keeping accounts with the natives, but the great body of the people had never been from home. They had no money, and trade was chiefly a barter. The houses were merely turf huts, half underground, and the only fuel was seal blubber, and seal flesh and blubber almost the only food. For lighting their huts they also used seal oil, in small dishes with floating wicks, and of course the ceilings were always sooty. The necessity for improved habitations was evident, and later when the sealing company holding the lease offered to build houses and permit the natives to live in them free of rent, no time was lost in accepting the generous proposal. Before I left St. Paul there had been built small cottages of three rooms sufficient to house every family on the island. The people were so convinced of the necessity of keeping their habitations underground for warmth that at first we could not convince them that houses could be made comfortable in any other way. We passed through various stages of unsatisfactory yieldings to this prejudice, but our last houses were the best, and were built on high ground, uncompromisingly above the earth. A skillful mechanic was brought out by the sealing company, and under his guidance the natives soon became sufficiently expert to assist very materially in building. After a row of foundations, the length of the street, had been made ready, the people were divided into three gangs, who were soon able to put up one of these houses and finish it in a day. One gang laid the sills and floors, another set up the frame and boarded the house laid the day before, and the third shingled the roof and clapboarded the walls of the one framed two days before. We introduced furniture as quickly as possible; and it was not long before the islanders were as comfortably situated as are the average employees in any manufacturing community.

It was interesting to note the difference in character crop out as the community gradually took upon itself civilization. Some were naturally prudent, and easily saved a surplus; others would be in debt at the end of the year. In 1877 a small proportion of their number, perhaps ten per cent., had invested about ten or twelve hundred dollars with the Fur Company; another ten per cent. were always in want; the remainder spent what they received. The best paid class, the ablest workers, received over four hundred dollars each for their season's work, and as they could obtain a large part of their food from the resources of the island without cost, and received their houses furnished, rent free, their needs were few. To foreign ways in clothes and fashion they inclined very naturally. The year before my coming sealing-parties had brought to the island considerable quantities of ready-made clothing as an article of trade, and the men were consequently fairly well dressed; but only a small quantity of cloth suitable for dresses had been taken, and the women had not begun to make their clothing in any regular form. But in time, with some assistance, their ready adaptability made them a very well-dressed people. Before I came away the wives of those who had been saving sent their measures to Sitka with orders for silk dresses for church wear, and the young men arrayed themselves in broadcloth, wore gloves and well-blacked boots, and carried perfumed handkerchiefs.

As my time was not fully taken up with my duties, and good fortune brought to me an abiding place of unusual size for St. Paul, I seized the happy chance of making my house a meeting-place for the people, and especially for the children. Later we fitted up a schoolroom, which we also made a place for social entertainment, and kept the school open eight months in the year. We were greatly assisted

in our school duties by illustrated books and papers sent to us; for so unvaried and barren was the scenery of the island, which was all of the world these children had ever seen, that it was well-nigh impossible for them to comprehend physical objects of the simplest nature. What a mountain might be was beyond their understanding, and the difficulty of explaining the appearance of a great forest to children who knew no vegetable growth larger than the purple lupine on their gentle slopes was greater than one can tell. It was necessary, however, to exercise the strictest censorship in our illustrated lessons, as it was difficult for all to comprehend caricature even in its simplest forms; even the most impossible pictures they believed represented facts.

I found the people living in separate families, and, as far as I could see, there was no more immorality among them than would be found in any decent civilized community. The women were modest in deportment, the children obedient and respectful to their parents, and the men always manifested a disposition to assist me in all my efforts.

In character they were mild and gentle, with the expression of settled melancholy habitual to those races which have no amusements. In this respect, however, they changed greatly as opportunity developed the merriment latent in their nature. The children when first taught to speak did so in a serious way, and the utter absence of anything like hearty laughter in a group of them always affected me strangely. It seemed as if their avenues of expression were closed to pleasure, and later, when they had learned the simple games I taught them, it was a great satisfaction to me to hear my rooms ring with their merry voices.

*Charles Bryant.*

## "AND HIS WILL IS OUR PEACE."

E la sua volontade è nostra pace.—DANTE.

O RESTLESS soul of man, unsatisfied
With the world's empty noise and feverish glare,
Sick with its hopes of happiness denied,
The dust and ashes of its promise fair;

Baffled and buffeted, thy days perplexed,
Thy cherished treasures profitless and vain,
What comfort hast thou, captive, thwarted, vexed,
Mocked by mirage of joys that merge in pain?

Though love be sweet, yet death is strong, and still
Inexorable change will follow thee;
Yea, though thou vanquish every mortal ill,
Thou shalt not conquer mutability!

The human tide goes rushing down to death;
Turn thou a moment from its current broad,
And listen: what is this the silence saith,
O soul? "Be still, and know that I am God!"

The mighty God! Here shalt thou find thy rest,
O weary one! There is naught else to know,
Naught else to seek — here thou mayst cease thy quest,
Give thyself up. He leads where thou shalt go.

The changeless God! Into thy troubled life
Steals strange, sweet peace; the pride that drove thee on,
The hot ambition and the selfish strife
That made thy misery, like mist are gone;

And in their place a bliss beyond all speech;
The patient resignation of the will
That lifts thee out of bondage, out of reach
Of death, of change, of every earthly ill.

*Celia Thaxter.*

# A DUSKY GENIUS.

Je connois l'arbre avoir la gomme.—VILLON.

THE founder of a school of thought, the originator of a new strain in art, or the discoverer of an untouched region in the domain of science — any one of these is a tempting subject for an essay; but I hesitate to begin, although I feel sure of the unusual interest that the story of Rack Dillard's life and labors must command. Were it possible to set the man before the world, to be seen in flesh and blood, not even the most cunning art could add to the effect, for Rack Dillard was a genius of no doubtful quality, as a few of the world's keenest intellects have already found out.

He was a black negro slave, illiterate of course, or nearly so; a lover of tobacco; a Baptist in faith, and yet somewhat given to the use of profane language. Presently you shall see that he was the general type of his race — a personal forecast of the influence to be exerted by slavery upon the civilization which was to follow in the wake of freedom. His genius was but a slender strain, it is true, and the results of his labors appear slight; but we must keep our standard just while we measure. He was a slave throughout the flower of his life, drawing not one breath of absolute liberty before he was seventy years old, unable to read or write until after he was seventy-six, and quite ignorant of the simplest elements of mathematics, even when he died in triumph at the ripe old age of eighty-three. And yet he occupies a high place, despite the extreme restrictions and rigid limitations of his life. You will note that I say a high place is his now, although his elevation, as has been the case too often with genius, was not reached until after his death, which took place in 1872, at his humble little home in Rabun County, Georgia. Pilgrim devotees of the new school in art, enthusiastic followers of the latest form of science, are beginning to make Rack Dillard's grave a shrine; and the man who owns the rude cabin where this remarkable negro lived and worked so long is making a handsome income by demanding of every visitor a small fee.

Last spring, returning from a sojourn at Bay St. Louis, I bent my course so as to spend a week in the region made classic by Lanier — the high hill country through whose valleys and gorges flow, with here a purple pool and there a foaming cataract, the two most beautiful rivers in the world, the Tallulah and the Ulufta. It was not to verify Lanier's musical descriptions, however, that I went up through the valleys of Hall into the heart of the Blue Ridge. The tender jingle of the poet's rhymes may have been in my ears,— doubtless it was,— but my thoughts were busy with the revolution that Rack Dillard had wrought in a certain domain of art and with the effect he had made upon one of the greatest forces in our civilization. I felt the picturesqueness, and, if I may say it, the fitness of the sketch I might make out of the materials of the old negro's life. It seemed to me that the world had not done its duty by him, and that his influence, while it had been made the most of, had not been properly acknowledged in a public way. It is true, as I have said, that a few zealous and enthusiastic men and women, mostly Southerners, to their credit be it said, have formed a quiet but efficient society devoted to the study of Dillard's, or, as it is usually called, Rack's philosophy, and some of the members make pilgrimages to Rack's grave; still the world has been kept in ignorance of him for whom the cult exists and by whom the school was founded.

The mountains of Rabun County are, I believe, the cerebral part of the great Blue Ridge vertebral column — the culmination, the flower of what is, perhaps, the most interesting chain of upheaval in America. The region is an extremely dry, isolated, and lonely one, with every element in its air, its quietude, and its stability of conditions to make it a congenial habitat for philosophy. Naturally it would be hard for news to escape from such a place, and, besides, mountain people are uncommunicative to an exasperating degree.

That Rack Dillard, the first man of science (both chronologically and in point of eminence) given by the negro race to America — that this preëminent, though illiterate, savant should have spent his whole length of days in the foothills by the rocky banks of the Ulufta — a slave, as I have said, for more than threescore and ten years — is a romance which grips the imagination more engagingly than can any story of troubadour or any chronicle of the age of heroes and gods.

Dillard's cabin, kept now by a shrewd Yankee for gain, is reached by a narrow clay

road slipping away from the pretty mountain village of Clayton and winding its course like a brick-red serpent through a dry, rugged, often picturesque country. As one advances, the character of the landscape gradually breaks up and assumes that composite quality so attractive to the artist and the geologist. The road slowly shrinks, as a river that loses itself in sand, and at last becomes a mere shadowy path, leaf-strewn and bough-shaded, drawn through the stony, brushy, silent hills to the foot of the mountain known locally by the appropriate but not over-euphonious name of the Hog Back.

For some distance before reaching the Dillard cabin, or, as it is better known, Rack's house, one follows the course of the beautiful Ulufta, with the bubbling water on one side of him and the tumbled, distorted, and rock-pierced foothills on the other. If he is a sportsman and has brought his tackle with him, here are pools and swirls whereon he shall not cast a fly in vain, since every stone in the stream has a shadow in which lurks a bass. The man of science will find much to study on every hand, and the artist could not ask for a more varied and fascinating field for his sketch-book and pencil. As for myself, somewhat given to the practices of the sportsman, the artist, and the votary of science, all in turn, not a step of the way failed to interest me vividly. Looking back at it now, the little journey fills me with a sense of the picturesque and the romantic, touched with a dry, arid, preservative quality quite indescribable, yet altogether distinct and well ascertained. The huge fragmentary rocks with their sear gray lichens worn, like faded rosettes, upon their imperishable breasts; the trees, now stunted, now giantesque, as the soil varied or the species alternated, touched with green and yellowish mosses near the ground; the sound of the breeze overhead, and the murmur of the river here or a spring-stream there; the fragrance of opening buds and springing spathes; the voices of birds, many of them mere migrants, like myself, dallying for a day or two — all these, with glimpses of high precipices and far blue peaks, the whole overarched with a tender, almost violet sky, linger with me, as vague as a dream, as real as the furniture in my study, making up one of the most striking and perpetually differentiated impressions set in my memory.

When at last one turns aside from what by courtesy is the main road, he approaches Dillard's cabin from the west, the gravelly bed of a bright brooklet serving as guide. The structure appears to lean for support against the face of a perpendicular cliff whose fringe of cedars, stunted and gnarled, overtops the decaying and mossy roof that slants forward so as to cover a rude porch or veranda in front, near which stands the stump of an old mulberry tree. Thanks to the keen business sense of the Yankee, the place has been kept just as Rack left it, with all its furniture and belongings intact.

From the cabin door a well-worn path curves round the corner of the escarpment and turns over the hill-spur to the much more pretentious dwelling formerly owned and occupied by Rack's master, Judge Spivey Dillard, a somewhat eccentric man, who during the latter part of his life devoted all his time in a way to biological investigations and to reading the works of Darwin, Owen, Macgillivray, and Alfred Wallace. He was a bachelor, living alone, surrounded with such luxury as he cared for, leaving to his slaves the management of a valuable plantation in the bottom lands of the Ulufta River.

Rack was about sixty years old when his master retired him from active field work and permitted him to assume the lighter duties of a house servant — a man of chores, to come from his cabin at any moment, day or night, rain or shine, whenever the judge blew a blast upon a small tin horn kept for the purpose.

Doubtless it was from his master, who as his years increased became more and more inclined to scientific garrulousness, that Rack caught the first suggestions which led to his singular, and under the circumstances successful, career in a slender but interesting course of science and art.

The earliest intimation of the negro's work in his chosen line came to the judge one day when he blew his horn and for the first time Rack failed to answer the summons. A second blast had no better effect, and a third echoed away through the woods without response. Judge Dillard felt sure that his faithful servant had met with some ill, and, acting upon the moment's impulse, hastened over to Rack's cabin, where he found the old fellow in a rapt state, seated on his sheepskin stool under the then flourishing mulberry tree. The judge thought that Rack was asleep; the suggestion engendered rage.

"Rack, what do you mean here, you lazy old lubber you? I 'll wear you as thin as a hand-saw in half a minute!" he exclaimed, rushing upon him and shaking him till he fairly rattled.

Rack bounced up like an india-rubber ball, and drew in a deep, gasping breath.

"Why did n't you answer that horn, you old vagabond?" continued the judge, with another vigorous shake and two or three resounding cuffs. "Tell me, or I 'll mash every ultimate molecule in the tissues of your body!"

Rack dodged, grunted, and gasped again, getting his breath as a man who comes out of a plunge in cold water.

"Lost your tongue, have you?" the judge went on, still cuffing vigorously. "I 'll stir up your nerve-cells and jar your ganglions into activity; I 'll knock all your foramens into one; I 'll make magma of you; I 'll reduce you to protoplasmic pulp!"

The negro soon got himself together, and tore away from his master's grasp. His voice came to him at the same time, and it was no child's voice.

"Stop dat! stop dat!" he exclaimed, dodging meantime sundry blows and kicks. "Yo' do' know w'at yo' doin', Mars Spivey; 'fo' de Lor', yo' don'!"

But the judge did not stop until quite out of breath and otherwise exhausted. He had managed to hurt himself much more than he had punished the negro, and now, panting and glaring, he sank upon the stool, his grizzled beard quivering and his hat awry.

"I 's pow'ful s'prise at yo', Mars Spivey; 'fo' Gor, I is," Rack remarked, wiping the perspiration from his face with his sleeve while, with his feet apart, he squared himself in front of the judge. "W'en yo' bu's' in on dat ca'c'lation o' mine, yo' jes eberlastin' did play de berry debil wid er 'vestigation ob science, I tell yo'."

Judge Dillard's fiery eyes, still bent upon his servant's face, shot forth a queer gleam as Rack uttered the word "science." Probably if he had not been so very blown and tired he would have renewed his assault and battery; but the sheepskin stool, with its deep, soft fleece, was a restful seat.

"W'en yo' begin yo' wo'k onto me jes now," Rack went on, "er-thumpin' me ober de head, an' er-whangin' me in de face an' eyes, an' er-jerkin' de berry liver an' lights out'n me, I jes at dat time ready ter re'ch fo' a 'clusion in biorology, an' yo' knock it plumb frough me an' stomp it inter de ye'th."

By this time the judge had recovered himself somewhat, so that he recollected what it was that he wanted of Rack.

"You just biology off to the stable, and take Bald Eagle"—that was his saddle-horse—"over to the blacksmith's shop and have his shoes reset; and, Rack, the very next time that you go to sleep and don't hear my horn I 'll take you down the country and sell you, see if I don't!" He delivered this order, set with the sting of the most terrible threat known to an up-country slave, in a tone which made Rack's soul shiver. The negro stood not on the manner of his going, but went forthwith to do the task assigned him.

Judge Dillard remained on the soft stool, and, leaning his head against the cool bark of the mulberry tree, gazed idly up into the thick, dark foliage, now splashed with the soft purple of the ripening berries. His recent exertion and excitement had left him quite averse to further physical or mental effort; indeed, the reaction gradually engendered in him that dreamy, misty mood which in its soothing restfulness is next to sleep. A woodpecker, with a black jacket and a scarlet head, came and alighted on a corner of the cabin roof where a course projected. It eyed the judge a moment, then beat a fine rolling tattoo on the resonant end of a warped board. The sound was a peculiar one, double in its nature, the second or undertone being a strange, vibrant strain, sweet as the softest note of flute or violin. The judge's ears were in just the most receptive condition; the vague, sweet, ringing chord flowed in and thrilled throughout his senses. A mocking-bird had been flitting about in the mulberry tree overhead, and the judge noticed that it had the peculiar habit of fetching mulberries to a certain point on a stout bough, where it thrust them into a small pit or knot-hole, and, after churning them for a little while with its beak, drank their rich subacid juice. To the half-dreaming man of science observations of this nature were distantly suggestive. His lips moved, and he murmured, "Strange that while the harsh-voiced *melanerpes erythrocephalus* is drawing aboriginal music from a fragment of *pinus mitis*, the silver-tongued *mimus polyglottus* is content to make cider from the insipid fruit of *morus rubra*." At the sound of his words both birds flew away as if terribly frightened.

The judge was a good-hearted man, though rather hasty-tempered, and when his calmer mind began to contemplate the treatment given Rack a while ago, a twinge of remorse shot through it. He recalled, with a vague sense of its extreme novelty, the fact that Rack had claimed, and with intense seriousness, that his lapse from duty had been owing to complete absorption in a scientific investigation. The judge chuckled heartily, then became grave, as the phases of the situation passed from ludicrous to pathetic. What if, after all, a negro could comprehend and follow the golden threads of biological study? What if he, Judge Spivey Dillard, jurist and scientist, had thumped and cuffed and pounded a man, black though he was and born slave, just at the moment when a mystery of life was beginning to make itself comprehensible to his understanding? The thought was heavy with suggestions over which the judge pondered deep and long; then he slept, leaning heavily against the tree, while the dry mountain air fanned his furrowed face and shook the grizzled beard that fringed his

lank jaws and protruding chin. Through his slumber fell the sweet bouquet of the luscious berries and the tender rustle of the broad leaves. The woodpecker returned again and again to sound a bar or two of his queer music on the old warped board, and the mocking-bird ventured back to the little pit wherein he churned his mulberries and made his fragrant wine.

Judge Dillard awoke just as Rack came shuffling down the path, returning from doing his errand. The old gentleman heard the familiar footfalls, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and stretched himself. Rack, lifting both hands and expanding his eyes dramatically, exclaimed:

"Well, 'fo' de Lor'! Mars Spivey, yo' loungin' roun' yer yit? Wha' gwine happen nex', I wonder? Been 'sleep all dis time?"

The judge yawned again, but he was eying Rack keenly, as if to look through and through him. The old slave noted this with misgiving, secretly fearing, indeed, that something was going to be said on the subject of a hand of fine leaf tobacco that he had surreptitiously abstracted from his master's store not long since; but the judge merely remarked that he had been feeling a trifle drowsy, and then added:

"Sit down there, Rack," indicating a corner of the porch-floor. "I want to interrogate you touching biology."

It would be tedious and quite uninstructive to insert here the long dialogue that ensued between the judge and his slave. The almost unpronounceable words, the Greek and Latin phrases, and the Darwinian quotations indulged in by the white man, were thoroughly equilibrated by the savage interpretation of them rendered by the negro. To say that Rack reveled in the conversation would be but a shadowy expression of the truth. Indeed, his enjoyment was ecstatic, even excruciating, as was proved by his bodily writhing and his facial contortions. For how many long years had he been furtively catching detached bits of his master's learning, growing hungrier and thirstier day by day for the full draught he was now taking in! Every precious word of the jargon of science caught by his ears had been held in the tenacious grip of his memory. He had crooned over them in the depth of the night; he had sung them in the field; he had conned them while hunting the famous 'possum of the Ulufta valley, until they had entered into the innermost fibers of his life, so to speak, and been assimilated perfectly without being in the least digested.

Nor was Judge Spivey Dillard less charmed than his slave with the occasion current. He

"YO' DO' KNOW W'AT YO' DOIN'."

came near forgetting to ask Rack for further explanation of the alleged investigation which had led to the recent encounter; but he caught himself just in time. Rack was ready, nay eager, to enlighten his master.

"Well, sah, Mars Spivey," he began, crossing his index fingers in front of him, "dat wa' er ques'ion ob de gineral aberage ob ci'cumstances; or, speakin' mo' plainer, it wa' jes dis: what air de biorology ob er singin' boa'd, an' er mockin'-bird 'at feeds er mu'berry limb, an' er 'possum w'at kin go out, jes like er can'le w'en yo' blow it?"

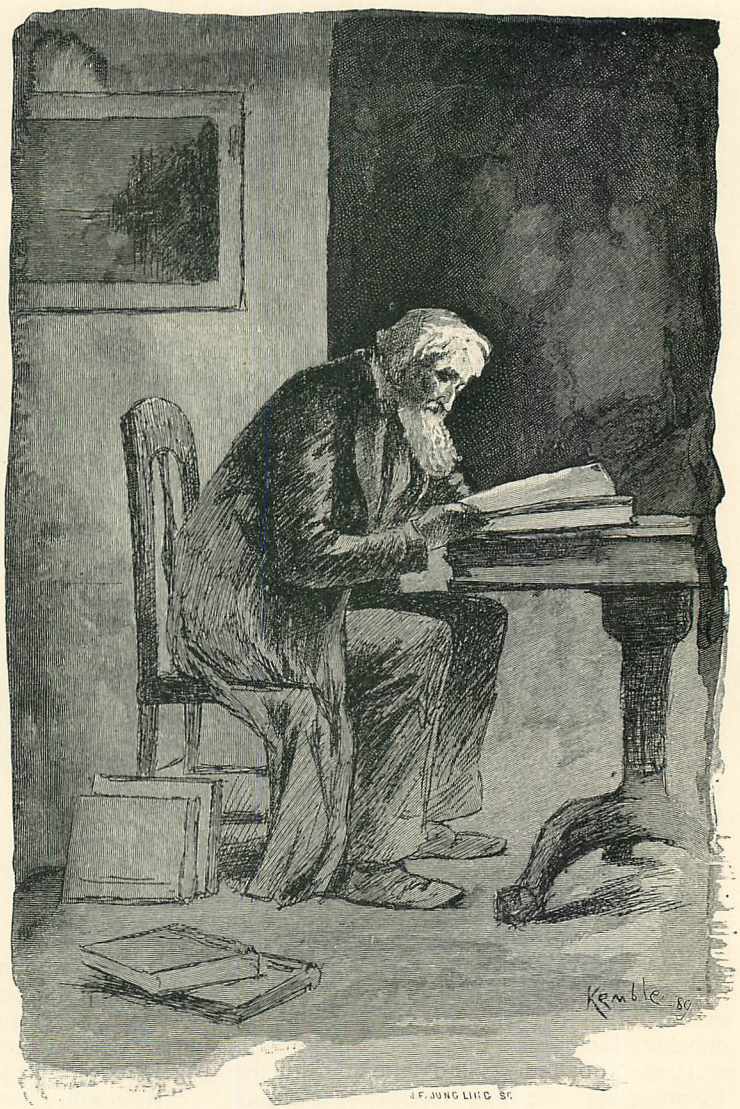
The judge, more from long habit than from any desire to have this apparently absurd proposition simplified, straightened himself up a little and said:

"Repeat that statement, Rack."

"Ce'tainly, sah, ce'tainly; I gwine mek it reas'n'ble ter yo' gum'tion, 'migetly, sah," responded the negro, lifting one forefinger and tapping the other with it. "It 's dis yer way: dey 's er dry old boa'd 'at kin sing er chune; dey 's er mockin'-bird w'at feeds er mu'berry

limb; an' dey 's er wollopin' great big old 'possum 'at kin jes fade right out an' tu'n hese'f inter nothin' w'ile yo' 's er-lookin' at 'im. Dat 's w'at I done been er-'vestigatin' w'en yo' try ter tah me all ter pieces dis mo'nin'; an' jes as yo' light onter me I was er-j'inin' dem fac's tergedder an' jes er-re'chin' out fo' de aberage ob 'm. Mighty sorry yo' do dat, Mars Spivey; it gwine ter be er great loss ter biorology, sah, sho 's yo' bo'n, sah."

The judge was disgusted in one sense, and in another he was, strange to say, deeply interested. He was curious to know just what Rack meant by a singing-board, a mocking-bird that fed a mulberry limb, and a 'possum that could render itself invisible at will. Pursuing this curiosity, he catechized the negro after the artful manner of a lawyer to the business born. Rack was slow to give up his secret, but, bit by bit, the judge drew out the whole of it. The singing-board was the one in the cabin's roof upon which the woodpecker beat its long roll in the morning. The under-hum of that sonorous piece of wood was still softly reverberating in the judge's ears. The mocking-bird that fed the limb was the one that the judge himself had seen churning mulberries to pulp in the opening on the bough overhead; but the 'possum that could fade out and disappear had been met by no man save Rack. And what a 'possum it was!—as large as a six-months'-old pig, with a tail quite a yard long, and a nose that turned up almost at right angles. Time and again Rack had come upon this magnificent animal down in the Ulufta bottoms, where the timber was thick and heavy; but he could by no art known to the 'possum-hunter capture it, for the reason that it invariably faded away to nothing, as ghosts are said to do, leaving only a faint, wan light flickering for a moment where it had been.




JUDGE DILLARD.

Somehow when Rack, in his simple dialect, related how for more than twenty years he had lain in his lowly bed of mornings listening to the strange, sweet vibrations of that singing-board; and how for the same period, during every year's mulberry season, he had watched the mocking-bird stuff the fruit into the hole in that limb; and, more than all, how for a score of autumns and winters he had used every means at command to capture that wonderful 'possum, it got the judge's imagination aroused and set his memory to work. His long-lost youth brought up a host of experiences left fifty years behind, and among them hunting

the 'possum was perhaps the raciest and most barbaric. Those were the days when a persimmon had exquisite flavor, and when muscadines were better than any garden grape. For a while he tasted over again the far-away sweets of boyhood; smelt the keen fragrance; saw the gay colors; heard the ravishing sounds; felt the thrill of vigorous, buoyant, untainted life. Elusive, pungent reminiscences came in and wandered through his mind like bees through an old weed-grown flower-bed.

"Yes, sah, yo' busted up er powerfu' close ca'c'lation by yo' onreason'ble savagerousness dis mo'nin', Mars Spivey," insisted Rack, shaking his head dolefully, and ending with a long, deep sigh of regret. "Yo' onj'inted my 'magination."

This touched the judge, for at the moment he was fixing one of those shadowy half-remembrances. Surely it was so — yes, it was so — he vaguely recollected it — yes, once, long years ago, an opossum had disappeared mysteriously right before his eyes. The animal was at the time hanging by its tail to the low, full-fruited bough of a persimmon tree; he approached it with a club, when, lo! it faded away and was gone. Now he described the incident to Rack, who received it with delight, and from that day forward the two men discussed at intervals the possibility of a marsupial's having the power of self-elimination under great stress of danger. For some time the negro was chiefly a listener, while his master, seated in a deep chair on the stoop of the mansion, dilated with much show of learning upon the isolated position of the opossum family in the animal kingdom. The judge had a theory of his own, to the effect that a 'possum represented humor of a more or less comic sort, and he explained to Rack that it was the 'possum-eating habit among the negroes of the South which had given them their sense of barbaric comedy and their love of humorous music.

"It is nothing in the world but 'possum-fat," said he, with learned gravity; "nothing but 'possum-fat that has made such idiots of you niggers. It makes your heads wag, and your hands pat, and your feet dance; it makes you laugh at everything, and act the fool generally. In short, Rack, 'possum-fat is the essential oil of tomfoolery and buffoonery and absurd comicality."

But Rack was longing for a scientific explanation of the singing-board and the limb-feeding mocking-bird.

"But there is no correlation between these simple things and the opossum question; no correlation whatever, Rack," the judge explained.

"But I say dey is," asserted Rack, with a vehemence that fairly startled his master. "Dey is er corroliation, so dey is, an' dat jes w'a' I gwine show yo' w'en yo' try tah me up."

"Rack, I say to you that there is no correlation whatever," replied the judge.

"Dey is, dey is, I tell yo'," retorted Rack.

The judge reached for his cane, and the negro bolted away, as if shot from a war-wolf, his big flat feet pounding the path with rapid and resounding strokes until the cabin was reached.

Rack's memory was remarkable. He kept in mind the 'possum theory advanced by his master, and it grew upon him day by day, apropos of which he went about singing the old quatrain:

> W'en de ole 'possum gwine ter run,
> His hide jes nat'ly bu'st wid fun;
> Ef nigger knock 'im on de head,
> He still keep grinnin' w'en he dead!

Many times the same question arose as to the possibility of a correlation between the singing-board, the mocking-bird that fed the mulberry limb, and the opossum that could disappear at will; but the disagreement of master and slave was, it appeared, insurmountable. The judge finally formulated his proposition thus: "There cannot possibly exist any correlation whatever between a self-eliminating *didelphys virginiana*, a berry-eating *mimus polyglottus*, and a dry fragment of *pinus mitis* struck by the mandibles of *melanerpes erythrocephalus*."

Rack was staggered, but he shook his head doggedly, and responded with exasperating brevity, "I say dey is."

From the very nature of things it came to pass that this problem in science occupied every moment of Rack's gradually increasing leisure. To solve it, and so triumph over his master, would be a crowning glory. The nebulous beginning of a solution was, in fact, forming itself like a milky way across his mind. The judge himself was so keenly pleased with his old slave's mysterious ambition that he almost wished to see him succeed, even if it should appear thereby that color had won at precisely the point where color always had been supposed to be weakest. Rack's enthusiasm and zeal were tempered all the time with such grotesque and comical humor, and accompanied with facial contortions so expressive of savage wisdom, that a kind of infection exhaled therefrom and insinuated itself into the judge's imagination.

As time flew on — and how it does fly as the evening of life draws towards night! — Rack, while growing more and more confident of success, became very reticent as to the progress of his investigations. Finally the judge became

aware that something of a secret nature was in progress down at the cabin. He questioned Rack on the subject, but received no satisfaction, and when he threatened and menaced the old fellow he was reminded that a most inopportune assault once before had delayed the great investigation.

"Cou'se you kin jump on ter me an' w'ar me out, Mars Spivey," said he dolefully and with a lugubrious twist of his strong African face, "but ef yo' does it 's gwine set biorology back jes fifteen yeahs an' fo' days mo'; sho 's you 's borned, Mars Spivey, dat 's w'at it 's ergwine ter do. Jes fifteen yeahs an' fo' days mo'."

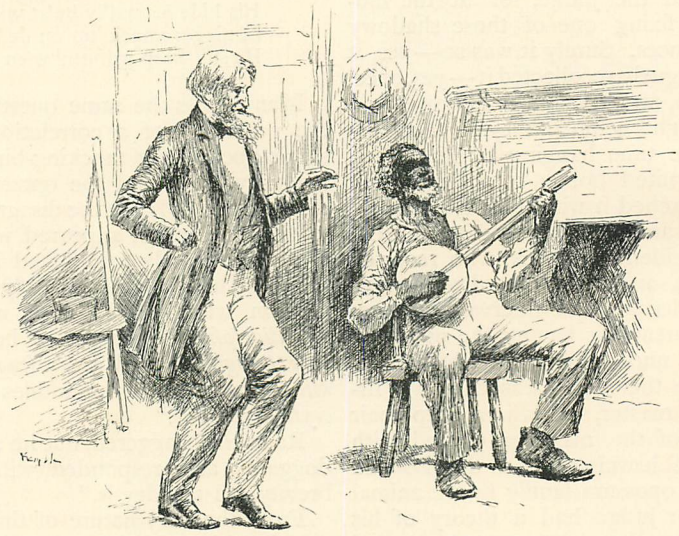
"But, Rack, what upon earth is your objection to telling me?" demanded the judge, with querulous and helpless insistence.

Rack looked sidewise at his master, with a suspicious and over-cunning leer in his milky old eyes.

"Da' now, Mars Spivey," he said, chuckling in a low falsetto—"da' now, yo' know jes es well es I does dat it not gwine ter do fo' one scientist ter tell 'nodder scientist any ob his disciberies afo' he git 'em fastened solid in he mind, er he steal 'em sho 's yo' borned. Don't yo' ricomember w'en yo' read ter me in de book 'bout seberal 'markable ins'ances ob dat sort er misplace co'fidence? Ya', sah, yo' did, Mars Spivey. Now den, yo' 's er scientist, ain't yo'? Well, I is too, an' I jes know mighty well what yo' 'd do. Yo' 'd steal my discibery, an' jes tu'n roun' an' sw'ar 'at it 's yo'n! No, sah, Mars Spivey, yo' don' come dat game. I 's not quite er eejit yit!"

Rack had his way, and the judge was both tantalized and delighted, while the days flew by like birds before a storm.

Year followed year, bringing no notable changes in the dry, stony mountain landscape. The dessicative influence of the climate preserved things *in statu quo*. At length the great war came on; it rolled its heavy echoes over the blue peaks to the north and west of them, but neither master nor slave heeded them much; peace came, and with it freedom; but the tie that bound these two old men together was stronger than the proclamation of a President or any amendment to the American Constitution. They became more and more attached to each other, the negro in the latter years gradually assuming the stronger part,



"OH, LO'DY MASSY, HOW D' YO' FEEL?" (PAGE 914.)

while the judge, whose mind and body, weakening together, appeared to be slowly drying up, gave most of his time to watching the tedious progress of Rack's investigation.

It was one fine morning in December, 1865. The previous night had been a clear, sharp, frosty one, crisping the late greenery of the sturdy mountain oaks and making mellow and luscious the persimmons of the Ulufta valley. The judge was on his veranda, smoking his pipe in the sunshine, and enjoying the soft color show set against the steep slope of the Hog Back, when Rack shambled up the steps and began dancing on the floor, his heavy shoes making a mighty racket.

"I 's got ter de eend! I 's got ter de eend!" he sang out. "I done 'sciber de corroliation ob de boa'd an' de mockin'-bird an' de 'possum, an' I done settle de 'vestigation, Mars Spivey; ef I hain't, den de debil 's er co'n-dodger!"

Before the judge could recover from the surprise of the occasion, Rack changed the step of his dance to a fluttering and rattling double-shuffle as an accompaniment in counterpoint to the following snatch of song:

De mockin'-bird fink it smart o' him
W'en he hide he music in de limb!
Oh, ya, ya, ya!
An' er wha, wha, wha!
W'en he stuff he chunes all in de limb.

Dat pine boa'd sing till it wa'p right roun',
An' ebery day it ketch mo' soun'.
Oh, ya, ya, ya!
An' er wha, wha, wha!
Fo' ebery day it ketch mo' soun'!

De 'possum gwine ter shed he skin,
An' den de music will begin.
Oh, ya, ya, ya!
An' er wha, wha, wha!
W'en dat ole 'possum shed he skin!

He ended with a high fling and a tremendous foot-stroke on the resounding floor. The judge remonstrated and even tried the old worn threats, but Rack would not be controlled.

"I done cotch onter de corroliation ob de biorology!" he cried exultingly, still skipping about. "Dat man Dahwin, he plumb dead right ebery time on de biorology an' devolution. It gwine ter be er cl'ar case ob nat'ral dejection an' de 'vival ob de fitified! It gwine ter be er cla'r case ob devolution f'om de gin'ral ter de specification, f'om de simple ter de confound! Free of de simplest an' no 'countest gineralest fings in de worl' gwine ter be devoluted inter de one confoundest specialest best t'ing 'at eber yo' see in all yo' bo'n days!"

Here he caught the double-shuffle again, and added to it what was known as the chicken-peck back-step.

"I kill dat ole 'possum las' night," he added in a calmer way, though he was panting heavily. "Hi! 'fo' Gor, I jes knock 'im lim'er wid er light-'ood knot, an' skin 'im afore he done kickin'. Bless yo' life, Mars Spivey, but dat 's de bigges' 'possum-skin dis yer chile eber see in he whole bo'n days. Look mos' like er calf-hide er-hangin' down dah on my doo'."

A few days after this the judge was surprised to discover that Rack had climbed up in the mulberry tree and cut off the famous limb which had been fed for so many fruitful summers by the mocking-bird. The resonant board, too, had been removed from the cabin's roof.

Now came the six long years of patient labor by which Rack Dillard reached the goal of his soul's ambition. First he hung a section of the mulberry limb, about three feet long, close to the jamb of his fireplace to season, and then he began with a piece of glass scraping thinner the old warped board. Meantime the opossum's skin was lying under a bed of hickory ashes, which sooner or later would deprive it of its hair.

Day after day, through the seasons and the years, the old judge found his chief pleasure in sitting with his pipe in his mouth, watching Rack scrape and file and cut and carve the singing-board and the full-fed mulberry billet, or manipulate the pale, translucent hide of the opossum.

"I 'll jes show yo' 'bout de corroliation ob dem fings, Mars Spivey," the negro would mutter, without lifting his bleared and sunken eyes. "Yo' said dey was n't no corroliation 'tween 'em, an' I said dey was. Pooty soon we see who gwine be right 'bout dis yer biorology question, so we will."

The singing-board proved to be a singularly even-fibered piece of pine three feet long and four inches wide by a half-inch thick. For about fifty years it had lain in the cabin roof absorbing the warmth of the sun and the drying sweetness of the mountain wind. Slowly its tissue had been granulated and rearranged under the daily jarring of the woodpecker's bill, until now, after the scraping and polishing Rack had given it, the wood had an amber, waxen appearance, and was as flexible and sonorous as the finest tempered steel. But the mulberry billet! Never was there another such a bit of color, fragrance, and fineness. From the gnarled little pit, in which for fifty years the mocking-bird had brewed his purple wine, the rich stain of the berries had spread through the wood in a waving, rippling flood, giving it a royal dye and a fruity, musty odor like the bouquet of old wine.

Near the close of the six-years' period mentioned a while ago, Rack, on the lookout for his master's daily visit, met the judge at the cabin door and remarked:

"'Bleeged ter say ter yo', Mars Spivey, 'at yo' 's not welcome ter-day. Yo' got no business down yer nohow."

The judge was taken by surprise. He leaned on his staff and looked quizzically into the old negro's face. Rack did not relent.

"Yo' 's not gwine inside er dat cabin dis day," he persisted, "'ca'se I 's got ter hab de room all ter myse'f. I 's er-gittin' ter de corroliation w'at we been er-'sputin' erbout, an' I 's jes eberlastin'ly er-knockin' de holy stuffin' out'n all yo' ram'fications on de biorology. So yo' kin jes go back, honey, an' wait tell I come fo' yo'. No, I 's not gwine come fo' yo' nudder; yo' jes come yo' own se'f, nex' Sat'd'y night. Yo' heah, now? Nex' Sat'd'y night I 'll be ready fo' yo'."

The judge turned about slowly and reluctantly; leaned a moment on his cane; faltered when he tried to say something; then trudged back to his own veranda, where he smoked and dozed in his easy chair. Recently his age had been softening his feelings. An hysterical sentimentality had gained upon him. Rack's refusal to confide in him had worn upon him day by day for years, and now he felt, however indefinitely, that the last straw of ingratitude had been heaped upon him. Nevertheless he waited patiently for Saturday evening to come, with but the slightest and vaguest sense of the olden-time arrogance which would have resented the merest suggestion of such an act. This supremacy gained over his lifelong master was, it seems to me, the highest evidence of Rack Dillard's genius.

When Saturday afternoon faded at last into twilight, which in turn slowly softened into a moonlit night, the judge began to make some preliminary movements with a view to visiting the cabin; but he lingered, cane in hand and pipe in mouth, at the little gate before his house, hesitating for no particular reason. It was midsummer, and the dry softness of the mountain air touched tenderly the dreaming, dusky leaf-masses of the woods and hung misty veils on the peaks that notched the horizon. He presently crept through the gate, hesitating just outside for a while, and gazing up at the stars and the moon. It was his way of restraining his impatience, and besides he had not been quite able to forgive Rack. He toddled along the path, fitfully pausing here and there, until at last he turned the corner of the rock. At the cabin porch he stopped short and stood in a hearkening attitude, amazed at first and then entranced. The little house was full of music that rippled out through every opening and tinkled away in thin rills along the dim paths of the woods. The judge remembered that in his young days Rack had been a musician of no mean ability, but for years he had had no instrument to play upon. Evidently he was now making up for lost time; and what music! Was ever anything else so mirthful and yet so burdened with pathos? So barbaric, still so refined? So brimming with virile force, so tender, so touching, so hilarious, so comic, so sweet, so true? The old judge felt the hot tears gush up into his eyes, he knew not why. It was as if the old times of his boyhood had blown their sweets back upon him, with the laughter of childhood, the patter and shuffle of dancing feet, the songs of myriad mocking-birds, the rustle of satin leaves and silken wings, the bubble and bouquet of purple wine, the fragrance and resonance of all the sweet, dry, sun-seasoned wood that ever was wrought into violin or harp. He stood there crying and laughing, keeping time with his staff and wagging his head, now slowly, now briskly, as the strains varied from grave to gay.

Oh, de peckerwood he head er red,
Lolly, lally, ho!

came forth Rack's voice, rich and strong despite old age, singing to a well-timed accompaniment and the pat, pat, pat of his heavy shoe.

Oh, de peckerwood he head er red,
Lolly, lally, ho!
An' de mockin'-bird he been stall-fed,
Lolly, lally, ho!

Oh, de 'possum am er funny t'ing,
Lolly, lally, ho!
W'en he lif' 'is foot fo' de pigeon-wing,
Lolly, lally, ho.

De pine boa'd set my notion gwine,
Lolly, lally, ho!
An' de mulberry limb it mighty fine,
Lolly, lally, ho!

The judge could bear it no longer. He pushed open the door and went in. Rack looked up and nodded, but kept on singing and playing, emphasizing his notes more than ever, if that were possible. Judge Dillard began to dance, and even to sing:

Oh, lo'dy massy, how d' yo' feel,
Wid de 'possum grease down in yo' heel,
An' yo' head all full o' turnip pie,
An' er big sweet 'tater in yo' eye?

The negro's voice ceased when the judge's began, but the banjo, catching the new air, rang on in jolly unison. Who would have thought that an octogenarian could ever have danced like that!

Wash yo' teef wid de blackin'-brush,
Grease yo' ha'r in er pot er mush,
Go to de dance er Sat'd'y night,
Patrol whop yo' 'fo' daylight!

The black had conquered the white. When the judge sank at last into a chair he was exhausted, panting, sweating, his heart beating violently. Rack keyed one string up a trifle, leaned a little farther over, and began to sing plaintively:

Marster, now we 's growin' ole,
De heads am white, de feet am cole,
But de ole, ole age cayn't do no harm
W'en de heart, de heart am true an' warm.

Marster, w'en we drop ter sleep,
In de grabe so cool an' deep,
Den we nebber feel de storm,
Ef our po' ole hearts is warm.

They sat up all night long, now singing,

now dancing, anon talking over the old times on the Ulufta. Something in the music of that banjo had an intoxicating effect. Judge Dillard felt fifty years younger, and Rack found it not in the least difficult or tiresome to play for an hour at a time without a moment's rest. The exquisite odor of the pine wood touched the air in the room, and there was a distinct flavor of ripe mulberries straying elusively about.

WHEN I visited Rack's cabin I examined with great care and interest the incomparable banjo which the negro's patient genius had built out of the "singing-board, the over-fed mulberry limb, and the skin of the famous Ulufta 'possum," as the thrifty Yankee proprietor describes it. No one can doubt that science and art were happily married in the making of that superb instrument. A glance shows that the carving, the proportions of the parts, and the fine details of the finishing — from the silvery, translucent skin that covers the head, to the rich purple of the mulberry neck, and the gold-colored hoop fashioned out of the old warped board that had sung so long in the cabin roof — are exquisite beyond description. On the under part of the neck is the only authentic autograph left by Rack Dillard. It is a legible carved inscription of four words: "Dis is de corroliation."

Rack's grave is on the top of the high cliff above his cabin. It overlooks the lovely valley of the Ulufta, and commands a fine view of the Hog Back. To this high tomb of the great negro originator of true dialect romance and minstrelsy have come, as pilgrims to a shrine, many faithful and devoted students to pay their respects to the founder of their school. Wreaths of flowers are laid tenderly on the mound, and in the bold escarpment of the rock are cut ineffaceably some names beloved of all men. Among these, and high in the list, I noticed with peculiar pleasure Joel Chandler Harris, H. S. Edwards, Thomas Nelson Page, and Irwin Russell — the names of men whose stories and songs and sketches have made known to the world the tender, faithful heart, the rich, sunny humor, and the deeper soul qualities of the Southern negro. I hesitated a while; then where no one would be apt to see it, I scrawled my own signature to testify that I too had been there.

Rack must have been a genius, a high type of his race. As in the case of every other genius, he foresaid or forecast the life that was to come after him, while at the same time he was the exponent of the past. His songs and his banjo strains left in the brisk, sweet air of the New South a lasting reminder of the old plantation days. The years he spent so patiently in establishing a close relationship among his materials, and which drew together the three elements of his art, fun, pathos, and music, have served well the civilization of our time, and have added a distinct tint and a new flavor to life. We owe a great deal to Rack Dillard. Peace to his ashes!

*Maurice Thompson.*

# THE NON-IRRIGABLE LANDS OF THE ARID REGION.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

UN is the father of Cloud.

Cloud is the mother of Rain.

Sun is the ruler of Wind.

Wind is the ruler of Rain.

Fire is the enemy of Forest.

Water is the enemy of Fire.

Wind feeds Forest, and Rain gives it drink.

Wind joins with Fire to destroy Forest.

Constant Rain battles with fickle Wind and mad Fire to protect Forest.

So Climate decks the land with Forest.

There are very large areas of the world unclad with forests, but this is not for lack of rain. Forests, low, gnarled, thorny, and scant, will grow with even less than ten inches of annual precipitation. Such are the forests of sunny Arizona. As the rainfall increases from clime to clime, the forests become more luxuriant, stately, and dense, until with sixty inches of rainfall a growth is produced which almost baffles description. Then giants crowd one another and lift their heads higher and higher in rivalry to bathe their verdant crowns in sunlight. High and straight towards the heavens they thrust their boles, and their boughs push towards the zenith by the shortest way of verticality. The young trees also are slender and straight, and depend on the giants for protection against overthrowing blasts. Around the feet of the giants is a dense undergrowth. But old trees die and fall, and their great stems lie on the ground or are held above it by large branches. Through this warp of living and dead trees there is a woof of vines, climbing the trees, running out on the branches, creeping over logs, and stretching from tree to tree,

branch to branch, and log to log, all woven into a mass of vegetation. Thus the erect and creeping living and the prone and prostrate dead constitute a forest tangle into which man can penetrate only with the greatest toil. Such are the forests that stand about stormy Puget Sound.

Between these extremes there are many degrees of luxuriance in tree growth. When a region is reached with less than forty inches of rainfall small prairies may sometimes be found, and passing on to regions of still less rain the prairies are larger and more frequent. When districts of about thirty inches of rainfall are reached prairie predominates, and the few and smaller forests are called groves. Still passing to zones of less precipitation the prairies become plains, and such forest growth as may be found is mainly ranged along the river banks or scattered over stony hills.

If there were no intervening agency, climate would cover the earth with trees wherever there is more than ten inches of rain. This agency is fire. Rainfall, then, furnishes the potential limit to forest growth, fire the actual limit. On the other hand, rainfall furnishes a limit to fire in such a manner that it becomes less and less destructive, until, under mean conditions of latitude and altitude, forty inches of yearly rain establishes a practical limit to its ravages. In a region where prairie and grove divide the land between them, fire and storm are evenly matched. Fire is king on the plains; storm rules where the forest stands.

The arid lands of the United States are chiefly without trees, although the rainfall is sufficient for their production except in desert areas of Arizona and California; but fire prevents their development or destroys them after they are grown. Still, some areas of the country are wooded. Along the streams grow cottonwoods of value for firewood and for minor domestic purposes. On elevated mesas or table-lands, and on lofty hills, are scant forests, consisting mainly of low, straggling piñons, or nut pines, dwarfed and gnarly cedars, and ragged and deformed oaks. These forests do not furnish milling timber, but they are useful for fuel and for many other purposes. On the higher plateaus and mountains great forests are found, composed of pines of many species, spruces, hemlocks, firs, and sequoias. The timber trees are all coniferous and needle-leaved. The oaks are but bushes, often Lilliputian. Some of the oaks of arid Texas vainly vie with the goldenrods of Illinois; while the cactus plants of the Prairie State would look up with wonder to the cactus plants of Arizona, as pygmies gaze on giants. The oaks of the foothills along the western slope of the Sierras in California attain a greater size, and become orchards of acorns, where Indian hunters and grizzly bears were wont to compete for food in the days when the soil was unscarred by the miner's pick. The forests of the plateaus are not dense, though the trees are stately, and the lands are often variegated with brilliant chaparral and blooming prairie.

The mountains are not uniformly clothed with woods, but here is a grove of pine, there one of spruce, hemlock, or fir. Often these trees are commingled, and in the Sierras of California sequoias stand above them all. By the streams and in the mountain glades silver-stemmed aspens abound, whose wealth of foliage turns to gold when the autumn rime appears. Sometimes a driving wind sweeps through such an aspen grove and brushes the leaves from their twigs, and they float on the air like a cloud of butterflies, resplendent in the brilliant sun of a cloudless sky. Many a mountain side is naked, and many a peak is lifted above the timber line into the region of snow and ice.

We mount our horses at Flagstaff in northern Arizona. In ten minutes we are in the woods and out of sight of the railroad town. We ride for hours among the pines, and from time to time see San Francisco Mountain on our right. Here and there, as we go, a black cinder-cone is lifted for a few hundred feet, aspen groves are seen, and at noon we ride up the slope of a low, dead volcano, and, passing a rim of crunching cinder, halt on the shore of a lakelet in a crater. Then on we ride through an open pine forest, until at last we come down to hills that are covered with piñons and cedars, and rest for the night by a spring concealed among oak bushes. It has been a long ride, and we sleep well. Before the morning sun illumes the hilltop we are on our way again — still to the north, across sage-brush plains and cedar-clad hills; by noon we are once more on the verge of a pine forest, and we lunch by a water-pocket that was filled by a storm two months ago. Then our way is across glades carpeted with flowers, and through open forests where we now and then see a deer bounding on its way. So we pass over prairie and through pine forest until at last we reach the brink of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. When the days of wonder-seeing are past, we turn to the southwest, riding through forest and across prairie. At intervals of twenty or thirty miles we find a spring or a water-pocket. And so we journey, day by day and week by week, over prairies, through forests, and among cinder-cones and dead volcanoes, glad to find a water-pocket after a long ride and supremely happy to camp by a living spring. But no creek, no river, is ever found. Such is one of the great forest-clad plateaus of the arid region.

Our steeds are now psychic, and we amble through air to Middle Park in Colorado, and camp at the foot of a mountain. Near by rolls Grand River, and there by the rock is a fountain whose waters come from unknown depths, where they have been heated in the caldron of eternal fire. From the boiling waters a cloud of steam arises, loaded with sulphurous odors, and a pellucid brook flows over a carpet of brilliant *confervæ* on its way to the river. When morning comes again we continue our ride on terra firma, among hills and then among mountains. Now and then we come to a stream where our horses must swim, and we wade creeks and leap over brooks until we plunge again into forests beset with fallen timber.

At noon we camp on the margin of Grand Lake, here bordered with stately forests, there walled with precipitous rocks. True, the distance is great for a morning ride, but our chargers are the best — why not? They are imagination-bought, and we have wealth of fancy. For the afternoon we plunge into a dead forest where a fire played havoc ten years ago. Some trees are prostrate and obstruct the way. Falling trees have caught in the branches of those still standing, and lean here and there with varied angles. Trees supported by others, trees prostrate and trees erect, naked white trees with naked white arms, are woven into a maze of ghostly bars to block our way. Over and under and around we pursue our course. Then a storm comes on. The wind sweeps through this ancient battlefield of fire and storm, and the stark, dead limbs crack, break, and crash on the ground. Now and then a great stricken tree falls and fills the air with a roar which vies with the thunder. Dead trees caught in the arms of dead trees sway and shriek, and the tempest runs mad with wild delight. We stand on open ground and gaze on the destruction and listen to the battle-music of nature. When the storm has passed we ride along until live woods are reached, and at night camp where a mountain rill lulls us to sleep. So for days and weeks we ride through dead forests and live forests, and everywhere in the mountains we find rivers, creeks, brooks, springs, and lakes. Such are the forests of the Rocky Mountains.

Once more, on steeds as swift as dancing light, we enter a grove of live-oaks in the valley of California. Where other trees have curves, these have angles; they are all knees and elbows, and they stand akimbo with knotted fists. But, as if to hide deformity, they are covered with a mantle of perennial green. Now we ride over meadows of green and hills of gold until more symmetric oaks and cedars are found; blue pines are seen, and at night we reach the great sugar pines of the Sierra. Then we slowly climb the long, gentle slope to the west. Cedars like those of Lebanon on every hand, pines like those on Norwegian hills, and at last we see a sequoia, the grandfather of trees. Past the big trees, we next day find forest and chaparral contending for the land. The woods are of pines and spruces and firs, and the chaparral is brilliant with the scarlet boughs of manzanita and gnarled mountain mahogany. High up the mountain we climb, and the pines are lost, the spruces disappear, and the firs are dwarfed, until we are among domes of gray granite and pinnacles of trachyte, and down into a vast amphitheater of sheer rock comes a creeping glacier. So on we ride from day to day, week to week, and month to month, from dwarfed fir above to dwarfed oak below, and again from foothill to granite dome, until we have crossed all the rivers that flow from the Sierras and unite to pass through the Golden Gate. During this ride we have seen the great Sierra forest.

For a number of years a survey of the arid lands has been in progress, and the forest areas have been mapped, and they have all been studied more or less. Now surveys are mathematical, for relations of quantity are involved. Numbers perhaps are more arid than land, and hence they are appropriate here. Glance at the following table, and some idea will be obtained of the comparative extent of the forests of which I have spoken.

*Approximate Area in Square Miles of Timbered Lands in the Arid Region.*

| State. | Firewood. Sq. Miles. | Merchantable Timber. Sq. Miles. |
|---|---|---|
| Washington | 1,050 | 1,080 |
| Idaho | 8,600 | 9,800 |
| Montana | 6,500 | 21,000 |
| Oregon | 3,500 | 8,700 |
| Wyoming | 7,300 | 15,700 |
| South Dakota | 2,400 | 400 |
| N. Dakota (river bottoms) | 200 | ... |
| California | 20,300 | 11,000 |
| Nevada | 5,400 | 700 |
| Arizona | 26,510 | 11,700 |
| New Mexico | 21,540 | 14,490 |
| Colorado | 15,000 | 23,500 |
| Utah | 14,000 | 7,700 |
| Totals | 132,300 | 125,770 |
| | 125,770 | |
| Grand total | 258,070 | |

Total area of arid lands, 1,331,151 square miles.

It will appear from the above table that about one-tenth of the arid region is covered with firewood timber, but this timber is very scant, and often the open spaces are large. It could all stand on one-fiftieth of the entire arid area and not be crowded. The milling timber also covers about another tenth of the ground, but there are many barren places, and usually the trees are widely scattered, so that they could

MAP OF THE FOREST LANDS OF THE ARID REGION.

all stand on one-fortieth of the space and still have abundant room. So both classes combined could easily stand on less than one-twentieth of the arid region.

The merchantable timber is all on the high plateaus and mountains; hence the lands where it grows are not valuable for agricultural purposes. Cañon walls, cliffs, crags, and rocky steeps are not attractive farming-grounds. But more: at these great altitudes deep snows fall, ice appears early and lingers long, and frosts come on many a summer night.

The agricultural lands are situate in the valleys where the streams flow. Thus forest and farm are dissevered by dozens and scores of miles. So forest industries are segregated in one region, farming industries in another. It is no small task for the farmer and the villager to haul their wood from distant mountains and to bring poles and logs from the upper region, for it is a day's or a week's journey, and roads must be made over hills and along mountain sides. In many places flumes are constructed —great canals in lumber troughs that stand on trestles, into which creeks are turned, and the lumber is floated down to the habitations of man. Then railroads and tramways are constructed for the same purpose. Often "slides" are built by arranging two parallel lines of logs down the mountain side, between which the timber glides. It is thus that the valleys are dependent on the mountains through the agency of a special lumber industry.

The miners are also interested in these forests. As they penetrate with their shafts, drifts, and galleries into the hills and mountains, they carry away to the surface the rock in which the gold, silver, copper, and lead are found, that the metals may be extracted on the ground above. Then they are compelled to support the overhanging walls, that they may not crumble down. When great depths are reached, the enormous weight of superincumbent mountain squeezes the floors of these galleries and causes them to creep up. To prevent crumbling from above and creeping from below the underground spaces are densely propped with timbers; so thousands and mil-

lions of cords of wood are used underground. The forests are also valuable for fuel in metallurgic processes, and to furnish the power necessary for running mining machinery. Many of these mines are in the mountains, and the timber grows near by; sometimes it grows far away, and must be hauled or transported by rail or flume to the mines where it is needed. So the mining operations largely depend on the forests.

More than two decades ago I was camped in a forest of the Rocky Mountains. The night was arched with the gloom of snow-cloud; so I kindled a fire at the trunk of a great pine, and in the chill of the evening gazed at its welcome flame. Soon I saw it mount, climbing the trunk, crawling out along the branches, igniting the rough bark, kindling the cones, and setting fire to the needles, until in a few minutes the great forest pine was all one pyramid of flame, which illumined a temple in the wilderness domed by a starless night. Sparks and flakes of fire were borne by the wind to other trees, and the forest was ablaze. On it spread, and the lingering storm came not to extinguish it. Gradually the crackling and roaring of the fire became terrific. Limbs fell with a crash, trees tottered and were thrown prostrate; the noise of falling timber was echoed from rocks and cliffs; and here, there, everywhere, rolling clouds of smoke were starred with burning cinders. On it swept for miles and scores of miles, from day to day, until more timber was destroyed than has been used by the people of Colorado for the last ten years.

I have witnessed more than a dozen fires in Colorado, each one of which was like that described. Compared with the trees destroyed by fire, those used by man sink into insignificance. Some years ago I mapped the forests of Utah, and found that about one-half had been thus consumed since the occupation of the country by civilized man. So the fires rage, now here, now there, throughout the Rocky Mountains and through the Sierras and the Cascades. They are so frequent and of such vast proportions that the surveyors of the land who extend the system of triangulation over the mountains often find their work impeded or wholly obstructed by clouds of smoke. A haze of gloom envelops the mountain land and conceals from the eye every distant feature. Through it the rays of the sun can scarcely penetrate, and its dull red orb is powerless to illumine the landscape.

During last season I made a trip over the arid lands by rail. On the way through the Dakotas the landscape was covered with a veil through which it was as vain to peer as through a fog at sea. On we went, meandering through the cañons and among the great ranges of Montana, but the smoke covered all the landscape of mountain forms, and for aught that could be seen we might as well have been crossing featureless plains. Then we passed through Washington and Oregon and down through Idaho — ever in a mountain land, and never a mountain in sight. As we crossed the line into Utah a shower came and cleared the atmosphere, and behold! the Wasatch Mountains were in view; a great façade of storm-carved rocks beetled above the desert as proud as if they were not doomed to be destroyed by storms and buried low in the valleys by rivers.

It is thus that, under conditions of civilization, the great forests of the arid lands are being swept from the mountains and plateaus. Before the white man came the natives systematically burned over the forest lands with each recurrent year as one of their great hunting economies. By this process little destruction of timber was accomplished; but, protected by civilized men, forests are rapidly disappearing. The needles, cones, and brush, together with the leaves of grass and shrubs below, accumulate when not burned annually. New deposits are made from year to year, until the ground is covered with a thick mantle of inflammable material. Then a spark is dropped, a fire is accidentally or purposely kindled, and the flames have abundant food.

There is a practical method by which the forests can be preserved. All of the forest areas that are not dense have some value for pasturage purposes. Grasses grow well in the open grounds, and to some extent among the trees. If herds and flocks crop these grasses, and trample the leaves and cones into the ground, and make many trails through the woods, they destroy the conditions most favorable to the spread of fire. But if the pasturage is crowded, the young growth is destroyed and the forests are not properly replenished by a new generation of trees. The wooded grounds that are too dense for pasturage should be annually burned over at a time when the inflammable materials are not too dry, so that there may be no danger of great conflagration.

The area of good timber being very small, it has great value, and its rapid destruction is a calamity that cannot well be overestimated. These living forests are always a delight, for in beauty and grandeur they are unexcelled; but dead forests present scenes of desolation that fill the soul with sadness. The vast destruction of values, together with the enormous ravishment of beauty, have for years enlisted the sympathy of intelligent men. Forestry organizations have been formed; conventions have been held; publicists have discussed the subject; and there is a universal sentiment in

the West, and a growing opinion in the East, that measures should be taken by the General Government for the protection of the forests. This subject is of profound interest; but sometimes factitious reasons are given which detract from the argument for the preservation of the woods.

In humid lands, where rivers flow on to the sea because they are not needed on the fields, the problems relating to the streams are of another character. There the floods are destructive, and every condition which favors their diminution is an advantage. Vegetation lives on water. The roots drink it, and the leaves return all that is unused to the air, where it may float away to form clouds in other regions. A vigorous plant will thus evaporate two or three hundred times the weight of its annual growth. Then a great tree spreads, through the agency of its leaves and branches, a vast surface to the air and the heat of the sun. Altogether no inconsiderable portion of the precipitation of a region is thus returned to the heavens, and so fails to find the rivers. The subject has been more or less studied, but it is complex, and the result cannot be simply stated, for the variables are many. Perhaps it is safe to say that from twenty to forty per cent. of the rainfall of a region may be dissipated in this manner. It is manifest that such a loss from the streams is of no small importance in a humid region, and it is for this reason that the preservation of mountain forests in such lands is often strongly urged. But when the streams have a value which increases with their volume, the economic aspect of the problem is at once reversed. Researches on this subject made in the Wasatch Mountains and elsewhere by scientific men show that a great increase in the volume of the streams may accrue from the denudation of the mountains of their evergreen garments. There is still another condition which tends in this same direction. When the mountain declivities are grassy slopes, the snows of winter drift behind ledges and cliffs and into great banks among the rocks, and they fill ravines and cañons, and are thus stored in compact bodies until they are melted by the summer suns and rains. But when forests stand on the slopes the snows are spread in comparatively thin sheets, and great surfaces of evaporation are presented to the sun and the wind. For all these reasons the forests of the upper regions are not advantageous to the people of the valleys, who depend on the streams for the fertilization of the farms.

But there is an obverse side of this problem. When the waters are stored for irrigation in natural and in artificial lakes the preservation of their reservoirs is of prime importance. Storm waters wash the sands from naked hills and mountains, and bear them on to the creeks and rivers, by which they are carried to the storage basins. Protection from these injurious agencies is chiefly afforded by vegetation. For this purpose grass and chaparral serve well, but woods are better. For the protection of reservoirs, therefore, it is important that their immediate slopes should be forest-clad, and that all declivities above, the waters of which cannot be discharged in large part of their sediments before reaching the reservoirs, should also have their woods preserved. In the utilization of these timber regions, then, as a source for the lumber which the people need, judgment and circumspection will be necessary properly to select the areas to be denuded. It is thus that the people of the valleys are interested in the forests of the mountains. Among the crags and peaks where winter winds howl, and where the snows fall all winter long, there grow inchoate cottages and schoolhouses and the fuel that illumines the ingleside. And the mountain passes are the portals through which the clouds of heaven come down to bless their gardens and their fields, and to fill the fountains from which their children quaff the water of life.

The lowlands of the arid region are dry and hot, and are almost destitute of grasses. The summits of the highest mountains are in regions of almost perpetual frost, and grasses are practically wanting. Between these extremes of mountain top and desert valley there are vast areas of nutritious grasses, scant below, but becoming more luxuriant as one climbs the hills, traverses the plateaus, and wanders over the mountain sides. The lowest lands, those bearing more scant grasses, are the lands to be irrigated, for the waters can be taken to them. The better pasturage lands are usually too high for agriculture.

Climatic temperature decreases from the level of the sea to the summit of the mountains, but it also grows colder from the equator to the poles. Now the lowest lands of the arid country are farthest south. In Arizona and southern California the uninhabitable deserts of America are found; there are districts of country below the level of the sea and other stretches just above it. These low, torrid lands are strewn with pebbles, over which the winds sweep and carry on their way a load of sand as an instrument by which the pebbles are polished. It is thus that the desert in many places is paved with a mosaic of gems that gleam in many colors and blind the eye with their radiance. There are other stretches where billows of sand drift across the desert with the prevailing winds. Still other areas are covered with sand and stony fragments and strewn rocks,

where vegetation gains little foothold. All these lands are worthless. In passing from the Mexican to the British line, where conditions of altitude are the same, the grasses steadily improve, and those of the northern half are comparatively rich. But even here there are waste places, for lava-fields abound that are virtually desert. And there are "bad lands" that yield little vegetation. These lands are hills of clay and sand that are washed by the storms and baked by the sun. When the rains come the hillsides are sloughs, and when the winds come the dried surfaces crack and crumble. Then there are cañon lands that are carved by many winding, branching gorges, and thus are rendered worthless. Then there are alcove lands where every rill of the rainy season heads in a precipitous, rocky gulch. These are also barren. Then buttes are scattered over the mesas and plateaus—fragments of formations left by the destroying storms for their future employment. Then there are cinder-cones, naked and desolate. Often lines of cliff stretch athwart the country—the margins of mesas and plateaus. These cliffs are worthy of further mention. When the winds drift the clouds along the lowlands, such a cliff, a few hundred or a few thousand feet in height, obstructs their way. So the clouds rise and discharge their moisture, and floods are speedily born. In regions of cliff a large portion of precipitation is along these lines, and yet with this increased precipitation they are not favored with great vegetation, for the water glides away on the steep declivities, and a zone of lowlands near by receives them, and here the most valuable forests of piñon and cedar are often found. Then the mountains are not all grassy slopes, for they are often interrupted with rocks and ledges and cliffs that are naked.

Though the grasses of the pasturage lands of the West are nutritious, they are not abundant, as in the humid valleys of the East. Yet they have an important value. These grasses are easily destroyed by improvident pasturage, and they are then replaced by noxious weeds. To be utilized they must be carefully protected, and grazed only in proper seasons and within prescribed limits. But they cannot be inclosed by fences in small fields. Ten, twenty, fifty acres are necessary for the pasturage of a steer; so the grasses can be utilized only in large bodies, and be fenced only by townships or tens of townships. Yet they must have protection or be ruined, and they should be preserved as one great resource of food for the people. When the valleys below are irrigated, so that flocks and herds may be fed when the snows and frosts of winter come, the hills and mountains of the arid region will support great numbers of horses, cattle, and sheep.

The mountains of the far West are full of gold. Ores of the yellow metal are found in fissures that seam the rock, and fill spaces between barren formations, and lie in bodies where lavas have cooled in hill-bound basins. Then the whole mountain region has been plowed with glaciers and swept by storms or buried by river floods, and in these glacial gravels and storm gravels and river gravels the gold has been carried, and here the placer mines are found. In other hills and mountains there are stores of silver and copper, while lead and iron abound. Then asphalt, oil, and gas are found, and the hills are often filled with coal. With slight exception all of these minerals are found in lands which cannot be redeemed for agriculture. The coal lands are chiefly pasturage lands, and the gold and silver mines are under the forests. The coal and iron have been and can be discovered by science, but gold and silver are discovered by prospectors and revealed only by the pick and shovel. These mines of gold and silver furnish the basis of our monetary system, and are the source of vast wealth. During the last calendar year $32,816,500 in gold and $59,118,000 in silver were taken from these regions, and this supply is to be continued through an indefinite future.

When the waters are stored in the mountain lakes, and the canals are constructed to carry them to the lands below, a system of powers will be developed unparalleled in the history of the world. Here, then, factories can be established, and the rivers be made to do the work of fertilization, and the violence of mountain torrents can be transformed into electricity to illumine the villages, towns, and cities of all that land.

Such are the non-agricultural lands of the arid region. They are forest, pasturage, and mineral lands, on which great industries are in process of foundation. More than twenty years ago I entered the region for the purpose of studying its resources. The investigations then begun have been continued to the present time, and in them many of the great scientific men of America have been employed. In that early day gold and silver mining was the chief attraction, and there were inchoate cities and towns in many places. Agriculture and manufacturing were almost wholly neglected. Everywhere men were digging into the heart of the mountains for gold and silver, and armies of men were engaged in prospecting, lured, now here, now there, by rumors of great discoveries. These armies were composed of stalwart men, adventurous, brave, and skillful. Away in the wilderness, without capital, but endowed with brawn and brain, they established industries, organized institutions, and founded a civiliza-

tion which must forever be the admiration of mankind. The physical conditions which exist in that land, and which inexorably control the operations of men, are such that the industries of the West are necessarily unlike those of the East, and their institutions must be adapted to their industrial wants. It is thus that a new phase of Aryan civilization is being developed in the western half of America. On this subject I hope to be heard at another time.

*J. W. Powell.*

# A WORLD-LITERATURE.

IN Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" ("*Gespräche mit Goethe*") that poet is represented as having said, in January, 1827, that the time for separate national literatures had gone by. "National literature," he said, "is now a rather unmeaning phrase (*will jetzt nicht viel sagen*); the epoch of World-Literature is at hand (*die Epoche der Welt-Literatur ist an der Zeit*), and each one must do what he can to hasten its approach." Then he points out that it will not be safe to select any one literature as affording a pattern or model (*musterhaft*); or that, if it is, this model must necessarily be the Greek. All the rest, he thought, must be looked at historically, we appropriating from each the best that can be employed.

If this world-literature be really the ultimate aim, it is something to know that we are at least getting so far as to interchange freely the national models. The current London literature is French in its forms and often in its frivolity; while the French critics have lately discovered Jane Austen, and are trying to find in that staid and exemplary lady the founder of the realistic school and the precursor of Zola. During our Centennial Exposition I asked a Swedish commissioner if Fredrika Bremer's works were still read in Sweden. He said that they were not; and when I asked what had taken their place, he answered, "Bret Harte and Mark Twain." Among contemporary novelists Mr. Howells places the Russian first, then the Spanish, ranking the English, and even the French, far lower. He is also said, in a recent interview, to have attributed his own style largely to the influence of Heine. But Heine himself, in the preface to his "Deutschland," names as his own especial models Aristophanes, Cervantes, and Molière — a Greek, a Spaniard, and a Frenchman. Goethe himself thinks we cannot comprehend Calderon without Hafiz,

> Nur wer Hafis liebt und kennt
> Weiss was Calderon gesungen,

and Fitzgerald takes us all back, certainly with great willingness on the reader's part, to Omar Khayyám. Surely, one might infer, the era of a world-literature must be approaching.

Yet in looking over the schedules of our universities, one finds as little reference to a coming world-literature as if no one had hinted at the dream. There is an immense increase of interest in the study of languages, no doubt; and all this prepares for an interchange of national literatures, not for merging them in one. The interchange is a good preliminary stage, no doubt, but the preparation for a world-literature must surely lie in the study of those methods of thought, those canons of literary art, which lie at the foundation of all literatures. The thought and its expression — these are the two factors which must solve the problem; and it matters not how much we translate or overset — as the Germans felicitously say — so long as we go no deeper and do not grasp at what all literatures have in common. Thus in the immense range of elective studies at Harvard University there are fifteen distinct courses in Greek, fourteen in Latin, and twenty each in English, French, and German; but not a single course among them which pertains to a world-literature, or even recognizes that these various branches have any common trunk. The only sign that looks in the slightest degree in this direction is the offering of two courses in Greek and Latin jointly,— only one of which, however, is given this year,— of three in Germanic Philology collectively, and seven in Romance Philology collectively; almost all of these, however, being wholly philological, not in any sense literary.

No study seems to me to hold less place in our universities, as a rule, than that of literature viewed in any respect as an art; all tends to the treatment of it as a department of philology on the one side or of history on the other; and even where it is studied and training is really given in it, it is almost always a training that begins and ends with English tradition and method. It may call itself "Rhetoric and English Composition," but the one of these subdivisions is as essentially English as

the other. It not only recognizes the English language as the vehicle to be used — which is inevitable — but it does not go behind the English for its methods, standards, or illustrations. There is at Harvard a professorship of Art — but this means plastic art alone; and there is a professorship of Belles-Lettres, but only as an adjunct to the French and Spanish languages and literatures; and moreover this professorship is vacant. That there is such a thing as training in thought and literary expression, quite apart from all national limitations — this may be recognized here and there in the practice of our colleges, but very rarely in their framework and avowed method.

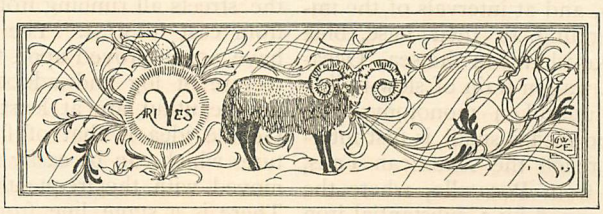
And, strange to say, this deficiency, if it be one, has only been increased by the increased differentiation and specialization of our higher institutions. Whatever the evils of the old classical curriculum, it had at least this merit, that it included definite instruction in the fundamental principles of literature as literature. So long as young men read Quintilian and Aristotle, although they may have missed much that was more important, they retained the conception of a literary discipline that went behind all nationalities; that was neither ancient nor modern, but universal. I heartily believe, for one, in the introduction of the modern elective system; what I regret is that, in this general breaking up and rearranging, the preparation for a world-literature has been so far left out. If Goethe's view is correct — and who stands for the modern world if Goethe does not? — then no one is fitted to give the higher literary training in our colleges who has not had some training in world-literature for himself; who does not know something of Calderon through knowing something of Hafiz.

And observe that Goethe himself is compelled to recognize the fact that in this world-literature, whether we will or no, we must recognize the exceptional position of the Greek product. In this respect "we are not confronted by a theory, but by a condition." The supremacy of the Greek in sculpture is not more unequivocal than in literature; and the two arts had this in common, that the very language of that race had the texture of marble. To treat this supremacy as something accidental — like the long theologic sway of the Hebrew and Chaldee — is to look away from a world-literature. It is as if an ambitious sculptor were to decide to improve his studio by throwing his Venus of Milo upon the ash-heap. There is no accident about art; what is great is great, and the best cannot be permanently obscured by the second best.

At the recent sessions of the "Modern Language Association," in Cambridge, Massachusetts, although all the discussions were spirited and pointed, it seemed to me that the maturest and best talk came from those who showed that they had not been trained in the modern languages only. The collective literature of the world is not too wide a study to afford the requisite foundation for an ultimate world-literature; and surely the nations which have brought their product to the highest external perfection need to be studied the most. I will not here dispute the oft-quoted assertion of Mr. C. F. Adams as to the superiority of the German literature over the Greek — a testimony which was a little impaired, it will be remembered, by his statement that he had early forgotten his Greek and never really mastered German. But it seems safe to rest on two propositions which seem irrefutable: first, that all advances towards a world-literature must be based on principles which have formed the foundation of every detached literature; and secondly, that these principles are something apart from the laws of science or invention or business, and not less worthy than these of lifelong study. It was the supremely practical Napoleon Bonaparte who placed literature above science, as containing above all things the essence of human intellect.

J'aime les sciences mathématiques et physiques; chacune d'elles est une belle application partielle de l'esprit humain; mais les lettres, c'est l'esprit humain lui-même; c'est l'éducation de l'âme.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*



# THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

PROCEEDING by the Oregon Short Line northwesterly from Granger, Wyoming, on the Union Pacific, the first object of interest to the traveler is the Fossil Mountain, seven thousand feet above the sea level, where abundant specimens of fish embedded in clay are to be obtained. Thence descending to the valley, with spurs of the wide-spreading Rockies on each side, one is borne along the banks of the beautiful Bear River. Distant from Granger 146 miles is the hamlet of Soda Springs, Idaho, destined to be the great sanitarium of the West. Here we diverge from the Bear River, which takes a sudden turn at the open g of the valley and pursues its course 150 es in a southerly direction until it pours i f into the Great Salt Lake. The greater part of the distance traversed by the railroad from this point is over a bed of solid lava, that is to say, for 320 miles, until it reaches Caldwell. Beyond this station, which is situated at the mouth of the luxuriant Boisé Valley, a veritable garden for its whole extent of fifty miles, the country is susceptible of irrigation, and will at a future day be able to support a population larger than that of some of the New England States.

As we penetrate the mountain range, on entering the Port Neuf Cañon, we find that the fire king did not attempt to throw the lava above the plain, but left the green and wooded hills unscathed. Skirting the banks of the stream that dances gaily along at their base we come to Pocatello, the junction of the Utah and Northern Railroad. Huge blocks that have been blasted out are thrown up on the sides of the track, and all around there is a dreary expanse of sage-brush growing upon a thin soil formed by the accumulated dust of centuries. Far away in the distance are the snow-clad peaks of the western spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and at intervals of the immense plain extending to their base, blue buttes stand up like islands in the sea. Occasionally we pass a wagon-train of slow-toiling emigrants. This unbroken monotony, with its attractions by no means small, is first interrupted when we reach the American Falls, twenty-five miles from Pocatello, where the Snake River is spanned by a substantial iron bridge. The name of "falls," which is perhaps correctly applied to all falling water, is misleading to those whose understanding of the word is abruptness or suddenness of descent. They turn away their eyes and exclaim, "They are only rapids after all." Crossing the river our course lies in a direction nearly due west, while the tortuous stream so appropriately named the Snake bends for a time to the south, twisting in coils as it crawls through the deep ravine hollowed out for itself in the lava. The scanty bunch grass is yet enough for the support of cattle, who descend through occasional gorges for their water. These migratory herds prefer the richer grasses of the mountains and the streams of the cañons for their summer sustenance, resorting to the bottoms only in the winter season, when the snow is never too deep to prevent them from cropping their food. Thus the ranchmen here enjoy a great advantage over their fellows in the higher altitudes, who are obliged to cut and put up their hay. The river hereabouts would be entirely useless but for its value to the herds on the winter range, as it runs too low to be made available for the purposes of irrigation.

From the American Falls onward to Shoshone, eighty-two miles, the railroad traverses a country of the same characteristics already described. Desolation is everywhere written upon its black surface — rifted chasms and volcanic excrescences only varying its dark monotony.

The town, or, as the settlement is called, the city of Shoshone, is but the hundred-times-repeated duplicate of the new municipalities of this Western region — the only greater merit it can claim being that it is larger than many others. Brigham Young first established the rule, which has become universal in this region, that all the streets of his empire should be exactly eight rods wide. Conformity to another of his laws cannot now be strictly observed, as it is interfered with by the courses of railroads. In Utah every building faces one of the four cardinal points of the compass, the streets all running from north to south or from east to west. The incoming Gentiles have not improved upon the Mormon architecture of log and adobe houses, which, if not beautiful, are at least picturesque. The Gentile idea is that of flimsy shingle structures which can be easily taken to pieces and moved with the frequently removing towns. There is a stage line from Shoshone City to the Shoshone Falls over a nominal distance of twenty-five miles, but which is really thirty,

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GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.

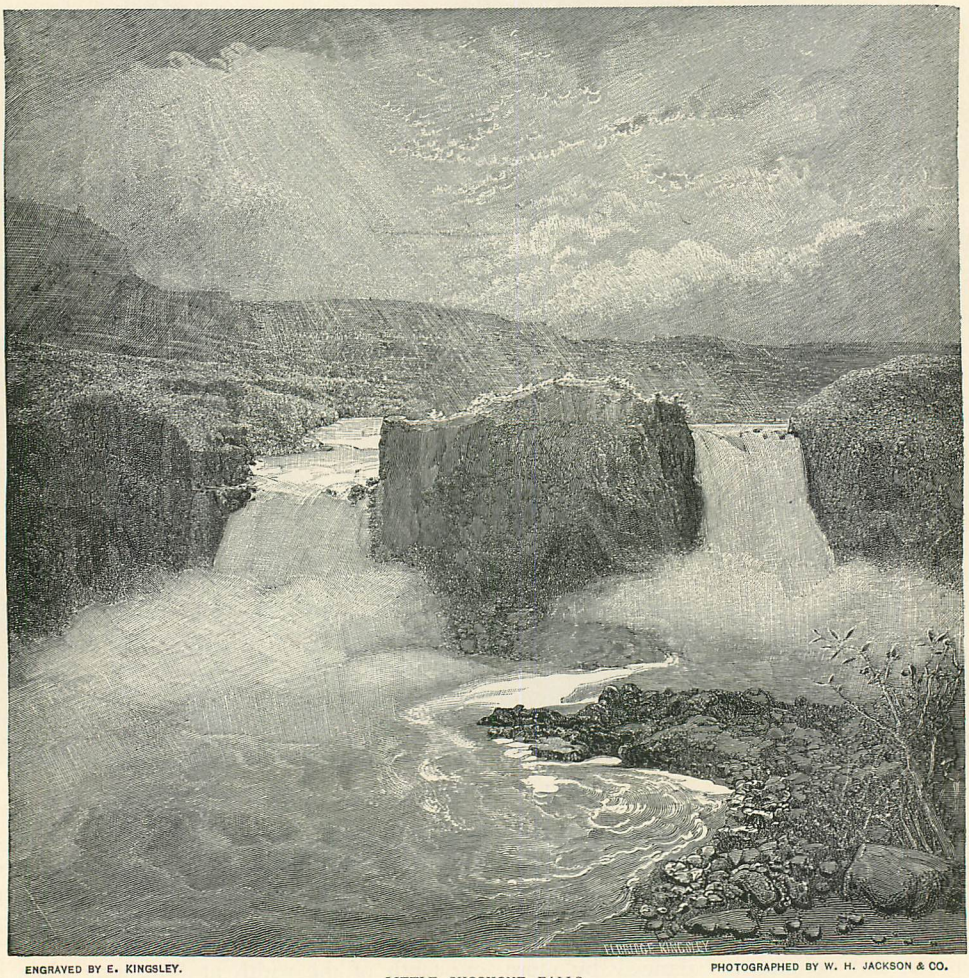
and seemingly a great deal more. Let it be remarked here in parenthesis that in June the water of the Snake is at its height, whereas at the time of our visit, early in October, it had fallen twelve feet; but this subtraction from the full volume is balanced by more agreeable weather and the torpidity of the rattlesnakes. The same always dreary plain extends to the base of the mountain range south of the river, the only sign of life being the half-way station, where the relay of stage horses is kept and fed on the hay and water carried to them. We knew that the river rolled between us and the hills, but it was so far beneath the surface that it was nowhere visible. Suddenly, just at the dusk of evening, we came to the abrupt precipice, and at the same instant the mighty roar of the cataract greeted our ears.

The water is compressed in many places like that of Niagara below the Suspension Bridge; and at its narrowest limit, 700 miles farther on in its course, even after it has been joined by the Columbia, a greater stream than itself, it is confined between the unyielding rocks at the Dalles, where it becomes only one-tenth of the width at Shoshone when it takes its fearful leap of 210 feet from the abyss above into the greater abyss below. It was at the rim of the upper chasm that we had now arrived. Here it is that the river, in ages beyond our computation of time, had formed out of the solid rock a basin 800 feet in depth and half a mile in width, and had constituted itself into a lake whose surface must have been level with the plain on which we stood and looked down upon the meadow left by its receding flood when it had escaped through the gateway it had patiently been cutting out for innumerable years. At great expense and patient labor a zigzag road has been made along the perpendicular descent of 800 feet. Alighting

from the wagon and tying the front and hind wheels together, we led our horses down this rather perilous path to that little bit of meadow upon which was pitched a large, commodious tent, serving the purpose of a hotel quite as well as the frame building which has since been erected on the other side of the river.

At length the rays of the morning lighted up the vast encircling panorama of grotesque crags and imaginary castles which had darkly frowned upon us from their exalted heights, and amidst this gorgeous display our steps were led to the brink of the great cascade.

At Niagara the water spreads widely at the



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LITTLE SHOSHONE FALLS.

For the first part of the night the roar of the water prevented sleep, but the steadiness of the noise at length lulled us to repose. On awaking in the morning the sound seemed to come from a different direction, and the change was explained by the fact that the wind had shifted during the night, thus bringing the echo from another place. Indeed, without the aid of a guide we should not readily have found our way to the cataract, as the echo, constantly moved about by the eddies of the wind, would have carried us out of our course. Daylight and sunshine on the upper plains were long in advance of their appearance in the basin below.

top, thus distributing its volume, but compressing itself at the end of its fall; whereas here the compression is made before the start. Preceding the grand leap there are no forewarning rapids giving notice of what the river is about to do, but silently it flows on as if it had at last reached its ocean level, and then, with one slight hint in its little side show of the Bridal Veil jutting out around a corner rock, it precipitates itself perpendicularly in one solid mass sixty feet farther downward than its great rival of the East. The whole width of nine hundred and fifty feet, both at top and bottom, is almost precisely that of Niagara on the American

side at the base. To ascertain the difference in the volumes of water, a very nice calculation should be made of the rapidity and depth of the current. To institute a comparison of the general effect, we refreshed our memories a few weeks later by a visit to Niagara. A mere look at Shoshone from the north side, on which we first approached it,—such a look alone as is too often satisfactory to tourists to whom obstacles in the way of seeing it all seem insurmountable,— gives but a faint idea of the magnificent whole. Preparations were in progress for a wire ferry at a distance of half a mile above the cataract, where the river is about four hundred yards wide. The ferriage at the time of our visit was conducted in a little skiff, which, with proper precautions, promises greater safety, as it is more manageable than a larger boat would be if accidentally the wire should be broken.

The timid visitor who satisfies himself with a view from the north side of the river departs with no conception of the infinitely more grand and impressive scene which opened to our view from the other side. One might as well be content with seeing Niagara from the American side, discrediting the story told him of the Horseshoe Fall as viewed from the Canadian shore. These contrasts have a striking resemblance, for once arrived upon the southern bank of the Snake the whole contour is changed. The bend before unnoticed is made apparent. What seemed all straight is now a curve at the top, tumbling in upon itself at the bottom in a solid mass, striking the rocks with such force that it springs up again a hundred feet in a column of water, foam, and spray. To obtain the various views in which the cataract presents itself, no little toil is requisite. The labor of getting down, with the danger added, is quite as much as that of getting back. From one rock to another, jutting out from the straight wall, the trunks of pine trees have been laid with their branches cut off, so fashioned that they serve as steps, while a wet, slippery, hanging rope is supposed to afford some additional security. From a bit of flat rock where we take a temporary rest upon the way a curious view of the cataract is obtained through an aperture under the "natural bridge." The drawing from a photograph taken on this spot will indicate the space which distinctly represents a bear in an upright position. Descending nearly to the surface of the river below the falls and one thousand feet below the plain above them, we arrive at the curious cave upon which the name of Cathedral Dome has been most appropriately bestowed. It is 175 feet high and 40 feet square, the dome in which it culminates chiseled out by the swirling waters in just proportions and awful grandeur thousands of years before Christopher Wren or Michael Angelo tried their 'prentice hands at architecture.

At one end of this mysterious sanctuary of nature there gushes out a cool, pure stream called the Baptismal Font, and through its open door comes the hoarse, reverberating music of the cataract playing its undying anthem. Its pulpit is everywhere, for if there be sermons in stones they are preached by these eternal rocks.

Below the Great Shoshone cataract, where the parallel of the river's contraction is nearly exact, the eye rests only upon bare, perpendicular crags a thousand feet high. First descends that four hundred feet of lava coating, and beneath it in their regular order the original surface of soil, the clay, and the granite. In some places where the soil was wanting, so that the devastating fire came in immediate contact with the clay, it burned it into brick, making a readily imagined picture of a city street with its long line of houses suspended in mid-air between the sky and the water.

The Twin Falls were yet to be seen. To reach them was the most difficult undertaking of the day. Climbing up the slippery ladders by which we had descended, and walking to the place where the skiff had been left, we embarked again and pulled up the stream a mile and a half, avoiding the current and whirlpools by keeping in the eddy until some impassable rapids were reached. Then, making fast the boat to a rock, we landed, and pursued our way for nearly two miles, not always on foot, but often swinging across the chasms by our arms or creeping like lizards over the lava boulders. This method of progression occupied more than two hours, when by a sudden turn we were brought face to face with the falls, so near to them that we were covered with their spray. Here above, the river flows on a plane two or three hundred feet higher than at the Great Shoshone, and is divided into two narrow channels separated by a rock. From each channel leaps a waterfall 70 feet in width and 182 in depth. Twins they are in age and size and beauty, tumbling joyously side by side in their wild play, dancing upwards in their spray and then twirling in each other's arms in whirlpools and eddies in their onward course.

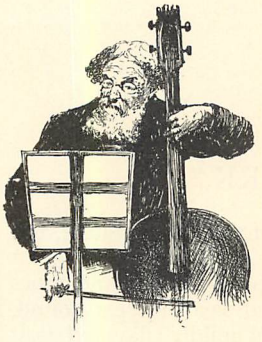
It will appear by these notes that at the brink of the Twin Falls the gorge is about 400 feet high, at their base 182 feet higher. Allowing 200 feet for the descent of four miles of rapids, it would be, as before stated, about 800 at the brink of the Great Shoshone, and rather more than 1000 at its foot. These measurements are at least approximately correct.

*John Codman.*

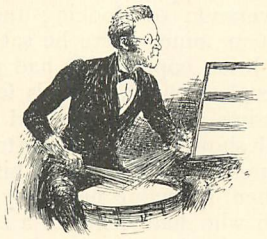
## "THE LITTLE MAN IN THE TINSHOP."

WHEN I was a little boy, long ago,
And spoke of the theater as "the show,"
The first one that I went to see,
Mother's brother it was took me;
(My uncle, of course, though he seemed to be
Only a boy — I loved him so!)
And ah, how pleasant he made it all!
And the things he knew that I should know!—
The stage, the "drop," and the frescoed wall;
The sudden flash of the lights; and oh,
The orchestra, with its melody,
And the lilt and jingle and jubilee
Of "The Little Man in the Tinshop"!

For uncle showed me "The Leader" there,
With his pale, bleak forehead and long, black hair;
Showed me the "Second," and "'Cello," and "Bass,"
And the "B-Flat," pouting and puffing his face
At the little end of the horn he blew
Silvery bubbles of music through;
And he coined me names of them each in turn,
Some comical name that I laughed to learn,
Clean on down to the last and best,
The lively little man, never at rest,
Who hides away at the end of the string,
And tinkers and plays on everything,—
That 's "The Little Man in the Tinshop"!



Raking a drum like a rattle of hail,
Clinking a cymbal or castanet;
Chirping a twitter or sending a wail
Through a piccolo that thrills me yet;
Reeling ripples of riotous bells,
And tipsy tinkles of triangles —
Wrangled and tangled in skeins of sound
Till it seemed that my very soul spun round,
As I leaned, in a breathless joy, toward my
Radiant uncle, who snapped his eye
And said, with the courtliest wave of his hand:
"Why, that little master of all the band
Is 'The Little Man in the Tinshop'!"



And I 've heard Verdi, the Wonderful,
And Paganini, and Ole Bull,
Mozart, Handel, and Mendelssohn,
And fair Parepa, whose matchless tone
Carl her master, with magic bow,
Blent with the angels', and held her so
Tranced till the rapturous Infinite —
And I 've heard arias, faint and low,
From many an operatic light
Glimmering on my swimming sight
Dimmer and dimmer, until, at last,
I still sit, holding my roses fast
For "The Little Man in the Tinshop"!

Oho! my Little Man, joy to you —
And yours — and theirs — your lifetime through!
Though I 've heard melodies, boy and man,
Since first "the show" of my life began,
Never yet have I listened to
Sadder, madder, or gladder glees
Than your unharmonied harmonies;
For yours is the music that appeals
To all the fervor the boy's heart feels —
All his glories, his wildest cheers,
His bravest hopes, and his brightest tears;
And so, with his first bouquet, he kneels
To "The Little Man in the T[illegible]hop."

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

# "THAT YANK FROM NEW YORK."

THE gray of dawn was beginning to brighten with roseate flashes of light as Joseph Bell unhooked the door of his adobe dwelling and stepped out on to the little veranda overlooking the plateau of the Cotera mine, where he sat down wearily on the brick coping. He had passed an anxious, sleepless night, and his features wore an expression of listlessness and disappointment which showed that he was in trouble. For a few minutes he sat quiet with his head in his hands; then, springing nervously to his feet, like a man who had come to a sudden decision, he struck the signal gong nailed against one of the pillars of the porch, lighted a cigar, and, blowing the smoke of the first whiffs far away, said aloud:

"Well, it 's got to stop; and, what 's more, it is going to stop to-day. I suppose I had better see Garcia about it first," he added meditatively, after a few puffs. "These Mexicans know their country better than do we Gringos, with all our conceit and mistaken contempt for the genus Greaser. Ah! Torribio, *buenos dias*," he went on, as his *mozo*, draped in a blue *serape*, walked up, jingling the little bells on his spurs.

"*Buenos dias*, Don Pepe! You passed a good night?" the boy cried out in answer. "You struck the gong?"

"Yes. We are going to Alamos. Let Féliz get ready. I 'll take him along too. And tell the captain I wish to see him here at once. Be quick now, and see that Teresa brings the coffee. And, by the way, I 'll take my carbine this morning."

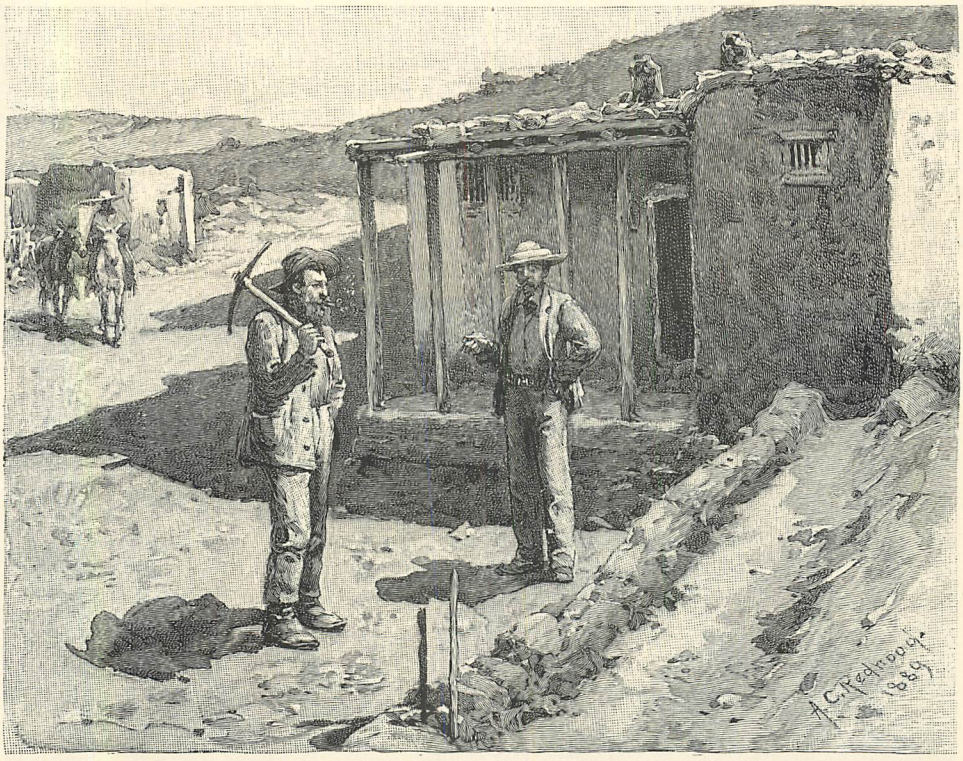
When the boy had disappeared, Bell took down his spurs and his revolver from a nail on the wall, and buckled them on leisurely; then he sat down again and waited. The day's work was decided upon, and he could afford to thrust his cares aside; for, now that he was about to grapple with them materially, they seemed much less formidable than during the long hours of the night, when he was endeavoring to make up his mind as to what really was his duty. The morning air was fresh and cool, his cigar was good, and his coffee deliciously aromatic, so why not enjoy the sensuous pleasure of the moment? Life in Sonora offers none but the most material enjoyments, and those not so often as to dull the appetite for comfort; as for disagreeable duties, they form the major part of the day's routine, and amply sufficient unto each day is that part thereof. The cactus bears a thousand times a thousand thorns that last the year round, and but a handful of mildly flavored fruit that ripens once in May; so let the Maytime be a holiday!

While he was half unconsciously trying to convince himself that this very practical, if not very ennobling, philosophy was the best, Bell was aroused from his reverie by the approach of big Jack Corbis, the captain of the mine.

"Good morning, Mr. Bell," he cried out, stopping a few feet away from his boss and dropping the head of a pick which he carried on his shoulder, more as a badge of his office than for the purpose of applying it to any practical use. "You be up kind o' early this mornin', sorr. Hot day, too, it 's meanin' to be, sure 'nough!" he added, wiping his forehead with the back of his wrist and looking up at the pink-and-gray ripples of cloud in the sky. Then, as if suddenly recollecting something, he said in an indifferent tone: "Toeribyoe let on as how you was wantin' to see me here, Mr. Bell. C'n I help ye any?"

There was in his tone, as usual when he spoke to the superintendent, a suggestion of patronizing kindness or condescension, and Bell naturally resented it; for Jack's whole manner seemed to imply, "I know exactly what is to be done, but it is a part of my duty to come up and ask you, just as if I did n't; so here I am to fulfil this little formality before going to work in my own way; but there 's no hurry." And he emphasized this by jerking a tobacco-pouch from his hip-pocket and leisurely filling his pipe.

Bell half smiled, half frowned, as he read the man's thoughts, flattered by the ease with which he did so, yet at the same time displeased at his own implied inferiority. "Not merely implied, though," he was obliged to own to himself as he looked at Jack's stalwart figure and brawny arms. "As an animal he is worth five of me, and I suppose that down here a man should be gauged rather more than less by his physical points. Then, too, he has had twenty years' experience below ground, and I have had less than one; he will intuitively solve nine problems out of ten, while I have to puzzle over and work them out on paper, without even then being sure that I am right. Yet he earns four dollars a day to



"THAT 'S ALL FOR THIS MORNING."

my fifteen, and has to take his orders from me,— 'that Yank from New York,'— who but a few months ago was no more than a *stud. rerum met. et mont.* If I were in his place I should resent it less good-naturedly than Jack does, I am sure. Taking it all in all, I think he behaves remarkably well. To be sure, there 's the tenth problem —" His *amour propre* suggested, and the consciousness of his superiority returned to him at once.

"I don't know that you can help me, Jack," he answered quietly, "beyond carrying out what orders I give you. I am going into town this morning, and shall not be back before sunset, so we must postpone surveying the old *socabon* until to-morrow. You can put on two extra gangs in the Salon Grande, and run the rest as usual. At five I want you to blow the whistle and send all the men — mind you, *all* of them — up to the compressor-room. I shall have something to say to you. That 's all for this morning."

The boys had come up with the mules before Bell concluded, and without waiting for an answer he vaulted into the saddle. As he rode away he was conscious of a feeling of relief at not having to listen to Jack's reply, and at the same time of a certain sense of shame at his momentary cowardice. "Heigh ho!" he said to himself, "this playing at all or nothing requires more nerve than I am sure of being able to count upon: and how different this is from the pretty chess play we read of in books! It is no longer a moving of a wooden or an ivory king — or — at least the king now is myself. How shall I come out this evening? *Quien sabe?*" And, as in life some innocent victim must always suffer for the disturbed vibrations of our temper, Bell's mule was suddenly and rather undeservedly reminded that her rider was a "caballero with silver spurs."

Meanwhile Jack Corbis stood on the same spot, holding his half-closed hands over the bowl of his yet unlighted pipe, with a half-admiring, half-doubtful expression on his handsome cavalier's face. "Well — I 'll be tchee-war-war'd!" he said finally and conclusively as he drew a match across the rear of his overalls. "The young un said that as if he really was a-goin' to fight the crowd on us — Gringos an' Cornishmen an' Greasers an' Injuns — jest as we stand. Wal! I doan' know but I like that; come now, hang me if I doan't. We 'll make a miner of that boy some day, sure 's taxes. He can't have all the men, mind ye, though. There 's that job down to the Rochin cross-cut 's got to be fixed to-night. All right, now, Master Bell; we 'll give you a show, or my name ain't Jack Corbis, nor

never was!" And, shouldering his pick, the captain of the mine walked away with a heavy tread towards the shaft, grumbling to himself between the puffs of his pipe.

By the time Bell had reached the village at the foot of the Cotera range he had regained his usual composure and self-confidence. Like most intelligent men of a quick, nervous temper, who see the dozen different sides of a question at the same time, he was slow to make up his mind on matters of importance; when, however, that result had been accomplished, he never wavered, but threw his whole energy into the attempt to reach his end. He was still too young to be hampered by the record of partial or doubtful successes, for whatever success he had achieved in life was still too recent to have been diminished by the perspective of time; and without being exactly conceited, he was yet keenly appreciative of his own talents. Moreover, he knew from experience that the day before the ordeal the nerves are more sensitive to its imaginary formidableness than on the day itself, when the struggle has begun. He also felt that he was fighting for no more than his right, and had not read a sufficient number of Russian novels to know that if might is right, right is not always might. So that on the whole he felt tolerably confident of success.

When, two months before, he had come down to Mexico to take charge of the Cotera property, this had been handed over to him by his predecessor, a middle-aged, uneducated Cornishman, who had conceived an immediate and violent dislike to the refined, well-read young American. In his farewell speech to the men he had found it expedient, after expressing his satisfaction at the efficient way in which they had served him, to regret that "that Yank from New York" should have been sent down to boss them, and to hope that under such a questionable leadership they might not become demoralized. Bell, as it happened, did not come from New York; but he had been sent down from there by the office, and in Mr. Harris's ingenuous mind all Yankees hailed from either New York or San Francisco, according as they belonged East or West. Moreover, the lurking contempt of the great West for the daily increasing "effeteness" of the Atlantic slope was satisfied in the summary description of the young man's "size," as was also the Cornishman's dislike of the American. In such remote communities as this mining-camp, where the principles of right and wrong are variable and determined by the caprice of the moment, the jingle of a word often outweighs its sense. So in this case, without stopping to reflect, the men, pleased by the phrase "that Yank from New York," adopted it as a characteristic definition of their leader. Half unconsciously, to be sure, but none the less absolutely, the Yankees and then

"I 'M READY TO BEGIN RIGHT NOW." (PAGE 936.)

the Cornishmen began to talk deprecatingly of the new boss; before long the Mexican employees discovered their superiority; and as nothing is more contagious than demoralization, the very Indian miners, for the first time in the recollection of their existence, realized that their views should be represented and receive due consideration. Naturally enough these different parties interfered with one another, and disorder ensued. Bell was sufficiently well aware of the fact that things were going wrong; but being a young and inexperienced man in a new country, the language of which he spoke as yet but indifferently, he had only recently understood the real cause of the trouble. "Gangrene — amputation," he said to himself. "That is clear enough; but where shall we amputate, and how?" These questions had kept him awake all night, and as he rode under the great spreading poplars along the bed of the *arroyo* he wondered whether the operation would prove successful. The dismissal of the Mexican officers, which he had resolved to accomplish that very day, was the most difficult problem to solve without exciting such personal animosities as might lead to bloodshed, and it was chiefly on this point that he was going to ask Garcia's advice.

When Bell entered the office Don José-Maria rose from his desk and greeted him warmly; then he led him across the orange-planted courtyard into his private room. "Deign to enter this, your own house, Señor Bell, and allow me to ask permission to absent myself a few moments — yes? Meanwhile you will throw off the heat of the sun. I send some refreshment at once."

Within a few minutes he returned, drew up his chair, and, crossing his hands over his waistcoat, said in his low, caressing voice, "Well, Don José, what can I do to serve you to-day?"

Bell told him the story in detail, wondering the while whether this polite little man, with features of feminine delicacy and beauty and soft, dark eyes, could really be the same Garcia whose bravery and ferocity had become legendary in the district. It seemed impossible, and yet at times, notwithstanding the pleasant expression of his smile, a hard, brilliant glitter, like that of a snake's, would for a moment come into his eyes. He listened attentively without moving or interrupting the speaker until Bell asked him what he should do under the circumstances.

"You must do what is right," he answered, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and gently tapping his thumbs together.

"Yes, Don José-Maria; but what *is* right?"

Garcia shrugged his shoulders again more energetically as he replied: "Every man has his own appreciation of what is right, and in your position your honest decision will be the best. You have made up your mind as to what you have to do; now do it. That is the best advice I can give you. I would suggest, however, that in the case of the Mexicans you allow them to resign instead of dismissing them; and, whatever the provocation may be, *don't shoot.* Some relative or other is sure to spot you in time. I could have him caught and sent — for the matter of that, along with his whole family — up to the *campo santo.* But what satisfaction would you derive from that if you were also in the graveyard? Believe me, Don José, don't shoot. It is sometimes worth while to control one's most legitimate desires. Now come in to dinner and stay here for the siesta before riding back to the mine. The sun must be hot on the road to-day, is it not?"

They went out, and as they walked slowly across the cool *patio* towards the dining-room, Don José-Maria asked in a casual way, "You live in New York when you are at home?"

Bell laughed aloud, and tore a sheet out of his note-book. "In case anything should happen to me," he answered, writing down the direction, "you can telegraph to this address. But I don't think it will be necessary."

"Quien sabe?" the other replied seriously and pitching his voice in a high key. "Things develop more rapidly here than in the north. But, Don José, allow me to say a word to my brother, who is standing under the portico, and I am with you in ten minutes." When Bell was out of ear-shot Garcia beckoned to his brother, the doctor, and after a short "good day" he said to him: "Do not go out to-night, Alfonso, and keep a couple of mules saddled after seven. You may be wanted at the Cotera; but say nothing about it, please." Then he followed his guest into the dining-room.

It was nearly four o'clock when, having shaken hands for the last time with Don José-Maria, Bell turned his face homeward. The great heat of the day was past, and a gentle breeze blew through the silvery shivering foliage of the poplars and lifted the feathery branches of the *sabinas* that undulated lazily, like delicate seaweed floating back and forth at each wave-lap. The sun was low, and long blue shadows lay across the red soil of the road. In the distance the mountain tops stood out in strong blue-and-purple dashes against the fainter, whitish blue of the sky, while the nearer rugged peaks of barren rock, striped with red iron lines, shone boldly above the slight mist that was beginning to form at their base. The wide plain, studded with round, full-topped trees, and surrounded by the fantastically shaped hills, made a picture of rare coloring and beauty; yet like all tropical scenery, either because of its lack of animal life or

of association with men, it produced a sad impression on the mind, that could never forget its isolation and unimportance in this vast, silent desert.

On this afternoon the impression of intense sadness which Bell could not control may to a certain extent have been due to other causes; for as he rode along towards what the irony of circumstance temporarily obliged him to call "home," he distinctly recalled his feelings on the day when, but a few weeks before, he had traveled this same road on his arrival, buoyed up by the interest of a first visit and by visions of unprecedented success for the mine during his administration. And these expectations had come to what? Whether attributed to his fault or his misfortune, the result remained the same: he had no similar previous experience on which to fall back, and his self-conceit was not so sturdy as to absolve him in his own judgment of any unintentional errors. "Que diable allai-je donc faire dans cette galère?" he said aloud and with a bitter laugh. "Well, for better for worse I took Dame Cotera; let us see what manner of welcome the shrew bids me to-night — the very night of her taming too, or I am much mistaken." And so saying he whipped his mule with the reins and galloped up to his office at the mine just as the whistle blew for the men to assemble.

For perhaps half an hour Bell paced his brick floor composing, or rather attempting to compose, his speech; but he had barely begun to make some progress when his boy Torribio, dispensing with the formality of a knock at the door, walked into the room to say that the men were waiting. "I suppose Féliz and I had better each take a lantern, Don Pepe. No? It is half dark already in there; and — I told Féliz to bring his carbine; that will make three with yours and mine."

Bell merely nodded assent, and told the boy to go on ahead. At the last moment, moved by some sudden impulse, he threw down his gun and unbuckled his revolver. "They would be of no use to me any way," he reasoned as he walked towards the compressor-house, "and I shall be all the stronger for being unarmed. At any rate it is the best way of following José-Maria's advice."

As he entered the large room and motioned to the engineer to shut off steam there was a sudden silence, which seemed the more profound for the noisy talking that had preceded it; and the men, who had formed themselves in different groups, all turned curiously towards him. Bell was perfectly calm, but, as he himself felt it, unnaturally so; it seemed to him now that there was little or nothing to say, and for a moment the uncomfortable suspicion flashed through his mind that the wrongs of which he was about to complain began and ended in his own imagination. To gain time he looked around, as if to see that all hands were present. Guarding the closed door behind him stood his two *mozos*, leaning on their carbines, and in front of each was a large reflector lantern throwing a strong light on Bell, who, in his duck clothes, stood out as the most prominent figure in the room. On his right the white miners were drawn up in line, and on the left the mill hands, a quiet-looking set of men. Opposite, and just in front of the bob of the big pump that swung back and forth like a ponderous pendulum, the Mexican employees formed a little group by themselves, their sallow complexions and dark hair contrasting strongly with the ruddy-faced, light-bearded Gringos. In the second rank behind, the native miners and Indians were packed closely, their bronze-brown skins scarcely lightening the shadow that enveloped them, and their half-closed, glittering eyes, that were all fixed on the boss, gleaming like fireflies on a dark night. Through the window opposite to him Bell could barely see the light of the lantern on the gallows over the shaft burning quietly, and he tried to fancy that it was like a star close at hand.

As he was about to make an effort to say something — what, he did not then know — one of the small boys who were crowded together outside the window lost his hold and tumbled into the room with a loud cry of dismay that was answered by a yell from the assembly. This little incident seemed to break the ice: Bell understood it, and every man there felt it; a cloud of good humor seemed to have burst over their heads, and a smile lurked in the corners of their mouths and eyes. "Now is my time," he said to himself, and stepped forward, trembling a little, but on the whole self-possessed and calm.

"Boys," he began in rather a loud voice, that elsewhere he would scarcely have recognized as his own, "I have n't got much to say to you, but I wish you to understand every word that I do say. For the last two months — in fact ever since Mr. Harris left us — you seem to have got hold of the idea that there was no boss in this camp. Well, perhaps there was n't; perhaps you thought that a 'Yank from New York' was too green to stand over you, and maybe you were right. Now, boys, I don't think you gave me a fair show. Why did n't you come to me like men, and say straight out what you had to say, instead of working behind my back to make trouble? Fifty to one, too! When I knew that I was right I told you what you were to do; and when I was in doubt I asked your advice before deciding what was best. You know that is the truth I am telling

you. Well, boys, you 've got a boss now — got him to-night — and I am the man. If there 's any one here who does n't like it he can walk straight out of that door, right now, and come for his time to-morrow."

Bell paused a moment, and stepped aside waiting for an answer; but beyond a volley of oaths, mainly meant to be commendatory, none was forthcoming. He had only an indistinct recollection of the words he had used, but he was distinctly conscious of having won the fight. The worst was over: he had asserted himself, and they had understood that he was right; now he could proceed with his duties feeling that the better element in the camp was at his back.

When he came forward again his words had already been translated to the natives, and all bent over eagerly to hear what he was going to say next.

"I am sorry," he began in a lower voice, and hesitatingly — "I am sorry that my first duty should be such a disagreeable one; but I don't see any way of avoiding it. I have noticed that there is a good deal — in fact too much — ill-feeling between Mexicans and white men here at the Cotera. As yet I cannot say who is wrong or who is right. So to-night I mean to have both sides state their grievances openly, and the facts shall decide. Señor Ponce de Leon, will you do me the favor to step forward?"

A giant cartridge exploding in the center of the Mexican group could not have produced a greater commotion than did these few words. For a moment all talked at once, gesticulating wildly and in the greatest confusion, while the foreigners looked at one another and winked, much amused at this sudden turn of affairs. Finally, after a short debate, the oldest of the Mexicans advanced towards Bell and cried angrily:

"Don José! you do not know the customs of this our country. We are caballeros, Señor, and not to be called to account. We cannot submit to be ranked with laborers and treated as such; and I have the honor, in the name of my colleagues here, and also, Señor, in my own, of offering you our resignation."

He bowed low, with an outward, horizontal sweep of his arm, and was just stepping back to join his comrades, when, clear and distinct, the cry of "Fire!" rang out in the still night air, and one of the native miners ran in breathless.

"Don José," he gasped, "the roof where they were retimbering in the Rochin cross-cut has come down, and the timbermen, Don Juan and Don Eduardo, got caught under the rock that fell. I had gone back a moment before, and so escaped most of the dirt; but even before I cleared myself the wood was on fire, and the big supply pile is just on this side of the cross-cut. Mary, most holy, save the mine!"

"Jack Corbis!"

"Yes — sir!"

"Are there any air-pipes in that cross-cut? Yes? Then drive the compressor till she bursts. Pick out three men for the first gang with you and myself — axes and picks — and four for the next. That will do. Now come — hurry!"

A minute later they stood on the platform of the open cage, silent but resolute. From below the smoke was beginning to rise, thick and black. In the shaft itself it rolled up slowly, boiled up in round cushioned clouds, writhing, advancing, and apparently receding again until it reached the collar and shot upward swiftly, climbing the tall gallows and spreading evenly and slowly into a thick, undulating canopy of a pasty consistency that lay like a circular blot against the sky. Bell looked up overhead for the lantern — his star — and it seemed to him that it was burning, dimly but steadily. Once more he turned to Corbis and asked:

"Candles?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Matches?"

"Yes, sir. All ready, sir!"

"Lower away!"

The gong sounded sharply — ding, ding, ding; "*Bueno!*" came back from the engine-house, and they were gone.

At the third level the cage stopped, and they got out to light their candles. The main body of the smoke was creeping along the roof of the drift, but for a foot above the car-track the air was tolerably clear; so they lay down on their sides, holding their candles in one hand before them, and crawled along in the ooze of the floor towards the fire. Their progress was necessarily slow, and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the grunting and panting of the men and the more distant crackling of the burning wood. Then they reached the cross-cut, and a shower of sparks fell over them. The heat became intense, and at last they were obliged to halt. It looked here as if their task were a hopeless one, yet not one of them thought of going back.

"There ought to be a little water in the unfinished winze close by here, sir," Corbis called out, coughing in the smoke. "If we c'n only reach it I think we c'n push through. Leastways we c'n try. 'T ain't more 'n five or six fathom, to your right, Mr. Bell."

"Come along, then, boys!" Bell cried out cheerily; and the strange little procession of five crept on slowly, with lowered heads. To them no doubt those thirty feet seemed longer than many a weary mile under the hot sun

above ground; and probably nothing but the feeling of companionship enabled them to reach together the little hole, which not one of them could have reached alone. Silently they let themselves down into the dirty, greasy water, above which the air was fairly free from smoke.

As Bell glanced at the black-streaked faces of his four companions emerging from the metallic-looking surface of the water he could not help smiling at their ridiculous appearance. "Well," he thought, as he turned from the brightly illuminated drift, where a few yards away a couple of men were probably dying in agony, to the dark hole in which he and his four miners were closely wedged, "I suppose that all through life there is a smile to every tear." Then turning to Corbis: "Jack," he said, "send one of the men back to the station, and let the next gang hurry along. They want to cut a few sets in the drift and plaster the ones nearest the fire with mud. I am going to make a dash ahead, and — if I don't answer your call when you have counted a hundred, you 'll have to come in after me. Here goes!"

He clambered out of the hole, and raising one arm to protect his face, he plunged into the flames; but he had taken only a few steps when his foot struck something soft on the ground, and he fell forward over the prostrate body of a man. He was partly stunned by the blow, but this rather helped him, for the bite of the fire seemed less sharp, and a moment later he staggered out under his burden. It was Ned Bowles, but whether alive or dead they could not tell; he was bleeding from several wounds, and badly burned. "Take him up carefully, boys," Bell cried, "but hurry. Never mind the smoke this time; get him out sharp, and send some more men to take your place. Now, Jack," he went on, as the others vanished in the smoke, "it 's your turn. Yell to me if you want help, and good luck to you, Jack, old man. I 'll have to cool off a spell in the water here."

He slid down again into the hole and rested his head on his hands. For a little while he seemed to have lost his power of thought, and even for a moment forgot where he was. In the cool water he experienced a delicious sensation of relief that made him shiver all over, not unpleasantly; then an intense drowsiness came over him. He was on the verge of losing consciousness when, with a loud bellow of pain, Jack rushed out of the fire and slipped into the water beside him.

"John Vinton 's in there and alive, Mr. Bell," he shrieked, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his breath; "but he be under a pile of dirt, and I can't get him out alone. My God, sorr, but it be hot in there! and there be but little air left. We must hurry. D' ye think ye 'll be able to go back with me, sorr?"

"I 'm all right again, Jack. Come on!"

And for the second time they disappeared in the flames. But how they worked and struggled and writhed in that furnace; how they tore away the rocks and dirt from over the body of their comrade; and how, between them, they bore him away through that hell of burning timber, they never knew. As they emerged from the cross-cut, slowly and heavily, in a halo of fire, with bent heads and in an agony of pain, they perceived vaguely that the drift was full of anxious men.

"Saved?"

"Saved!"

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" And there rang through the stone galleries of the old mine a great burst of joyful sound that vibrated back from the rock faces, rolling away into the lost corners of the abandoned workings and up through the shaft to the surface, where another excited crowd took it up with their shrill, far-sounding Indian voices, and sent the news across the neighboring *cañadas* into the silent mountains beyond. But suddenly it died out as quickly as it had come.

The nervous strain had proved too much for Bell, and now that it was all over his strength abandoned him; he staggered and fell forward, striking his forehead against a sharp stone, and lay there in the drift, quiet and unconscious. They took him up tenderly, and in silence bore their young captain away to his dwelling on the hillside, where two of the miners sat by his *tarima* to watch until the doctor came. Rough nurses they were, no doubt, but devoted ones; and when at last the doctor told them, "He 'll be all right again soon, Señores," there was great rejoicing at the Cotera mine.

One evening, some days later, Jack Corbis entered the long room of the boarding-house, where the men were sitting along the benches, smoking and talking quietly. Jack put on his spectacles with an unusually dignified air, as he stepped up to the head of the table and threw down a book on which he laid his giant hand. He looked around over the rim of his glasses, and seeing that all were listening, he said in a subdued but more impressive tone than usual:

"If there be any man in this camp so tarnation mean 's t' speak of the boss again as 'that Yank from New York,' so help me God, I 'll skin him first and heave him down the old shaft for the rats to git their work in on! Now that 's clear, ain't it? and I 'm ready to begin right now." He waited a little while, but as no one seemed disposed to put his flaying powers to a practical test, he continued, more good-humoredly:

"There be one thing I kind o' wanted to bring to your notice to-night, boys. En that 's edyecation. I never took no stock in books ontil quite recently, the other night — the night o' the fire, I mean; 'n it 's beginnin' to look to me as though I 'd missed the vein — drifted clean through the foot-wall and into country rock; as though I 'd been puttin' in my holes like a man,— good holes, and in the right spot,— but thar won't any ore come down with the dirt. En it 's got to be in these times minin' ain't what it used to be oncet, no more 'n anythin' else is what it was. A man without edyecation to-day don't stand no show against a man that has. It 's like hand drillin' against a three en a half Rand. Mebbe you knowed all that, en mebbe p'r'aps again you did n't. But that ain't neither here nor there. What there 's to it is this. It was edyecation made the boss a boss — as good a boss as I want to work for. Now t' other night he jest went right ahead, en we followed him; 'cause he was the best on us, and 'cause we could n't help ourselves followin' him. In course 't were his edyecation did it. We was good men, every man of us; but he was a good man with a lot of edyecation to him besides, en he come out ahead. That 's why. Boys, let 's edyecate! When Mr. Bell comes round he 'll give us a hand en show us whar' we c'n put in the holes best. But meantime I thought I 'd jest make a start, kind o' easy; big print en figgers in a handy size for a man o' my heft — that 's what I want to begin with. This book here, that I borrowed in the office jest now, with a mate to it for the night shift, seems 'bout right. Let me spell the name to 't:

"Gregory's 'Anal-y-tical Mechanics, Vol. I.'; en that 's the corner monument of my new strike."

*John Heard, Jr.*

# THE IDEAL.

BY the promise of noon's blue splendor in the dawn's first silvery gleam,
By the song of the sea that compelleth the path of the rock-cleaving stream,
I summon thee, recreant dreamer, to rise and follow thy dream.

At the inmost core of thy being I am a burning fire
From thine own altar-flame kindled, in the hour when souls aspire;
For know that men's prayers shall be answered, and guard thy spirit's desire.

That which thou wouldst be thou must be, that which thou shalt be thou art;
As the oak, astir in the acorn, the dull earth rendeth apart,
Lo, thou, the seed of thy longing, that breaketh and waketh the heart!

Mine is the cry of the night wind, startling thy traitorous sleep;
Moaning I echo thy music, and e'en while thou boastest to reap
Alien harvests, my anger resounds from the vehement deep.

I am the solitude folding thy soul in a sudden embrace;
Faint waxes the voice of thy fellow, wan the light on his face;
Life is as cloud-drift about thee alone in shelterless space.

I am the drawn sword barring the lanes thy mutinous feet
Vainly covet for greenness. Loitering pace or fleet,
Thine is the crag-path chosen. On the crest shall rest be sweet.

I am thy strong consoler, when the desolate human pain
Darkens upon thee, the azure out-blotted by rush of the rain.
All thou dost cherish may perish; still shall thy quest remain.

Call me thy foe in thy passion; claim me in peace for thy friend;
Yet bethink thee by lowland or upland, wherever thou willest to wend,
I am thine Angel of Judgment; mine eyes thou must meet in the end.

*Katharine Lee Bates.*

# PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

CHARLES W. SHIELDS. HENRY C. POTTER. THEODORE T. MUNGER. SAMUEL W. DIKE. SETH LOW. RICHARD T. ELY. WM. CHAUNCY LANGDON.

## A PROGRAMME FOR LABOR REFORM.

REPORT TO THE SOCIOLOGICAL GROUP BY A COMMITTEE CONSISTING OF SETH LOW AND RICHARD T. ELY.

### I.

STATEMENT OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

THE labor problem is not an isolated problem. The labor problem embraces a group of social phenomena which has the most vital connection with all other great groups of social phenomena. The labor problem belongs to the life of man as a member of industrial society and comprises one class of industrial problems. By industrial problems we mean those problems which find their origin in the efforts of men to gain a livelihood in organized society, and to do this in an orderly and peaceable manner, to secure justice, and to do right in these efforts, and to make all their efforts minister to the highest welfare of all men. The labor problem is but a part, although a very large part, of the industrial problems of the present day. But even our industrial life in its fullest sense does not exist apart by itself. All modern sociological researches show unmistakably that the life of man as a member of society is truly one, whether this life manifests itself in language, in art, in literature, in religion, in the friendly intercourse and exchange of ideas among men, in the family, in education, or in the municipality, state, or nation.

The branch of knowledge which deals with this entire immense territory is called sociology; but anything like a complete sociology, or even a sociology complete enough for actual use, does not exist now, even if it may exist at some future time. The weakness of the human mind compels us to separate by more or less arbitrary process the entire social life of man into parts and to pursue them separately. The discipline which deals with industrial society is called political economy, but we shall fall into serious error if we fail to remember that it is closely connected with every other social science.[1]

Industrial life, though dealing primarily with material things, is an integral part of the social organization; it conditions all other departments of social life and is conditioned by them. The reciprocity of action — both beneficent and maleficent — between mind and body, by which health or disease in one produces the same in the other, is perfectly paralleled by the relation between the spiritual and scientific elements of civilization and the industrial element.

The labor problem is not a single problem, but a whole group of interrelated problems to which, in popular language, the singular noun rightly attributes unity. The labor problem is a part of the great social question of our day, and it concerns us all vitally.

We reach first of all this conclusion: *The labor problem is only a fractional part of the entire problem of industrial society, and the entire problem of industrial society is only one part of the whole social problem, which includes art, religion, literature, and the various other departments of social life.* While, then, its scope is exaggerated by extreme labor reformers, its ramifications are such that it touches all men, and whoever fails to recognize this errs in an opposite direction.

Recent industrial movements show that industrial questions now under discussion affect the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the professional classes, and in some cases perhaps even more keenly than the class of wage-workers. It is conceivable that a vast network of monopolies, crushing out all independent producers, might give to artisans, mechanics, and unskilled laborers as steady work as they now receive, or even steadier; as high wages as they now receive, or even higher; and might in the exercise of a beneficent paternalism cause strikes to cease. It by no means follows that this consummation would be a desirable one. We are not prepared to say that a society composed of a few plutocrats

[1] Ingram's "History of Political Economy" (Macmillan & Co., New York, 1888) brings this out clearly in the treatment of the development of economic science.

and a vast mass of even contented day-laborers is in a truly prosperous condition. We would prefer rather a society composed of many grades, with easy transition from any one grade to the next higher, or even the next lower. We arrive then at the second general conclusion: *The labor problem is by no means merely a class problem, and we deprecate as most unfortunate any attempt to treat it as such.*

On the other hand, all social questions touch the labor problem, because the advance of civilization is a matter of vital concern to wage-earners, who cannot prosper as members of a diseased organism. The real advance of labor can come only as part of true social progress; but true social progress is, in our day at least, impossible unless even the humblest classes participate to an increasing extent in the benefits of civilization. The most we could grant is this: as the most numerous class, and as the weaker industrial class upon whom burdens are too easily shifted, perhaps the laboring class is on the whole more deeply concerned in the various problems of industrial society than any other element of this society.

It is, then, well to form the habit of looking at society and its movements from the standpoint of the laborers, because their interests are identical with the interests of the whole of society. *Whenever we truly advance the interests of wage-earners we necessarily advance the interests of all society.* We might call this our third general conclusion. This cannot be said without reserve for any other social class, for we see cliques and parties growing rich by the promotion of special interests in legislative halls and elsewhere, while society as a whole may languish. The laboring class is in reality the only class which is not merely a class, and this justifies the use of the now current expression, "The masses against the classes." No one will, it may be hoped, take this as a justification of all measures which are urged upon or in the name of the laboring classes, or suppose that any sanction is hereby given to that claim of industrial preëminence sometimes advanced in their behalf.

It was once supposed that factory legislation forbidding child labor, restricting the labor of women and young persons, abolishing truck or "pluck me" stores, providing for general education of artisans, securing the safety of men and women employed in naturally dangerous occupations, was class legislation, but experience and science now have demonstrated that such is not the case. While English experience is not different from that of other countries, it speaks out more clearly because experimentation has there been carried farther than elsewhere. The seventh Earl of Shaftesbury — who perhaps did more for England than any other man who has lived in the present century — was opposed by Cobden, Bright, and the entire school of doctrinaire political economists in his philanthropic efforts to secure what has become the present admirable code of factory laws in England, but he lived to see men like Sir James Graham and Gladstone publicly recant, while Cobden wavered. The nation, with the exception of a few extremists, now approves this legislation, and the political economist Newmarch but voiced the sentiment of scholars when, before the British Association, he declared that the Earl of Shaftesbury had by his efforts established the industrial supremacy of England on a securer basis than ever.[1] Scientific men like Huxley, however, come forward and from a biological and physiological standpoint claim that still greater efforts must be made to promote the intellectual, moral, and physical welfare of the masses, or the future of England will be sacrificed to an illusory and temporary prosperity. The argument is entirely in the interest of England as a whole, because it is seen that the foundation of permanent national well-being must in the future even more than in the past be found in the vigor of body and mind of the great masses.

## II.

### CAUSES OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE MODERN LABOR PROBLEM.

We must first notice that social problems may be a sign of health or of disease; they may be growing pains of youthful condition or the symptoms of decrepitude or age. The masses are naturally conservative. A rude and uncultured mind is averse to change, but clings to tradition. The habits of forefathers are followed in speech, in garb, in manners, in industry. Servants in our kitchens resist undoubted improvements, but cling to more arduous methods from conservatism like that of an animal. It is only when man has attained a certain stage of development that he rises above a brutish conservatism and seeks — at first often in crude and mistaken manner — for changed and improved conditions. A youthful people, or an age of the world which exhibits the characteristics of rapidly developing youth, will show this restlessness under wrongs and sufferings, although a mitigation of these wrongs and sufferings has recently taken place, although this mitigation itself may have started the upward movement which looks like youthful growth. On the other hand, a decaying people, or an age of the world which is passing away, exhibits evidences of distress which are totally

[1] See Hodder's "Life and Work of Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury," especially Vol. II.

different in character, however great to the superficial observer may be the resemblance.

The distress of Rome under the later emperors was the agony of expiring life. We hold that we are now suffering from "growing pains." So far we have reason for hope and gratitude. If we but know "the day of our visitation," if we but diligently improve the unprecedented opportunities which the Almighty has given us in these last years of the nineteenth century, we shall find that we are but entering on the dawn of a more glorious civilization than the world has yet seen. This is our faith, and in it we find inspiration.

A deterioration in the condition of the masses may be either absolute or relative. It may be positively worse than it has been in preceding periods, or it may have failed to keep pace with the general progress in wealth and civilization and with the growth of wants.

On the whole, there is reason to believe that, absolutely speaking, the condition of the masses in all civilized lands has improved and not deteriorated in the past generation of the world's history. Yet in some respects we are obliged to acknowledge even an absolute deterioration in large portions of civilized society.

The old security of existence, which is a most important element in well-being, has largely passed away for artisans and mechanics. When industries were conducted on a small scale, the blacksmith at the country cross-roads and the village carpenter might never secure a fortune, but it was their own fault if they did not gain a modest competence. Work might be slack at times, but there was always something to be done. The skilled artisan owned his tools and called no man master. We can remember when in North and South he occupied an esteemed position in the American village. In the South, at least, though not presuming to social equality with the local magnate, he yet held up his head in his presence, and was at times invited to partake of his hospitality. Truly the golden age lies before us and not back of us, yet it were folly to deny that in leaving the past we have lost some good things.

Existence now for the masses is insecure, because bread-winners, to a great extent, no longer owning the tools with which they work, are congregated in huge productive establishments and are manufacturing on an immense scale for an uncertain and even capricious world-market. To-day in the receipt of large wages, they may to-morrow, without a moment's warning, be thrown on the streets without a penny.

This irregularity of employment and of income is most demoralizing. A man has a high industrial development who under such circumstances will carefully estimate average wages, and will in days of plenty save enough for days of dearth. The educated professional classes are unable to do this; much less, then, the laboring class. Moreover, enforced idleness in our modern cities, almost devoid of opportunities for innocent and wholesome recreation, is apt to lead to intemperance and vice, both wasting the scanty savings of labor.

The environment of the masses has, with the growth of cities and the concentration of industry, got to an ever-increasing extent beyond the control of the masses, and there is reason to fear that it has become morally worse; certainly so for women and children, exposed to the debasing influence of the bad men found in every considerable human aggregate.

The locations of industries are changing more rapidly than ever before, and this necessitates a roving laboring population. A population continually changing domicile fails to take deep root anywhere and loses the moral strength which comes from secure local connections. Taking human nature as we find it, we can scarcely expect that a roving population will fail to become a morally depraved population.

Machinery has been both a blessing and a curse. It has in too many instances killed love for work, which is impossible where a man performs a mere routine operation, belonging to a whole which he does not understand, which he never sees. Mere soulless routine[1] deadens all higher faculties. The mind and muscles acquire speedily certain aptitudes, but become inflexible at an early age. "What," asks Professor Roscher, "must be the aspect of the soul of a workman who for forty years has done nothing but watch for the moment when silver has reached the degree of fusion which precedes vaporization?"

Perpetual changes in industrial processes render a former skill useless, and reduce artisans and mechanics to the overcrowded ranks of unskilled day-laborers, mere wretched drudges.

When we compare the actual amount of wages received by the laboring classes now with their former wages, we find ourselves obliged to abandon that superficial optimism based on an imperfect analysis of industrial conditions. There seems to be an absolute improvement, but can we certainly say that this has been relative? When we find men belonging to the same school of political economy, in arguments on commercial policy, arriving at the conclusion that the labor cost of manufactured articles is but eighteen or twenty per cent. of the entire cost, and then, by similar processes in arguments on labor and capital, endeavoring to convince us that labor receives over ninety per cent. of the product,

[1] Called by Schleiermacher "immoral."

we are justified in exercising a wholesome skepticism in regard to the value of all these statistics. The truth is that, as a whole, they are not worth the paper on which they are written. Scientifically speaking, they are not even worthy of refutation. A few establishments, belonging to a class in which competition is severe, are selected, and from the data given by their experience the most far-reaching conclusions are deduced. Meanwhile, instances tending in the other direction, such as railways and almost all monopolies, are passed over, and rent is not considered at all or is inadequately treated. The correct statement is that of Prof. Richmond M. Smith of Columbia College, in his excellent monograph, "Statistics and Economics," that we do not know the proportions in which products are distributed among the various industrial classes, and until the science of statistics makes further advance we cannot know.

Several things should be borne in mind while granting a probable increase of wages in general. We must consider not the wages of a day, but the earnings for a year, making deductions for all the idle days. Furthermore, increased expenses in many directions should be noticed. We all understand this when we discuss the desirability of higher salaries for judges or college professors, but in talking about wage-receivers we too often lose our common sense. The migrations of which mention has been made, rendered necessary by modern production, are one cause of increased expenses. Every one who has had experience knows how serious a matter it is to move, even from one part of a city to another part. "Three removes equal a fire," said Benjamin Franklin. Great cities which have grown up in this country render life more expensive than it was in rural communities. In Baltimore, street-car fares cost for a family living on the outskirts of the city one hundred dollars a year, at a very moderate estimate. Unsanitary conditions and sickness are another cause of increased expenses.

A college professor, with a family living in a great city, will, it is safe to say, find it difficult to keep down street-car fares, medicines and medical attendance, and incidental expenses to the limit of the entire income of a day-laborer's family.

Increasing civilization means increasing wants of the most legitimate kind, and expenditure for food is now but a minor matter; even food, clothing, and fuel can hardly represent half of the expenses of a family living modestly but worthily in a modern city. Increasing wants are a condition of advancing civilization. Missionaries among barbarous tribes find it necessary to arouse wants, even if but for a hat and a needless parasol, in order to start civilization. While we may lament the kind of wants too often experienced by the masses, we ought to rejoice in the fact that wants do increase, and strive to give right direction to expanding nature. Increasing wants signify that a formerly sufficient income has become insufficient. Formerly the rational expenditures of an ordinary laborer included nothing for books and magazines, but this is no longer the case.

*Another class of causes of the existence of the modern labor problem is to be found in the newness of our present industrial life.* We look upon what we see about us as a mere matter of course, but the truth is, its most marked features are scarcely a generation old, and we have not learned to adjust ourselves to them. Let us turn our mind back a hundred years. There was then not a single railway company, not a single gas or telephone or telegraph company, not a single steamboat company, still less any electric lighting company. No cause is more fruitful of social troubles than the corporation, but one hundred years ago we find Adam Smith gravely arguing that there was no future for the corporate form of industry, in his day weak and struggling; because, acting through agents, it could never compete with individual effort! What would we do without banks? It is evident that a business world which could for a day exist without them must have been something very different from anything we know. Less than one hundred years ago there were but three banks in the United States, now there are over three thousand national banks alone.

Free competition is something new; industry on a great scale is comparatively new; large aggregations of skilled workingmen not owning their tools, but working for employers whom they rarely if ever see, are very new; the universal freedom in the civilized world of unskilled labor is not a generation old; the right to buy and sell land as freely as personal property is new. Mr. Thomas Kirkup, a writer for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," has well said: "The present system of competitive industry, which to most men is so rational and familiar that they cannot even realize the possibilities of any other, is but of yesterday. Free private ownership of land, the free right to choose what industry you please, and to follow it as you please, have even in western Europe come into force only since 1789."[1]

## III.

### EVILS.

LET us, in immediate connection with the foregoing, consider some of the evils of the

[1] "Inquiry into Socialism," p. 92.

industrial situation which have a close connection with the labor problem. Only brief comment will be possible, though a book might be written on any one of them.

*Child Labor.*

First of all must be mentioned child labor as one of the most fruitful sources of evil. Children are removed from home to the dangerous moral atmosphere of the store, shop, and factory at a tender age and their moral natures too often irreparably corrupted. How careful is every Christian parent of the well-to-do classes to guard the every step of his little children. No one may associate freely with them without the closest scrutiny. Companions of evil natures and low tastes are zealously kept away. Even the law does not recognize the full responsibility of children, and at an early age recognizes no responsibility at all, or only a very limited one. Full legal rights and responsibilities do not belong to a person before the age of twenty-one. What then must be the natural and legitimate consequences of thrusting out into the great world, among the vicious and depraved, young boys and girls? Intemperance and immorality are the fruits too often seen. Yet we have in the moral consequences only a part of the terrible evils which result from child labor in great factories. The children's bodies are stunted, and a weak generation of workingmen and of mothers of workingmen's offspring is the inevitable result. The mind is also dwarfed. Opportunities are offered to learn a few simple processes, and in these great expertness is acquired, but too often both mind and muscles refuse to learn new aptitudes after thirty. Normal growth is obstructed, and the very end of life, "the consistent and harmonious expansion of all one's faculties," is defeated.

Childhood should be a period of innocent play and of growing bodily, mental, and moral power. A normal childhood is a source of strength to one's entire life. The mind reverts to it and is refreshed. But in our great cities the children of the working poor are growing up without childhood. They leave infancy only to become little old men and women. They are wronged because not protected at a period when self-protection is an absolute impossibility. This is a matter of national importance, for as naturalists and economists both have shown, and as history has amply demonstrated, the source of permanent prosperity must be sought in the vigor of mind and body of the great masses. A successful national struggle for existence is otherwise out of the question, and decay must set in and a nation's glory depart.

Child labor is constantly increasing in the United States. The census shows that an ever-increasing portion of our population is engaged in gainful vocations, and that this increasing proportion is largely to be attributed to the labor of women and children. The reports of the various bureaus of labor statistics but confirm the census reports.

The number of children — boys under sixteen and girls under fifteen — who belong to the class of wage-earners, according to the census of 1870, was 739,000; in 1880, 1,118,000; an increase of 66 per cent., and this appears to fail to reveal the true increase, because the enumeration is acknowledged to be defective. The increase of employees in manufacturing and mechanical industries was 43 per cent. for adult males, 58¾ per cent. for children, and 64 per cent. for females. In twelve leading industries of this class women and children comprise a majority of all employed, and in some cases they have almost a monopoly. It is noteworthy that the evil of child labor increases most rapidly in our West.

These statistics are taken from a valuable article on the employment of children, by Mr. John T. Crowell, which appeared in the "Andover Review" for July, 1885. "If a child of a certain age," says one operative whom Mr. Crowell quotes, "goes to work in a mill, constantly breathing a temperature of ninety degrees both winter and summer, it is sure to grow up puny and die young." "Another stated," says Mr. Crowell, "that children put into the mill at an early age become useless at the age of twenty."

Generally the children go out of the home into the mill or factory or store, but occasionally the shop is brought into that which serves as a pretext for a home. This was the case with the manufacture of cigars in tenements in New York, the law abolishing which the Court of Appeals most unfortunately declared unconstitutional.

*The Labor of Women in Industrial Establishments.*

This, like child labor, is rapidly on the increase in the United States. It is not always an evil, but it is too often a most serious one, and it is desirable to restrict it. The wives and children of the laboring men become their unnatural competitors, and it has happened in Massachusetts and New Jersey, as well as in England, that the father has remained at home to care for the house and perform those duties which nature has assigned to woman, while wife and children are at work in the mill. Women become too often demoralized, and in mines so notoriously so that their employment

underground has been entirely prohibited in England. Children without a mother's care grow up wild and undisciplined, an easy prey to the worst agitators and other bad men! The question involved in the labor of women and children is no less than the preservation of the American home, the only sure foundation on which our institutions can rest.

It is noteworthy in this connection that, in this country and in others, those establishments in which the laboring classes are employed for the largest number of hours per week are precisely those in which the labor of women and children predominates.

### *The Dwellings of the Urban Laboring Classes.*

This, like the labor of women and children, is a serious and perplexing problem in all nations of modern civilization. It is a live question in London and Berlin, as well as in New York, but nowhere is the situation more serious than in great American cities, and nowhere has so little been done to remedy it.

Men, women, and children crowded together in unsanitary condition, and disease is accompanied by a fearful death-rate. The conditions of a wholesome family life are almost entirely wanting, and virtue is gone and character is destroyed before their value can by any possibility be realized. The slums of cities are breathing-holes of hell, and the only way to reform them is to sweep them from the face of the earth.

"The mere endless persecuting opportunity" of the modern tenement house, to use the phrase of Mrs. Humphry Ward, is something which we have no right to expect feeble human nature to withstand.

Dwellings in cities are too far from work, and an hour or two is not rarely added to the working-day, thereby curtailing opportunities for cultivation and recreation. Formerly rent was a small matter for the greater part of the laboring classes, and frequently in the country a garden helped to eke out a living. Now the growth of cities makes rent for an increasing number consume an undue portion of the family income. Formerly the artisan in village or country readily acquired a home of his own. Now in our great cities this is a difficult, and at times an impossible, thing for him to do.

### *Sunday Work.*

This is a rapidly growing evil in all our cities, against which workingmen all over the length and breadth of the land are crying out, and their complaint is becoming bitter because their cry passes unheeded. Wherever laboring men meet in conventions this complaint is very apt to be heard, and labor papers agitate the matter perpetually. The barbers of Baltimore raised several hundred dollars to work an ordinance through the city council closing all the barbers' shops on Sunday, and this is now enforced, but workingmen elsewhere have not often been so fortunate. In some trades in New York, and doubtless elsewhere, Sunday work is all but universal. A few years ago there was, for example, scarcely a photographic gallery in New York City — even if there was one, which may be doubted — which did not do more or less work on Sunday, though perhaps not openly; the great majority placed their show cases out for public inspection, and, making no pretense of observing Sunday, found that day the most profitable day in the week. A correspondent of "John Swinton's Paper" uses this language:

> Is there any law in New Jersey in defense of Sunday? If so, why is it not enforced against the railroad corporations?
>
> When laboring men violate any law of the money power, it is anarchy, and the law-breakers are imprisoned or hanged. But when the money power violates all laws, both human and divine, there is neither penalty nor remedy.
>
> Look at the Central Railroad of New Jersey running coal trains every Sunday, compelling its employees to work upon that day. True, the trainmen get paid for their Sunday work, because they are paid by the trip or day. But the men in telegraph offices all along the line *are now compelled to work Sundays for nothing*. So with the flagmen and others who are paid by the month.
>
> God knows it is hard enough to work for a mere pittance six days in the week, but it is intolerable to be compelled to work on Sundays for nothing, as we do — to desecrate the Sabbath and be deprived even of the boon of preaching. If this is not anarchy, what is it? And how much longer shall the Golden Calf rule in New Jersey?

An editorial in the Chicago labor paper called "Knights of Labor" is entitled "Sunday Slavery," and an extract from it reads thus:

> A grand mass meeting under the joint auspices of the Chicago Sabbath Association, Butcher and Grocer Clerks' Association, and the Knights of Labor will be held at Central Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, October 14, 1888, to discuss the question of Sunday observance. Representatives from each of the above organizations, with other good speakers, will address the meeting.
>
> The question of closing the factories, workshops, and stores on Sunday is fast coming to the front as one of the important questions of the day. From thirty to forty thousand employees in Chicago alone are compelled to work for seven days in each week. How shall their shackles be unloosed and the slaves set free? Men and women have been discussing this question as individuals for many months. It

is now time to discuss it as a body politic. . . . Is it not time to cry halt? Are the people, by their apathy, avarice, and selfishness, willing to blight the prospects of the working classes of America by condemning them to a slavery that knows no day of rest?

The secretary of the Journeymen Bakers' National Union sent out appeals to the clergy of New York and Brooklyn to preach against Sunday labor and help them to abolish it. Five hundred circulars were sent out, but little response was met with. In reply to a query as to their success, the disgusted secretary sent this answer to the writer of the present paper: "Out of the five hundred circulars sent to the clergy of New York and Brooklyn, half a dozen answered. You will have a hard time, Professor, to convince the toilers of this country that the clergy will ever do anything for them." The Philadelphia bakers, on the eve of appealing to the clergy of that city, wrote to the editor of their New York organ, the secretary just referred to, to get the results of their experience, but he dissuaded them from their project on the ground that nothing would come of it in Philadelphia, as nothing had come of it in New York.

The purpose of this is not to condemn nor to uphold the clergy, but simply to call attention to a widespread cause of discontent.

The spirit of the fourth commandment calls for one day's rest in seven, when for good and substantial reasons work must be performed on Sunday.

### *Night Work.*

This has become quite common in order to utilize the expensive plant of the modern manufacturing establishment. It is demoralizing for all, men, women, and children, and for the two latter classes ought never to be permitted. It is an evil to be kept within as narrow bounds as possible for all. One needs but to travel through manufacturing districts at night to see how widely extended is this evil.

### *Overwork.*

It requires a perpetual struggle to keep the length of the labor day within the bounds required by physiology and hygiene, and often the struggle to do so is unsuccessful. No nation in which modern industry prevails has been exempt from the evils of overwork. Working days of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen hours have not been infrequent, and cases are occasionally reported of men working for more than twenty-four hours in succession. This used to be the case with bakers in some cities once a week, and we hear of such things on steam railways, whereby life and limb of employees and the traveling public alike are endangered. Street-car employees have suffered in this way from corporate greed in all great cities. The labor day exceeded seventeen hours for street-car employees in Baltimore until 1886, when the legislature reduced it to twelve. Excessively long hours weaken the nervous system and create a craving for stimulants. It has been generally observed that shortening working hours leads, after a brief interval, if not immediately, to diminished intemperance. Another evil effect of an excessively long working-day is that the head of a workingman's family is thereby rendered incapable of performing his duties as the father of a family and as a citizen.

### *Excessive Mortality of Working People, especially of Children.*

The influence of occupation and economic condition upon length of life has never been sufficiently investigated, but all investigations which have ever been conducted point with unmistakable clearness in one direction. There is no popular impression more entirely groundless than that the poor are blessed with good health. Physicians who work among the poor and in hospitals know well that such is not the case. Perhaps the burdens which they bear convince people that they must be strong because they ought to be. For example, we often hear from American travelers a good deal about the robust health of German workingwomen, but an American lady who has worked among them in hospitals says that they are nearly all diseased, while it is well known that among German day-laborers in portions of Germany less than ten per cent. can pass the physical examination for the army.

The most careful investigation as yet made into the effect of economic condition on mortality is that of Körösi, Director of the Bureau of Municipal Statistics of Buda-Pesth, who divided the population of that city into three classes, rich, well-to-do, and poor, and had an examination made of every individual case of mortality. Excluding the children under five, among whom mortality is very great in the families of the poor, he found that the rich lived about ten years longer than the poor, and some five years longer than the well-to-do. English investigation about 1842 revealed a difference of from ten to twenty years — in cases more — in favor of the rich and professional classes as compared with the working classes.

Among the children of the poor in New York over five hundred, at a moderate estimate, have died needlessly in one week — five hundred, that is to say, who would have lived had the conditions been what they should have been.

The chief health officer of Maryland calculates that two-thirds of the deaths in that State are needless. Careful investigations are wanting in the United States, but it is generally remarked that workingmen with white hairs are comparatively rare. The mortality among the negroes in the South, in some places, at least, appears to be nearly twice what it is among the whites. The negroes are nearly all of the laboring class, but many of the whites are also of the same class. On the other hand, a race problem complicates the question.

The poor lack the means to guard their health, and their ignorance also shortens their life. Hazardous employments frequently produce recklessness. Certain occupations are more disastrous than army life.

One of the most distinguished statisticians of the century, Dr. Ernst Engel, says that the chief cause of death is social. In themselves the diseases of which men die are for the most part curable, but the resources to provide the means of cure are lacking. Does a physician tell a workingman suffering from consumption to take a year's rest and go to Egypt, even if he knows it would cure the disease?

### *Immigration.*

Excessive immigration of foreigners, often of a low class, is a serious evil for American workingmen. It tends to degrade them and to make them socially less esteemed. These heterogeneous elements are unable to unite peaceably for the attainment of common ends. This renders workingmen weaker in all industrial struggles, at the same time that it inclines them more readily to the use of violence. We thus find all sorts of currents among this strange conglomeration, and a lack of harmony dangerous to the entire social structure. American workingmen, it is frequently observed, are inclined to respect the rights of others, are slow to use violent measures, and, nevertheless, when not interfered with, generally know well how to attain just ends in a peaceable manner. Whether or not this is quite a correct observation, the evils of excessive immigration are undoubted.

### *Disadvantages of a Division of Labor.*

The division of labor is a necessity in our present industrial life. Nevertheless we should not be blind to its dark features. Some of these have been already mentioned. It develops one-sided men who exhibit an excessive dependence upon employers. They lack the suppleness, so to speak, of the early Americans. They are not quick to turn hither and thither and seize industrial advantages.

A memorable remark of M. de Tocqueville attributed the superiority of Americans fifty years ago to precisely the absence of that division of labor now carried so far with us. These are his words:

> It sometimes happens that the same person tills his fields, builds his dwelling, contrives his tools, makes his shoes, and weaves the coarse stuff of which his dress is made. . . . This contributes powerfully to awaken the intelligence of the workman. Nothing tends to materialize man and to deprive his work of the faintest trace of mind more than the extreme division of labor.

We may further observe the separation which it brings about between employers and employed. Formerly in manufactures they belonged to one social class, and even in this present century in New England it was a common practice for the apprentice to live in his master's family. Now, often, they rarely see one another — sometimes never meet.

### *Corporations and Trusts.*

These increase the separation already noticed, and large aggregations of capital acquire a dangerous control over the lives of employees. Vast combinations of capital lead in turn to vast combinations of labor, and in their contests the public welfare is seriously involved.

### *Inventions and Discoveries.*

The benefits of these are well enough known. They also unfortunately too often reduce the skilled workingman to the ranks of unskilled labor. This evil has been already mentioned.

It should ever be remembered that while labor is a commodity, it is unlike other commodities in the fact that it is inseparably bound up with a human being, and direction over labor in so far carries with it control over another's will. This manifests itself in the tyranny of unscrupulous employers over the politics and social life of the working classes, occasionally even over their religious life. The employer chooses the place of residence and, for the greater part of the working-day, the companions of the workingman. If the laboring classes attempt to control the selection of their companions, it is, according to the decision of the New York Court of Appeals, a penitentiary offense — the refusal to work with objectionable fellow-workmen being construed as a criminal conspiracy!

### *Accidents.*

These occur in large numbers and increase the class of helpless widows and orphans. It

is estimated that in England seventy-six per cent. of all accidents occur in industrial pursuits. Women and children are specially liable to accidents, and law has done less in this country than elsewhere to protect life and limb of the working classes. Probably no railways in the world are so destructive of life of employees as the American. Over 2000 employees were killed and more than 20,000 injured in 1888. Their peril is spoken of by President Harrison as being as great as that of a soldier in time of war. This loss of life can be prevented, but money is valued more highly than human life, and it would involve expense for improved appliances. Elsewhere we find employers' liability acts, but they are with us few and imperfect, and the tendency of our courts is to decide against workingmen in suits for damages. The New York Court of Appeals has so decided in case of accidents due to fellow-workmen.

### *Moral Evils.*

These have already been incidentally mentioned. Churches have left overcrowded workingmen's quarters, and spiritual oversight and culture are withdrawn.

The family life is of a low type. Immorality is frequent. Marriages are thoughtlessly contracted at an early age, and the duties of parenthood are entered upon without any appreciation of their gravity. Parents neglect children, and later children neglect parents.

The liquor saloon presents a never-ending temptation to those who live in labor quarters, while the modern city is almost wholly devoid of opportunities for wholesome, life-giving recreation for the poor.

Insufficient food, more often insufficient variety of food, and poorly cooked food create a craving for strong drink and promote intemperance. One of the first physiologists in the land is authority for this.

Girls are not trained to be housewives, and knowing nothing about cooking, sewing, or the care of the house, the dwellings of the poor present a cheerless appearance.

Too few opportunities for saving exist, and these have too often forfeited the confidence of the masses. This and other causes produce thriftlessness.

Class hate has been nourished by the struggles of social classes, and bitterness takes the place of affection and friendly intercourse. Both employers and employed must bear their share of the blame; the former the larger share because their opportunities are greater. Employers too often look upon their relationship with their workmen as one of contract only, and fail to see that an opportunity to do good carries with it an ethical obligation to embrace the opportunity.

A general widespread lawlessness is both a cause and a symptom of disease. Law too often would seem to be obeyed only when it is convenient and meets with the individual approval of the citizen. The highest and lowest classes sin most in this respect, but a true reverence for law is rarely found anywhere. That those in authority are "ministers of God" has become an empty formula. The disastrous and growing habit of the employment by corporations of armed bands of hirelings must be noticed as an anarchistic tendency. We may likewise mention as a serious evil, producing hatred and bitterness, the employment of spies and informers, with whom the ranks of laboring men in the United States are honeycombed as nowhere else in the civilized world.

"The sure and steady increase of imprisoned criminals" is an expression used by Hon. T. R. Brockway, and this is only the logical outcome of the state of things described. The following statistics, even if accepted, as they should be, *cum grano salis*, are corroborative:

In 1850 there was one prisoner to every 3,445 of the population.
" 1860 " " " " " " 1,649 " " "
" 1870 " " " " " " 1,172 " " "
" 1880 " " " " " " 855 " " "
" 1880 aggregate 70,077 prisoners, and without counting juvenile delinquents, 58,609.

## IV.

## REMEDIES.

THE evils described will suggest many of the remedies required for the diseased social body, but these remedies must be enumerated and described in the fewest possible words. Other evils than those mentioned will also be brought forward incidentally in the treatment of remedies.

### *Optimism.*

Perhaps one of the first things to be done is to vanquish and utterly drive from among us an ignoble but too common optimism, which blinds men to actual conditions, deadens conscience, and puts a stop to useful activity. This popular optimism of the day would have us believe that all things are as they should be, and bids us eat, drink, and be merry while our fellow-men are enduring such evils. This unworthy optimism is a lie, and surely those who keep it going are doing the devil's service. From the rise of the first attempts to bring God's will to pass in this world until now it has stood athwart the path of progress. Weak and imperfect as man is, it would be strange indeed if in this one department of social life which we are considering — the industrial field — he had attained perfection, while art, religion,

the family, literature, and politics are sadly faulty and defective.

Sin, misery, and injustice everywhere abound, and all who try to be guided by ethical and Christian principles must strive uninterruptedly with all their resources to remove or mitigate these. While this ignoble optimism is rejected, we find as little occasion for pessimism. Progress has been made by those who in the past have suffered and toiled for humanity, and the field for reform was never more promising than to-day.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that the attitude of mind for the study of the labor problem should be a sympathetic one. "The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see," says Carlyle truly. The personal concern of economists for the welfare of the masses is not an altogether untrustworthy test of the correctness of the economic theories they advance. It is the business of life to perfect one's own personality by the development of all one's power, and also to strive unceasingly for the perfection of humanity. The two ends are not incompatible. Even were the labor troubles of the day all due to perversity and wrong-headedness on the part of the laboring classes, a thing quite inconceivable, it would but show the more strongly the need of missionary work of all kinds among them.

It is true that many evils are due to ignorance and that this ignorance is common to all classes. Enlightenment is one of the prime needs of the time.

### *The Church.*

To establish a legitimate authority over the minds and wills of men, the Church must show the Christian faith and love of early Christianity —light for all and love for all from the ministers of the gospel will alone reëstablish that authority which makes the Church what it should be, a healthy life-giving member of civilization.

Individual and social moral virtues and excellences must be inculcated; against indulgence and material luxury should be set self-denial and simplicity, and those who occupy high station should lead in this. The Church finds part of her work in incitements to correct conduct, but her work should be more positive and should take hold of the life of men more directly and in more ways than at present. She is too modest in the territory which she claims for herself, and practically too much inclined to admit that there are secular concerns and secular days with which religion is not vitally concerned. The spirit of caste which separates man from man and produces mutual hatred is a chief cause of troubles, and against this headway must be made. But if the Church is to exercise control over social life, her ministers must understand this social life far better than they do, and this requires instruction from the best minds of our time. Social science should be pursued in every seminary for the training of ministers of religion.

### *The Family.*

Perhaps a reform, purification, and elevation of the family ought to be placed first among remedies for labor problems — certainly it is among the first; and how far-reaching and diverse are the efforts needed for this purpose, what has already been said will indicate. The reforms which the family institution needs must be brought about partly by individual effort, partly through the effort of voluntary associations like the Divorce Reform League, partly through the Church, and partly through legislation and the action of government. One cause of labor troubles is imprudent and hasty marriages, also marriages at too early an age, resulting in feeble offspring, poorly cared for. It is the duty of all public teachers to impress upon the minds of the young the gravity of the duties which marriage brings, and to enforce in every way the responsibilities of parenthood. Among large classes of the community it is not realized that it is a grievous sin to bring children into the world without a prospect of means to bring them up properly.

### *Improved Educational Facilities.*

Improved educational facilities are greatly needed, but our schools have not kept pace with the demands on them. A recent writer observes that American common schools were the best in the world thirty or forty years ago,— a doubtful statement,— but that now other countries, like Germany, Switzerland, and England, are far ahead of us. The last part of the statement is true. While in the self-complacency of optimism the American eagle has been deafening us with his screams, other countries have been slowly but quietly improving their schools, and we have stood still or made but slight advance. Even such schools as we have are not sufficient to accommodate the children who desire to attend, and in cities like Chicago, Richmond, and New York children are turned from the school. But the demands on the schools have increased with the growth of cities and the division of labor. The old apprenticeship is antiquated and must be replaced by manual training and industrial schools. Girls ought also to be taught sewing, cooking, and other useful womanly occupations. Preparation for life must come to an increasing extent through the school.

Compulsory education laws should every-

where be passed and enforced as in other civilized countries. Education is a right of a child,—the right to existence carrying with it the right to an opportunity for an unfolding of its powers,—and if parents fail to do their duty it only remains for the state to step in and protect the child. This is a more sacred duty even than the protection of property, for property is but a means to an end; namely, the welfare of man. It is not an interference with the rights of the parent, but a protection of the rights of the child. Compulsory education should continue in ordinary schools until the age of fourteen, and be followed by continuation evening classes for three years, as in parts of Switzerland and Germany, where they have almost annihilated pauperism. Instructive are these remarks quoted from Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., who has made a study of common schools on the continent of Europe. The quotations are taken from an article which appeared in the London "Times." Speaking of Germany, he says:

> There is no such thing as an uneducated class; there are no such things, speaking broadly, as neglected and uncared-for children. . . . The great defect of our system [that is, the English system] . . . is that it stops just at the time when real education begins. It allows a child to leave school at an age when its learning is soon forgotten and its discipline effaced. It is hardly too much to say that the two years' additional training the German child receives in the elementary school doubles its chances in life as compared with the English child. . . . The Germans are rapidly developing a system of evening continuation classes which carry on education for two or three years longer. In Saxony the boys who leave the primary school, if they do not go to the higher schools, must attend for three years longer—say until they are seventeen—continuation classes for at least five hours per week, but teaching is provided for them and they are encouraged to attend twelve hours per week. So complete is this system that even the waiters at the hotels up to the age of seventeen attend afternoon classes, and are taught one or two foreign languages. . . . I must state as an undoubted fact that in Germany and Switzerland, and I believe in some other continental countries, the opinion is ripening into a conviction that the education, even of the poorest classes, should be continued in some form or another to the age of sixteen or seventeen. They find that wherever this is adopted it gives an enormous advantage to the people in the competition of life, and, above all, trains them to habits of industry and mental application. I believe that it is owing to this system of thorough education that Germany has almost extinguished the pauper and semi-pauper class, which is the bane and disgrace of our country. . . . Indeed, I have not seen since I left home a single case of a ragged or begging child. . . . No country has ever suffered more from the abuse of individual liberty than England has done. Owing to this overstrained idea, we did not get compulsory education until long after the advanced nations of the continent. . . . Wherever the Germans and English are coming into competition upon equal terms the Germans are beating us. . . . We, up to lately, resented all state interference, and so exaggerated the doctrines of freedom as almost to glory in our abuses.

Private effort never has and never can carry forward universal education. Private gifts for educational purposes in the United States may amount to six or seven millions of dollars,—a large part of it, as the president of Cornell has shown, misapplied and wasted,—whereas the very inadequate expenditure of New York State alone is some sixteen millions a year. It is safe to say that we should spend three times what we do on our schools. Means for this can be secured by husbanding our resources, cutting off needless expenditures, and improving our system of taxation.

Private individuals should continue to supplement public education and to take the initiative in reforms and experiments, doing in general what the taxpayers cannot be persuaded to do. This is sufficient to occupy private philanthropy. Efforts like the Chautauqua reading circles deserve the heartiest support, and these should be supplemented by a system of university extension lectures, giving to grown people instruction on economics, ethics, literature, natural sciences, etc., and thus drawing closely together the masses and the highest institutions of learning to their mutual benefit.

### *Dwellings of the Poor.*

Stricter sanitary laws are required, and a better organization of the sanitary administration of cities. Houses unfit for habitation should be torn down, and small parks provided to give breathing-places for the crowded sections. The beginning made in New York City deserves commendation. While not prepared to recommend at present the construction of houses by the municipality, we regard English experiments in this direction as worthy of study. Private philanthropy should concern itself more than heretofore with the dwellings of the poor and strive to make them fit for human beings. It is a sad commentary on our Christian civilization that when there is more than one man in New York City claiming to be a Christian who, alone and unaided, could reconstruct the entire tenement-house district or districts of the city, the unspeakable wretchedness and squalor of its slums continue almost unabated.

### *Factory Laws.*

These have produced excellent effects wherever they have been honestly conceived and honestly administered. With us they have too often been a mere sham and farce. Unfortu-

nately in this matter we have lagged behind the rest of the civilized world. We recommend an adequate system of factory inspection by men of character — not political demagogues — and by men who have been trained for such work: further, heavier fines and even imprisonment for a violation of factory laws.

These laws should include protection against dangerous machinery, sufficient fire-escapes, and satisfactory sanitary arrangement.

It appears that, in the main, factory laws should concern themselves with women, children, and young persons; not, as a rule, with grown men. No one should be permitted to work in a factory before the completion of the fourteenth year; and up to the eighteenth, as well as for women, only fifty-four hours a week should be allowed, as in England. Physiological reasons and the interests of the home require this. It is to be observed that no country or portion of a country ever yet suffered in competition on account of short hours. When they were being introduced in England, the ruin of English manufactures was predicted, but after their introduction England became more prosperous than ever. It was said that the ten-hour day would drive capital from Massachusetts, but larger sums were invested in manufactures after the law went into force than ever before. The calamities predicted in Rhode Island have not been realized. It is curious that never in the world's history have shorter hours been introduced without prophecies of terrible evils and that never once in the world's history have these prophecies been fulfilled. If we arrange in a line the names of the countries, placing them in order according to the number of hours worked per week, we shall find that the country with shortest hours is most dreaded in international competition, and as we go down the line we shall find longer hours mean increasing weakness in international competition, and that with few, if any, exceptions, countries with long hours and poorly paid work always seek protection against countries with few hours and highly paid work. Factory laws do not prevent competition or weaken it, but simply raise its moral level in the manner described by Prof. Henry C. Adams in his monograph "Relation of the State to Industrial Action."

There may be instances, as in the case of street-car employees and steam-car employees, where the hours of labor for men should be regulated, but this is an exception. We may, however, lay down the general principle that interference with corporations, creatures of the state, may properly go further than with individual employers.

Employers' liability acts simply render employers responsible for the management of their own affairs, and should become universal. We may further lay it down that we have come to a time for a higher development of laws protecting the person, shielding it, guarding it and all its capacities. Law has heretofore too exclusively been occupied with things.

### *Administration of the Law.*

This ought to be reformed in the direction of civil service, and this is, in its indirect bearings, a labor question. It ought to be firm but just. The letter of the law is equal, but he would be a rash man who would claim equality for its administration. This embitters the laboring classes, who feel the chicanery of law pressing on them. Police brutality in too many cities, and particularly in New York, has made extremists of once moderate reformers and ought to be stopped at all hazards. Already has American police brutality attracted the attention of foreigners. Responsibility should accompany power.

### *Labor Organizations.*

Labor organizations ought to be carefully studied and their nature understood. They must exist, and to harass them by injustice, as is being done too often by our courts under revival of obsolete laws and constructions, will inevitably lead to their degradation. A frank recognition of their necessity, an encouragement of all that is good in them, and repression of the evil, ought to be our aim. In the labor movement we have a stream which can be guided, but which cannot be dammed up with impunity.

### *Public Property.*

There is a call in every city, every State, and in the nation for public property defense leagues. It is by protecting the property of the public, that is, of the masses, that we shall secure general respect for the institution of property. The work of public property defense leagues would be, among other things, to guard public domain, public parks, and to secure for the public the full value of public rights, like the right to use streets by horse and electric cars, elevated roads, etc. The property of the public should be paid for and protected like property of individuals. Had that been done in the past, we should in our great cities have had three-cent street-car fares before this or large public revenues from street cars.

### *Savings Banks.*

These occupy an important position in any programme for reform. Without thrift the masses can never prosper, and this must be cultivated by savings banks of undoubted se-

curity. Private banks must be rendered secure, and, where practicable, state and municipal savings banks started. It would be well to have the debt of a city like New York held in small sums by the masses. This would also give them a "stake" in the city and produce excellent political effects. The admirable municipal savings banks of Germany deserve study. Should our National Government again have occasion to borrow money it is to be hoped that national postal savings banks will everywhere be established.

*Immigration.*

General laws to keep out contract labor and all the most degraded and ignorant foreign elements are heartily to be recommended.

*Monopolies and Corporations.*

The question of monopolies and corporations is a serious one. They have helped to make the labor problem assume its present dimensions, and that in many ways. Unlawful methods, such as "cooking accounts," declaration of unearned dividends, and the like, have defrauded tens of thousands, and have increased thereby the dependent classes. There is not a city in the United States where widows, orphans, and workingmen have not suffered by corporate dishonesty. Legislative corruption has been by them developed, and despair of honest government has nourished revolutionary and even anarchistic sentiments. Monopolies have their agents in all our legislative halls, municipal, State, and national; bills are stolen from files, and legislators and judges are bribed. One form of bribing has become almost universal, and that is the free pass on street-car lines and steam railways, and telegraph franks. Popular rights are defied, and public property too often stolen with impunity.

The remedies for these evils are of diverse kinds. First of all, the general corporation laws require reform in such manner as to secure individual responsibility of managers. Both civil and criminal remedies must be provided. Publicity and accountability are two proper demands. Experience shows that, where there is a determination to do it, measures can be adopted whereby it will be possible to place responsibility for corporate acts upon some one individual and to punish him like any other wrongdoer. Our national banking law may be recommended as a model for a general act of incorporation. It does not appear that further restrictions for agricultural or manufacturing corporations are required.

But what about natural monopolies, like gas-works, water works, electric-lighting works, telegraph companies, and railroads of various kinds? These undertakings, according to English and American law, are public in their nature, but there are two methods of management; namely, public management and delegated management of a corporation. Corporations become quasi-public agents and subject to control. We may fairly ask the question, in the light of experience, whether a satisfactory management by delegated agents is possible. There is no experience to show that it is. The agent becomes stronger than the principal, and a most disastrous struggle between public and private interests ensues. This inevitably leads to corruption. May it not be better by direct public management to draw a sharper line between the spheres of public and private activity? Wherever this has been done the result has been most satisfactory. No town ever yet regretted, for example, the purchase of private gas or water works; this is a rule without one exception the civilized world over. We thus separate on rational principles the sphere of the individual and the state, and erect a barrier against the progress of socialism. We at the same time coördinate public and private duties and provide a sphere for talent in both fields. Our life becomes a richer and fuller development. This is in accordance with the principles of self-help. The public bodies help themselves, municipalities providing themselves with water, gas, etc., instead of weakly calling on others — private corporations — to perform what are properly public functions.

The weakness of States and cities is well known. They are unable now to protect individual rights. Not a city in the Union is strong enough to force street-car lines to lay properly grooved rails; on the contrary here, all infringe on the rights of owners of carriages and other vehicles. Not a State in the Union is strong enough to protect the traveler by foot or by horse against dangers from steam railways crossing highways at grade. Not a State in the Union is strong enough to make corporations bear their due share of public burdens. A struggle always goes on between corporations of a monopolistic nature and public authorities, and it lies in the very nature of things. Human nature is not good enough for our methods. We have developed paternalism of corporations, for which we should substitute, so far as this can be done, municipal, State, and national self-help. A beginning ought to be made in local governments. When they learn how to manage their own affairs it will be easier for State and nation to perform all their legitimate functions. It might perhaps then be possible even to leave railways in the hands of corporations, instead of placing them directly under the management of the Federal Government; but at any rate, by

people of each locality beginning with reform at home, we should be best prepared for the future, whatever that may bring.

There can be no surer way of improving administration than by making it of some vital importance.[1]

*Other Remedies.*

Other remedies can only be mentioned. Amusement is of an importance increasingly recognized. Playgrounds for children come under this head, and these should be provided by the public when private initiative is wanting. This would prevent crime, and thereby lessen taxation. Every teacher of college boys knows that if a legitimate opportunity for the vent of animal spirits is not provided mischief will come. City boys have, however, no opportunities for innocent play, and mischief too often degenerates into bad habits, intemperance, crime.

Public libraries, like the Enoch Pratt library, which has done so much for Baltimore, ought to become more numerous.

A reform of taxation has already been alluded to. Present State and local taxes are, according to unanimous testimony, unjustly distributed, bearing most heavily on the poor and on people in ordinary circumstances, those who are barely well-to-do. Besides, they obstruct industry and diminish opportunities for employment.

A further development of labor bureaus may be mentioned, these to be managed by trained experts, and not by demagogues used as baits to catch the labor vote.

Arbitration and conciliation have accomplished great things in some places and ought to become more general. It would be proper to make these methods of settling controversies compulsory for corporations. It is entirely a matter of expediency.

We are not prepared to indorse compulsory State insurance like that which obtains in Germany, but we recommend the subject of insurance against accident, sickness, old age, and incapacity to general consideration, in hope that some plan may be devised for accomplishing so beneficent a purpose by ways more in consonance with American ideas. A development of fraternal beneficiary societies and of insurance features of labor organizations, with examination of accounts by insurance departments or by a competent registrar of friendly societies, is certainly desirable.

Profit-sharing, when introduced by upright and prosperous employers, unites their interests with those of their employees most advantageously. Still better is it when laborers like the Minneapolis coopers themselves become capitalists and self-employers by placing in a common fund their savings and managing their own business. This always promotes thrift and temperance, and shows its highest success in the making of men.[2] The prudent encouragement of coöperation deserves commendation.

Our ideal is a social state, not of equality, but of equal opportunities, giving to each the means for the development, complete and harmonious, of all his faculties. Not the self-made man — that is, the self-made millionaire — can ever be a model for the masses, but the contented and really prosperous artisan or mechanic, gradually getting ahead in the world, enjoying life, developing all his powers and living worthily with his family, partaking according to their capacities of the blessings of civilization.

Social democracy is a disease. It shows that the masses have been left to themselves to work out the problems of industrial civilization, and they are not equal to the task. Our goal can be reached only by the harmonious working together of all classes, and whenever leadership falls out of the hands of the highest and best it shows disease. The laboring classes know their friends and will willingly follow culture and wealth, provided culture and wealth are wise and virtuous and show sincere devotion to their interests. The testimony of men like the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury bears witness to this, and Professor Brentano says that before the anti-socialistic law was passed in 1878, even the German social democrats — save, perhaps, a few insane extremists — were always ready to listen to a manly and sympathetic word, even from one who differed with them. We who write this paper have, in our experience with American workingmen, found abundant confirmation of this testimony. Let those who are fit for leadership assume leadership.

*Richard T. Ely.*

[1] Mr. Low's opinion of that part of the present paper which treats of the duties of government is expressed in these words: "I have not studied the subject as widely or as deeply as Professor Ely, and I do not know that I am prepared to commit myself definitely to the principle which he has put forth as he has done. At the same time I am free to say that the result of my experience in the mayor's office, for four years, has been to change the whole current of my thoughts, which formerly ran away from that conclusion, towards it; and if, upon study, I should find the facts conform as generally as he does to his claim I should certainly be willing to stand with him. I do believe that this is the direction in which our cities must grow, even if they have been wise in beginning upon another plan."

[2] See Albert Shaw and others in "Coöperation in the United States," published by Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, 1888.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Longer Terms and Less Rotation.

THE first impulse of democracy was against long terms for anybody, and against many terms for the same man. John Adams held that "where annual elections end, tyranny begins." When the Federal Constitution was framed, South Carolina was the only State which had the biennial system, while Connecticut and Rhode Island held elections half-yearly. There was no little opposition in the convention to the idea of choosing representatives in Congress for so long a term as two years. The people had a great dread lest their servants might become their masters if they did not reserve the right to call them to account at very short intervals.

Experience showed that the fear was groundless, while the disadvantages of frequent elections for brief periods became more serious with the growth of the country. The ancient superstition as to the danger of tyranny without annual elections had largely vanished before the war, and no remains of it any longer survive. The drift has been everywhere and steadily in the direction of longer terms, until Massachusetts and Rhode Island alone among the forty-two States now choose all their State officers and their whole legislatures every year. Of the other forty, no less than eighteen choose governors for four-year periods, and two for three years, while two years is the rule in all the rest. Outside Massachusetts and Rhode Island, New York and New Jersey are the only States which choose representatives in the legislature every year, and in almost two-thirds of the States the Senate is composed of men who serve four years, both branches in Louisiana being chosen for that long period. Over two-thirds of the States have sessions of the legislature only every other year.

Complaints are heard of some of these changes, but there are nowhere any indications of a revolution in public opinion. Such discontent as exists appears to prevail chiefly among the class of professional politicians, to judge from the recent experience of Maine, where a proposition which they had persuaded the legislature to submit to the people for a change back from biennial to annual sessions was rejected by a vote of six to one. All the signs indicate a settled conviction in favor of longer terms and fewer sessions of the legislature than formerly, on the twofold ground that executive officials chosen for two, three, or four years are likely to give the public better service than if compelled to appeal to the people every twelvemonth, and that there is less necessity for frequent overhauling of the statute-books in long-settled States than in pioneer communities. Where the legislature meets only once in two years, the people are apt to say that there does not seem to be a great deal for it to do, and the press generally deprecates the tendency to make too many laws. The legislator who says, as one in Arkansas did not long ago, that he is "opposed to a great many things and in favor of very few," makes a strong bid for popularity.

Along with this change in the direction of longer terms in the States has gone another change in the matter of "rotation of office" as regards members of the Federal Senate and House. The rotation rule was based upon two theories: the one, that reëlection tended to make the representative in Congress too powerful, too insensible to the wishes of his constituents, too ready to yield to the temptations of aristocracy and corruption; the other, that a seat in the Capitol at Washington was an honor which should be enjoyed by as many men in the district as possible. It would not do to return A for three, four, or five terms, for fear that he might become too "high and mighty"; and even if there were no such danger, A ought not to retain the place so long that B, C, and D would have no chance to become great men.

Both theories proved to be erroneous. No representative could become so strong that the people who made him could not unmake him, and self-interest thus restrained any tendency towards overriding the public will. At the same time it became clear that the office should not be treated as a mere badge of honor to adorn as many breasts as possible, but as a means of securing as efficient service as possible. A district gained power in the national councils by keeping a good man in the House when it had once put him there, and a section most of whose representatives were old members enjoyed a great advantage over another where it was always the question whose "turn" it was next to go to Congress. The South was quick to perceive this, and profited largely by the discovery before the war. When, as in the Twenty-first Congress, Virginia reëlected 17 out of 22 representatives, and New York only 11 out of 35, the smaller State might easily wield the more power of the two. Since the war there has been a growing disposition all over the country to reëlect good men. Thus in the Fiftieth Congress, of Maine's four representatives one had served six terms, another four, and the other two each three; while of the five from Arkansas one was serving his fifth term, three their third terms, and the other his second.

The same tendency is perhaps more strikingly shown in the Senate. As the largest State has but two senators and the term of office covers six years, it might be expected that the rivalry would be so keen that a first reëlection would be difficult to secure and further ones almost impossible. The reverse is the case. Twenty-five senators had been elected for the period opening the 4th of March, before the New Hampshire legislature met in June. In two States political revolutions deposed the man whose term was approaching a close; in a third he declined an assured reëlection. In all but two of the other twenty-two cases the sitting member was returned for another term. Nine of the number (five from the South and four from the North) were

sent back for a third term, and one (from North Carolina) for a fourth term. Still more noteworthy is the fact that in a large majority of the cases there was no opposition in the party, even when it was a question of a third term. Evidently, as regards the Senate, "rotation of office" no longer applies, and it is a great gain to the country.

### "The People."

TRUTH and soberness seem to be of much less importance, in the eyes of many men, than a good, round, mouth-filling phrase, such as that which heads this article. It was their representative character in this respect which has given perennial notoriety to the three tailors of Tooley street, who, in mass convention met, began the formal expression of their dissatisfaction with the sounding phrase, "Resolved that we, the people of England." They wished to make a phrase take the place of argument, and to assume popular support for themselves without the trouble of an election. Most of us are but too apt to take for granted that our personal views are shared by the people, and, like the Tooley street convention, to expect our opponents to admit our representative character. But such cases are individual; there are some cases in which the use of the phrase "the people" as a political weapon has become that of a class which it is dangerous to permit to pass without remonstrance.

One of the commonest of these cases is the assumption that, unless the President and the other officers of the Executive Department surrender their official time to the work of estimating and balancing the "claims" of the various applicants for appointment to office, "the people will be dissatisfied, and the Administration will be a failure." It is not very difficult to show that those who say so are using the name of "the people" to embody their own feeling and to give it something of respectability. "The people," in any legitimate sense of the term, care nothing whatever about the matter unless some partisan use of the offices is forced upon their attention, and then their attitude is, regularly, one of contempt or condemnation. We may take all the offices in the civil service, multiply their number by the average number of applicants for each, and add the present occupants, who are to be turned out to make room for successors, and the sum total of those who have a selfish interest in the offices will be small; there is fair reason for doubt whether it would make up five per cent. of the voters of the country. The remaining nineteen-twentieths, of both parties, have their daily work to do; could not be persuaded to accept an office; and have nothing but contempt for the unseemly scramble in which the minority is engaged. Is not the application of so sweeping a term as "the people" to this little five per cent. of office-hunters rather an absurdity? In practice, the case is really even worse than this. Out of every five persons,— the average number interested in any one office,— one is turned out, one is appointed, and three are disappointed; here are four very angry men and one who feels no great store of gratitude. Suppose the civil service thoroughly overhauled from top to bottom, and new appointments made to every office. Nineteen-twentieths of the voters, as has been said, care little or nothing about the matter; and of the little minority who do care, four-fifths come out of the process inflamed by a personal sense of gross injustice. Who, then, are "the people" who are supposed to be satisfied only with such a state of public affairs as this? If any such use of the term were made by men who were not "practical politicians," what an outcry would there be against the impudence of the assumption!

Again, the stock objection to the system of appointment to office through examination of some sort is that the offices "belong to the people," and that the "people's right to the offices" is not to be restricted by an artificial and aristocratic scheme of examinations. The objectors disclaim all selfish thought or purpose, and it is quite true that they very seldom have the least desire to secure the offices for themselves; their only interest, they insist, is on behalf of "the people." The phrase, in this use of it, cannot mean the mere possessors of the offices; these, as we have just seen, are not probably more than one per cent. of the whole number of voters, and it would be ridiculous to call them "the people." The real question, then, must be who shall put the one per cent. into the offices; and experience will enable us to answer that question quickly, easily, and correctly. Under the old system, did the whole number of voters select the one per cent. who were to become office-holders? Was the selection the privilege even of the voters of the successful party? Notoriously, the people, the voters of the country, had no rights in the premises. It was the "practical politicians," the men who controlled the nominating machinery of the country, who controlled the appointments also; and that is just the system which they, and those who are ambitious to be of their number, wish to maintain. When they say that they wish the offices to "belong to the people," they mean that the Government shall take no steps to prevent them from wresting the control of the offices from the people, and that both offices and people shall be left defenseless at their mercy.

Again, it is said by those who oppose the efforts to secure absolute secrecy of the ballot, that they are defending the right of "the people" to approach the polls and cast their ballots without Government interference. So far as the act of casting the ballot is concerned, it must be confessed that the provisions of the so-called Australian system are so carefully drawn, and so fortified by all the suggestions of long experience, that almost no one — not the blind, the dumb, the halt, or the illiterate; only, presumably, those of very low intelligence — could be deprived of the privilege of the suffrage under it. It must be meant, then, that the new system (new to us, but very old elsewhere) tends to make the act of voting unpleasant, and that an open ballot is in some way a boon and benefit to "the people." Who, then, are "the people" who find their account in retaining the open ballot and all the features which it has forced into the present system? The vote-buyer, the vote-terrorizer, the "boss." These are "the people" on whose behalf the "practical politician" becomes superhumanly astute in picking flaws in the lawfulness or the expediency of every suggested plan of real ballot reform. To resist legal restrictions upon the mere act of casting the ballot may easily be paraded as a sublimated devotion to "the people"; it is really flinging to the people privileges which do them no good, but which accrue to the benefit of the vote-buyer or vote-terrorizer.

The principle is the same in every such case. When any right or privilege is of such a nature that the people cannot retain possession of it if it is left to them, while a small class of selfishly interested persons can seize and hold it if it is left open for a general and unrestricted scramble, it is the evident business of the attorney for the interested class not to appear for his real clients but to enter a volunteer appearance on behalf of "the people." It must be evident that this is a method which has large possibilities outside of politics, and that there are other fields in which selfish personal ends may be pursued best under cover of democratic benevolence. We may expect soon to see a national convention of burglars and bunco men, to protest against the restriction of judicial and kindred privileges to police magistrates and constables, and to demand in the name of public virtue that such functions be left where they belong, in the hands of "the people." It is so evident where the real benefits of such a step would go that we may fairly expect a delegation of sympathy from the benevolent and protective order of "White Caps." It can hardly be doubted that the Mormon Church would in like manner prefer that the reprehension of offenses against monogamy be and remain the exclusive privilege of "the people," and that their right be no longer infringed by that small body known as Congress. Absolute freedom of contract, as a reserved right of "the people," will be as agreeable to the bucket-shop and the pool-seller; while he who maintains his claim by virtue of his bowie and revolver will insist savagely upon the right of "the people" to the public domain. The fields in which it is to the decided interest of some small class that some privilege be left to "the people" are almost innumerable; and if they have not yet been fully exploited, it is because of moral objections, not because the political use of the term has any logical superiority. American politicians are by no means a criminal class, however much they have been abused. It is their own fault if they expose themselves to comparison with the desires of the criminal classes by persistence in the use of such a question-begging phrase as this one of "the people."

### Loyalty in Employment.

THE breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, with its addition of a very large volunteer force to the little regular army, and a proportional increase in the number of officers, brought with it, on the part of many of the regular officers, a strong dislike for their volunteer colleagues. The objections to the new-comers were grounded not so much on their inevitable ignorance of military drill, or lack of readiness to meet constantly recurring emergencies, or on any of the other points which commonly go to mark rawness in the soldier, but rather on that more indefinite defect summed up as ignorance of the traditions of the service. It cannot be doubted that the defect existed and was a grave one. It led some of the new officers into acts, quite innocent in intention, whose detrimental consequences those who did them could neither foresee nor recognize.

The mistake, on the other hand, which so many of the less able regular officers made was in imagining that this defect in volunteer officers was permanent and incurable. To carry the feeling to the extent of looking upon Terry and Garfield, and the uncounted multitude of gallant and high-spirited men whom such generals fairly represented, as being "only volunteer officers," in just the same sense in 1865 as in 1861, was flatly ridiculous and the spawn of professional conceit. While such men were volunteer officers, and were proud of it, it was in a higher sense than in 1861. The traditions of the service had been ingrained into them quite as well by a four years' course of warfare on a grand scale as by a four years' course at West Point and half a dozen Indian campaigns.

It begins to look as if the state of affairs in our industrial world, which for some years looked so gloomy and seemed to many observers to portend the approach of a socialistic régime of some sort, had been after all a parallel to our Civil War experience. Our railway system may serve as an example. Its unhealthy expansion through the years 1865–1873 is a familiar fact. Checked during the next half-dozen years of universal depression, it then began again more furiously than before, until it seemed as if the country were to be gridironed with railroads. Something more than wood and iron, however, is necessary for a railroad system. Hitherto railroads had generally trained their own men; and the "traditions of the service" touching the behavior of the companies to the men, and of the men to the companies, were well defined and still retained some expiring trace of the patriarchal features of medieval employment. There are some reasons for believing that this was not quite an ideal system; but our part of the world was used to it and was prepared to feel its loss severely.

It was inevitable that the loss should come under the new conditions. The railroad system in its sudden expansion could no longer keep its supply of men equal to the demand; and the consequent increase of wages became a constant force to draw men from other employments into "railroading." The new men thus entered a service to all whose traditions they were alien; and in their case the occasional friction of feeling or of interest which is unavoidable in any business union of human beings could not but show unaccustomed effects. Changes which to an old employee, with long experience to guide him, were only some of the common ups and downs of the service, seemed to the new men patent evidence of conspiracy against the workman's interests and rights. A brusqueness of manner in a superior, the result of a preoccupation and absorption in work which was easily understood and allowed for by the old hand, was to the new man merely an arbitrary and insolent indifference to anything but the interests of the domineering corporation. Those who were most apt to float into the direction of affairs in the labor organizations, too, were such of the new men as felt these suspected injuries and indignities most keenly, for the old hands had no such impelling motive to seek the lead. It was hardly possible that negotiations between such leaders and the corporation managers, thus called upon to deal, as to grievances which they believed to be mainly imaginary, with men who must have seemed to them mere interlopers, should have resulted otherwise than disastrously. If a frigate's crew were constituted into a labor organization, the able-bodied seamen supplemented by an unusual number of landsmen unfamiliar with everything on board ship, and a martinet captain called upon to carry dis-

cipline into effect by constant negotiations with the representatives of a majority vote, the conditions could hardly have been worse than on some of our railways.[1]

It is not only in the various modes of transportation that indications of such a period of transition are visible. The steady decrease in freight rates, giving capable employers a wider market and bringing local employers into contact with more and abler competitors than they had known before, has made the "pace" in manufacturing so fast that it can be endured in the long run only by those who are able to manage very large establishments, supply very wide markets, and make profits from many sales at low prices, rather than from a few sales at high prices. All these conditions have brought temptations and opportunities for discord parallel with those offered in transportation, and they have had much the same results. These results have had their good side. The patriarchal features of employment have gone; and, picturesque as they were, it is more than probable that the industrial world will be the better for their absence. The workman will no longer be either child or ward, to be cared for and coerced for his own good, but a man with all a man's rights and responsibilities. But the change will for a long time bring its own embarrassments.

It must be, however, that as managers and men become more accustomed to the wider fields, new conditions will bring their own traditions. Some railroads have never lost or even suspended them, for they have progressively accommodated their system to the changing conditions around it. They have still trained their own men and trusted them; and strikes and lockouts have been alike unknown. But their generosity in anticipating and providing for the material needs of their men now comes not as a charity, but as a recognition of the men's share in making the company's prosperity. Other forms of industry have brought employer and employee closer together by the various types of profit-sharing.

Is there not fair reason to hope that these are the coming forms of employment? That loyalty in employment is not dead, but is rising to higher and better forms? That it is no longer to be the mere loyalty of the employee to the employer who provides for and protects him, but the mutual loyalty of employer and employee — their common adherence to the high standards set by the traditions of the service? And that the troubles of the past few years have been but one phase of industrial progress, a step towards a better and fairer conjunction of labor and capital?

# OPEN LETTERS.

### Judge Holt and the Lincoln Conspirators.

IN the "New York Tribune" of September 2, 1873, there appeared an anonymous communication, written from Washington under the signature of "Truth," so grossly calumnious of General Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate General in the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln, that he demanded the name of the author, who proved to be John T. Ford, of Ford's Theater, where the fearful tragedy was enacted, and who, at the time, was committed to the Carroll Prison, where he was kept — on suspicion, it is presumed — over a month, when he was liberated without being brought to trial. Naturally enough, perhaps, he harbored a strong prejudice against General Holt, and sought to defame his character under cover through the press. Among other things he accused General Holt with having kept Mrs. Surratt "heavily manacled during her trial, and also of virtually depriving her of reputable counsel" — referring to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, who, as clearly appears by his argument, which was upon the question of jurisdiction, voluntarily withdrew, leaving the case in the hands of his associate counsel, Messrs. Clampitt and Aiken. General Holt met the other charge by a letter, addressed to him, under date of September 4, 1873, from General J. F. Hartranft, who, referring to Ford's article in the "Tribune," said:

> I think it proper, in justice to you, to declare publicly that its statements, so far as they relate to occurrences within my own observation, are absolute falsehoods. As marshal of the court before whom the conspirators were tried, I had charge of Mrs. Surratt before, during, and after the time of her trial, in all a period of about two months, during which she never had a manacle or manacles on either hands or feet; and the thought of manacling her was not, to my knowledge, ever entertained by any one in authority.

One would suppose that proof so conclusive ought to set forever at rest the "manacle" charge; and as regards the reference to Reverdy Johnson, it is plain beyond doubt that "had he desired to continue in the case, assuredly there was no power that could have prevented him from doing so."

Yet, notwithstanding this and the overwhelming testimony on the other more serious and wanton charge against General Holt of withholding from President Johnson the recommendation of five members of the court that the sentence of Mrs. Surratt be commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary, John. T. Ford appears again in the "North American Review" for April, 1889, in an article reiterating the falsehoods of his anonymous communication, and trying to show that General Holt was guilty of withholding from President Johnson the aforesaid recommendation of Mrs. Surratt to mercy.

Now, in as brief a manner as possible, I will recite some of the stronger evidence, clearly proving the falsity of this last charge, made first before President Johnson's term expired, and afterwards by Johnson himself, when he was seeking "to curry favor with the South in the hope of being elected to the presidency." He did not dare to make the charge while he was at the head of the Government, because he knew if he did that General Holt would instantly *demand*, as he did ask for, in 1866, a court of inquiry, which the President declined to order, and that all the facts and circumstances of the case would come out. General Holt, I think, took little, if any, public notice of this slander until he found it had received the indorsement

[1] Professor Hadley attributes a recent increase in railway accidents to this employment of new men, citing in evidence the fact that "in the majority of detailed railroad reports we find some allusion to increased wages as an important element in expense." He attributes it, however, to "the special demand for railroad labor," due to "the larger proportionate amount of local traffic under the operation of the Inter-State Commerce Act," or, more commonly, to unhealthy competition and abnormally low freight rates. ("Quarterly Journal of Economics," January, 1889, pp. 174, 175.)

of ex-President Johnson, when in a communication, published in the "Washington Daily Chronicle" of August 26, 1873, he produced the most incontrovertible proof that "President Johnson had knowledge of, considered, and commented on the recommendation of Mrs. Surratt to clemency by members of the court before her execution." It had been publicly asserted that President Johnson approved the findings of the court "without having seen the recommendation or known of its existence," although it was known, of course, to every member of the court, and it was also made known to Secretary Stanton, both by General Holt and by Judge Bingham, one of the special judge-advocates in the trial, immediately after the close of the trial. In his answer to General Holt (see "Washington Daily Chronicle" of November 12, 1873) Mr. Johnson undertakes to support his assertion that he never saw that recommendation by showing that it was omitted in Pittman's authorized publication of the proceedings of the trial. But this omission was fully explained. It arose simply from the fact, as stated by Col. H. L. Burnett, special judge-advocate, who superintended the publication, that "the recommendation to mercy constituted properly no part of the record of the trial," and was not therefore furnished by him to Pittman for his book. In a letter of December 22, 1873, to General Holt (see "Washington Daily Chronicle," December 1, 1873) Mr. Pittman also says, "The recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt was not inserted in my book for the reason that it formed no part of the proceedings of the trial; it was not mentioned at any open session."

Judge Bingham says:

> Before the President had acted on the case I deemed it my duty to call the attention of Secretary Stanton to the petition for the commutation of sentence upon Mrs. Surratt, and did call his attention to it before the final action of the President. . . . After the execution I called upon Secretaries Stanton and Seward and asked if this petition had been presented to the President before the death sentence was by him approved, and was answered by each of those gentlemen that the petition was presented to the President and was duly considered by him and his advisers before the death sentence upon Mrs. Surratt was approved, and that the President and the Cabinet, upon such consideration, were a unit in denying the prayer of the petition; Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton stating that they were present.

Attorney-General James Speed, in a letter to General Holt, March 30, 1873, says:

> After the finding of the military commission that tried the assassins of Mr. Lincoln, and before their execution, I saw the record of the case in the President's office, and attached to it was a paper, signed by some of the members of the commission, recommending that the sentence against Mrs. Surratt be commuted to imprisonment for life; and, according to my memory, the recommendation was made because of her sex. I do not feel at liberty to speak of what was said in Cabinet meetings. In this I know I differ from other gentlemen, but feel constrained to follow my own sense of propriety.

James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, states positively that "after the sentence and before the execution of Mrs. Surratt, I remember distinctly the discussion of the question of the commutation of the sentence of death pronounced on her by the court to imprisonment for life, had by members of the Cabinet, in the presence of President Johnson." He thinks there were only three or four members present, and when he entered the subject was under warm discussion. He does not remember hearing read in Cabinet meeting any part of the record of the trial or the recommendation of clemency, but says he was "told that the whole case had been carefully examined by the Attorney-General and the Secretary of War," the two Cabinet officers more immediately concerned, officially, in the matter. At this period Mr. Harlan was the editor of the "Chronicle," and in reference to the recommendation to mercy he said, "Had such a paper been presented, it is, in our opinion, hardly probable that it would, under the circumstances, have induced him to interfere with the regular course of justice."

James M. Wright, at the time Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Military Justice, states that when President Johnson sent a messenger to General Holt requesting him to bring the papers before him for his action, the recommendation for mercy was among them, in plain sight, and that when the case came back through the Adjutant-General's office it remained attached to the other papers.

General R. D. Mussey, President Johnson's private secretary, says, "On the Wednesday evening previous to the execution (which was Friday, July 7, 1865) Mr. Johnson said to me that he was going to look over the findings of the court with Judge Holt, and should be busy and could see no one." Two or three hours afterwards, Mr. Johnson came out of the room where he had been in conference with General Holt and said to him (General Mussey) that "the papers had been looked over and a decision reached." General Mussey continues:

> I am very confident, though not absolutely assured, that it was at this interview Mr. Johnson told me that the court had recommended Mrs. Surratt to mercy on the ground of her sex (and age, I believe). But I am certain he did so inform me about that time, and that he said he thought the grounds urged insufficient, and that he had refused to interfere; that if she was guilty at all, her sex did not make her any the less guilty; that he, about the time of her execution, justified it; that he told me that there had not been "women enough hanged in this war."

General James A. Ekin, one of the commissioners in the trial, relates, under date of August 26, 1867, a conversation he had with General Holt soon after the trial, in which he states that General Holt told him

> that the entire case, including all papers, had been placed before the President, and that his particular attention had been directed to the recommendation of certain members for the commutation of the sentence of Mrs. Surratt; that the President had carefully scrutinized and fully considered the case, including the recommendation to mercy on behalf of Mrs. Surratt; but that he could not accede to or grant the petition, for the reason that there was no class in the South more violent in the expression and practice of treasonable sentiments than the rebel women, etc.

General H. L. Burnett, in an address before the Loyal Legion, New York, on the 3d of April, 1889, published in the "New York Tribune" of the next day, in giving an account of the trial and explaining why the recommendation for clemency to Mrs. Surratt did not appear in Pittman's book, said:

> When I reached my office from the War Department on June 30, or possibly on the morning of July 1, I attached the petition for mercy to the findings and sentences, and at the end of them. I carried the findings and sentences, and the petition or recommendation, and delivered them to the Judge Advocate General in person; and I never saw the record again until many years after, I think in 1873 or 1874. After Judge Holt's interview with the President, on July 5, the former came to Mr. Stanton's office in the War Department. I was with Mr.

Stanton when Judge Holt came in. He said, "I have just come from a conference with the President over the proceedings of the military commission." "Well," asked Mr. Stanton, "what has he done?" "He has approved the findings and sentence of the court," replied Judge Holt. "What did he say about the recommendation to mercy of Mrs. Surratt?" "He said that she must be punished with the rest; that no reasons were given for his interposition by those asking for clemency in her case, except age and sex."

Now, is there a fair-minded person living who would require more or better proof that the recommendation for the commutation of the sentence of Mrs. Surratt to imprisonment for life was in President Johnson's office, and that the question was fully considered by him in conference with several, if not with all, of the members of his Cabinet before the day of execution? True, no one states that he actually saw it in the President's hands, though Judge Bingham says both Secretaries Stanton and Seward told him it was presented to him and duly considered before the death sentence was approved. But Attorney-General Speed, a direct eyewitness, could, had he chosen to speak, have made this fact certain beyond doubt or cavil. Mr. Ford professes amazement at General Holt's anxiety for more detailed testimony from Mr. Speed, as indicated by their correspondence on the subject in the "North American Review" for July, 1888. I am myself free to confess that I do not think any additional proof whatever is at all necessary for General Holt's complete vindication; but Mr. Speed had been a lifelong friend of his, and knowing that he saw the aforesaid recommendation in the President's own hands, is it strange he should insist that he should tell him so? He may be, and is, I think, over-sensitive. In his preface to Pittman's book of the trial, Major Ben: Perley Poore, who unwittingly repeats the false newspaper manacle story, observes, "General Holt is an inflexibly upright administrator of justice, yet humanities have a large place in his heart"; and General Mussey, speaking of the call made by General Holt at the White House on the morning of the execution, when Miss Surratt was there and the President had refused to see her or any one in her mother's behalf,— overruling, also, at the same time, Judge Wylie's writ of habeas corpus,— says, "I shall never lose the impression made upon me of your [General Holt's] deep pity for her [Miss Surratt] and of the pain which her distress caused you." But will Mr. Ford or any other of General Holt's persistent calumniators be so kind as to state why General Holt should have been so anxious for Mr. Speed to tell the whole truth, had he not known, beyond the remotest question, that it would have been conclusive testimony in his favor? Would he have asked Mr. Speed to say more than he did say, if he had had the least doubt on that point? Surely not.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the evidence regarding either Mrs. Surratt's guilt or innocence; but I cannot refrain from brief comment on the following quotation from Mr. Ford's article, wherein, referring to Mrs. Surratt, he says:

> The very man of God who shrived her soul for eternity was said to be constrained to promise that she should not communicate with the world. As the poor martyr walked in her shroud to the scaffold, it is also said that she begged the priest by her side to let her tell the people "she was innocent." She was told that "the Church was permitted only to prepare her soul for eternity; that already she was dead to all else."

This looks strangely, to say the least; and I am reminded by it that it was just this which the late John M. Brodhead, Second Comptroller of the Treasury, once told me was, in his view, conclusive proof of Mrs. Surratt's guilt. He believed that had not the priest known from her confession that she was guilty, he would never have prohibited her from declaring her innocence, but would himself have insisted on it to the last moment. One thing is certain, there was no man living who more firmly believed in her guilty participation in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln than President Johnson, who, in commenting on the appeals made to him for clemency, said at the time to Rev. J. George Butler of St. Paul's Church, Washington, that "he could not be moved; for, in his own significant language, '*Mrs. Surratt kept the nest that hatched the egg.*'"

I have observed that General Holt at one time asked for a court of inquiry. It was in September, 1866. In his answer, November 14, 1866, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, wrote to "Brevet Major-General Holt, Judge Advocate General," as follows:

> Your letter of the 11th of September applying for a court of inquiry upon certain imputations therein mentioned as made against you, of official misconduct in relation to the prosecution of Mrs. Surratt and others charged with the assassination of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and in the preparation of testimony against Jefferson Davis and others, charged with complicity in said crime, has been submitted to the President (Johnson), who deems it unnecessary for your vindication to order a court of inquiry.
>
> In communicating the President's decision, it is proper for me to express my own conviction that all charges and imputations against your official conduct are, in my judgment, groundless. So far as I have any knowledge or information, your official duties as judge advocate general, in the cases referred to, and in all others, have been performed fairly, justly, and with distinguished ability, integrity, and patriotism, and in strict conformity with the requirements of your high office and the obligations of an officer and a gentleman.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Horatio King.*

### Boston Corbett.

THE authors of the "Life of Lincoln," in their description of the pursuit of Booth and his death in Garrett's barn, say:

> Booth, who was clearly visible by the flames through the cracks in the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition, which afterwards developed into insanity.

I was a member of the 16th New York Cavalry, and well acquainted with Corbett, and I feel a grave injustice is done him in the above description of his disposition. He was intensely religious, and was actuated by his convictions of duty under all circumstances. This frequently drew upon him the jeers and insults of the coarser and more reckless spirits of the regiment, but their persecution never deterred him from doing what he conceived to be his duty. If this was being a gloomy fanatic then he was one, but in no other sense.

My recollection of him — and we soldiers learned to know one another as we roughed it together on picket and on scout — is the very opposite to this. I have never known a person so cheerful and heroic under circumstances of intense suffering and great provocation. His example has been a source of inspiration to me through all the years since last we parted. I well remember he allowed himself to be reduced to the ranks and suffer a humiliating and cruel punishment

rather than withdraw a charge, which he believed to be true, that he had made against an officer. He was actuated by his convictions then, and I believe he was inspired by the same high motive when he fired the shot that slew the assassin of Lincoln. He believed it was better to disable Booth — for that was his intention — than to permit him to shoot Lieutenant Doherty, which evidently in another moment he would have done.

I have read with intense and ever-increasing interest the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," and as it is destined to become a classic and make history, even the most humble individual who appears in its pages should have dealt out to him a full meed of justice. I am sure no persons have a more earnest desire for this than the authors.

*Austin Potter,*
*Late Sergeant Co. G, 16th N. Y. Cavalry.*

METHODIST PARSONAGE, DUNGANNON, ONTARIO.

### An Anecdote of the Blairs.

MR. FRANCIS P. BLAIR, SR., already a prominent figure in national history in the days of Andrew Jackson, was the father of Montgomery Blair in the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, of Frank P. Blair, Jr., a major-general in the Union army and the commander of a corps of Sherman's forces in his famous march from Atlanta to the sea, and father-in-law of S. P. Lee, an admiral in the United States navy.

It was the daily habit of Mr. and Mrs. Blair, each of them then approaching their eightieth year, to ride around the country, along the byways, and off the public roads. This couple were known by all the country folks for miles away from their home, which was at Silver Spring, the famous and historic spot where the destiny of so many men in public life was fixed or changed. The roads leading into the city of Washington were well guarded; so well, that the pickets were very near each other. These pickets were changed every day, and of course the guards who saw this couple ride one day and who had become acquainted with them would be displaced on the morrow and new men would take their places. It so happened that Mr. Blair had adopted the idea of wearing a short green veil over and around his high hat, so as to shade his eyes in the strong sunlight which was reflected from the sandy roads under a summer sun. For the same reason, Mrs. Blair wore a bonnet coming far over her face and hiding her features. In this odd and unique style of dress they roamed and rode at will, far and near, as they had both been accustomed to do for a quarter of a century preceding.

It so chanced that one picket, who happened to be on duty a number of times at different places, was struck with the queer appearance of the couple, which did not at all comport with the fine-blooded horses they rode,[1] and becoming gravely suspicious, he determined to report them at headquarters as worthy of being looked after. This done, the order went out the next day that this was a case to be carefully examined, as many spies were known to be prowling about in search for news to be sent across the lines to the enemy. A sagacious and faithful man was specially detailed on a certain day to guard a particular road which it was known the "suspects" must take on their return across the country. When the suspicious couple at length came in sight of this picket, after the order "Halt!" had been given, the usual questions were put, as follows: "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" "Have you anything contraband about you?" etc. All these inquiries being responded to in a satisfactory way the picket then broke out abruptly with other questions not on the regular list, and began thus, "Well, who are you, anyway?" The old gentleman, who up to this time had done all the talking on his side and had responded to all inquiries, and who had much quiet humor in him, turned to his wife with the remark, "Betty, who are we?" With a smile the old lady turned to the picket and replied, "Well, guard, what would you think if I said we had a son who is a Cabinet minister, and another son who is a major-general, and another son who—" The guard, not waiting for any more, quickly interrupted with the retort, "And I suppose you will say another son who is an admiral!" "Yes," responded the old lady, "an admiral, also." "Well, now, old woman, that is coming it a little too strong. If you had left out the admiral, I might have believed you; but as it is, I think you are both subjects for the headquarters; and so come along." There was no course but submission, and the three rode along some distance, the prisoners in front of their captor, and all the way the latter kept a watchful eye upon the supposed spies.

At length a group of officers approached, each making a salute and halting to speak to the captured rebels. "Why," said one of these officers to Mr. Blair, "what does this mean? You in the hands of a military guard? One might suppose you were prisoners and on your way to headquarters." "Well," said Mr. Blair, "so we are." The officer, quickly turning to the soldier, demanded to know what he had been doing. Much abashed and crestfallen, he explained to his commander in an undertone, "Well, sir, when I questioned the old man I believed him to be all right; but when the old woman told her darned story about her having one son in the Cabinet, and one son a major-general, and then on top of that added another son an admiral, I thought she was yarning, and I would not believe anything but that they were real spies, and I arrested them on the spot."

I tell the story as it was told to me by Mr. Blair himself immediately after the incident.

*Eliza Clagett Allen.*

NEW YORK CITY.

### "The White League of New Orleans."

A LETTER has been received by the editor from Mr. F. R. Southmayd, formerly of New Orleans but now residing in Chicago, in which he refers to Mr. Cable's story, "The Haunted House in Royal Street," published in THE CENTURY for August, 1889. He denies that the White League ever had a badge of any kind. He also says that it "was not the organization of a political party"; also that the purpose of the White League, as declared in the second article of its constitution, was to "support the constitutions of the United States and of the State of Louisiana, and to

[1] Mrs. Blair, who was a superb equestrian even up to the year of her death, at this time was riding "Black Sluggard," the war-charger used by Major-General George A. Stoneman in his renowned raid around Lee's army and afterwards presented by him to General Frank P. Blair, Jr., who gave it to his aged mother.

maintain and defend the rights of citizens thereunder." Mr. Southmayd also states that the "charge has been designedly and industriously circulated that the White League was organized against the black race." He thinks the connection in which Mr. Cable makes mention of the badge of the League simply confirms this false charge in the minds of those who had already heard it, and gives a false impression to those who had not heard of the White League before. He declares that "not a black man was harmed in New Orleans under the authority or by orders of the White League while it was in armed possession of the city."

### A Reply.

I AM not aware that any one has called the White League "the organization of a political party." I certainly have not. My statement was, and is, that "*In* the 'Conservative' party there sprung up the 'White League.'" A "Radical" attempting to join it would have been counted a traitor by his own party, or else a spy by the League.

It was common in those days for young men of New Orleans to wear a small buttonhole-bow of narrow, black-velvet ribbon with a dotting of white silk on both edges, and White Leaguers — my personal friends and acquaintances belonged to the League by scores and hundreds — told me it was a badge of the League. It may have been entirely unofficial, or may have belonged to only one or a few companies. The eye-witness from whom I have the facts of the Royal-street High School evictions may have seen this, or may have entirely mistaken the purpose of the White Leaguer's gesture. Whether the League officially adopted a badge or not seems to me a very trivial point. What potential fact does it discredit?

Mr. Southmayd quotes the text of the second article of the League's constitution. But I submit that when the League, with foot, horse, and artillery, routed in bloody battle the whole force of the *city police*, it did not stick to its text. If its text had been slightly richer — if the declared purpose had read, "to support the constitutions (Federal and State), and to maintain and defend the *equal legal* rights of *all* citizens thereunder," there need never have been a shot fired, nor an eviction of a single High School girl from the already sufficiently "haunted" house in Royal street.

"Not a black man was harmed"? If mere bodily harm is meant, I eagerly credit the assertion. But there are harms deeper and far more lasting than bodily injuries, and I say there was not a black man in the State — no, nor a white man, badged or unbadged — who was not, and does not remain to this day, harmed by the whole policy and action of the White League. This is only a deep conviction. History will decide whether or not it is well founded.

*G. W. Cable.*

### Congo.

MR. HERBERT PROBERT, author of "Life and Scenes in Congo," writes, in relation to Mr. Tisdel's article in the February CENTURY, that Pallaballa does not contain five hundred people. He adds that there is a large and flourishing Baptist mission about one hundred and fifty yards from Pallaballa, and that there are missions at Banza Manteka, Lukunga, and Leopoldville. Mr. Probert thinks more highly of the intelligence of the natives than does Mr. Tisdel. He says: "Several natives of Congo are now in Shaw University. Their progress in various branches of study is most commendable. Some of our converts at Pallaballa speak fluently in English, Portuguese, and Kikongo."

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

"I'LL HIT THAT RABBIT."

HIT!

### Poems versus Peanuts.

MY love brings poems Thursday nights
And peanuts every Monday;
He writes from early morn till eve,
Except, of course, on Sunday.

He sings of sweetness long drawn out,
Of hopes cut through the middle,
And once he tried to weave in rhyme
The hoary Sphinx's riddle.

He 's very gay, then taciturn,
And scathingly sardonic
When poetizing Plato's school —
(That 's where we get "platonic").

For themes he scours the country through
From 'Cisco's bay to Fundy's,
But really, if the truth were told,
I 'd rather see him Mondays.

*DeWitt C. Lockwood.*

### Whar dem Axes use to Ring.

T' AIN' no people at de quarters, whar dem quarters use ter be,
De peckerwood doan' peck no mo' ergin de ellum tree,
De tater-bug jes res' hese'f 'pun top de tater-vine,
Un 'fo' de wah, de tater-bug ain' 'sturb nobordy mine.
De hade er evvy cullud man, un cullud 'oman too,
Is chock full up un jam up tight wid somp'n' dat is new.
De dorg dee call de possum dorg ain' nutt'in' but er fool.
It 'pear ter me dis country got de cyart befo' de mule.

De chillun doan' tote bread no mo', down ter de fur low groun',
Dee 's ramblin' evvy whicher way ter cornder sto' un roun',
De yaller man f'om up de Norf gie out he larnin' school,
When I was chillun dee l'arn me how ter drive de yaller mule.
De parster fiel' is nately[1] un stark run med wid bresh,
De water gaps is dun bu's' out, un lef' in orl de fresh.
'Stidder de crap, 't is 'lection day un toonyment un thing,
Un dyah ain' no axes ringin' whar dem axes use ter ring.

Ole Marster dade dis long time, we was one mont chillun sho;
Turr year we burry Mistes whar de aldy blossom grow.
Brer Ephum gone, un Marshall whar drive de white folks' kerrige;
Cow miner Joe he dade too, un Ben whar ten de ferrige.
Hit 'pear leck somp'n' nurr done breck, de place dat mons'us still,
Un de ole man mighty strusted when de damp come up de hill,
But I 'd swap mer bigges' rooster, ef Christmus come mout bring
De ringin' er dem axes whar dem axes use ter ring.

"Ailsy" — dat 's mer wife, sah; er good wife she was ter me —
Had straight hyah, er fyah skin 'oman es ever you wish ter see.
She nu's' de white folks' chillun, up at de gre't house dyah,
Den dee lef' her dade in de mountains, at de Sulphur Springs somewhar.
Does you 'member dem days, Marster? No, you worn' sca'cely born.
No, sah, t' ain' no people at de quarters — Ailsy un all is gone.

Un some days when I horble out, down ter de parf-side spring,
I listen un I listen, but dyah doan' no axes ring.

How ole is I? Hundred? Gord! I mo' un dat, I boun';
I born de year de Gennerl 'storb Cunwallis at Yorktown.
I was fetch up on Jeemses River, 'long er yo' gran'pa un ma.
Den de army hit breck out, un come un bu'n de lan' up fyah.
Un I 'se de larse er all dat 's lef', 'scusing 't is little Jim,
I 'low de place 'u'd be lonesommer, 'ceppin' 't was fer him.
Un Marster, when de ole man gone, 'long 'bout de time er spring,
When de reed-bud nissen in de ma'sh, un de robin 'gin ter sing,
Mout I ax you fur ter res' him whar dem axes use ter ring?

*William Page Carter.*

[1] Entirely.

### Leigh Hunt my Bird.[2]

I CALL my bird Leigh Hunt, because he sings
So cheerfully in prison. It is meet
That Poesy, to bear out the conceit,
Give him a garden. So I stick green things
About him boweringly. See how he swings
On yonder mimic bush, his pink-ribbed feet
Quivering beneath him with sensation sweet
Of new-found freedom, and his dainty wings —
Lo, how he spreads them fan-like in the sun! —
Seem like a patch of silken moonlight spun.
Leigh Hunt my Bird! look not beyond the stars
And pine to skim with larks the aërial blue:
Leigh Hunt the Poet made his prison-bars
A Paradise; and so will we make yours for you.

Leigh Hunt my Bird, he has a sunny soul,
And prone, I think, by nature to content,
What though the destinies have cruelly pent
Him thus within a little gilded hole.
Shall he for this espouse his tongue to dole,
And all his melody in wails be spent?
Yet sometimes I misdoubt this glad ostent
His heart is breaking, and mine own is full
With fellow-feeling: sometimes he grows sad,
And hangs his head, and when I say, "Sing sweet!"
Draws only from his breast a low "Tu-weet!"
Leigh Hunt my Bird, Leigh Hunt the Poet had
His love in prison with him; that is why
He never lonesome grew — as you and I.

*Orelia Key Bell.*

[2] Printed first elsewhere in a different form.

### Aladdin.

HIS minions change green into gold,
They tint with crimson wood and wold;
They deck the forest in the sheen
Of dusky amber, and the green
Is made a carpet wide unrolled
Of leaves of purple, brown and gold!
He rubs his lamp, his minions fly
To do his bidding far and nigh.
He rules the world when Summer 's lost,
Aladdin he — white-armored Frost!

*Brainerd Prescott Emery.*

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